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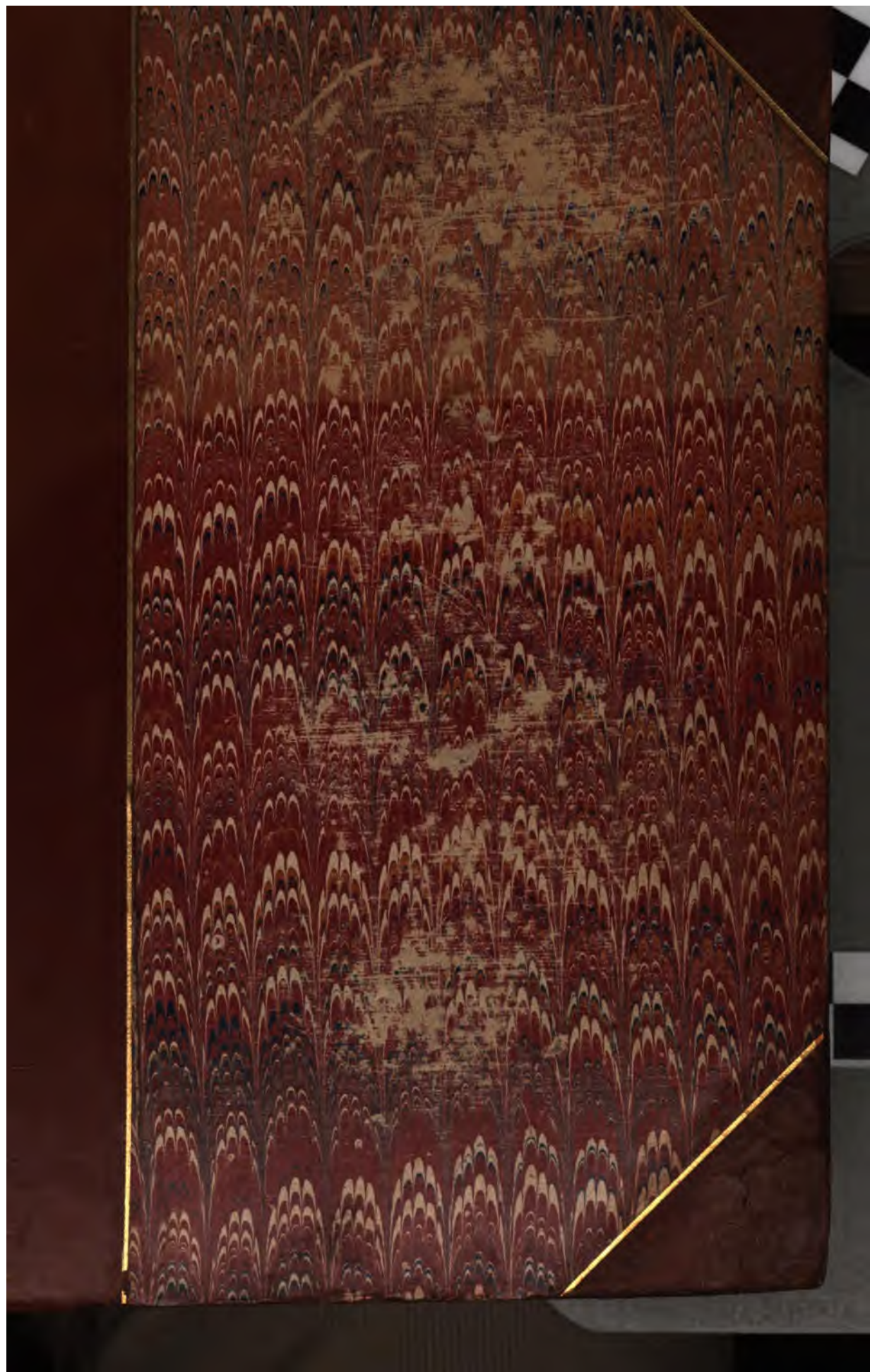
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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Crebillon's Electre.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. VIII.

RICHMOND:

THOS. W. WHITE, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

1842.



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RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1842.

NO. 1.

THE NEW YEAR GREETINGS

OF AN EDITOR TO HIS PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

This is the season of gratulation among friends—of good will among all. The first salutation of the day from the merry lips of thousands, has been “a happy new year.” And to each and all of our patrons we wish many and happy returns of the season. The new year is the time for reflecting upon the past, of making fresh resolves, and of renewing our calculations upon the future. This is an indulgence which the Messenger craves of those to whom it has made its monthly visits in their appointed regularity. It has now completed its seventh year. During this long and tedious time, we have struggled hard, rising up early and sitting down late, to make our Journal worthy of itself and its readers. Within this period, time and death have done their work—they have taken away many a staunch and valued friend; but time and a kind Providence have raised up others no less loyal and true. We too have had our trials—Planters and farmers have had, with the returning seasons, their seed time and harvest—but we have had one long seed time of seven years. Our harvest is now ripe for the reaper; and we shall put in the sickle, to gather in and garner up the fruits of our Jacob-like term of labor; for within the last year our subscription list has increased largely, and fresh numbers are daily lengthening it out. Never has the circulation of the Messenger been as great as it now is. To continue in the favor which we have won, we shall relax no muscle, spare no exertion; and the better to serve those who are friends, we are now purging our subscription list of all those who *patronize* us only in *name*. The making up of each No. for the mail, after it comes from the binder, occupies alone nearly two weeks. The obligations between proprietor and subscriber are reciprocal, and an Editor can afford, no more than any other laborer, ‘to work for nothing and find himself;’—we have tried it, and find it a hard task. In our literary cater-ship, we have marketed at home and abroad; we have gathered up from the sea and the land, and have monthly spread before our readers the costly banquet; and we can now promise our readers a corps of correspondents in the old world and the new—such as no paper in the land can boast of. Onward is our course. If the Messenger has been good in times past, it shall be better in times to come. It has never had such a list of correspondents as those whose pens are now engaged to adorn its pages. To them, and not to us, belongs the honor of its excellencies; to them, we feel and ac-

knowledge our obligations. And in returning our thanks for past favors, we beg them to have patience with us sometimes, and bear with any *seem- ing* neglect of their contributions. We have bushels of these now before us; and every mail adds fresh supplies to the pile. With the growing popularity of the Messenger, such has been the increase of contributors, that it would now keep one person constantly employed to overhaul MSS. and do nothing else. Therefore, if those who offer us pieces in a difficult hand, be occasionally kept a month or two in suspense as to their fate, *they* should not complain. Ours is now the oldest magazine of its kind on this side of Mason & Dixon’s line. Near eight years ago, when we undertook its publication, we entered upon the work with many forebodings, for there was much to dishearten and to deter. The trial had been often made, and as often failed; until the belief became almost universal, that no publication of the kind could flourish or live at the South—and, though yet in the days of its youth, the Messenger is now the Patriarch of Southern Literature. It is the oldest magazine of the kind at the South. Within its time, it has seen kindred attempts spring up and perish. But, thanks to its patrons and friends, it has now taken root from one end of the Union to the other—and is beyond the vicissitudes of the times. It is the first successful diagram, by which the problem of Southern Literature has been demonstrated. And, as such, we send it out to the world each time of publication with livelier feelings of pride and pleasure.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF H. H. BRACKENRIDGE,

LATE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Hugh Henry Brackenridge, (or Breckenridge as the name is most usually spelled,) was born near Campbelltown, in Scotland, in the year 1750, and was brought to America by his parents, at five years of age. His father was a poor farmer, with only sufficient means to pay for the passage of his family: and this he could not have accomplished but for the sale of some extra clothing on his arrival.

The barrens of York county, in Pennsylvania, and the adjacent part of Maryland, eighty years ago, were pretty much in the same state of population and improvements, as our most remote settlements at the present day. Mr. Brackenridge’s father required the assistance of all his children on the small farm which he leased; yet,

like the Scotch in general, he neglected no opportunity in his power of giving the best education to his children. Hugh was sent to the country school in the neighborhood, and was soon remarked for great vivacity and aptitude for learning; the teacher even complained that he discouraged his other scholars. The pursuit of learning soon became a passion in which he manifested that intense ardor and perseverance which characterized him through life.

It was the good fortune of the subject of this notice, to find a friend in the clergyman settled in the neighborhood. This benevolent person, seeing the passion for learning manifested by a poor boy of obscure parentage, took pleasure in rendering him every assistance in his power. A few lessons at long intervals sufficed to enable the willing pupil, by dint of application, to master the Latin, and make some progress in the Greek, under every disadvantage, before he reached his thirteenth year. The Saturday evening was the usual time for receiving instruction, for which he performed various little offices in return. At home, by means of the dim light made by chips and splinters, he coned over his book, or books; for he rather devoured than studied them in the ordinary way. It must be confessed, however, that Hugh was not as highly praised for his diligence at out-door work. But he was not discouraged by his parents. His mother, who was a woman much superior in intellect and education to the generality of persons in her circumstances, began to look forward with fond hope to seeing her favorite son one day a minister of the Gospel.

His great difficulty was to procure books. By some means he had become the master of an *Horace*—every word and line of which he had coned over. This treasure was one day unfortunately forgotten on a stump, and chewed up by a literary cow. The loss was regarded by Hugh as the keenest distress he had yet experienced. He was known to go twenty or even thirty miles to procure the loan of a book or even of a newspaper; starting on Saturday night, and returning to his work on Monday morning. Foggs' Manor, in Chester county, was usually the scene of these excursions.

Great ardor in any pursuit will almost create for itself the means of success; but when sustained by genius, all difficulties give way before it, and impossibilities no longer exist. Once, meeting with a young man who had made some progress in mathematics, but was not acquainted with the dead languages, he struck up a bargain, mutually advantageous, bartering a portion of Latin and Greek for the acquirements of the other.

The free school on the Gunpowder Falls, in Maryland, being without a teacher, he presented himself at the age of fifteen for the situation. The trustees were not less surprised at the application,

than by the qualifications of the applicant; and after some hesitation, gave him the place. This situation not only required scholarship, but called for a determined spirit—for several of his scholars were young men—at least several years older than himself. One of them attempted to overturn the authority of the youthful teacher by force, who, seizing a brand from the fire, knocked the rebel down, and spread terror around him. An investigation was the consequence; and Hugh was confirmed in his office with honor. He continued here about three years, permitting no moment to escape without improving himself in knowledge; and his opportunities were now considerably enlarged. On one occasion, he shut up his school for a few days to attend a celebrated trial for murder at Annapolis; and, when he heard the great orator Jennings, he exclaimed, like the celebrated Italian artist—*soi anche pittore!* I too am a painter!

He remained at this place until he had exhausted the sources of learning near him; and his thirst for knowledge urged him to seek more copious streams. At the age of eighteen, with the scanty pittance saved by him at the obscure school where he had taught, he boldly repaired to Princeton College, and presented himself to the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, then its president. This was about the year sixty-eight or nine of the last century. He agreed to teach two classes, on condition of being permitted to pursue his studies in the higher branches.

At this time there was a number of young men of the highest promise at this institution, and who afterwards ranked among the most distinguished public men in this country: the Livingstons of New-York, Luther Martin, James Madison, and a number of others, who afterwards became eminent.

While at college his ambition urged him to excel, if possible, in every department of learning: but he acknowledged that he had no great aptitude in mathematics; and although he courted the Muses, and in conjunction with the poet Freneau, his classmate, composed a poem on "The Rising Glory of America," he confessed that on his part it was a task of labor, while the verse of his associate flowed spontaneously. His task lay in belles lettres and general literature; in languages, philosophy, moral science, or ethics: in wit and eloquence, he stood unequalled. He could reason well, had a fine voice, a fine person, and an eagle eye; the last are physical gifts which set off his accomplishments to the greatest advantage, and are almost indispensable to the public speaker. The narrowness of his pecuniary circumstances often depressed him. He used to relate an anecdote of Dr. Witherspoon, which is worth preserving. Happening to speak of his limited means and want of friends, he quoted this line from Juvenal—

Hand facili emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi.

"There you are wrong, young man," said the doctor; "it is only your *res angusta domi* nare, that do emerge." He also related that on one occasion having prepared a public address for a young gentleman, whose situation in life was the reverse of his own, and which gained much applause, he found in his apartment shortly after, a handsome suit of clothes, with a cocked hat—at that day very commonly a part of a gentleman's equipment.

After having graduated, he remained sometime as a tutor; and engaged in the study of divinity, until he was licensed to preach, when he was invited to take charge of an academy on the Eastern shore of Maryland, with a handsome salary. He continued here during several years until the breaking out of the American Revolution. He was in the midst of a wealthy and highly polished society, and was greatly respected as a man of genius and scholarship; while his wit, and superior social and conversational powers, always rendered him a welcome guest. He infused into his pupils a love of learning; and used to speak with the pride of a Porson, of the Winders, the Murrays, the Purnells, and others, who were afterwards distinguished. To this day, there is traditional remembrance of him in that neighborhood.

The revolutionary struggle now monopolized the public attention. He took an early interest on the side of those who might be considered his countrymen; for, having arrived in America when a child, all his feelings were naturally on the side of the country in which he had passed his infancy and received his education. These were quite enthusiastic, as is proved by the dramatic piece written by him for his scholars, and which after due preparation they exhibited before their admiring parents; it was called *Bunker Hill*, composed shortly after the battle, and since published in a miscellaneous volume.

About the year 1776, that of the Declaration of Independence, he left the academy and repaired to Philadelphia, having about a thousand pounds in the current money—but which depreciated so rapidly, that in a short time he was stripped of the labor of years. It became necessary to employ himself in editing a political journal or magazine for his support, and which he conducted with ability. The *United States Magazine*, which was the name of the periodical, abounded with appeals to American patriotism; and its contents were varied by poetic effusions, and strokes of wit. At one time it contained some severe strictures on the celebrated General Lee, and censured him for his conduct to Washington. Lee, in a rage, called at the office, in company with one or two of his aids, with the intention of assaulting the Editor; he knocked at the door, while Mr. Brackenridge, looking out of the upper story window, inquired what was wanting? "Come down," said Lee,

"and I'll give you as good a horsewhipping as any rascal ever received." "Excuse me, General," said the other, "I would not go down for two such favors."

In the following year, 1777, he joined the army as Chaplain to a regiment, and for a year lived in camp; experiencing the life of the soldiers, preaching to them, and attending them to the battle-field, as in the time of the Scotch Covenanters. His sermons of course were political; six of them were published in a pamphlet, and widely circulated. On the 4th of July, 1778, he delivered a very eloquent oration in the Dutch Reformed Church in Philadelphia, in honor of the brave men who had fallen in the contest. An anecdote of him was related to me by a respectable old gentleman, well known in Philadelphia. The evening before the battle of Brandywine, in the neighborhood of which he then lived, a tall man, with a cocked hat and military appearance, came to his house, and, with very little ceremony, requested that his horse might be fed—and said that after taking a walk, he would return to tea. He was then observed to direct his course to a spot from which he could have a view of the American army. The host, who was a good whig, suspecting the stranger to be a spy, called in his family and a neighbor who was present; they resolved to examine the saddlebags, which had no padlock: but these suspicions were soon removed by finding nothing in them, but a pocket bible and a couple of shirts rather the worse for wear. The stranger proved to be the subject of this biography.

Mr. Brackenridge, although licensed to preach, was never ordained, nor formally consecrated to the ministry. As he grew older, he became convinced that his natural temperament called him to the scenes of active life. Besides, he found himself unable to yield a full assent to all the tenets of the church in which he had been educated. He declared that for two whole years, he labored most sincerely and assiduously to convince himself; but in vain; and he could not think of publicly maintaining doctrines, in which he did not privately believe. On one occasion, in conversation with a Scotch clergyman, he stated his difficulties. The other replied to him, that he was pretty much in the same predicament. "Then, how do you reconcile it to your conscience to preach doctrines of whose truth you are not fully convinced?" "Hut man," said he, "I dinna think much about it—I explain the doctrine, as I wud a system o' moral philosophy, or metaphysics; and if I dinna just understand it noo, the time may come when I shall; and in the meantime I put my faith in wiser men, who established the articles, and in those whose heads are sufficiently clear to understand them. And if we were tae question but ane o' these doctrines, it wud be like taking a stane out o' a biggin; the whole wa' might fa' doon." As this mode

of reasoning did not satisfy Mr. Brackenridge, he resolved to turn his attention to the study of the law—a circumstance, to which may be ascribed the unfriendly feeling manifested towards him afterwards by some of the clergy, who looked upon him as an apostate; denounced him as one of the wicked; and which led him, on more than one occasion, to retaliate. His writings display a liberality on the subject of religion, which is thought by some to border on free thinking. It is true he hated hypocrisy, but revered the Christian religion as taught in the Scriptures; he was only skeptical as to some of the tenets of different sects; yet he did not pretend to call them directly in question, preferring to pass them in silence, from unwillingness to lessen that general respect for religion and its teachers, which he considered necessary to the well-being of society. Whatever satirical freedom may be discovered in his works, is aimed at certain professors of religion, and not at religion itself, of which he always speaks with respect—frequently referring to the Scriptures, of which he was a perfect master.

He now repaired to Annapolis and placed himself under the celebrated Samuel Chase, afterwards one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Having completed his studies, Mr. Brackenridge resolved to seek his fortune West of the Allegheny mountains, as affording a field where his talents could be brought into immediate requisition. He accordingly crossed them in the year 1781, directing his course to the source of the Ohio; where there was, at that time, a small village, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, now the great manufacturing city of Pittsburgh. At that time it was not the seat of justice of a county, but a part of Westmoreland. He was not long in establishing a reputation in the three counties of Westmoreland, Fayette and Washington; and sometime afterwards, when the county of Allegheny was established, he was already at the head of the bar of Western Pennsylvania. There is nothing surprising in this, when we consider the nature of new settlements, where the population are, for the greater part, strangers to each other, and no overgrown reputations to overshadow aspiring young men. Besides, Mr. Brackenridge was a man of decided talents, with a commanding person, highly popular manners, and a mind richly stored with various learning. He had a profound knowledge of men; possessed great address; could raise a laugh at pleasure; could reason clearly, and make the blood run cold by touches of genuine eloquence. He did not attempt the pathetic, either because he thought it a proof of weakness, or because it did not accord with his firm and decided character. He was, notwithstanding, a great master of the human passions; and could touch at pleasure, the secret springs by which they are moved.

In the course of a few years, Mr. Brackenridge was elected to the State Legislature, which then sat in Philadelphia; he took an active part, and delivered a very able speech on the subject of instructing our representatives in Congress, to demand the free navigation of the Mississippi. He displayed on this occasion, a scope of intellect, which, in the opinion of the best judges, fitted him for a wider sphere of action. Here he had the misfortune to fall out with his colleague—a self-taught man of some sagacity, but a mere popular weathercock—a demagogue, of that species which follows and flatters the ignorance and caprices of the people, without ability or integrity to set them right. Some unguarded expressions derogatory to the majesty of the people, were carefully treasured up, and displayed by this man to their constituents; and for a short time served to injure the popularity of Mr. Brackenridge. The effect produced by it on his mind, may be slightly traced in "Modern Chivalry."

When the great struggle, for and against, the Federal Constitution, came on, he took an active part—and to use his expression, "fought a hard battle in its defence." Findlay, Gallatin and others, with whom he afterwards acted in the Western Insurrection, were in the opposition. The parties of federal and anti-federal, ended with the adoption of the Constitution. The original elements of these parties became commingled, after having been distributed like the types of the printer. Luther Martin and Patrick Henry, the most ardent opposers of the Constitution, took their stand with the federal administration, under Washington and Adams. Mr. Madison, Mr. Brackenridge and others, united with Gallatin and Findlay in condemning some of the prominent measures of that administration. Hence, the names of federal and anti-federal, have nothing in common with the subsequent division of parties, into federal and democrat, or republican. The names are apt to lead into error those who are not acquainted with the minute history of our political parties.

Mr. Brackenridge prospered in his profession. In the course of ten or twelve years, he laid the foundation of a fortune, married, built a large and commodious dwelling, and was universally respected for his integrity and talents. As is generally the case with popular lawyers, he was looked up to as the champion of popular rights. He defended the twelve individuals, indicted for tarring and feathering an exciseman of the name of Graham; and was employed in the "great case" of the seventy distillers, who were prosecuted for not entering their stills according to law. A popularity of this kind no doubt led to some inconvenience, as it in some measure identified him with opinions and movements which he did not always approve. Neither did he escape those personal rencounters, so apt to prevail in the new settlements, which seem to be

the unavoidable consequence of the unsettled and rude state of society and manners. In not less than four or five occasions, he was obliged, in self-defence, to engage in personal combat; and thanks to a powerful muscular frame, and early training to athletic exercises, he came off victorious, except in one instance, when he received a treacherous blow with a club on the shoulder, but stood his ground until others interposed.

Being in the habit of speaking contemptuously of the practice of duelling, and making rather light of the virtue of personal bravery, an idea prevailed with some that he was deficient in courage. Induced by this circumstance, perhaps, a man of a bullying character, to whom he had given offence, had a design of challenging him, in the hope that he would refuse, and by that means afford an opportunity of posting and degrading him in the estimation of the people. This person, consulting with a friend, to whom he communicated his design, was told that he must not count too confidently on what such a man as Brackenridge might do, or might not do, as he was one of those whose course no one could know until determined by circumstances,—and that it might not be safe to rely on his not fighting, notwithstanding his contempt of the practice of duelling. He was, what Carlyle, in his grotesque style, calls a *reality*. The last of these adventures was with a person of the name of Simpson, who followed him into the back room of a tavern and drew a small sword; the assailant was instantly levelled with a chair—his sword dashed from his hands, and the “Scribe in blue” (as Mr. Brackenridge called himself in a humorous poem,) seized the “Wight in red” and placed him on the fire, from which he was not rescued without considerable injury to his garments.

We now approach the most important epoch in the life of him, who is the subject of this notice, now in the forty-fourth year of his age. In the lives of most persons, there is a crisis, which, like the turning incident of the drama, fixes the denouement, or catastrophe. The epoch to which we refer is the Western, or Whiskey Insurrection, as it is called, in which Mr. Brackenridge took an important, dangerous, but honorable part, although his conduct at the time was misrepresented by his enemies, and was, for a while, misunderstood. He, however, finally triumphed, and lived to see the clouds which lowered over his reputation, scattered and dispersed by truth and justice, although the enmity of individuals, who shall not be named here, continued to attend him. He was not a man to be put down in personal conflicts of any kind, and no one ever sent him an Oliver, without receiving a Roland in return.

Excise laws were particularly odious in Pennsylvania, partly owing to the number of emigrants from Ireland, who brought with them strong pre-

judices against them; and partly owing to the first attempt at direct taxation by the British Parliament over the colonies, the most prominent cause of the revolution, being an excise law. After the revolutionary war, the state being pressed for means, laid a duty on distilled spirits, to be collected from the distillers, who were required to enter, or register their stills. This law was soon found to be extremely unpopular; the people would not distinguish between a law of their own legislature, and the attempt to bind them in all cases whatsoever by a legislative body in which they were not represented. The enlightened statesman fixed his eye on the principle, “taxation and representation, inseparable,” while the great body of the people looked no higher than the excise, the odious name of the law by which power was manifested to them.

The attempts made to enforce the state excise, only led to open resistance, which the state authority was too weak to put down. The opposition to it was expressed in the same manner as the patriotic opposition to the British Stamp Act; liberty poles were erected, and people assembled in arms, chased off the officers appointed to enforce the law, tarred and feathered some of them, and compelled others to resign. Their object was to compel a repeal of the law, but they had not the least idea of subverting the government. They did not stop to reflect that this was revolution, and not a constitutional mode of procuring the repeal of an odious law, by a lawful expression of public opinion. They only followed, as they supposed, the recent example of the American Revolution; and we should be guilty of great injustice if we were to judge their conduct by the more enlightened ideas on these subjects, which generally prevail throughout our country at the present day. In the Western parts of the state, the violence of opposition to the excise law rose to a higher pitch than in the Eastern, on account of their peculiar situation. Whiskey was almost the only article they could take to market, as they could not descend the Ohio, and there was nothing but a packhorse path across the mountains. The law was therefore partial and oppressive, even as compared to the portion of the state on the East of the mountains.

Their state excise law, after remaining some years a dead letter, was repealed, a circumstance which was not likely to incline the people to submit to a similar law, soon after passed by Congress, at the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. The people throughout the state, at least in the agricultural portions of it, were indignant, and once more raised their liberty poles. In the West, the popular indignation was such, that no one, for sometime, ventured to stand up in favor of the law. There was a peculiar hardship in their situation: almost every considerable farmer was a distiller for himself and his poorer neighbors, as it was necessary that their surplus grain

should be distilled; and besides, as the delinquency of the distillers was only cognizable in the federal court of Philadelphia, a single suit was enough to sink a man's plantation. It was with some difficulty that any one could be found to accept the office of inspector in the Western district, on account of the unpopularity of the law, and of which, the representatives in Congress had been instructed by the state legislature to procure the repeal.*

In this inflammatory state of the public mind in the West, all that was necessary was to apply the torch to kindle a blaze. The first outbreak was in the harvest-field, after the marshal had served his last process against the delinquent distillers. He was driven off and fired upon; an unpremeditated rising took place for many miles around, and the next day, early in the morning, a mob, led by a man of little note, of the name of Holcroft, (the author of some manuscript pasquinades, stuck up at cross roads, signed "Tom the Tinker,") appeared before the residence of the inspector, seven miles from Pittsburg. They were fired upon from the negro houses, some of them killed and wounded, on which they retreated. The day following, a great number of persons assembled at a place called Couch's Fort, some miles from the scene of action. The venerable clergyman of the neighborhood, Mr. Clark, attempted to dissuade them from acts of violence, but such was the state of exasperation which prevailed, that no attention was paid to his exhortations, although, on other occasions, they were accustomed to show the utmost deference to their spiritual counsellor, as is the case with the Scotch Irish in general. About five hundred then marched to a second attack, under the command of a Major McFarlane, who had been an officer of the revolution, and of good standing and character. In the meantime, a reinforcement of twelve men had arrived at the inspector's from the Pittsburg garrison, under Major Kirkpatrick, formerly of the army. A deputation was sent with a flag to demand the commission of the inspector; and this seemed to be the object of the assemblage, under the notion, that if deprived of the commission, the officer would be compelled to cease to act as such. The commission was refused, and the attack commenced, and continued but fifteen minutes, when it was thought that a flag had been exhibited from the house, on which Major McFarlane stepped out with a white handkerchief on the end of a stick. He was mortally wounded by a shot from the house. The attack was renewed with fury, and the property burnt down and destroyed, but no one was injured after the surrender; the soldiers, and the volunteers in defence of the place were dismissed, although the conduct of some among the mob,

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was such as might be expected on such an occasion.

The reader can readily imagine the state of the country, which followed those lawless acts of violence, and the exaggerated accounts which travelled across the mountains. The peaceful citizens in the towns were alarmed; in the country generally the people became infuriated, as is usually the case where blood has been shed; all regular occupation might be said to be at an end, and the course of law completely arrested. Yet nothing like direct treason against the government possessed their minds; they thought only of the bad law, and, as they believed, the bad men who lent their aid to enforce it. Their attachment to the government of the state, and of the union, was not impaired; they had no idea of any thing further than procuring a repeal.

Meetings were held over the whole of the four Western counties, and some of the adjoining counties of Virginia. But the popular phrenzy had not yet found a leader to give it the form of rebellion, or insurrection, to use the milder phrase adopted at that period. At length a lawyer of the name of Bradford, who resided at Washington, came forward in this character. He was a shallow, vain man, with some talent for popular declamation, but without forecast, without definite plan or object, or capacity to lead and organize; he was merely actuated by the foolish vanity of being for a time a popular idol.

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solemnity on every countenance; uneasiness, distrust, distance and reserve—and with the most prominent actors in the late riots—anger and desperation, expressed in their looks. There appeared to be two distinct classes of people, or rather portions; those already involved by participating in the acts of violence, and those not involved. The first, would naturally seek to involve the whole county, for their own security, at least in order to lessen their own offence, by implicating a greater number. Col. Cook, a gentleman of fortune, and high standing, was chosen Chairman, and Craig Richie, Esq., of Cannonsburg, Secretary. Bradford, and a person of the name of Marshall, who had been active at other meetings, had at first refused to attend, but were threatened with vengeance if they did not, after having encouraged the people in the course they had pursued. They were, in fact, not leaders of the mob, but driven before it. The chair was addressed by Benjamin Parkinson, an active leader at the destruction of the office, a man who was for no half-way means. "I wish to know, said he, "whether what we have done is right or wrong, and whether we are to be supported or left to ourselves."

Such an issue was entirely unexpected by Mr. Brackenridge, and he felt an agony of mind; for if he voted on it, he might involve himself in the guilt of treason; or, in the present exasperated state of the people, if in a minority, he might not live to return home. Besides, even if these dangers did not stare him in the face, if he ventured to oppose the majority, his popularity would be sacrificed, of which he could not be insensible, especially as he was at that time, before the people as a candidate for Congress, with almost a certainty of being elected. He was also attached to the people among whom he had risen to distinction; he saw among them many personal friends, and he was distressed at the perilous situation in which he saw them placed.

Bradford followed in support of Marshall's resolution, in a violent and intemperate speech; justified all that had been done, and called on the meeting to pledge themselves in its support. After he sat down, a dead silence ensued. There seemed but a moment between treason on the one hand, and popular odium on the other. Every eye was turned to Mr. Brackenridge, who was expected to speak. We shall here use the words of an eyewitness, Mr. Semple, one of the gentlemen who had accompanied him from Pittsburgh. "Bradford began a most violent and inflammatory oration, in support of Marshall's motion. I observed Mr. Brackenridge, who was seated at the west end of the church, and opposite to the principal part of the Pittsburghers, (seated by the members at the east corner,) in great agitation, often throwing his head down on his hand, in the attitude of study. At length, Mr. Bradford's speech being

ended, Mr. Brackenridge advanced nearly to the middle of the house, and opposite the Chairman, and began his speech, slowly and irregularly, for the current of the people's prejudices seemed to be strongly against him. He first opened the reasons why the few persons from Pittsburgh came there; they were not instructed, nor had they any delegated powers to agree, or disagree, on any proposition, that might be made; they came only to hear and report. He then took various methods of diverting the attention of the audience from the speech that had preceded his. Sometimes, he would give a sarcastic stroke at the excise, and the inventors of it; and then, tell some droll story thereto relating, in order, as I apprehend, to unbend the mind of the audience from the serious tone to which it had been wrought up. He viewed the subject before him in various lights; and then entered warmly on his main arguments, which was to dissuade the audience from the first proposition. He told them in direct words, "that he hoped they would not involve the whole country in a crime, which could not be called less than high treason; that this would certainly bring the resentment of the general government on us, and there would be none to intercede. The audience seemed petrified and thunderstruck with such observations; and when he had done speaking, not a person seemed desirous of renewing the argument. Silence ensued for some time, and then the company broke up; some went to drink at the spring, and others, in little knots, or clubs, were scattered over the ground."

The foregoing graphic sketch, which gives but a very imperfect outline of the speech, exhibits the genuine orator, and a real occasion for the display of that rare talent. It was no stump speech, nor occasional display; but the fate of the country, and of the speaker himself, depended upon it. His object was to check the progress of the insurrection in the bud, by drawing at once the line between those who were committed, and those who had yet done no criminal act. He acted powerfully on the fears of the latter, by withdrawing the curtain which concealed the gulph before them; he held them up as mediators for their fellow-citizens with the general government, and dwelt upon the certainty of an amnesty, or oblivion of the past, by a suitable application to the President, who had uniformly pursued this course, in preference to putting down opposition to the laws by military force. He ended by recommending a meeting of delegates from every township, which should represent the whole Western country, and urged the propriety of arresting at this point, all further display of forcible resistance to the laws, until the whole West should be consulted.

There were many who were gratified at the course which things had now taken, although no one was willing to acknowledge it; while those who had participated in the recent acts of violence,

should be distilled; and besides, as the delinquency of the distillers was only cognizable in the federal court of Philadelphia, a single suit was enough to sink a man's plantation. It was with some difficulty that any one could be found to accept the office of inspector in the Western district, on account of the unpopularity of the law, and of which, the representatives in Congress had been instructed by the state legislature to procure the repeal.*

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An act was perpetrated on the 26th of July, for which it is difficult to assign a sufficiently rational motive; for, instead of strengthening the cause of the opposition to the law, it had a tendency to weaken it, by revolting the minds of the more considerate. This was the robbing of the mail by Bradford and Marshall, and some other associates, for the purpose of intercepting the correspondence between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. The only motive for this rash and criminal act, was to find who were their enemies in the town, and what was said of them by those who wrote an account of the resolutions, to the government of the state, and to Congress. They of course could not expect anything in their own favor. Five or six individuals, were, by means of these intercepted letters, singled out as the objects of abuse, and denounced as traitors to the popular cause.

A meeting had been convened in Pittsburgh, at which, when assembled, a deputation arrived, from the federalists, and demanding the banishment of the persons. It was the unanimous opinion of the citizens that the individuals, thus named, should bend to the storm for the sake of satisfying the people of the country, and that the cause might depend on keeping the names of the individuals out of the minds of the people of the step, and not descending to the details of the case; and some of the individuals in the

neighborhood, so that it might be given out that they had gone.

In the meantime, Bradford, with four others, addressed a circular or runner order, to the colonel of militia in the Western counties, requiring them to assemble in arms at Bradlock's field, for the ostensible purpose of pulling down the inspector's office, and banishing the traitors from Pittsburgh. Bradford became alarmed at the boldness of this step, issued countermanding orders, and soon after, at a meeting held at Washington, indignantly denied that he had issued the latter, having in the meantime been threatened by his own partizans. Mr. James Ross, then a Senator in Congress, attended the meeting, and endeavored to dissuade them from going to the assemblage at Bradlock's field, but without success, and only proved how little use there was in any direct appeal to their reason; yet Mr. Brackenridge was afterwards censured for resorting to address, and by indirection, to accomplish the objects in which the direct means had utterly failed; and his seeming to fall in with the prevailing humor was adduced as evidence of treason on his part.

The usurped authority of Bradford, in ordering the militia to assemble at Bradlock's field, was readily obeyed by the people, and by many of the officers; the few who were averse to go, were either compelled by their men to lead them, or went of their own accord, in order to prevent disorder. There is no doubt that a large portion of the rank and file would consist of persons of the class of frontier settlers, who were ready to join in any mischief, and not unwilling to plunder a little if an opportunity should offer; many of them the dregs of a long war, which has its "cankers," as well as a long peace.

The people of the town, had reason to be alarmed for their safety, and they were not too certain that "Tom the Tinker" had no allies among them selves. A town meeting was convened. It was admitted that their safety depended on a seeming acquiescence with the views and objects of the country people. Resolutions were passed, and struck off, so as to be distributed in print. In these it was announced, that the inhabitants of the town would march out, and join their brethren, at the place of rendezvous, to carry into effect any measure deemed necessary for the common cause, that they would be watchful of suspicious characters, and send away from among them those unfriendly to the cause; and finally, send delegates to the meeting at Parkinson's ferry.

A committee of twenty members was appointed to whom the whole management of this delicate business was to be entrusted, and it was agreed that, for the time, every man was to be an insurgent, and not his part as such, to the best of his abilities. Nothing but this course, could have saved the town from destruction. Mr. Bracken-

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The usurped authority of Bradford, in ordering the militia to assemble at Braddock's field, was readily obeyed by the people, and by many of the officers; the few who were averse to go, were either compelled by their men to lead them, or went of their own accord, in order to prevent disorder. There is no doubt that a large portion of the rank and file would consist of persons of that class of frontier settlers, who were ready to join in any mischief, and not unwilling to plunder a little, if an opportunity should offer; many of them, the dregs of a long war, which has its "cankers," as well as a long peace.

The people of the town, had reason to be alarmed for their safety, and they were not too certain that "Tom the Tinker" had no allies among themselves. A town meeting was convened. It was admitted that their safety depended on a seeming acquiescence with the views and objects of the country people. Resolutions were passed, and struck off, so as to be distributed in print. In these it was announced, that the inhabitants of the town would march out, and join their brethren, at the place of rendezvous, to carry into effect any measure deemed necessary for the common cause; that they would be watchful of suspicious characters, and send away from among them those unfriendly to the cause; and finally, send delegates to the meeting at Parkinson's ferry.

A committee of twenty members was appointed, to whom the whole management of this delicate business was to be entrusted, and it was agreed, that, for the time, every man was to be an insurgent, and act his part as such, to the best of his abilities. Nothing but this course, could have saved the town from destruction. Mr. Bracken-

especially the leaders, were enraged, and manifested it by their looks and gestures. Mr. Brackenridge, and his associates, thought it prudent to withdraw. The meeting re-assembled, but did nothing but adopt the proposition of calling a large meeting of delegates from each township. Mr. Brackenridge was convinced that this proposition, so obviously reasonable, would be adopted, and thus take the business out of the hands of promiscuous assemblages, which were no better than mobs. He was of opinion, that the way to control the people on this occasion, was to contract their power into a delegation, and by condensing this, still further, into a standing committee. It was this course which he afterwards followed up with so much address, and which enabled him, in conjunction with Mr. Gallatin, to put an end to the insurrection before the army had crossed the mountains to subdue it by the bayonet. For the present, Mr. Brackenridge had given a serious stab to his popularity, by his speech. He had made bitter personal enemies among those, who had been guilty of open acts of violence; and of course, he must expect to be denounced as a traitor to a cause in which he had never engaged, because he had been willing to unite with them in procuring the repeal of an oppressive law, but never thought of *open resistance*, much less of overturning the government.

An act was perpetrated on the 26th of July, for which it is difficult to assign a sufficiently rational motive; for, instead of strengthening the cause of the opposition to the law, it had a tendency to weaken it, by revolting the minds of the more considerate. This was the robbing of the mail by Bradford and Marshall, and some other associates, for the purpose of intercepting the correspondence between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. The only motive for this rash and criminal act, was to find who were their enemies in the town, and what was said of them by those who wrote an account of the recent events, to the government of the state, and of the union. They of course could not expect to read any thing in their own favor. Five or six individuals, were, by means of these intercepted letters, singled out as the objects of odium, and denounced as traitors to the popular cause.

A town meeting had been convened in Pittsburgh, and while thus assembled, a deputation arrived, bringing the mail, and demanding the banishment of the obnoxious persons. It was the unanimous opinion of the citizens that the individuals, thus rendered obnoxious, should bend to the storm for a while, in order to satisfy the people of the country, as the safety of the town might depend on keeping on good terms with them. Some of the individuals were convinced of the prudence of the step, and withdrew of their own accord, some descending the river, others crossing the mountains, and some concealing themselves in the garrison or in the

neighborhood, so that it might be given out that they had gone.

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ridge, although not Chairman of the Committee, was by general consent invested with the complete control and direction, and was, in fact, regarded and obeyed, as the civic chief; while the militia, which numbered two hundred and fifty, all told, was under the command of General John Wilkins, a high minded, honorable man.

The committee, without arms, marched into the field in front. The situation of Mr. Brackenridge was critical; he had been highly popular, but in consequence of his course at the Mingo meeting, he had become an object of suspicion to the people, and had made some deadly enemies among the leaders. It was necessary to be bold, and self-possessed; at the same time, to use consummate address. With Parkinson and McFarlane, he was personally unfriendly, and these, after Bradford, were the most popular. The prevailing idea was, that all law was silenced, and that an obnoxious individual might be put to death without accountability.

They were nearly all dressed in hunting shirts, as in their campaigns against the Indians, and amused themselves with shooting at marks, or firing in the air. Great wantonness of mind prevailed, and a disposition to engage in any thing, no matter how extravagant.

Bradford, in a general's uniform, marched in front of a number of battalions, and crossed the river. He advanced to the Pittsburgh Committee, spoke to Mr. Brackenridge, and asked whether the obnoxious individuals had been sent away; he replied in the affirmative, and others assented, as it was a part of the system previously arranged. This was a critical moment for him: he was fearful of his reception by Bradford, as he supposed that his safety for the present, at least, depended on it. After this, he ventured to approach a group surrounding Parkinson, saluted them, and was civilly received. Here he sat some time, and talked over recent occurrences; seemed to agree with them, and by degrees, won upon their confidence. Some indiscreet expressions of a young man, of the name of Ormsby, were mentioned to him; he excused him as a rash and foolish young man, not worth their notice. He afterwards learned that there were at that very time, fifteen men, painted like Indians, in pursuit of Ormsby to assassinate him, and that he had only escaped by fifteen minutes, after having been informed of his danger. James Ross, who resided at Washington, also attended the meeting, more as a looker on, than a participant in it, as he soon found it useless and dangerous to oppose the popular current. In passing Mr. Brackenridge, he said to him, "you have a great deal of subtlety, but you will have use for it all." The latter looked around, and then reproved the speaker for his imprudence; fortunately, there was no one to hear the words, and Ross observed, that he had taken care of that before he ventured

to speak. Through the day, he passed from group to group, conversing with them, gradually gaining their confidence. During the night, he fell in with different parties, to all of whom he was known, who now listened to him eagerly, some declaring, that he had regained what he had lost at the Mingo meeting house. To say that he overacted his part, that is, went too far in affecting earnestness in the cause, it would be necessary to have been on the spot in order to form a correct judgment. Mr. Ross, who was on the spot, bore ample testimony in his justification. Some inquired, "whether the garrison was to be attacked?" "Certainly." "But will it not cost a great many lives to take it; and how will it be done?" "Blow up a bastion with powder—we shall lose a thousand men in killed and wounded; or we may starve them out." The men had no powder excepting that which was in their powder horns, there was not more than one day's provisions to each man, and few were willing to march to the cannon's mouth.

In the morning, a delegation of three from each regiment, assembled as a Committee; Mr. Brackenridge was one of them. They retired apart, in order to deliberate. Bradford made one of his violent speeches, and stated the object of the assemblage in arms was to chastise those who were friendly to the excise laws; he then read the letters which had been taken from the mail, and appealed to Mr. Brackenridge to know what had been done with the authors. Mr. Brackenridge endeavored to excuse them individually, occasionally indulging a humorous stroke at them, to preclude the idea that he was anxious to save them, out of any personal regard. Some of these sarcasms, thrown out as tubs to the whale, offended the self-love of the individuals, who never forgave him for it. Their own dignity or standing was not so free from doubt as to enable them to afford any diminution of it, by a witticism, or a joke. He found he was going too far, when he heard some one exclaim, "do you mean to excuse all those persons?" Turning to Bradford, he said to him, in an undertone, "do you not know, that you are pursuing the best way to render them a real service, by enabling them to represent themselves as martyrs and sufferers in the cause, for which they will expect to be rewarded?" "I do—but the people must be satisfied."

The people becoming impatient, and the committee no longer private, it was moved by Bradford that the troops now march to Pittsburgh. He was seconded by Mr. Brackenridge, who said aloud, as if addressed to the bystanders, as well as to the Committee—"By all means, let us march into the town, and if with no other view, let us give a proof, that we can preserve the strictest order and discipline; and can refrain from doing any damage, or injury, to persons or property. Let us just march through, and taking a turn, come out on the

plain, on the bank of the Monongahela, and after drinking a little whiskey with the inhabitants, the troops will embark and cross the river."

These words, apparently spoken in a careless manner, became the order of the day, and were actually obeyed to the letter. Nothing can more strongly show the superiority of certain minds over others, and over multitudes, than things of this kind.* Bradford saw nothing beyond the vanity of being the momentary idol, and ostensible leader, or he would not have suffered the real command to be thus slipped out of his hands, without even seeming to know it. Bradford and Col. Cook acted as generals, and Col. Blakely as officer of the day. Mr. Brackenridge proceeded with the advance guard to conduct them by the proper road, and was thus in fact the leader of the whole army of five or six thousand men, in the humble capacity of guide, or, at most, as chief of the Civic Committee. When about starting, Mr. Ross again passed him, and said—"the veil is becoming too thin—I fear it will be seen through." It had in fact been seen through by a few, but they had no time to concert measures, and did not know in whom to confide.

Mr. Brackenridge led the whiskey boys, as they were called, by the Monongahela road, so as to keep them out of view of the garrison. They passed through town, wheeled to the left, and came out on the plain to the East. The Pittsburgh militia soon dispersed, and busied themselves in carrying whiskey and water. He was employed in this way himself; it cost him five barrels of old whiskey; but he declared, he would rather try to extinguish the fire in their throats, than in his house.

Bradford had left all to the officers, and had retired to a cool shade, where he was surrounded by glorifiers, to whom he was boasting of his wonderful exploit. Great activity was manifested among the well disposed of the troops to preserve

order, which was rendered very difficult by the continual arrival of straggling companies. The great object now, was to throw them across the river as soon as possible. There being but few boats, Mr. Brackenridge rode down to the point, and luckily found it fordable at this season. He immediately returned, and led several squadrons across; after which, all those on horseback followed. The footmen were, in the mean time, ferried across, and there was a prospect of having the town clear. Mr. Brackenridge had all the boats brought over the town side, and on his return, saw the flames of Major Kirkpatrick's barn on the top of Coal hill. This had been the signal to some companies who had remained in town, to set fire to the dwelling house there. He met General Wilkins rushing down to the defence, at the head of a body of the town militia, and immediately stopped him. "This will not do," said he, "it is not our system; if the house is to be defended it must be by these people themselves." He urged other reasons, which convinced Wilkins, who went no further, and he hastened to the spot himself; here he found Col. Cook, McFarlane, and Marshall, who had gone for the purpose of preventing the burning. "Gentlemen," said he, to those bent on mischief, "you cannot burn this house, without burning that of Col. O'Hara; you all know him to be a good man, and absent from home, with the army, engaged in fighting the Indians. If the house must be destroyed, let it be pulled down, and not burned. But why trouble yourselves about it now! The people of the town will pull it down." Aided by the exertions of Cook and McFarlane, the house was saved. The day at length dawned in peace and quiet—the whiskey boys having dispersed, and each returned to his own home.

Mr. Brackenridge would willingly have left the country and crossed the mountains; for he envied those who had been banished. He was desirous of getting some kind of commission from the town, to the President, to represent the circumstances and situation of the country; but his townsmen insisted on his staying, and desired him to go to the meeting of delegates, at Parkinson's ferry. He felt also an earnest desire to pacify the country, if possible, by means short of force, as he was now satisfied that unless this were speedily done, an army would be marched from the other side of the mountains, led on by some Claverhouse, who would exercise a military severity, more to be dreaded than the outrages of the mob. He felt great reluctance to go to Parkinson's ferry, as it would be necessary, in order to effect any thing, as well as for his own safety, to continue to sustain, to a certain extent, the appearance of being with the insurgents.* But

* Mr. Combe, in his phrenological tour, relates the following story, which resembles this. Before the late war between this country and England, a mob had gone on board a British vessel in the port of Philadelphia, taken off the rudder, and were dragging it along the street, with the intention of repairing to the residence of the British Consul and breaking his windows. A gentleman of address, and some personal influence, joined them, and affected to aid in dragging the rudder, but taking advantage of a pause to rest, addressed them in the following manner: "Fellow-citizens, let us prove to these insolent British, that we are not a rabble of disorderly persons, as they represent us—but a calm, reflecting people. Instead of insulting them, let us give three cheers before the Consul's house, and then proceed to the State house, and lock up this rascally piece of British timber in one of the rooms, and then disperse." The suggestion was adopted and literally obeyed. At night, the rudder was secretly conveyed back to the ship by order of the Mayor. It would have been of no use to attempt direct dissuasion; and yet, Mr. Brackenridge was blamed for not flatly opposing the march to Pittsburgh under similar circumstances!

* Findlay, who was his bitter enemy, in his "History, &c." uses this language, when speaking of the proceedings at Parkinson's ferry. "Brackenridge was probably actuated by the same motives as Gallatin, but supported the mea-

Mr. Ross and Gen. Wilkins overruled his objections, thinking it advisable to get all they could, opposed to violent measures, from the different parts of the country. Accordingly, he and Gen. Wilkins were chosen delegates.

"At this period," says Mr. Brackenridge, in his work on the Western insurrection, "there were alarming accounts from the East side of the mountains, of a disposition of the people, similar to that of the West. I saw before me anarchy, a shock to the government, a revolution impregnated with the Jacobin principles of France, and which might become equally bloody to the principal actors. It would be bloody unavoidably to them, and to the people, destructive. Let no man suppose I coveted a revolution; I had seen the evils of one already in the American; and I had read the evils of another, the French. My imagination presented the evils of the last strongly to my view, and brought them so close to a possible experience at home, that during the whole period of the insurrection, I could scarcely bear to cast my eye on a paragraph of French news."

In fact, the laws had been for some time silent, and the ideas and language of the French Revolution had become quite familiar with the disorderly. The only thing like civil authority which seemed to command any respect was that entrusted to Committees. His plan from the first, as had been said, was to withdraw power from the multitude, and place it in a Standing Committee, with which the friends of peace and order could begin to act. The objects which he had proposed to accomplish in going to the meeting at Parkinson's, were, 1st. To resolve that the state laws were in force; the authority of all civil officers to be respected; no violence to be committed by any man on his mere motion, on pain of being denounced by the Committee, as an enemy to the country.* 2nd. That the meeting address the President, setting forth what had been done; praying a suspension of force,

sure in a different way; he often kept up the appearance, and sometimes the boasting language which was acceptable to Bradford's party, and opposed Gallatin. *Yet he always contrived to bring the proceedings to the same issue.*" That is, he effected by address that which Gallatin failed to accomplish by direct means. Findlay knew perfectly well that Mr. Brackenridge was compelled by the situation in which he had been placed to assume the appearance of favoring Bradford's party; he knew that Mr. Gallatin was aware of this, and that Mr. Ross was in the secret. His use of the word *probably* conveys a mean insinuation, which he knew to be false. With respect to the policy of the Pittsburgh Committee and the insurgents, Mr. Ross explicitly declared, "that nothing but the consent of the Pittsburgh people to all these measures could have saved their property from utter destruction."

* He says, "the idea of a Committee had become more formidable than that of a court. It was a new authority, springing from the people's power, and had the force of opinion on its side; the censure of a Committee would render a man infamous."

and an oblivion of what had passed, under such arrangements as might be obtainable. 3rd. That a Standing Committee of safety be established, as conservators of the peace, in support of the civil authority, and as the organ of negotiation with the Executive on the subject of amnesty, &c."

At Parkinson's ferry, two hundred and sixty delegates assembled, much too large a number, some of the townships having sent four or five. There was a still greater number of persons collected as spectators. Mr. Brackenridge had a consultation with Bradford, Marshall, and other leaders, and affected to advise with the first, in order to be able to manage him, as he and Marshall had various projects of a belligerent nature. Bradford wished to bring forward something like a declaration of war, and Parkinson had a string of resolutions to offer; they were both inclined, however, to reduce the number of the delegation, and in favor of a Standing Committee, which was the main object of Mr. Brackenridge; he also wished to prevent any presentation, but to give ample discretionary powers to the Standing Committee, so as to enable them to negotiate for an amnesty, to which the people at this time were averse, excepting on such terms as the government could not grant. Col. Cook was appointed Chairman, and Albert Gallatin, who then resided in Fayette county, Secretary. Bradford desired Mr. Brackenridge to open the meeting, which he declined; he then rose himself, and as usual, went into a long and violent harangue, in favor of open and hostile opposition to the government, and proposing to lay before the meeting the means of defence, a schedule of arms, men, &c.

Marshall then rose and produced his resolutions. The 1st related to taking citizens from the vicinage to be tried, &c. 2nd. A Standing Committee of — members from each county as a Committee of Safety; *to call out the resources of the Western counties, to repel any hostile attempts against the rights of the citizens, or the body of the people.*

Gallatin rose to oppose this resolution, or at least the latter part of it. It required no little courage to do it, as it was a favorite one, and he was obliged to do it cautiously. "What right," said he, "have we to suppose that military force will be used against us, and why therefore prepare to resist? If riots have taken place, they are the subjects of judicial cognizance."

Brackenridge saw the danger of entering on this discussion, and instantly affected to oppose Gallatin. He thought it not amiss to have the resolution, although softened in the terms, without altering the substance, such as, "*the Committee shall have power to take such measures as the situation of affairs may require*;" a Committee of four might model the terms. Marshall acquiesced, and thus the debate and vote were artfully parried. Those in favor of war thought they had succeeded, and

the more prudent thought the question postponed. The 3rd resolution related to the appointment of a Committee to draw up a memorial to Congress, praying a repeal of the obnoxious laws, &c.; also carried. 4th. A Committee to draw up a statement of the motives and acts of the people, &c. to the Governor of Pennsylvania, and the President. The 5th was a resolution to support the government and laws, *with the exception of the excise laws, and taking citizens out of their counties to be tried.* Mr. Brackenridge, on this resolution, without supporting or condemning it, spoke at considerable length on the situation of the country, without government or law, and the want of safety to persons or property. Gallatin spoke in favor of the establishment of law, and the conservation of the peace. Notwithstanding the praise bestowed on him by Findlay for the open and direct course which he generally pursued, and with which he *unfavorably contrasts that of Mr. Brackenridge*, he did not venture to condemn the resistance to the United States' Marshal, or the proscriptions at Pittsburgh, but condemned the destruction of property. "What," said a fiery fellow, "do you blame the burning of Kirkpatrick's barn!" The Secretary was embarrassed, and paused for a moment. "If you had burned him in it, it might have been something, but the barn had done no harm." "Aye—aye—right enough," said the man. Some dissembling, as well as presence of mind, was necessary here; which shows that it is much easier for men to write in the quiet of their closets, than to act in critical scenes like these.

Bradford's schedule of arms, &c. and resolutions, were now brought forward. They were attacked "in front" by Mr. Gallatin. But his success was doubtful. Mr. Brackenridge, who had been out of the circle, returned, and again affected to oppose the Secretary. He said it might not be amiss to talk of these things—hold out the idea of being prepared to fight, in order to render it unnecessary, as a General sometimes displays columns, by way of demonstration; but enough has now been done—let the details be left to the Standing Committee. There was no more said, and the vote was avoided.

The meeting adjourned until the next morning, leaving the Committee, consisting of Brackenridge, Bradford, Gallatin, and Herman Husband, to model the resolutions. During the night, the cry of the people was for war. The situation of Mr. Brackenridge led to painful reflections on their account, as well as on his own. He felt a desire to save them from the horrors of civil war, and if his plans should fail in accomplishing this, what would become of him? He could not join them; they thought themselves in the right, but he knew they were in the wrong. To become a fugitive emigrant was a most painful alternative; the property he left behind would be sacrificed, and he would have to begin the world anew in some strange country;

perhaps despised for being an emigrant; for those would be more respected, who remained to share the fate, and even the crimes, of their fellow-citizens. He saw no prospect of success in their open resistance, and his feelings revolted at the idea of disturbing the peace and harmony of the Republic, which he had assisted to establish.

The resolutions reported, were 1st, relating to the taking citizens from the vicinage. 2nd. A Standing Committee of *deputies* from each county. Mr. Brackenridge moved *township* instead of county, and to fill the blank with the number two. The ostensible object was to have them distributed as conservators of the peace; the real object to scatter them, and by that means give greater power to the smaller Standing or Executive Committee. This was carried. The Standing Committee was then chosen, consisting of twelve, of which Mr. Brackenridge was one. He now offered a resolution, that commissioners be appointed to wait on the President of the United States, with the representatives of the people, and report to the Committee the answer he should give.

It was soon after announced, that commissioners on the part of the government had crossed the mountains—the words of the resolution were then changed—"to meet the commissioners, that have been, or may be appointed by the government, and to report to the Standing Committee." This was also carried, and the blank filled with the number three. It was then proposed to wait until the arrival of the commissioners, as they could not be more than one or two day's journey off. Mr. Brackenridge considered this extremely hazardous to the object in view, as the proposals of the commissioners in the present state of things, would be certain to be rejected. He desired a cooling time, and deliberation; for that purpose, an adjournment was necessary, and an opportunity of operating on the mind of the Standing Committee. Mr. James Ross was now present; he had received his appointment as one of the commissioners, but did not let it be known. Every thing was urged by Gallatin, and some others, in favor of adjournment, and passing the resolution in its present form; but their efforts seemed to be ineffectual, such was the prevailing anxiety and eagerness of curiosity to hear the propositions of the government commission.

Mr. Brackenridge was walking outside of the circle in a desponding mood, when commissioner Ross came to him, and urged him to go forward. "I do not see that I can do any thing; Gallatin and others have said all that is reasonable, and yet have failed." "You can do it," said Ross. He then stepped forward, and knowing that it was the impatience of curiosity which stood in the way, addressed them to the following effect. "It is altogether impossible that the government commissioners can have any thing of importance to propose at this stage of the business. The President

has not yet seen our representatives; he does not know our demands. We can only receive these commissioners as a matter of form, or civility; the first step must be taken by us; we can only lay before them what is to be laid before the President; and of course, they must wait for instructions. Our waiting here would therefore be entirely useless. The authority to negotiate, to correspond, &c., must be entrusted to the Standing Committee, for this requires time, and may require caution and dexterity to prevent an advantage being taken of us."

No one spoke after this, and the resolution was passed. A proposal was made to instruct, but this was again parried by observing, that instructions could not be framed without knowing the propositions which might be made by the commissioners. It was agreed that the new meeting of deputies should be at Brownsville, in September; the Standing Committee to fix their own time of meeting.

When he walked out of the circle, he observed to Ross, "I think the point is now gained. There is a basis now laid on which we can act. To this point I have always looked, not expecting commissioners from the government, but propositions from it to commissioners on our part, *holding out an amnesty*; which I take to be the great secret of composing the disturbance. Until that appeared, the disposition of those involved was to acts of violence to support themselves; and the whole county, conscious that every man has in some degree contributed, by words or actions, to produce this mental opposition to the law, which has terminated in actual force, could not reconcile it to their feelings to abandon those who have acted with precipitation in the late occurrences. But an amnesty being given, these can say to their countrymen, you are now on the same ground with us; stop, we will go no further."

He had no previous consultation with Gallatin, with whom, he was but slightly acquainted; but he took the first occasion to say to him, "I presume, Mr. Gallatin, you understand me." "Perfectly, sir," was the reply. A few days after the last meeting, the commissioners had arrived at Pittsburgh; they were Messrs. Yates, Bradford, (Attorney General,) and Mr. Ross.

Mr. Brackenridge found that there was a strong prepossession in the mind of two of the commissioners against him, and he learned that his conduct had been cruelly misrepresented on the other side of the mountains, (chiefly by persons who had left Pittsburgh,) either from enmity or misapprehension. He was represented as the real leader of the insurrection, and Bradford but a tool in his hands. He was thus placed between two fires; he had run great risk with the people, and was now in greater danger from the government, by which, he was to be denounced as a traitor. He could not refrain from expressing his mortification and

chagrin to Ross, who assured him, that as he had been perfectly acquainted with his motives, he would guaranty his safety as respected the government. In the moment of injured feeling, he exclaimed, "it seems that all the thanks I am to receive for the exertions I have made, and the dangers I have encountered, is that I shall be regarded as a traitor; if such be my fate, I may as well join the insurgents in earnest." "By no means," said Ross, "the force of genius is almighty, give them not the aid of yours." In fact, the insurrection would soon have worn a different aspect, under the direction of a man, who, though bred to letters, and having no great relish for the profession of arms, was, like Rienzi, equal to any emergency; and if driven to desperation by injustice, might have led the way to consequences which no one could foretell; for at this moment, when the whole West was attached to the East by a slender tie, Spain and France, with the good will of England, were endeavoring to divide the Union, by making the Alleghany mountains the boundary of a distinct power. But with him these were the thoughts of a moment, and instantly banished from his mind; he was too much of a patriot and philanthropist, to be deluded by the visions of false ambition, and selfish aggrandizement.

On the meeting of the Committee at Pittsburgh, to confer with the commissioners, Mr. Brackenridge took the first opportunity to lay aside the mask he had been compelled to wear. He explained fully and candidly the motives by which he had been actuated, addressed them as men of sense, and pointed out the necessity of accepting the amnesty as speedily as possible, orders having already been issued to assemble the militia on the other side of the mountain; and they were then probably on their march. Gallatin and others, who entertained the same views, made similar representations, and it was found that the Committee was with them, with the exception of Bradford and Marshall, who appeared thunderstruck; "the first looked red and angry; the latter pale and affected." It is highly probable, that they had, by this time, discovered that an amnesty would not reach their case: the riots, in which great numbers had been engaged, might be passed over; but their avowed treasonable designs, and robbery of the mail,—a little project of their own,—could not be so readily forgotten.

Mr. Brackenridge was entrusted by the Committee to draw up a report, and he was desirous to place the case of the people in as strong a light as possible, so as to show that the Committee had made the best of it. But this was objected to by the commissioners, who wished that the question of acceptance or not, of the amnesty, should be placed before the new assemblage of deputies, and for this purpose, hastened their meeting at an earlier day than that fixed upon. The season was advan-

oing, and the President could not delay sending troops. It was besides told him, in confidence, that there was a serious apprehension of a rising in the lower counties, that is, of those on the other side of the mountains, opposed to the excise, unless something was speedily done.

In his report, Brackenridge suggested some reasons which he thought would have weight in inducing the people to accept the terms of the commissioners; but in this, Gallatin differed from him. In his work on the insurrection, he makes some remarks on this head, which are worth repeating here, for their truth and good sense. "No doubt it is the true democratic principle that the will of the majority shall govern; the national will has made the law, and it should be obeyed. However unequal and oppressive it may be in this part of the community, yet the will of the whole *required* that it should be obeyed. This is an abstract argument, which must satisfy the understanding, but can never reconcile the heart. It is like the theological argument of the divines, that the good of the whole requires that some should be damned, and that a man cannot be a saint until he feels a disposition to be reconciled to the divine will, even if it shall fall to his lot to be doomed to everlasting punishment. A regenerated man may come to this, but a natural man never can. So an enlightened politician may comprehend, and acquiesce in the principle of submission to inequality of burthens, when the nation dooms him to it; but the common mind revolts; and nothing will quiet such a mind, but the consideration *that it cannot be helped*. My argument, therefore, chiefly contemplated the want of power—sometimes introducing the idea of postponement, &c., and when it was replied to the latter, that the people could never be roused again, my answer was, "I know that, and it was on that principle I suggested it. It was quite safe to talk of another day; for if Satan was once laid, it would be hard to raise him again. The people would begin to look back, and be made sensible of the precipice on which they had been standing. Let the law be put in operation, and they would not find it the evil they conceived it to be."

The deputies, or General Committee, consisting of sixty members, including the Standing Committee, met at Brownsville on the 28th of August. The first thing that occurred, was the bringing before the Committee, under a guard of seventy-men, a Quaker, of the name of Jackson, who had given great offence by calling the assemblage a "Scrub Congress." The people had at first intended to destroy his property, and tar and feather him, but had been persuaded by the more moderate to bring him before the Committee *for trial*. On this occasion, Mr. Brackenridge gave a proof of his ready address, and showed that wit may sometimes answer a better purpose than sober argument. Affecting

to be indignant at the conduct of Jackson, he related to them, with infinite drollery of manner, an anecdote of Oliver Cromwell, perhaps invented for this occasion. "Some one came to Oliver and informed him, that a certain person had had the audacity to say, that the Protector might 'go to the devil.' 'Did he?' said Oliver—'the villain—I'll punish him; go to him and tell him to come and show me the way.' This fellow has called us a Scrub Congress—let him be named Scrub himself, and made to pay for the christening." Peals of laughter followed this sentence, and the Quaker was carried off to receive his punishment, which amounted to a few gallons of whiskey.

The report of Mr. Brackenridge was read. But it appeared that the popular feeling had gone beyond the idea of an amnesty. The people rather thought of giving one—they had expected a suspension of the obnoxious laws, if not a repeal. He saw it would not do to enter upon the business immediately. Findlay, Smiley and others were on the ground, and might prepare the public mind—it was therefore thought prudent to adjourn until next morning. Bradford* and Marshall had become his bitter enemies, and were desirous of holding a caucus with such members as they could operate upon. The situation of Mr. Brackenridge was again perilous, his popularity having once more suffered. Popularity, in such times, is of little value; it is but the turning of the hand, the palm up or down—liable to a sudden fall from the highest pinnacle of favor to the lowest point of obloquy.

The next morning he found the situation of Gallatin and himself rather delicate. During the night great pains had been taken to inflame the minds of the people. With his coadjutor, he was determined to risk the question of amnesty; but with the very unpleasant prospect of being arrested as traitors by the mob, if they failed. It was proposed that Edgar, a Presbyterian elder, and a member of the twelve, who was not so deeply committed, should open the matter; but he declined; it was therefore put on Gallatin. This gentleman occupied the attention of the assembly, and a numerous audience, for some hours, with a speech of great power and eloquence; and was heard with deep attention. Mr. Brackenridge then, at considerable length, went over the ground which had been occupied by Gallatin; placed the arguments in somewhat different lights, and added something new. Gallatin was more didactic; Brackenridge more impassioned;—the first, addressed their patriotism and their reason; the latter, their con-

* Before the flight of this individual, a letter containing a tissue of falsehoods and absurdities, was procured from him by some of Mr. Brackenridge's enemies, with a view of implicating him. They did not reflect that such a document would be more injurious to those who could condescend to use it than to the person against whom it was used.

sciences and fears. Both speeches were masterly efforts. They were followed by Edgar, in a kind of sermonizing discourse, but which was replete with good sense, and had its effect on the people, to whose habits it was adapted.

Bradford spoke with violence against accepting the terms of amnesty. "We will defeat the first army that crosses the mountains," said he, "and take their arms and baggage." After he had concluded, Gallatin moved to take the vote—but as only the members of the committee of twelve stood up, it was negatived. Presuming that this proceeded from unwillingness to vote openly, Gallatin proposed the ballot. This was negatived in the same way. Here was a situation. If the vote had not been taken, the proposition would have been lost, and the consequence would have been immediate preparation for war. Bradford would have come forward with his project of arms, &c., in which he had been baffled at Parkinson's, and Gallatin and himself would have been arrested on the spot. Gallatin with great presence of mind, proposed that a vote should be taken by ballot merely to ascertain their own minds, but without intending it as an answer to the Commissioners. After some hesitation, a member proposed that a scrap of paper should be made out by the Secretary, with the words *yea* and *nay* written on it, and given to each member, one of which words he could tear off and destroy. This plan was adopted; and on the vote being counted, there were thirty-four in the affirmative, and twenty-three in the negative! The question was now as completely at rest, as if it had been put in the most formal manner.

Bradford became dark and dismayed. The face of things was instantly changed—the more moderate among the numerous spectators were emboldened, and those who had been induced to join the more violent through fear, and from a vague belief of their having a majority, were glad of an opportunity to leave them. When it was moved to adjourn for a few hours, Bradford took his departure, and appeared no more. When they met again, the report was received, and the amnesty virtually accepted. From this moment, the insurrection may be said to have terminated; but the recoil was felt unfortunately by the people, and by those who had been thus active in preventing scenes of blood and destruction. After appointing a new Committee of Twelve, the assembly adjourned.

The 11th of September was the day for signing the amnesty throughout the Western counties, and great pains were taken by influential men to induce the people to accept it. But many of the ill-disposed or infatuated threatened those who were desirous to sign. Bradford had become a convert to the new order, and endeavored to distinguish himself by more than common zeal, but it did not answer his purpose; he lost every thing with his

own party, who cried out, "Dagon, how art thou fallen!" Feeling little confidence in this new manoeuvre, he came to the conclusion that his safety lay in flight. Another meeting was held on the 2d of October at Parkinson's Ferry, at which General Wilkins and Mr. Brackenridge were delegates from Pittsburg. Resolutions were passed declaring that law and order were restored; and two persons, Findlay and Reddick, were chosen as delegates to the President, to request that the march of the army, which had by this time assembled, might be stopped. They went on their mission; an account of which is given by Findlay in his history. They joined the army at Carlyle, where they were introduced to the President, who had been there but a short time. Before his arrival, serious disorders had been committed by the troops, a large proportion of whom were hired substitutes, and others, who considered it their duty to put down opposition to the excise laws, looked upon all who were against those laws as traitors, who ought to be hanged without judge or jury. The appearance of a liberty pole was enough to endanger the safety of a whole neighborhood. The delegates themselves, according to Findlay, ran some risk, and were considered as implicated, together with Gallatin and others, who had always openly opposed the insurrection. As for Mr. Brackenridge, he was regarded as worse than Bradford, as in fact the principal, and his life was threatened by several of the officers, as well as by the soldiers. Two persons had been put to death in a most shameful and wanton manner, before the arrival of Washington. The delegates expressed a desire that if the march could not be stopped, the President would command in person. But neither of these requests could be granted. Although the idea of the amnesty is to be attributed to the wisdom and magnanimity of Washington, yet Findlay seems to think that the refusal to stop the march of the army proceeded from his advisers—especially from Hamilton, who, he says, was for seizing the occasion to strengthen the new government by a display of physical force. It would occupy too much space here to discuss the question; but I do not hesitate to say that when we regard the consequences, it was not wise to have ordered the army to continue its march, after the insurrection had been brought to a peaceful termination; after the request of the delegates, and after that of the Governor of Pennsylvania. What did the army effect after it had passed the mountains? Did it meet with opposition, or find a single individual in arms? And was it not guilty of monstrous outrages, which the historians have passed over too lightly? These are related by Mr. Brackenridge and by Findlay, and they cannot be read at this day without astonishment.

The election passed off in the disturbed state of the country, with but little attention. But few at-

tended, and in some districts none voted. It had been reported that Mr. Brackenridge had declined; Gallatin was taken up only a week before the election, and was elected by a few votes over him. There were five other candidates; and there is no doubt Mr. Brackenridge would have been elected, but for the misapprehension, which induced many to vote for Gallatin in his place. Another meeting was held on the 24th of October, at which more than a thousand persons attended, and passed resolutions declaring peace and order restored, and a determination to submit to the excise law; but all in vain; it was determined that the army should be sent forward.

It is stated by Mr. Brackenridge, that, from information on which he placed reliance, the rage of the army against him seemed to increase as it approached. The prejudice existing in the minds of the principal officers, and persons accompanying the army, was too strong to be encountered.

Mr. Ross honorably redeemed his pledge, as far as was in his power, by making a fair representation of his conduct. The very best treatment he could expect, would be to be sent to Philadelphia in irons—to be tried at an expense which would ruin him; for without one or two hundred witnesses, he could not explain his conduct on every occasion. But the greater probability was that he would be assassinated.

Bradford had good reasons to fly; but Brackenridge had none, for he was innocent; he therefore resolved to stay at home, and perish on his own hearth. He put his papers in order, arranged his affairs, and drew up a statement of the principal facts, addressed to Mr. Ross, with a request that he would see that justice was done to his memory. The Judge of the United States of the Pennsylvania district had preceded the army a few days, with the intention of taking civil cognizance of such as might be placed under military arrest. Under what section of the Constitution, or of the judiciary law, this was done, I am not able to say; but at that time, there were many different ways of acting, which we should think strangely of at present; and none more than of the powers then exercised by the Secretary of the Treasury, or of the arrest of citizens remaining quietly at home, by the soldiery.

Mr. Ross, at the request of Mr. Brackenridge, waited on Judge Peters, and pledged himself that he would come forward at any moment when he would be required, so that he might not undergo the mortification of an arrest. The first troops that arrived, were those under the command of General Morgan; and the same evening, a party of military ruffians came to Mr. Brackenridge's house for the purpose of assassinating him;—they were only prevented by the interference of their commanding officer, and of Colonel Neville, who arrived just in time to prevent the perpetration of the deed.

Such was the rooted prejudice which had been conceived by persons, who ought to have leaned to the side of innocence, that even after the examination of Mr. Ross, who entirely acquitted Mr. Brackenridge, they still persisted in considering him as the chief insurgent. They were desirous of aiming at a shining mark, and to avoid having any thing to do with common culprits. They were staggered, however, by the examination of the gentleman just mentioned, and some doubts began to be entertained. A letter written by Mr. Brackenridge to Bradford, was now produced, very dark and mysterious; it spoke of a duplicate—hinted at some papers, &c. What do you think of this, Mr. Ross? Certainly very mysterious—but it happens to be addressed to William Bradford, Attorney General, who can probably explain. "Gentlemen," said Alexander Hamilton, "you are going too fast in this business."

In the meantime Mr. Brackenridge expected every moment to be arrested, and lay several nights on a couch ready to be taken at a moment's warning; for it seems that these arrests, for what reason it is difficult to say, generally took place in the dead hour of night. His sensibility was deeply touched; and he experienced a return of a nervous affection, brought on in youth by great application to study. In the meantime General Lee had arrived; he came directly to Mr. Brackenridge's house; it having been chosen by the quarter-master on account of being large and commodious, and without consulting the owner. A very awkward and painful recognition took place, as General Lee (not the European of that name who has been mentioned heretofore,) had been a junior scholar at Princeton, and occasionally placed under his tuition. Lee changed his quarters in a few days; and Mr. Brackenridge, about the same time, was served with a subpoena to appear before the examiners as a witness. He knew that this was only a mode of arrest, and that if he did not exculpate himself, the arrest would follow; and this depended very much into whose hands he might fall in order to be examined. The task was undertaken by Secretary Hamilton, who was to all intents and purposes the Commander-in-Chief, representing the civil and military power of Washington. This may seem strange; but it was the fact; and it was fortunate for Mr. Brackenridge—he at least had no right to complain, for he was treated by Hamilton in a manner at once just and magnanimous, considering that he was approached only by the most violent enemies, who lost no opportunity of misrepresenting all his actions and motives, and in exciting the most injurious prejudices against him.

The examination having commenced, he proceeded to dictate to Secretary Hamilton. After writing an hour or two, the Secretary stopped, and said—"I observe one leading trait in your account, a disposition to excuse the principal actors; and

before we go further, I must be candid and inform you of the delicate situation in which you stand—you are not within the amnesty—you have not signed on the day;* a thing we did not know until we came upon the ground; and although the government may not be disposed to act rigorously, yet it has you in its power, and it will depend on the candor of your account *what your fate will be.*"

To this Mr. Brackenridge promptly answered—"I know, sir, I am not within the amnesty, and am sensible of the power of the government; but if my narrative were to begin again, I would not change a single word." The dispassionate mind, at this day, cannot hesitate in deciding which of these persons appeared on this occasion in the most exalted character! When the Secretary came to the part which relates to the going to the Mingo meeting, at the instance of the Inspector, or rather of his son, he appeared surprised; and it was evident that this fact had been concealed from him. He stopped writing, and appointed an hour for continuing it in the afternoon. It is probable he made some inquiry of Col. Neville, (recently returned with the army,) with whom he dined. This gentleman had once been on very friendly terms with Mr. Brackenridge; but from causes which it is unnecessary to inquire into, had of late united with his enemies; but he was a man of humane and generous feelings, and when directly appealed to, would speak as became a man of honor. On the return of the Secretary, he immediately said, "Mr. Brackenridge, your conduct has been most horribly misrepresented."

The examination continued during that and part of the next day. At its conclusion, the Secretary expressed himself in the following terms: "In the course of yesterday, I had uneasy feelings. I was concerned for you, as for a man of talents; my impressions were unfavorable; you may have observed it. I now think it is my duty to inform you, that not a single one remains. Had we listened to some people, I do not know what might have been done. There is a side to your account; your conduct has been horribly misrepresented, owing to misconception. I will announce you in this point to General Lee, who represents the Executive. You are in no personal danger. You will not be troubled, even by a simple inquisition, by the Judge; what may be due to yourself with the public, is another question."

* There is too much truth in the following remarks of Findlay: "If Mr. Brackenridge, who had conducted with such address, in a situation which rendered it necessary for him to temporize, that he knew he was in no danger from the usual mode of process, but he also knew that the power of the government, with which he was threatened, conveyed another idea. If such powerful addresses were made to the hopes and fears of Mr. Brackenridge, who from his profession was able to judge of his situation, what may we not expect was done with such ignorant people as did not know what part of their conduct or expressions might be deemed criminal!"

It were unnecessary to say that this acquittal was gratifying to the subject of it. "In so delicate a case," says he, "where life had been sought by insidious men; and where, what I felt most sensibly, my hopes of estimation in the world were likely to be blasted, at least for a time, it may easily be supposed that no word escaped me, or will ever be forgotten." And thus, in this free country, and under this government of laws, the person whose patriotism and consummate ability entitled him to the mural crown, considered himself but too happy to escape without the ruin of his estate, and perhaps an ignominious death. Once he was saved with difficulty from assassination; and on another occasion, a pistol was presented to his breast—but as he did not flinch, the ruffian turned away, declaring that he believed him, after all, a very clever fellow.*

The arrests began in the night of the 9th of November, with the greater part of innocent or meritorious persons; but on the 13th, during a most inclement season, nearly three hundred were dragged from their beds, and driven through streams, over muddy roads, and penned up in stables like cattle! From an awkward mistake in the lists made out, those intended for witnesses were not distinguished from the supposed criminals; many were so seriously injured, that they never recovered their health. The end of all this, was two or three convictions of poor obscure men, who were afterwards pardoned; and what is curious enough, according to the doctrine of treason, established by Marshall in the case of Burr, no treason had been committed: for the treasonable *projects*, even of Bradford and Marshall, were not followed by any overt act of treason. There had been riots, disorderly conduct, robbery of the mail, but no act with the view of subverting the government. There was nothing but *constructive treason*, which is now regarded as odious.

The extraordinary outrages of the 13th of November, were long kept in remembrance by the people of the West, and familiarly known as the *dreadful night*. It must not be said that we have made no progress in the principles of liberty. Such scenes could not take place in our time, without exciting feelings of horror and universal indignation. Even in England, such wholesale arrests would more properly belong to the times of Charles II, than to any subsequent period.

At the close of the insurrection, the popularity

* The insubordination of the army as it was called, may excite surprise. There were many honorable exceptions, such as Captain Dunlap's troop, and some others—but the greater part was little better than a mob. Take the following related by Findlay: "On one or two occasions, when some foolish men who mixed with that wing being in danger, General Morgan pretending to reserve them for an ignominious punishment, saved them, till they could be safely dismissed, or kept his men from killing them himself." This looks more like temporising with a mob, than commanding an army!

of Brackenridge rose again, even higher than it had been before. Those who had looked upon him as a traitor to the whiskey cause, now sympathized with him, when they saw the treatment he had met with from the army; while the important services he had rendered the country were admitted by all but his personal enemies, and a few whose prejudices were immovable. He now set about the task suggested by Alexander Hamilton, of defending his reputation before the bar of public opinion. He addressed circular letters to a number of the most distinguished individuals of the Western counties, whose opportunities enabled them to speak from their own knowledge of his conduct. Among them are the names of James Ross, Alexander Addison, Judge of the district, Henry Purviance, David Reddick, General John Wilkins, John Hoge, and many others, who all concurred in completely exonerating him from all censure, and in applauding the course pursued by him.*

Not satisfied with this, he published an octavo volume, entitled "Incidents of the Western Insurrection," written with uncommon vigor of style, and replete with graphic descriptions of scenes and incidents. As a vindication, it was unanswered, and unanswerable. Its republication, however, would require some things to be struck out, which bear severely upon individuals, as it would answer no good purpose to perpetuate them; and it is possible that there may have been some misconception in his mind towards them, as there was in theirs towards him, but productive of different effects; in the latter case, endangering life and reputation; in the former, bringing down the lash of invective and ridicule. In reply to some of those who affected to speak with contempt of the Western people, for their cowardice in making so mean a resistance—the same persons having previously denounced them on the other side of the mountains as traitors for taking up arms against the government—he uses this language: "I have seen the waves when they were calm, and I have wondered that they could ever be wrought into a tempest to shipwreck navies. Let my fellow-citizens

* "I saw many alarmed and anxious for the safety of their country, and for the reestablishment of the government, and who expressed an abhorrence of all that was doing. I thought none of them more seriously so than yourself."—*James Ross.*

"My opinion of the whole of your conduct throughout the insurrection in this county, I will give without reserve. It appeared to me to have two objects; to arrest the progress of the present violence, and to procure an amnesty for that already committed, and thus prevent the flame from spreading beyond the county in which it originated."—*Henry Purviance.*

"It is impossible for me, without erasing all my impressions of your character and conduct, to suppose that you ever advised or countenanced any illegal opposition to the exercise law."—*Alexander Addison.*

"I had daily opportunities of observing your conduct, and conversing with you. I never had a doubt, but that you were influenced by the purest motives, and was anxious for the restoration of order and the laws."—*John Wilkins.*

The foregoing extracts are deemed sufficient for this place.

on the East of the mountains be happy, as I am, that they met with no resistance. The rage of the forest would have been more awful than its solitude. Be not offended that I am partial to the spirit of these people; they are ourselves; you had them for your compatriots against a common foe; and I will pledge myself, they will not disgrace you in any enterprise, for the glory of our Republic, however daring and hazardous it may be."

The work concludes with the following eloquent passages, which may justly compare with the best specimens of writing in the language:

"I have now finished the detail I had in view. That my information may not have been correct in all cases; that my memory may have led me into error; that my imagination may have colored facts, is possible; but that I have deviated from the strictness of truth, knowingly, is what I will not admit. That I have been under the painful necessity of giving touches which may affect the feelings of some persons, is evident. But it has been with all the delicacy in my power, consistent with doing justice to myself. If I have done them injustice, they have the same, with me, in their power, an appeal to the public. This is the great and respectable tribunal at whose bar I stand; for, though I have not been arraigned at the bar of a court of justice, yet from the first moment of obloquy against me, I have considered myself an arrested man, and put upon my country. From that day the morning sun shone to me less bright; the light of night has been more obscure; the human countenance presented nothing but suspicion; the voice of man hurt me; I almost hated life itself. For who can say that I have pursued riches?—who can say I have been a devotee of pleasure? What have I, if I lose the hope of estimation? Was I traitor to my country? Was I traitor to that class of men with whom I stand on equality in point of education and cultivated intellect? Would I disgrace the praise of science and enlightened reading, who am taught to know, that virtue is glory; and benevolence and truth, that alone which can assimilate with the divine nature? And what greater deviation from virtue than to disturb the settled order of government, while that government remains republican? And who ever touches it with any other view than that of salutary and regular reform, deserves the anathema of the people."

From this time Mr. Brackenridge was considered the man of the people, but devoting himself to the profession of which he stood at the head. Two years after the insurrection, he published the first volume of *Modern Chivalry*, in which many traces of those times may be discovered. His object was to write something that would indoctrinate the people themselves on the subject of government, and correct those errors into which their almost boundless state of freedom would be apt to lead them. Dry dissertations, like those of Montesquieu

and others, would do for the learned, but would not be read by one in ten thousand of the people. He, at first, thought of a form like Butler's *Hudibras*—but concluding that this would not be so likely to be read as prose, he determined to try the plan of Cervantes in his *Don Quixotte*. His hero, Capt. Farrago, is however no madman, but simply an eccentric. He found it difficult to supply the place of Sancho, and had recourse to a Milesian Irishman of the lower order, of the Thady or Paddy-from-Cork species. The character is certainly not so successful as that of Sancho; but there is much humor in it; and it answered his purpose better than any he could find of American original. His Scotchman, Duncan Ferguson, is better sustained, and more natural. Modern Chivalry is a profound philosophical and political work, under the guise of pleasantry. It is wonderful what a variety of topics is touched, in the most compendious way, and admirably adapted to form the people to the true principles of a democratic republic.

He was one of the most active and efficient, in bringing about the revolution of party in the year 1800. On the election of Governor, Mr. McKean, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State; which place he continued to fill during sixteen years, until his death in 1816; and of him, it might truly be said, "when a learned man dieth, much learning dieth with him." Few persons who have risen to distinction in this country, combined in themselves a greater variety of brilliant qualities. He possessed wit, great acquirements on all subjects, sound judgment, and extraordinary powers of eloquence. Numerous anecdotes are related of, and many sayings attributed to him, some of them of doubtful authenticity. His wit was rather delicate irony, than broad humor—and always employed as the means of conveying some important truth, or correcting something wrong. His style is remarkable for its transparency, presenting the idea almost naked to the mind; so that one in perusing his page, may fancy that he is merely pursuing a train of thought of his own, instead of tracing the words and sentences of another. Originality was the peculiar characteristic of his mind. His compositions were generally dictated to an amanuensis, and even the punctuation was attended to as he went along. His opinions on the bench bear the stamp of strict integrity, and the most perfect independence. They are generally clear and concise, unencumbered by authorities, usually ascending to first principles, and in consequence they have been increasing in reputation.

Such was Hugh Henry Brackenridge, a man but imperfectly appreciated in his own day, because like others of an original cast of intellect, he was ahead of the age; but whose fame is destined to increase, as it becomes more removed from the times in which he lived.

THE LATE BISHOP MOORE.

It is not our habit to insert in the *Messenger* obituary notices of even the distinguished dead; but there was something so singularly endearing in the character of the late Richard Channing Moore, the lamented Bishop of the Episcopal Church in this State; he was so universally beloved, not only in this community, but in truth, in every part of the country where he was known;—the "elements were so mixed up in him," and he presented so rare a combination of apostolic excellence, with the qualities which secure mere human popularity,—that, for once, at least, we must be excused for deviating from our usual rule. The following biographical sketch of the venerable deceased has been already published extensively, we believe, by the newspaper press. It is from the pen of his late parochial assistant, the Rev. Mr. Norwood of this city,—than whom no one could have enjoyed better opportunities of knowing and appreciating the merits of the lamented Bishop, and few certainly possess superior qualifications for exhibiting his bright and shining example to the imitation of the present and future generations. We desire to preserve this faithful tribute to a good and holy man, in a more enduring form than the columns of the newspaper press. It will be read long after the fleeting subjects of the day shall have passed into oblivion, because it suggests a train of feeling and reflection of a far more exalted character than the perishing things of time.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*]

Sketch of the Life and Character of Bishop Moore.

The first ancestor of Richard Channing Moore, the late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, of whom there is any thing known, was Sir John Moore, whose family seat was Frawley, in Berkshire. This gentleman was knighted by Charles I, of England, on the 21st of May, 1627, two years after he came to the throne. He lost both his estate and life in the revolution which ended in the execution of that unfortunate King. The motto of his coat of arms was "*Nihil utile quod non honestum.*" Of the descendants of Sir John Moore little is known, until we come to John Moore, the grandfather of our lamented Bishop, three of whose brothers were distinguished as well as himself. One of them was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Moore, chaplain to the celebrated scholar and Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Atterbury, whose sermons he published. He died Rector of Little Britain, in London, leaving a highly respectable family; among whom were Thomas Moore, D.D., Rector of North Bray, in Kent, and the Rev. Dr. Charles Smyth, whose sermons were published in England in 1822, and are highly esteemed. Another of the brothers of John Moore, was Daniel Moore, a gentleman of large estate, who was a member of Parliament for many years, whose daughter married Lord Chancellor Erskine. Another of the brothers was William Moore, of Moore Hall, Pennsylvania, who left a highly respectable family. One of his daughters was married to the Rev. Dr. William Smith, a preacher of Philadelphia, and formerly President of the University of Pennsylvania. John Moore, the brother with whom our narrative has to do, being the grandfather of the Bishop, was an eminent merchant of New-

York, in colonial times. He was an Alderman of that city; for many years a member of the Legislature; and at the time of his death, Colonel of one of the New-York regiments, and a member of the King's council for the province. He was born in 1686, and died in 1749, at 63 years of age. He was the first person buried in Trinity Church-yard; and the title of the family vault was in Bishop Moore at his death.

Mr. John Moore married Frances Lambert, and was blest through her with eighteen children, among whom were three pairs of twins. The descendants of Mr. Moore married into the Bayard, Livingston, Hoffman, Onderdonk, Bailey, Tredwell and Rogers' families, which are among the most respectable families of the North.

Stephen, the seventeenth child, owned West Point, which he sold to the United States, and removed to North Carolina. Upon the invasion of the Southern States by the British in 1779, he commanded a regiment of North Carolina militia. He was afterwards taken prisoner at the first battle of Camden. Being exchanged, he returned to his beautiful seat, Mount Tirza, in North Carolina, where he died, leaving in that State a highly respectable family.

The seventh of the thirteen sons of John Moore, was Lambert, the father of Bishop Moore. He was born in 1722—was sent to England for education, and was bred a scholar in Westminster school. At twenty-one years of age he returned to his native country, and settled in that part of the State of New-York which was called the neutral ground. Here he lost all his property amidst the devastation and plunder which desolated that part of the country. His house, at West Point, where he resided during the early part of the Revolutionary War, was plundered by the Hessians, when the British took the posts of the Highlands, and his family was turned out of doors in a destitute condition. He removed thence to the city of New-York, where he obtained an appointment in the Customs, and lived in comfort until the conclusion of the war. After this event, he removed to his brother John's, in Norwich, Connecticut, where he died of a pulmonary disease, on the 19th of June, 1784, in the communion of the church. In the Spring of 1785, his remains were removed to New-York, and deposited in the family vault, in Trinity Church-yard, by his son, the late Bishop of Virginia, who then resided in that city.

Elizabeth Channing, the mother of Bishop Moore, was descended of a highly respectable family. Being left an orphan at two years of age, she was brought up in the family of her uncle, John Pintard, Esq., one of the Aldermen of New-York. She was an accomplished lady, having received the best education which New-York afforded, and was highly esteemed in the best society of her native city. She was polished in her manners, of the most amiable disposition, and exemplary piety, and was remarkable for sound judgment and strong good sense. To the early religious instructions, the prayers, and lovely and pious example of this exemplary Christian mother, Bishop Moore often delighted to revert, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and a bosom swelling with filial affection and reverence. To her early nurture and admonition in the Lord, he ascribed under God all his happiness and usefulness in this world, and his hopes of a blessed immortality in the next. She entered upon her eternal rest at his house on Staten Island, on the 7th of December, 1805, in the 78th year of her age.

Of the eleven brothers and sisters of Bishop Moore, our limits will allow us only to say, that they were all honorably connected in marriage, were respectable, virtuous and useful.

Richard Channing Moore, the late Bishop of Virginia, was born in the city of New-York, on the 21st of August, 1762. He received a liberal education, and was bred a physician; but after practising medicine for several years,

in 1787, he resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel of Christ, and was ordained by Bishop Provoost in New-York. The first two years of his ministry were spent at Rye, in the county of West Chester, most acceptably to the congregation among whom he labored, and usefully for the church at whose altar he ministered. Thence he was called to a wider field of labor by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, at Richmond, on Staten Island.

Here Dr. Moore labored for twenty-one years with eminent success. His faithfulness in all the departments of ministerial duty, his zeal in the advancement of true religion, his love of his Divine Master and of his work, his unaffected love of all men, his amenity of manners and entire freedom from spiritual pride and all moroseness in his theological views, gave him not only an unbounded popularity among his people, but won for him their warm admiration and sincere attachment. The fruits of such labors, and of such a Christian character, were soon abundantly manifested. The bounds of his Parish were greatly enlarged, his congregation soon overflowed, and it became necessary to enlarge his church edifice. The number of his communicants rapidly increased, and the standard of their piety was much elevated. Even after a large addition to the sittings of his church, it soon became necessary to make still further provision for the numbers who flocked to his ministry, and the Chapel of Ease was provided six miles distant from the Parish Church. During his attendance upon the late General Convention, in October last, the writer of this sketch visited this scene of the early labors of his venerated and beloved friend. It was grateful to every good feeling of the heart to witness the ardent love and unaffected veneration for their old pastor, which were still cherished and remained enshrined in the hearts of his former parishioners and their children. It was delightful to address, in the two beautiful churches of the Parish, large congregations of zealous worshippers of Almighty God, and to see the son of this venerable man, who had, in his earliest manhood, and immediately after his admission to Holy Orders, succeeded his father in this interesting charge, now himself more than fifty years of age, and honored with the title of Doctor of Divinity, after a useful and successful ministry of thirty-two years, still occupying the post of his father's duties, and walking in the steps of that good old man, as a faithful and beloved Shepherd of Christ's Flock. The Bishop loved, in his social intercourse with his friends, to revert to this scene of his former ministry—to talk of those zealous members of his congregation, who were wont to hold up his hands in his arduous duties, and to recount the many evidences of his Heavenly Father's goodness, then vouchsafed to him. The reader will pardon me for here introducing one or two of the many anecdotes which I have heard him relate: It pleased God at one time eminently to bless his labors, by an unusual influence of Divine Grace among his people. There was a true revival of Religion—the work of God's spirit, and not the ephemeral effect of those hot-bed contrivances and human devices, which have, with pernicious consequences, so often been resorted to for doing that work which the Holy Spirit only can really effect. Within a few weeks, more than sixty persons were added to the list of his communicants. During the prevalence of this happy state of religious feeling, Dr. Moore went to officiate in the chapel where he regularly performed divine service in the afternoon. After the services and sermon, the blessing was pronounced; but, instead of the usual business of a retiring congregation, entire stillness pervaded the assembly, interrupted only by suppressed sobs. A church-warden arose and said, "Dr. Moore, the people are not satisfied: they desire more of the bread of life; will you not preach again?" Hastily selecting a portion of Scripture during the singing of a hymn, he again preached an ex-

tempore discourse of the usual length and pronounced the benediction; but all was quiet; and again this people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, asked and received in a third sermon heavenly food from their shepherd's hands. The afternoon by this time being far spent, and the strength even of this able laborer having been exhausted, he was obliged to entreat the enchained throng to depart to their homes. Such an instance may in vain be searched for since apostolic times.

On another occasion, the Doctor was invited to meet a company of highly esteemed friends at dinner. Just as he was getting into his gig, a messenger arrived from a distant part of the island, requesting him to visit a very poor communicant who was dangerously ill. Obedient to the call of duty, he relinquished his proposed pleasure, but still with some reluctance, wishing the call of duty had not been made, and almost inclined to delay it until the morrow. When arrived at the humble cottage, he was unusually successful in imparting the consolations of Religion, and succeeded in quieting the fears and animating the hopes of his humble friend. As he knelt on the dirt floor, the Grace of God warmed his affections, and with unwonted fervor he poured forth his supplications for the dying Christian before the Throne of their common Father and God. As he returned home late in the evening, with his own faith strengthened, and his Christian graces enlivened, he wept at the thoughts of the reluctance with which he had gone to so delightful a duty, and was humbled under a sense of his ingratitude to that merciful God, who had thus by his very kindness rebuked him. That night his sick friend died full of peace and hope. The Bishop continued to his death to look back to that evening, spent in the dying Christian's chamber, as perhaps the happiest of his life; and he learned from the occurrence a lesson which he did not forget, never under any circumstances to postpone duty to pleasure.

In 1809, Dr. Moore was called by God's providence to a still more important sphere of usefulness in St. Stephen's Church in the city of New-York. Here he continued five years. His labors were very great; but neither the strength of his fine constitution nor the ardor of his zeal failed, and he was again, as on Staten Island, richly rewarded for all his toils by the abundant bestowment of God's blessing on the work of his ministry. He found a small congregation, and only about thirty communicants. After a short ministry of five years, he left a crowded church and between four and five hundred communicants. There is, I believe, to this day, in St. Stephen's Church an honorable monument to the zeal and efficiency of his ministry while there. When the whole church had become crowded, every pew, not only in the body of the church, but also in the galleries being occupied, a gentleman called on the Rector and applied for a pew: there is none, was the reply. Will you permit me to build one? was the answer. Where? said the Doctor. There, over the gallery against the wall, said the persevering applicant. But how will you obtain access to it? said the Doctor. By cutting a small door in the wall, and building a private stairway outside of the church, said the zealous man; and there, I understand, high up against the wall, is that pew to this day, a lasting memorial of pastoral zeal, fidelity and eloquence, such as few Ministers of Christ are cheered by.

The next important change which occurred in the life of Dr. Moore, was his call to the Rectorship of the Monumental Church at Richmond, and to the Episcopate of Virginia. These events occurred in the Spring of 1814. The peculiar history of the church of which he now became Rector, is too well known to require more than the remark, that it was built upon the site of the old theatre—the burning of which had caused the death of more than a hundred persons, and involved Richmond in the deepest distress. Entering upon his charge at so favorable a time, for a serious

consideration of the claims of religion, his zealous labors were soon rewarded by a full church, and rapidly increasing communion.

But the superior importance of the subject must withdraw our attention, for a time, from his parochial to his Episcopal character. Never was there a man more happily constituted for the peculiar work assigned him, by the Divine Head of the church, than was Bishop Moore for the trying duties of Diocesan of Virginia, at the period when he entered upon that sacred office. The Episcopal Church, in this State, then labored under accumulated difficulties. The evils which grew out of the colonial system of ecclesiastical affairs, were still felt. The want of Episcopal supervision, of the administration of the Episcopal functions, and of the restraining influence and discipline of executive control, had greatly retarded the prosperity of the infant church. She had not the benefit of her own ecclesiastical government, and was too far removed from her distant mother to be much benefited by the connection which was still maintained, or much restrained by a ruling power so far distant, and consequently so inefficiently exercised. Without an executive head, there was no sufficient restraint laid upon her ministers. Orthodoxy in doctrine, and piety and morality of life, among those who were the spiritual guides and examples of the people, could only be enforced, when needed, by an impeachment on the other side of the ocean, before the Bishop of London, who was the ecclesiastical head of the colonial churches. This, owing to the invidiousness of the office of accuser, the distance of the tribunal, the expense of the voyage, and the delay of justice, was rarely done. The colonies, in consequence, became the last resort of some of those bad men, who, in all ages and churches, will intrude into the holy office, and who feared the discipline of the church at home. Others, who from inefficiency, could not find desirable cures in the mother country, easily obtained situations, in a rapidly growing community, where ministers were greatly needed. From the operation of these causes, the colonial church in Virginia long labored under the infliction of the inefficiency, immorality, and want of piety of some in her ministry. The disastrous influences of this great evil were widely felt. The confidence and attachment of the people were, in a great degree, weaned from their spiritual guides. The efforts of the good and zealous were much thwarted by the counteracting influence of evils, which there was no power in the defective system of church government to eradicate. At this critical juncture came on the American Revolution. The strong prejudices which were excited by this great event against a church, which was then connected with the oppressive government of England,—the jealousy which was aroused in the dissenting denominations in consequence of the possession by the church of valuable glebe lands—the dispersion of most of her ministers—and the zealous efforts of her enemies in the use of all these means of injuring her, when added to the sore evils under which she had before groaned, constituted a burden too heavy for her strength, and she sunk to the dust. An extended population being thus deprived in a great degree of their religious teachers and of moral restraints, and exposed during many years to all the distracting and demoralizing influences of war, presented, after the protracted troubles were over, an inviting field for that subtle system of infidelity, which was introduced from France, and was zealously, and too successfully, disseminated by men of high standing and talent. Added to the baleful influence of this demoralizing system, those who undertook, under God, the arduous task of reviving the church in Virginia, had to operate on the minds of a high-minded people, long unaccustomed to the restraints of religion. Thus infidelity, immorality, repugnance to restraint, and inveterate prejudices against the Episcopal Church, produced fearful difficulties in the way

of a revival of the church. This great work, however, was begun by a little band of faithful men, who trusted in God's promise, that "the gates of hell should not prevail against his church." Still, at the time of Bishop Moore's arrival, the evils above-mentioned were widely prevalent. He seemed to have been raised up by Divine Providence to guide the church successfully through these difficulties. He entered upon the arduous task at fifty-two years of age, though with all the vigor, animation and zeal of youth. His evangelical system of doctrine, his pure and beautiful style of preaching, the tenderness and pathos of his appeals, the gracefulness and eloquence of his delivery, aided by a venerable form, a countenance beaming with benevolence, and a heart glowing with love, rendered him to all an acceptable preacher.

In his visitations through his new diocese, crowds everywhere assembled to hear him; and charmed by the man, many went away disarmed of their prejudices against his office and his church. His gentle and conciliating manner of pleading the claims of the church of their fathers, soon awakened in many families an attachment which had slumbered, but had never become extinct. The mild, forbearing and parental manner in which he exercised the power of his office, won the hearts of his ministry. His widely spread reputation for piety and zeal, soon drew to his diocese a large accession of efficient clergy. His faithful inculcation of true religion elevated the tone of piety in the church, and secured the confidence of the community. In his private and social intercourse with the families of the church, their Bishop won all hearts. To the courteous and graceful manners of a well-bred gentleman, he added a singularly pleasing amenity. He was kind to all, for he loved all. His benevolence overflowed towards all mankind. His venerable appearance, and countenance beaming with love, disarmed enmity; his sprightly and entertaining conversation attracted old and young to his society. He presented religion to view in all her most pleasing and attractive graces. More austerity of manners would have failed to win back hearts long alienated from the church. Greater sternness in the exercise of his authority, would have strengthened and perpetuated the prejudices entertained towards his office. But he seemed to have been happily endowed with the very qualities as a man, a christian and a bishop, which peculiarly fitted him for the exigencies of the church, when he entered upon the duties of her chief Shepherd. Having guided the church committed by the Great Shepherd to his care, safely through her early difficulties, having witnessed the rebuilding of her fallen edifices, the extensive revival of true religion through all her borders, the return of her formerly alienated children to her bosom, a rapidly increasing attachment to her excellencies, a fast growing esteem and respect even among those without her communion, he well deserves for her sake, as well as for his own virtues, the love and reverence of all who love the church of God. Truly, God has blest his labors, and those of the godly man who has aided him of late years in the Episcopal office. When he came to the Episcopate of Virginia, there were in the Diocese only four or five actively laboring ministers—now there are about ninety-five, most of whom minister zealously at the sacred altar. Never, probably, was there a Bishop more universally popular, and more ardently loved by his ministers and all the members of the church under his episcopal charge.

But it is in his parochial character, as Rector of the Monumental Church congregation, that he is best known and most beloved in Richmond. His pastoral labors here, for twenty-seven years, have exceedingly endeared him to his congregation. Gentle, amiable, kind and courteous, with a heart full to overflowing with benevolence, with a charity which included in the wide circle of his affection all the lost world for whom the Redeemer died—always under the

influence of the most kindly feeling for all men, and the tenderest sympathy for the afflicted, he associated with his people as their spiritual father and guide. He delighted in the Gospel; Christ crucified was his constant theme, and he loved especially to dwell in his preaching on the bright and cheering topics of christianity. The mercy of God, the tender and kind invitations of the Saviour, the soothing consolations of Religion, and its glorious hopes, constituted the burthen of his preaching; and when set forth with great animation, the most moving pathos, in an eloquent style of composition, aided by a delightful voice and fine manner, gave to his preaching a peculiar charm which all appreciated. He dearly loved the Liturgy of the church; and as in its eloquent and holy strains he presented to God the prayers and praises of his people, he often wept. Love to God and love to man dwelt in his bosom and pervaded his conversation and sermons. He could seldom speak of the dying love of Christ without tears; and, like the beloved Apostle, whom Jesus most loved, and whom he greatly resembled in character, the prevailing sentiment of this aged Minister of Christ during his latter years was, "little children, love one another." O! that his bereaved people may remember and obey this godly admonition. They all love him, and well they may; for there are few of the younger part of them whom he did not receive in those arms now cold and stiff in death, and at the baptismal font dedicate them to God's service, and admit them into the church of Christ, and make them heirs of all the precious promises of the Christian Covenant. O! that they may never forget the obligations then assumed for them, and that they may not, by failure to comply with the conditions of salvation, forfeit that rich inheritance, the title to which was then bestowed upon them. Most of those of his flock, who now mourn his loss, also had their earthly happiness cemented by him in holy matrimony. The large body of communicants now worshipping in the Monumental Church, were all, with very few exceptions, admitted to that sacred means of grace by the imposition of his hands in the apostolic and beautiful rite of confirmation. Often have they assembled around that chancel, before which his venerated remains so lately lay cold in the embrace of death, and seen that much loved form instinct with life, within their kneeling circle, and heard that gentle and dear voice, now silent forever, invite them in the most affectionate tones to the spiritual feast of their Lord, and receive from his hands the emblems of the crucified body and shed blood of their dying Redeemer. Brethren, let the memory of these consecrated scenes of the communion of saints never fade from your minds, and never forget the faithful teaching of this godly old man. Few among you, who so lately followed this beloved pastor to his last resting-place on earth, have not been led by him to that city of the dead, where his dust will lie, until summoned on the resurrection morn by the archangel's trumpet, to a new and eternal life; you have there seen him commit your loved ones to the grave in the solemn service of your church, and with the trembling accents of the deepest sympathy and tenderest love. Remember, also, those solemn scenes—and O, prepare to follow them to the tomb, and him to the bliss of Heaven! He loved social and friendly intercourse with his people, and all have enjoyed his sprightly and cheerful conversations, and heard his fatherly advice and spiritual encouragement around their firesides.

Never did the writer, whose opportunities of observation have been constant, during the last five years, know a minister who equalled Bishop Moore, in the kindness, frequency and efficacy of his attentions to the sick and the afflicted. The gentleness and kindness of his manner, the depth of his sympathy, the soothing character of his conversation, his happy and tender mode of presenting the consolations of the Gospel, all accompanied by prayers of the

most appropriate character, and of remarkable fervor, rendered this department of his parochial duties eminently pleasing and useful. Truly did he love his dear people, as he was wont to call them: he was the friend of them all. How often has the writer heard him mourn over those of them who are impenitent, seen him weep for them, and heard his ejaculatory prayers ascend to God on their behalf! How often has he seen him bear the communicants of his flock in his heart, and on his lips, to the throne of Grace, and pray God to strengthen their faith, and confirm them in all christian graces, and in all good works.

Who can withhold the tribute of admiration for such a character—who would desire a more enviable lot than his? Enjoying for fifty-four years the high privilege of declaring the glad tidings of the Gospel to ransomed sinners—beloved by all, eminently successful both in his ministry and in his Episcopate, without enemies, his death has been like his life, gentle, calm, full of love and hope and peace. Let it be repeated, he had no enemies, for he was just and upright in all his dealings; he had a tender regard for the reputation and feelings of all, and never spoke evil of any: and who could cherish aught but love and reverence for one so full of love to all? The citizens of Richmond loved to see his venerable form and benevolent face as he walked the streets. His best eulogium is the love and veneration of the whole population of Richmond—the tears of the immense assembly that thronged the church at his funeral; yes, of all, old men and matrons, young men and maidens and children. Who can forget the sobe which were heard throughout that vast crowd? Who was not impressed by the unparalleled multitudes which swelled his far-lengthened funeral procession?

To crown so lovely a life, God awarded him a death such as is granted to but few of his ministers. He enjoyed all the real blessings of life to the last; with unusual physical strength, and mental faculties but little impaired, except his memory, he continued his duties even to the end. Two days only before the last visitation on which he died, he officiated and preached at a funeral. His address was extempore, and such was his energy, animation and fervor, and such the influence of his exhortation, that an old christian of another christian society, said "surely this must be his last, last message to Richmond." It was so; two days after he obeyed the call of duty, and commenced, in his 80th year, a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, to Lynchburg, to perform Episcopal functions. He arrived in Lynchburg on Thursday, the 5th of November. On Friday, he attended Divine service in the forenoon—in the afternoon he met at the Rector's house the candidates for confirmation, and made them a very admirable address on the qualifications for that holy rite—in the evening he attended service again; and after a sermon by one of his presbyters, he made an address, which is represented to have been characterized by pathos, animation and energy in the highest degree. Eyes that seldom wept, were suffused with tears; and some of the most hardened in impenitency were softened, when the old and venerable servant of God, in tenderest accents, and with outstretched and trembling hands, and fervent love, heralded for the last time the good tidings of the Gospel, and entreated them for Christ's sake to be reconciled to God. That night, after a day spent so usefully in his sacred office, and only about three hours after his voice had proclaimed, in the Temple of God, the gracious invitations of his beloved Saviour, the fatal shaft which no skill could extract, pierced him. Feeling unwell a little after midnight, he arose to call for help; but his strength failing him, he fell on the floor, and lay there helpless for some time before his returning strength enabled him to make himself heard. When raised and placed on his bed, he was found to be laboring under a violent attack of pneumonia. He lived for five days, suffering but very little

pain, and during most of the time none. Generally he was in a profound stupor, but occasionally he roused up, and his eyes and countenance would for a little while resume their usual intelligent and benevolent expression. When thus himself, he was resigned, calm, full of peace and hope, and free from all fear. When asked whether there was any thing to be done in reference to his temporal affairs, he said no, that every thing had been attended to—that nothing remained but to bid the Rev. Mr. Atkinson to bear his love to his dear children. When told (by Mr. Atkinson, at whose house he died, and who, with his wife, were son and daughter to him in the absence of his own children,) that death was at hand, he said, "It is well—I trust I am prepared either for this world or the next." On Thursday, at about half past one, A. M., after hours of entire freedom from pain, and in the gentlest and most peaceful manner, without a struggle or a groan, this good man fell asleep in Jesus—and now, we believe, is in the society of the Patriarchs and Apostles, in a world of blessedness.

Laboring to the last, in the midst of his duties, and zealously doing his Master's work, this old and faithful Soldier of Christ fell with his armor on, and brightly burnished with recent use. Well may the Apostle's language be applied to him: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The circumstances attending Bishop Moore's death render the following lines of Montgomery remarkably appropriate:

"Servant of God I well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell—but felt no fear.
Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

Rev. Wm. Woodward

THE PAST YEAR.

Like a bubble borne upon the stream of time,
another year of life has floated by and is gone!

Another page in the history of man is written.

Time, in his swift, and sure career, has come;
is gone; yet *still is present*, and noteth down each
moment as it passes.

What changes, what joy, or sorrow, has the past
year brought! Perhaps wealth has been made poor;
whilst poverty and want have strode with time, and
reached the goal of affluence.

Three hundred and sixty-five days ago, we looked
forward to the present,—as the future; and now,

we turn upon those very days, to seek for records of the past !

Another revolution of the wheel, and lo ! the present fades from view, as onward, with the rapid march of time, we hold our journey, unheeded or forgot.

And what, though Fortune, in her bitterest mood may cast the clouds of sorrow o'er our path ! What, though the merry laugh of joy may find its echo in the mournful cry of sadness or of misery ! What, though the tide of Fortune, like the mighty ocean's wave, shall rise, and sweep resistless over us ! We are not conquered yet ; our spirits still are free : we dash its blighting spray aside, and like a goodly gallant barque, we breast the storm.

There is a beacon-star which burns with undimmed lustre, to light us on our way.

There is an heavenly spirit, which beckons us still onward.

And lo ! high o'er the ramparts of the wished for goal, a flaunting flag is given to the wind ; behold the talismanic words, inscribed in living characters of fire upon it, Hope and Persevere.

Yes, hope, in all our cares and sorrows, still cheers us on our way ; hope so sweet, that danger is forgot, and sorrow flies before its inspirations.

It whispers in our ears a charm so full of joy, that life seems new ; and once more, we launch our barques upon the sea of life, to tempt its storms and try its winds again.

Thus comes, and goes, ' Old Time.'

Though empires rise, and pass away ; though sadness, misery and joy be companions in his train ; though the green happiness of youth did flourish ; though the seeds of discord spring ; though poor beggary and squalid want do pinch ; Time stays not, heeds not.

The mind by passions tossed ; the heart that burned with strong desires ; the bold aspirant, clothed with fierce ambition,—whose thoughts, and words, if coined into deeds, would make earth tremble, and nations groan ; the good, the well-disposed of men—whose bosoms nourished the noblest and the best of human feelings—who walked the path of righteousness, and found no greater happiness than doing charities, and sheltering the oppressed : in this short space of time, one single year ! thousands, possessors of such attributes, have perished, scarce cared for, or unknown.

As a leaf upon a tree withers, dies and falls, so man, with his passions, perishes.

Man springs up, flourishes, and ripens ; the ' Old Reaper' cometh, with his keen and well tried sickle, to gather in his harvest. Seated on his ponderous car, he swiftly urges his mettled and tireless steeds on to eternity.

He hurries through the living human field, to cut its tenants down.

Swiftly cleaving the intrenchant air, his glitter-

ing blade falls quivering on the thread of life, and lo, 'tis severed !

Thus, year after year goes he by, bearing in his train the hopes and joys, the cares and sorrows of man.

If tears shall water our course, Old Time, as he flies along, with a single flap of his broad wing, can dry them up.

Yet happiness too may often be broken and scattered by him.

Our brightest visions of the future may, to our awakened senses, take their real shapes, and don the garb of misery ; whilst the fancied sorrows of to-day may melt like noxious vapors, 'neath the genial sun of fortune, and disclose the sweetest imagery of life.

The future ! the unknown future ! wisely shut by an Almighty hand from our eager foolish view, still undisclosed lies spread before us.

Amidst our unhappiness it may burst forth, like the brilliant orb of day, a light to cheer us on, and bid us see again.

The future may have in its keeping so bright a store of love and joy and happiness, that but to view it—e'en through the dim vista of the far-off coming years—will make the sad heart leap for very joy.

Behold in the year which is now commenced another page in the history of man.

The clerk of Time stands ready, pen in hand, to note our actions, good or evil.

Behold, in the commencement of the coming year, the foundation of a mighty monument of Time, springing up beneath his tread, and rising high, as day on day of his strong masonry is added to the pile, until the close of another year shall cap its summit.

The fair unsullied page has been unrolled, on which our actions will be written : Shall it be the record of time well spent, or virtue shunned and disregarded ! shall we hand the undying page, foul and blotted by our acts, to posterity, whose legacy it is !

By it, perhaps, they will be guided.

Shall we be the *ignis fatui*, to lead them in an erring course, o'er rugged paths and dangerous swamps of life ! or shall we rather be a beacon light, a polar star, by which they may steer unto the port of happiness !

Let the monument which another year shall raise bear the records of time well spent, of virtuous actions and of noble deeds.

Oh ! let it not teem with records of burning shame and misery ! Let it not tell of lawless passions unsubdued, unchecked ; of crying want unheeded, or innocence betrayed.

But rather, let it be a living monument, on which our virtues, like the glittering stars of heaven, shall glow, a beaming light—when we shall be no more—to guide succeeding ages on the way of life !

Richmond.

J. P. P.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN.

"Tis sweet to know there is an eye, will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come."

"Ada, what dress shall I wear to-night?" said Evelyn Mordaunt rather despairingly to her sister, who seemed quietly engaged with her drawing; and without waiting for a reply, she continued, "I do declare you are a perfect enigma to me, for there you sit, as indifferent about your dress, as if it was the choir, or one of your prayer-meetings, you are to attend, instead of our uncle's long talked of fête."

"Why really, Evelyn, your taste, you know, is acknowledged to be indisputable, and so wholly independent of another's, I think whatever it selects, *that* you should decide upon. I am somewhat surprised that you, who have been so successful a votary to fashion, should be thus unusually concerned about your appearance this evening."

"Not more so, my prosy sister, than I own I am at your apparent nonchalance about Carrol Stanley's arrival; for, if my memory be faithful, his departure caused your usual equanimity and self-possession to be a *little* disturbed. But I see plainly I have no place in your interest, or I would not so often fail in exciting it."

Ada sat still at her drawing; not a word escaped to pacify her sister, whose taunt she regarded as unjust; therefore, the wisest course was to pass it by unnoticed: but had Evelyn looked a little more attentively at her, she would have perceived the usual brightness of her dark gray eye dimmed, its lid quivering, and a drop, lucid as the early dew, resting on the rich fringe of nature's own hanging. But Evelyn Mordaunt was unhappily a spoiled child of fortune; consequently, the remembrance of the many wounding words, that, in moments of caprice, fell from her lips,—which seemed too beautiful to breathe other than those of softness and love,—rarely haunted her; and Ada was too forgiving to cause them to rise in judgment against her, whom, in spite of her waywardness, she loved better than all else beside.

Ada gave the finishing stroke to her sketch; and, with a sigh, arose to put it aside, as more domestic occupations demanded her attention below. Evelyn, when she found herself alone, returned to a reëxamination of the various splendid dresses which her maid, with all her French volubility, displayed, vowing this one was most sweetly charming—the other best suited to her young lady's beautiful complexion. The taste and opinion of a *femme-de-chambre* are not often rejected, especially if her tongue be well spiced with flattery; and Evelyn very complacently listened to all Nesbit had to say.

It was a lovely evening when Carrol Stanley found himself rapidly approaching his native place. Four tedious years had glided by, carrying along with them various changes; and on no one, had the hand of mutability more sensibly laid its touch than on Carrol. He left buoyant with the fresh and happy spirit of youth; for then all things bore on their crest, the impress of unsullied beauty. Life seemed to his eye as fair and placid as the unruffled waters of the calmest lake. He returned with that spirit dampened, those feelings sensibly tempered and lost in the dignity of self-command. He left glowing with boyish beauty, and delicate gracefulness of activity; he returned with a person bearing the stamp of muscular vigor and manly ease. Carrol was indeed changed—not merely externally, for the opening capabilities of his mind had become expanded and highly cultivated by the rich lore gained during his sojourn in those lands, where

"Art and Science walked hand in hand."

O'er every feeling but his love of home, had the scythe of Time marked its course; that dear affection he garnered up with a miser-like care: it clung around his heart more tenaciously than the creeping ivy clings around the trunk of a blasted tree. As he passed each familiar haunt of his boyhood, how his bosom gladdened to see it untouched:—unlike him, the old church, where first his infant mind was made to comprehend there was an all-wise God, "maker of heaven and earth," still reared high its lofty spire, and the smooth green around seemed yet more green: but dearer far than all, was that sweet home where first he drew the breath of life. The old butler's eye glistened, as he grasped his young master's hand; the line of domestics cheered loudly, as he bounded past them to meet the warm embrace of his only parent, who, after a few moments of unrestrained indulgence, silently drew his son into an adjoining apartment.

The father and son mingled long their tears together. The deep wounds caused by the death of Mrs. Stanley, which the lapse of four years (for she died shortly after Carrol's departure,) had somewhat healed over, seemed freshly opened—bleeding anew with a painful intensity. But sorrow rarely outlives joy; and, with a resigned but saddened composure, they began to discourse on other themes, feeling the full joy of a happy reunion. It grew towards twilight, when Mr. Stanley reminded Carrol of his preparation for the expected fête in honor of his arrival.

"And where are my sweet cousins all this time? Am I not to see them, before the curious throng assembles—for surely, they are slow to offer me their sisterly welcome?"

As he said this, the door opened, and Ada, with a blushing timidity, but a face redolent with joy, approached him—her tendered hand was fervently pressed, and a still more fervent pressure of his

lips on her lovely cheek, caused it to glow with carnation's deepest tint.

"But, dearest Ada, why are you alone? where is my cousin Evelyn? or does she deem my joy sufficient for the present, and think to prolong its continuance, by delaying her appearance?"

"I left her discharging the necessary, but onerous duties of the toilet," replied Ada—"but no doubt she will soon speak for herself. Like every one else, she is delighted at your return; and you may perceive by various bustling preliminaries, we have prepared for you a fit welcome."

CHAPTER II.

THE WELCOMING FETE.

"A thousand hearts beat happily! And where
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again!"

Evelyn Mordaunt was indeed a being of rare and unsurpassed beauty. Her person was somewhat above the general height, with a bust combining every perfection of disputed taste, and a waist rounded by the flowing ease of Nature's span, which needed not the torturing process of the odious stays to compress it into the present wasp-like and disgusting smallness. Thus much may be easy to describe; but her face! the most glowing description would be tame—the richest language too poor to do it justice. On that evening, well did the mirror's reflection cause her heart to exult, and her bosom to throb, with a pardonable vanity. For who ever possessed the seducing gift of Beauty, and had one of those tell-tale friends of the boudoir, that remained insensible to its value, and experienced no desire to make others feel its powerful effect? Surely not a woman.

A dress of rose-colored sarsenet, after much hesitation and reflection, was decided upon for the evening; well did its delicate tint become her brilliant complexion. Her hair, soft and dark, was braided, with a Madonna-like ease, and over a brow of the smoothest fairness. A few wavy curls on one side, floated carelessly on her neck of unblemished white; while those on the other, were caught by a jeweled arrow, gracefully confining their flowing motions. A serpent hissing dazzling gems, coiled at the back of her well formed head; but amidst their brightness, Evelyn Mordaunt's eye lost none of its light. Her cheek so bright and glowing, seemed to woo that veriest of urchins sent for man's vexation, to nestle in its rosy shades. Her lips, slightly parted, "out-blushed the rich red fruit of Autumn's prime." It was scarcely necessary that such a being should have taxed the aid of any artificial arrow, or ornamental weapon; for, in every smile, one, full barbed, was sent deep into the heart. Who that could have seen her thus beaming with all the pride of conscious beauty, would not have felt expression fail, and in description, feel that

"But the poorer half had been told;
For see how far the substance of my praise,
Doth wrong the picture!"

As Evelyn gave the last touch to the *tout-ensemble* of her faultless (because highly fashionable) array, her buoyant thoughts seemed to concentrate into one strong focus of action, viz: the captivation of Carrol Stanley's heart.

"Yes, he shall feel my power this night, though in early days he scarce acknowledged it: let me see if this dangerous arrow be becomingly seen. Bless me! poor Herbert has well nigh been forgot in this new and mighty conquest of my desires; but pshaw! one will even grow weary of the sincerity and constancy of such as Herbert—fascinating as he certainly is. Yes, indeed, I actually must add another laurel to my (so *they* tell me) never-fading wreath; and I dare say, Carrol will be quite a choice evergreen. For Heaven's sake, Ada, turning to her sister as she just then entered the room, do you not intend to dress to-night? why the guests will arrive, ere you are half ready. May I ask your opinion now of my looks?"

"Yes, dearest Evelyn," said Ada, gazing on the triumphant looking beauty in transfixed admiration, "you may; and it is, that, to my perception and taste, nothing seems wanting. If my sight be thus dazzled, how will it be with your host of willing slaves!—for to-night any and every one may deservedly render you, the heart's undivided homage. Bend down, my beautiful sister, and let those sweet lips give me the assurance that you will never again so cruelly think your place in Ada's heart and interest second to another's. But" — she timidly paused, and coloring said, "Evelyn, do you not think you have conformed a little too strictly to the present fashion of low corsage and high sleeves?"

"Oh! no, Ada, you are such a squeamish prude and Methodist in your notions. I suppose, if I were to listen, you would read me Addison's vision on the tucker; but I pray you to excuse me just now; my maxim is 'Fashion is every thing;' consequently she demands strict attention."

With a proud step and exulting heart, Evelyn entered the brilliantly lighted, but empty rooms; and it was something unusual for the fashionable Miss Mordaunt to be the first to do thus; but she had been told Carrol was already there, and her vanity impelled her to try the effect of a sudden appearance. He was thoughtfully examining some old family prints, which, like the faces of family friends, he loved to gaze upon. So deep was his revery, he heard not the gentle step of her, who above all others, he most wished to see.

"'Pon honor, surely my cousin's auricular sense cannot be very acute; or is it that my

'Treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from its stalk?"

See," said she, as her silvery voice caused him to

start and turn—"I have actually upset an ottoman, and you did not hear me!"

Carrol continued rooted to the spot, as immovably as a statue.

"Well really," she continued, inwardly delighted at his amazement, "I regret the lapse of a few years should have so completely banished me from Memory's niche; however, my warmest greetings, fresh from the heart, are offered you." She held out to him her beautifully jewelled hand, which was passionately seized, and, gazing on her as if his eye was taking its last long look, he pressed it to his almost bloodless lips—stammering out something about sudden surprise and transcendent beauty.

"I'll pardon you, cousin, provided you will have the gallantry to add, 'unexpected pleasures are always the most appreciated;' then you see my vanity will be somewhat mollified at your very flattering recognition!"

"Well then, if that addition will procure me your forgiveness, I know you will believe me, when I do not plead guilty to the latter implication. I did think it was impossible to imagine one more beautiful than my cousin Evelyn was, when I left her—but I find that four years have given her a more than a Nourmahal's gifts, adding every touch which the most ardent poet or painter ever sighed for."

"Bravo, coz! you have fully expiated your offence. Surely Paris has not improved your candor, for I see you've learned the tact of flattering quite to perfection. Believe me, (shaking her head,) your sex will have a great deal to answer for in thus offering to ours the poisonous chalice, and weakening our minds with its intoxicating power."

How willingly Evelyn would have forgiven the world its questionable veracity, and have thought mankind would be all-wise and excusable in adopting Carrol's opinions, respecting the fascinating beauty of the celebrated Miss Mordaunt!

Guest after guest crowded in, still Carrol seemed totally insensible to the presence of any, save of Evelyn; and she was evidently engrossed with the conquest she was rapidly making of her handsome cousin. Ada, with sickening heart and waning spirits, witnessed the devotion of his manner to Evelyn; not that her's was a nature, too envious, to receive any pleasure at being eclipsed by her more brilliant sister; not that she coveted one glance of admiration, or one just tribute of praise offered at the shrine of such radiant loveliness; but it was the disappointment of *Nature's* long cherished hopes, the tearing away of that specious veil which had been unconsciously thrown over her sanguine perceptions.

"Miss Mordaunt, I claim the fulfilment of your promise made a few evenings since to waltz," said a handsome young man approaching Evelyn, whom she blushing introduced to Carrol as Mr. Herbert Cameron.

"Excuse me for the present," replied she hesitatingly—"the space is already occupied with couples, and I do not think I can trust my giddy brain to the, if possible, more giddy waltz, to-night."

Cameron bent towards her, and whispered a few words into her ear; the next moment, the delicate waist of Evelyn was encircled by his arm, and soon were they left to the undisputed possession of the circle—every couple leaving, to witness the unrivalled waltzing of the reigning belle, and the accomplished Mr. Cameron. Carrol turned away with a disappointed heart:—his eye just then detected the fashionable licence of Evelyn's dress. Heaving a sigh of pain, he looked in another direction, wondering that the ethereal purity and delicacy of mind, which should ever dwell in so fair a tabernacle, should thus yield to so disgusting and indecorous a fashion. He started at hearing some one near him echo his deep drawn sigh, and casting his eye around, it fell on the youthful form of Ada, attired in simple white, her native loveliness wholly unadorned by any effort of display, or obtrusive ornament. Drawing her arm gently in his, he said—

"Where have you hid your sweet face so long, Ada! I am glad to see that you resist the prevalent propensity to indulge in the odious waltz—a dance which the more I see, increases my astonishment that it should ever have been adopted by American ladies, who have so justly the reputation for refinement of character and domestic purity. It was always my aversion, but since I visited Paris, it has actually become my horror. But, (seeing she hesitated to answer him,) perhaps I will have to claim your forgiveness for the free expression of my peculiar opinions; they may probably clash with yours."

"Oh, no!" she replied, "they are in entire accord with mine, and I grieve to see Evelyn's excessive indulgence in it—for it often arouses within me a dictatorial spirit towards her I so dearly love; but see with what inimitable grace she moves!"

The waltz just then stopped, and Carrol with a flushed cheek, saw Evelyn, well nigh exhausted, receive from her partner such support, as he, notwithstanding his claims of relationship, would not have dared to offer her. But alas! how fashion will oft sanction and pardon every departure from long established customs in society, and how completely uncompromising she is in her acts of defiance!

"Come, Ada, you will dance a simple cotillion or quadrille with me, for I am too *outré* to figure in any other—I love such, and will enjoy it more to have you, the partner of my boyish dancing, mine to-night," said Carrol, as he perceived she was about to leave him.

"Indeed, I am as ignorant of both, as of the waltz, for I never dance at all; however, if you

will wait awhile, for I see my uncle beckoning to me, I will procure you a ready partner!"

"Look how astonished Mr. Stanley seems that his cousin does not dance," said a young lady near to a gentleman; "I dare say he is unaware of the cause, and also of her title, 'the little Methodist Miss Mordaunt!'"

"I suppose so," replied he—"what an angel of goodness she must be! Ada Mordaunt may truly be regarded a star of heavenly light, to the distressed and afflicted, let whatever be the epithet, ridicule may choose to bestow on her—for she shines almost alone in this sublunary sphere of selfishness."

"What think you of her beautiful sister? Surely you will not be guilty of such unpardonable heresy, as to withhold the incense of your idolatry from the altar of the fashionable idol!"

"I fear you will have to brand me with such a sin; though she is as beautiful as a *Houri*, she is not a goddess that I can worship. The court of Catharine de Medici would have proved a fit orbit for Evelyn Mordaunt to shine in."

Carrol paused to hear no more; his bosom had been sufficiently pained, and wandering through the rooms, he endeavored to banish his unpleasant reflections; but at every turn, it was his fate to hear many remarks on his beautiful cousin, accompanying those of loud admiration, which smote him sorely. But when he drew near her in close converse, all were forgotten under the influence of her intoxicating beauty. Never was a planet more steadily followed by satellites than Evelyn was by her lordly train;—and Carrol was compelled through courtesy, to resign any particular claim on her attention. A whist party was proposed; Evelyn with a brightening eye threw down her gauntlet to Mr. Cameron, laughingly defying him to a game with her. As he plead his excuse of ignorance and dislike to gaming, her lip curled, and the usual soft light of her eye was lost in that of the most flashing irony.

"This is not the first time, Mr. *Morality*, you have resisted my persuasion to play with me; but to-night I am resolved to conquer your parson-like squeamishness. I verily suspect you dread some future weakness will arise, perhaps from your first act of submission; come now answer me, do you not?"

Herbert colored highly, but very firmly answered—

"Miss Mordaunt well knows my repeated rejections of her challenge proceed only from an utter detestation to every species of gaming—and not to any other, when *she* is my lawgiver; she must remember too, that the acorn produces often a wide spreading oak—and I candidly own her suspicion has truth for its origin."

But Evelyn was nothing daunted by this decided and bold avowal; she still plied her many arrows

of attraction to her well strung bow; and when almost despairing of her aim, she fixed on him a look of meaning, the effect of which he alone knew and felt; the next moment, the vacant chair was filled by the hesitating Herbert—the cards were placed triumphantly in his trembling hands—and Evelyn, with an exulting smile, named the stakes.

How well the brilliant ornament in her hair corresponded with her character! That night the slumbers of Evelyn were undisturbed, for two points had been gained; her arrow had been well directed to the heart of Carrol Stanley; the serpent had at last coiled around the firmest resolve of Herbert Cameron; her victory was complete!

Parties and balls are generally deemed trifling and innocent in their effects; every feeling engendered, is considered transient and ephemeral; but had we a telescopic view of the future, how often would we find many important developments, depending upon the most trite and common events—as we shall see in the sequel.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

"Yes! it is love—if thoughts of tenderness
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Humored by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh! more than all, untir'd by Time."

Mr. Mordaunt married Mrs. Stanley's only sister, who, ere his two daughters had passed the threshold of infancy, fell a victim to the pestilential climate of the West-Indies, whither he had gone on mercantile business. His heart-stricken widow brooded over her sorrowful loneliness but a few years, and Evelyn and Ada, at the early ages of ten and eight, were left under the guardianship of their uncle, the heiresses of their father's princely fortune. They shared with Carrol every paternal and maternal instruction, as well as the most tender affection. The lovely principles of Christianity were faithfully instilled into their young minds by the pious and amiable Mrs. Stanley. To Ada, they proved the richest legacy ever bequeathed; to Evelyn, but as an oft-told tale, signifying nothing but gloom and dull monotony; and to Carrol, a bulwark to those many avenues of natural desires, so concomitant to youth. It is true, there were times when temptation often caused him to banish their early influence—rendering him careless and indifferent; but when the sober reins of Reason were resumed, he found the soothing power of first impressions hang faithfully on his memory—checking those many turbulent passions which agitated his bosom.

He loved his mother with an intensity of affection. Her death had saddened his spirit, and crushed the dearest feelings of his heart, more than any stroke of affliction had ever done; the poignancy of his grief was greatly increased, by the heavy stroke's falling when absent from her.

Yet Time, that great restorer, had scarred over the sad wound; but when he, in gladness, returned to the dear scenes of his boyhood, the joyousness of anticipation fled—the bounding heart sank into an almost pulseless state, when the sorrowful conviction of his loss pressed so heavily on him. When he remembered there was left him no fond mother to welcome back the long absent wanderer, tears, those sweet harbingers of mental relief, which had long been strangers to his eyes, silently came to his aid.

At the time Carrol set out upon his continental tour, Evelyn had arrived at the sweet age of sixteen, Ada fourteen; and he just entering his twentieth year. He then thought Evey, as he called her, was too beautiful to receive any improvement from the hand of maturity—he did not desire any additional touch, but fondly wished that on his return, he might find her the same peerless thing. Ada he loved with the utmost brotherly tenderness; her mild mediation had often interposed to soothe the outbreaks of his anger, which the wayward petulance of the spoiled Evelyn often excited. She was ever its peacemaker in all their childish disputes, and the dispenser of harmony, when discord sounded rude notes. But Carrol was a complete slave to beauty; and like most men, could pardon any glaring imperfection of the heart and mind, provided the face was fair, the eye bright, and the lip beautiful. He never dreamed of being actually and literally in love with Evelyn, though her image ever haunted him as the brightest; nevertheless, he continually found himself drawing comparisons between the fair ones of the many lands he visited, and his still fairer cousin! He had never thought of breathing the language of love into her ear; though he frequently wondered at the lips' silence, when his heart felt its power; memory, too, hoarded well the truth and freshness of such feelings; yet, notwithstanding all these symptoms, Carrol would have ridiculed and rejected the idea of their being designated as other than those of the purest brotherly love.

"But why is not my sweet cousin Ada so often mingled with my thoughts, wishes, and dearest memories, as Evelyn is?" was a query his heart scarce took time fully to answer; though it never failed to acknowledge her purity, and almost freedom from the taint of those earthly passions, which evidently swayed Evelyn. Thus was it with Carrol, when he again met his cousins, and beheld Evelyn at twenty, more glowing with beauty, more brilliant than ever; he ceased to school and catechise his feelings any longer, for

"A change—so swift his heart was made to feel,
It rushed upon him like a mighty stream,
Bearing him heedlessly on."

He felt she was indeed the object of his wildest idolatry, and one who was henceforward to rule his destiny of earthly happiness or misery. Al-

most unresistingly, he yielded to the "majesty of her loveliness;" and fearlessly did Carrol lay the first offering of his warmest and purest love at the shrine of the spoiled belle, who scarce knew the value of such an affection.

"Time glided noiselessly by, for
Nought steals so silently as *his* tread"—

and Carrol felt he only lived in her presence; that the very atmosphere she inhaled was sweeter to him than the "sweet south wind's breath;" no place was dull, cheered by her smile; no amusement caused satiety, when Evelyn shared it with him.

It was some weeks after his return, that Carrol and Evelyn were seated beside an open window, admiring the ever-varying and gorgeous hues of an Indian summer sunset; the balmy influence of the hour swayed with a cheerful power Carrol's every hope; the passionate avowal of his long treasured love was trembling on his lips, when Ada's entrance bid back the sweet confession;—for the first time, in his life, did her gentle presence call up a rising murmur of regret, her sweet face seem unwelcome to him.

"Evelyn," said she, timidly approaching them, "I have come to tell you poor nurse Mason grows worse; I fear she has few days left of her span; your recent neglect in visiting her, seems to grieve her faithful heart; so, to soothe and gladden her, I promised to bring you with me this evening. Will you accompany me now?"

"Why, indeed, Ada," said she, rather falteringly, "I am sorry I cannot conveniently do so just now—but do take her something comfortable and nice, and tell her, I will come and sit all to-morrow morning, and read the 'precious Bible,' as she calls it, to her. I have an engagement with Herbert Cameron this evening, which must be fulfilled."

"Nothing will be so comfortable or consoling to poor nurse, as the kind sympathy and attentive presences of those she has ever regarded as her children; on whom, she has lavished almost a parent's fondness! But I will endeavor to reconcile her to the disappointment of not seeing you, by delivering your promise, which, I do hope, you may not find too late to fulfil."

Ada, with a swimming eye and lagging step, left the careless, selfish Evelyn, to the exercise of that freedom of will, which had never been sacrificed to another's pleasure.

The slight mention of Herbert Cameron's name, had caused Carrol's

"———check to change, his
Sinking heart lay still;"

and ere he could gather resolution enough to hazard the truth or fallacy of his boding fears, by casting all upon the hazard of a single die of confession, the man, whom he least wished to see, was announced. Carrol's patience was incapable

of another test, and immediately remembering his promise to meet an old college friend, he suddenly withdrew. The lovers were left alone.

CHAPTER IV.

PAINFUL DISCLOSURES.

"What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from Life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now?
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroyed!—
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since I am rest of all my soul enjoyed!"

It was about twilight, when Carrol left his friend. Finding the house entirely deserted, he bent his course towards nurse Mason's cottage—for she was one he had never neglected, even in the most careless period of his life; and now, that she was evidently so near her end, his attention and care increased. As he dwelt on her long life of goodness and faithfulness—on those years of watchfulness over his infancy, he felt an unusual melancholy steal over him; a heaving sigh escaped his sorrowful bosom, that it should be his fate to see

"—each loved one blotted from Life's page."

Passing the favorite bower of his cousins, a low, earnest voice fell upon his ear; he paused, perceiving it was not that of a female.

"When, dearest, will you terminate my torturing probation of suspense? You have owned I possess your love; you have consented to bless me with this beautiful hand, the most precious boon of Heaven; and still, I cannot prevail on you to name the period for the consummation of my happiness!"

"Have patience, Herbert; believe me, I continue true to my vows of love, and will in time fulfil them; but really I cannot see the necessity of any haste in terminating our individual liberties. Will you deem it weakness in me, when I confess, that, a desire of seeing my stately cousin in subjugation complete at my feet, to hear him breathe his tale of love—though I well know, I already possess it—induces me to extend the term of your probation? He acts most charmingly the 'sighing furnace;' and you know, your eclat will be greater for vanquishing and thwarting the aspirations of the matchless Carrol Stanley."

Carrol heard no more; with astonishing speed, he sought his room; and there alone did he pour forth the burning lava of anguish, which well nigh threatened to overwhelm his soul. His fondest hopes, and all his airy castles lay around him, more shattered than the crumbling tower; his love was crushed; his tenderest affections trodden down and withered, like the flower of the field; the chilling breath of female heartlessness had passed over their freshness and beauty—leaving the heart more waste and desolate than the barren heath. A deathly languor seized his frame, and in one hour he endured an age of grief.

Oh! what a sad hour that must be, when the young and happy first feel the presence of a deadly blight upon their fondly cherished hopes! To those, whose only refuge is to the false and fleeting comforts of the world, dreary indeed becomes its offered consolation. Carrol opened the window to woo the night air to cool his fevered brow. It was damp with the sweat of his agony; and his eyes burned, as if they had felt the sun's scorching rays for days. The calm and balmy influence of the lovely starry night, seemed to tranquillize the inward tempest. Reason gradually resumed her reign, and with her steady and unerring light, guided his reflections into the channel of sober resignation. With subdued passions, but saddened heart, he resolved on informing Evelyn what he had heard; to take a final leave of her, and then to cast himself again an exile and wanderer upon the world; to bid adieu once more to his happy home. In the bitterness of a crushed spirit, Carrol wrote her the following:

"It is a severe and mournful task, my cousin, for the fond 'heart to root affection out;' to tear away that love, which, like a tendril, clings to the heart. Bitter indeed is it to be called upon to renounce as unworthy, the object of one's adoration; but such I find, Evelyn, the task imposed upon me to-night. Your confession to Herbert Cameron in the bower was accidentally heard by me; need I say it chilled back to its fount the deep current of my love for you! Yes, most beautiful, but heartless cousin, my soul sickens, when my thoughts endeavor to measure out the almost unmeasurable love I have felt for you. Suffice it to say, this absorbing feeling had usurped every other; and well has it happened, that reason and circumstances have conspired to open wide my eyes to such a sinful idolatry: for I was rendering to a creature, that adoration and devotion, which should alone belong to the great Creator. And now that He has assisted me, I can, without a murmur, resign all my fond hopes, and endeavor to offer up to Him that devotion I so foolishly and blindly bestowed on you. We part, perhaps forever! Receive my wishes for your future happiness, and may the love of Herbert Cameron suffice to repay you for the anguish you would have so remorselessly inflicted on Carrol Stanley."

With a still sadder heart, if possible, Carrol then wrote to his father, explaining the cause of his sudden departure, imploring him by all that deep affection he bore him, to permit his exile—and to make no effort to combat his resolution of never returning, until Evelyn should be the bride of another. Closing his letter with a strict injunction of secrecy respecting his movements, he determined, notwithstanding the late hour, to visit, perhaps for the last time, his faithful old nurse. He also remembered Ada was to sit up with her, and then he could bid farewell to that being of angelic perfec-

tion. How expressive of sober truth are those lines of the master poet :

" Love is not in our own power,
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice ;
We only love, when fate ordains we should,
And blindly fond, oft slight superior merit."

Such was the case with Carrol, when dwelling on the transcendent beauty of Evelyn, and on the heavenly purity and goodness of Ada,—and powerfully did he feel the applicability of the above truths, to his own heart.

The moon, then just in her perfect crescent, guided him with her placid light through the garden;—with a cold shudder he passed the fatal bower, and almost breathless from his painfully crowding thoughts, he reached the cottage. The lamp burned with that usual sickly glare it ever seems to shed in the chamber of death; the door was slightly open. Carrol paused to control his emotions ere he entered, for his heart melted at the sight within. Ada was seated beside the bed; before her, lay nurse Mason's old, but well kept Bible, from which, in the softest voice, she was reading that beautiful Psalm, where David fearlessly places his trust in that God, whose mercy and protection had all the day long "been extended unto him." She closed it, and bent over the invalid to hear what her faintly expressed wish was. It was to soothe her struggling soul by prayer. With bended knee, and fervent humility, did that young being implore her "Heavenly Father to speed in mercy the parting soul of his dying servant; to calm it in the coming strife, and to take back those vows which she had so faithfully paid by a life of devotion to Him, who now made her feel the precious influence of a Redeemer's love."

Never had Carrol Stanley been so moved by the voice and language of prayer; instinctively he had sunk on his knees, and fervently did he follow in spirit and thought, the simple but beautiful appeal for Divine protection. Ada's pale cheek brightened with the deepest glow, when she turned and saw Carrol silently enter; her heart, which had become calmed by the influence of her soul's communion, now beat wildly as he drew near; her hand trembled, as if palsied, when he gently took it. For some moments, a deep silence reigned. Ada, recovering her self-possession, bade him make himself known to the dying saint. At the sound of his voice, she fixed on him a look of the most grateful recognition, and feebly raising her hand, laid it on his bending head with an earnest pressure; and, though expiring nature forbade the lips expression, yet the silent eloquence of her upturned eyes attested well the fervor of her last benediction. The midnight hour ushered into the portals of Heaven the soul of the faithful old Christian. Ada and Carrol closed those eyes, which had so untiringly watched over their infant footsteps, which had so often beamed with a maternal fondness on their

childish pastimes. In sadness, they returned to the house. Few words were spoken on the way—for Carrol's voice died away ere he could bring himself to disclose to her his intended departure; and Ada's heart felt too heavy, with thick and coming memories, to give utterance to any words. When they entered the hall, and as she was bidding him good night, he convulsively seized her hand, and pressing her to his bosom, kindly brushed away the coursing tears, hoarsely saying—"Farewell, sweet Ada, our last meeting has been beside the bed of the dying; our next may be in another world. Oh! dearest, pray for me, for God will never turn a deaf ear to such petitions as spring from your heart; and Heaven knows I need them *now*, when in the utter desolation of parting from all I hold dear on earth. To-morrow," he added more calmly, "I leave here, perhaps never to return; your sister alone can explain the cause of such a resolve;—and oh! dearest Ada, though I have at last wrested her from my heart, yet sweet being of love and truth, guard her, for my sake, with your heavenly counsel, and if possible, shield her from coming harm."

Unresistingly, because completely astounded, Ada received his parting kiss; and when she felt returning recollection, it was to find herself still standing on the spot where he left her. Slowly and mechanically she retired to her chamber, and there gazed long on her beautiful sister, who lay wrapped in a tranquil sleep;—the calm and lovely repose of her perfect features, bore not the slightest impress of unworthy passions. Sad was the lonely vigil of the sorely tried Ada—for the luxury of sleep seemed denied her care-worn senses. Again did she bend before the throne of grace, to seek aid in this her most fearful desolation; for what can be greater than that proceeding from a despairing renunciation of "all the soul enjoyed"—when the cruel hand of dread reality disrobes the young heart of its fancied security—leaving it to writhe "neath its cold destitution!"

Ada Mordaunt felt all this in that hour; for she had long loved Carrol, though she saw Evelyn evidently possessed his undivided affections.

The next morning found Carrol journeying on his distant pilgrimage—there to bury in "strenuous action" all remembrance of his sorrows. Mr. Stanley's health almost sunk beneath this second separation from one he so devotedly loved; but he stilled his parental feelings, and strictly adhered to his son's injunction, not to recall him, or seek to entice him back again to those scenes which had been so fraught with untold anguish—until some happy interposition of Providence should cause him to return with a gladdened spirit. Ada mourned him as lost to her forever; and she measured his love for Evelyn like her own, when she thought that another would never possess it. Hers she resolved to subdue, not to bestow it again on a new

object, but on Him who, she knew, oft chastened those He most loves, and in kindness sometimes tempers the fiercest wind to the shorn lamb. Her broken spirit, though chastened, felt humbled. With a martyr-like resignation, she committed all her sorrows, cares, and hopes of future happiness, into His hands—knowing and feeling how vain it seemeth in man to will, when Omnipotence holds in the hollow of His hands the destinies of worlds, and with a watchful eye, numbers even the hairs of our heads. Could Ada Mordaunt fail to be comforted, when thus supported?

A few months afterwards, Evelyn ratified at the altar, her vows of love to Herbert Cameron. She felt and looked happy. Carrol's conscience would have smote him, for his apparently unjust suspicion, that she could love naught but herself—that she was incapable of such a noble and refined feeling as *woman's* love. Could he have seen her look of perfect confidence, when she committed her all into the keeping of that being she so solemnly vowed to love and obey, confidently would he have said Evelyn in that moment forgot even her important self; and she did; for next to that insatiable Juggernaut of her soul, she loved Herbert Cameron. How differently Ada felt, as she stood beside her blooming sister—for, all remembrance of her own blighted affections, was drowned in that of Carrol's cruelly slighted love, and in the anticipation of his pain, were he a spectator on such an occasion; she endeavored to conceal those unbidden emotions, when she saw the happy gaiety of the brilliant bride; and when her farewell congratulations were offered her, Ada felt she stood indeed alone, like the last Summer flower in the garden of wasted feelings.

CHAPTER V.

A SHIFTING OF LIFE'S PANORAMA.

"The keenest pang the wretched find,
Are rapture to the dreary void;
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed."

The whirling eddy of time rolled on over three years—a lapse fraught with unclouded joy to some, to others chequered with changing ills, and chilling disappointments. None had been more tossed on the fluctuations of life, than Herbert and Evelyn Cameron. The first year of their wedded career, ushered in a brilliant promise of future bliss. Surrounded by every luxury which wealth could procure, and commanding in the fashionable world an extensive influence, Evelyn's uncommon beauty invested her with many attractions. Her society was courted, and she was flattered by all. To one so little fitted for domestic enjoyments—whose mind was so warped by the excessive adulation rendered her from childhood, this was the acme of all her desires. There was no resource of plea-

sure, no avenue of seducing gaiety, that Evelyn did not enter into with avidity. Herbert then seemed to desire no other employment, than that of a constant and love-like attendance on his beautiful and admired wife; no enticement of society detached him from her side; no other smile seemed half so bright. But the sky of even the fairest life, rarely remains free from those passing clouds, which seem to darken the pathway of the most blessed and happy. Such Herbert found threatening on his horizon,—and Evelyn, when the flush of passion, the charm of novelty, passed away, felt all things, even the most continued love of her husband, fail to fill the "dreary void within." And thus it will ever be with woman, when her principles and feelings are wrongly biassed, and when she departs from that channel which nature assigns her. The second year of their marriage found Herbert gradually yielding to temptations from home; the returning influence of old habits and associations began to be felt, disturbing the quiet calm of his perfect love and connubial happiness; and the third, alas! witnessed him bestowing scarcely a common-place attention or thought on his almost deserted and neglected wife and home. Evelyn could not fail to become sensible of his altered and weaned affection; and being so completely a creature of waywardness and caprice, when she found his love waning, hers increased with surprising intensity; for, in the early days of their union, she appeared perfectly indifferent to manifesting any return of that devotion and love he so fondly lavished on her. Such she deemed her just prerogative; and by her cold and heartless carelessness, the warmth of Herbert's feelings were chilled and thrown back upon him; there, within his heart, to become stagnated by the commingling of distrust and disappointment, caused by her fashionable neglect.

No truism nor sentiment uttered by him, who so "faithfully holds the mirror up to human nature," finds a louder response within the human breast, than

"That we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost
We reck the value."

And thus was it with Evelyn, when convinced that other objects usurped her place in Herbert's affections; other pleasures engrossed his time, giving few moments to her. A burning desire possessed her to fathom the growing mystery of his frequent absences from home, and the cause of that anxious and weary expression ever resting on his face—now become so pale and haggard. Hers was a resolution too indomitable to be overcome. She determined to rouse every energy, to con over every stratagem whereby her object might be attained, let it be ever so horrible; and truly was her resolve executed; horrible indeed were the circumstances which disclosed to the miserable Eve-

lyn she was the wife of a confirmed and desperate gambler!

It was a fearfully cold and boisterous night in November. The winds raged with an alarming violence, threatening to move from its solid foundation, even the splendid mansion of the fashionable Mrs. Cameron, when she, its now lonely and desolate mistress, sat anxiously noting every stroke of time, that brought near the hour she expected the arrival of her sister. Sadly altered was that once brilliant face, so redolent with all that was beautiful. The lines of painful thought showed their deep indentations on her pale brow;—that eye, once so sparkling and beaming conscious happiness, now wandered with the restless brilliancy of unsatisfied expectation;—and the cheek, once glowing with health, was wan and sunken, as it leaned on her small and delicate hand. Long and melancholy was the deep revery of the neglected, nay almost isolated, Evelyn; for it had been some time since the gay world had poured into her ear its wonted tones of adulation, so completely had she withdrawn from those amusements which once constituted the end and aim of her happiness. The night wore heavily away—sigh after sigh escaped from her despairing heart.

"I wonder if Herbert will be here to welcome Ada—for a smile of something like olden times, lit his face when he read her letter! Alas! how shocked her tender affectionate nature will be, when she sees what a small share of domestic happiness has fallen to her only sister's lot; and this poor person, which was so much her pride and boast, as well as my own, how changed she will find it"—for the opposite mirror just then gave back the reflection of her face contracted and careworn. "But ah! my sister, if the sight of my alteration will wring your heart, how will that of my still more unhappy, misguided, Herbert affect you? Oh! why should I, the wife of his choice, the loved one from early youth, be thus doomed to such utter destitution, and be thought unfit to share his confidence, or incapable of alleviating his brooding woe?" Her cheek just then glowed, a sickening sensation crept over her; for the throbbings of remorse had not yet become too extinct in her worldly bosom, to reject the lashings of memory, when it called up vividly those two first years—so thoughtlessly spent in heartless indifference to his love,—and her complete desertion of that sweet home, to which, in the fondness and pride of his heart, he had brought her. Conscience bid back another murmuring interrogatory within her now repining bosom, and ardently did she wish to repay for her past errors by a future life of faithfulness in discharging those long neglected duties. Humiliating indeed were Evelyn's reflections; but the soothing contrition of hope wooed her on to days of recovered happiness; and not until she heard the rapid rolling of the stages past the house, was she aroused to a

recollection of the lateness of the hour, and that that long expected time had not yet brought Ada. Soon the streets became deserted, as the "hall after a gay festival,"—and with a disappointed, saddened heart, Evelyn was about to retire to her lonely chamber, when her eager ear caught the sound of the well-known step of her husband. He entered, and scarcely casting a look on her, as she rose with an exclamation of joyful welcome, he threw himself on the sofa, gruffly ordering some coffee.

It was with a palpitating heart, and in silence, (for her thoughts were too overwhelming with the influence of her recent self-arraignment, to give utterance to any remonstrance at his abrupt and unkind manner,) Evelyn awaited his commencement of conversation. After swallowing hastily several cups of coffee, which he pronounced "execrable," he impatiently ordered a light to his library—for he had business to transact ere he left home.

"Surely, dear Herbert, you will not so imprudently brave the tempest that now rages with such violence. Do not, I implore you, leave me to endure alone, the horrors of such a night."

He carelessly answered—

"Ada I suppose will not come now, and as she certainly will to-morrow, I must complete my business to-night, so that I may be disengaged when she arrives. It is time you had become inured to the luxury of solitude—for hang me, if I care to intrude upon it, when your moping face is all that welcomes me."

Evelyn offered not another word of opposition; for just then her thoughts were busy with some sudden action and impulse; and as he rose to take the offered light, she said with a resigned calmness—

"I thought even my moping looks scarcely attracted your observation, for it has been a weary long time since your eye met mine with other than a careless glance, or rested on my face to note its usual expression, let it be what it may."

"Well, well, be it so—I have no time now to listen to your whinings and repinings, but I'll ask you one question, Evelyn Cameron; to whom and to what cause do you attribute your present loneliness? Cast back your mind to the scene which was once endured by your husband, and see if conscience doth not render the verdict of—nay, even a Shylock's retribution, being your just and merited due."

"Too true—but oh! Herbert, stay and hear my plea of future atonement!"—

The silence of the room gave to her ear the echo of his retiring footsteps, instead of one sympathizing look, or tone of reconciliation; the bubbling waters of a fresh and humbling repentance, were hushed within Evelyn's proud bosom. The bitterness of his sneering taunt, and deafness to

her offered plea, had so completely chilled the inward current, that no trace of recent tenderness or reviving affection—no feeling of sacred honor, restrained her from the determination of thenceforward acting the spy on all his movements, even at the hazard of any personal exposure or sacrifice of her feminine delicacy of character.

"My all is cast upon this one great die," was Evelyn's exclamation, as she, with a resolved air and firm step, followed her husband to his room, that she might there watch his movements, so as to shape out her future course of action.

CHAPTER VI.

REVEALED TRUTHS.

"'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—
Stranger than fiction; if it should be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change!"

It is said, "when woman hesitates, she is lost;" but the proud spirit of the resolute Evelyn did not even shrink or quail, when she condescended to act the ignoble part of a spy towards her husband; stealthily to elicit that confidence, which by her own conduct she had deservedly forfeited. It was a combination of feelings that urged her on, piqued love, distrust and dark suspicions, mingled with an irresistible curiosity, silenced that ever-speaking "oracle of God"—the voice of conscience. When this fortress of the heart becomes assailed and undermined in a woman,—especially in a wife,—how applicable and merited is the poet's sneer:

"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand!"

for, how desecrated had become those she so faithfully pledged at the altar. When Evelyn gained the door of her husband's library, she found it partially open, and, with a suppressed breathing, she kept her post of observation. He opened his desk and seemed intently examining a large pile of bank notes, which he tremblingly deposited in his bosom; for she could but notice how it heaved, and how livid his face became, as he did so;—after which he began to make preparations for encountering the still raging storm without. Evelyn rapidly descended, and enveloping herself in a large cloak, with an old cap slouched over her face, she unobtrusively awaited his passing through the hall. In a few moments, he came with a hurried air, and a face of terrible contraction—Placing the lamp in its accustomed place for use on his return, he emerged into the street. She steadily followed him through several, which he measured with rapid strides; and finally halting in one, ominously silent and obscure, he threw himself on the flagstones, seeming to expect the arrival of some one. The driving sleet wind, and falling of the rain on the pavement, hushed Evelyn's cautious step,

which otherwise, in such a dead silence, would have been heard by the quick ear of the impatient Herbert. She had just ensconced herself behind the remnant of an old lamp post, when the voice of an approaching person caused him to start up with an exclamation of growling satisfaction—

"The devil and his angels of darkness take you, for thus dallying with my time, and delaying your appointment; I had begun to regard your promise as worse in nothingness than a woman's."

"You did, did ye, Mr. Herbert Cameron! but you have most suddenly grown suspicious of me, whom experience has well proved true to deeds befitting such a night as this—but may your saluting wish be fulfilled, if I could come any sooner. However you can afford to lose the past few moments in waiting, as the number you have to spend in those most charming hells will be fewer!"

"Hush, you taunting scoundrel! you know well I am indebted to you for an introduction into those cursed places, which has brought me to my present disgraceful association with such as you!"

A chuckle from his companion followed this upbraiding retort of Herbert's.

"Humph! very well for you to place the commission of all your crimes to my account, thinking thereby to escape the just punishment of Heaven. But, Herbert Cameron, I now begin to think cowardice brands your brow with other sins; for, if I mistake not, I once heard you wish you had never seen your wife—that it was *she* who first tempted you to game. I have heard a deal of woman's influence, but the devil take this, for an uncommon instance; and by Jove, you have proved yourself an apt scholar to her ladyship as well as to myself."

A deep groan issued from the wretched Cameron's bosom; but mastering his emotion, in a voice of hollow calmness, he replied—

"Stop, Grimstall, thus far you have had the cruelty to go, but I will permit no further bitter sneer—my anguish and misery are already too overwrought to bear another from you, however deserved it may be. I know I did, in an unhappy moment, blame my injured and deserted wife for my love for gaming; but having foolishly yielded once to her thoughtless challenge, should be no excuse for my present horrible excess. Come, let us banish our petulant anger and attend to business. See, I have the notes, compare them with yours, and look well that all is right."

The rain had ceased, the winds had "crept back to their caverns," and the bright-round face of the moon peered above the still floating clouds. Her light was hailed with joyful eagerness by the two, as it benefitted their strict examination; but ere the roll was half completed, she withdrew her placid and cheering visage, leaving them in greater darkness. A curse or two escaped them, as they then silently bent their steps in another direction.

Evelyn's feelings were insupportable. "The war and chaos of her mind," might have vied with all the fury of the elements, amid the fiercest battlement of Heaven; but despair seemed to nerve her soul on to the dread discovery. Without the least hesitation, she followed. They soon entered a dark alley, and after a few muttered words of consultation, the door of one of those wretched abodes of vice—so aptly termed hells—was opened. Still Evelyn paused not; and with a less firm, but more stealthy step, she tracked her way after them—perceiving the door was, in their hurry, left unbarred.

After threading two or three dark passages, with only a light here and there guiding them, they paused to listen to what was going on in the next room. Grimstall's signal was in a few moments given, which, unlike the other door, was opened only by his 'sesame' word; and so great was the pleasure manifested by the inmates at the arrival of Herbert and his companion, all precaution to rebar it was lost in the general satisfaction. Evelyn, with a distended eye, and motionless heart, bent forward to watch their movements. Around a table sat about a dozen of the most miserably haggard looking men, whose countenances would have rivalled any of those in the nethermost regions—so visibly were they stamped with those fierce and guilty passions, which rendered them fit representatives of such a place.

The horror-stricken wife saw her husband, with one equally wretched, take a seat evidently reserved for him; and she determined, let what would happen—even at the hazard of her life—firmly to observe her vigil of strict scrutiny respecting the actions of those depraved violators of the laws of God and man. The fortunes of the night decided against Herbert, who, with loud and deep-mouthed curses, rose, and throwing down vehemently his pile of notes, with an impatient gesture, prepared to depart. Just as he neared the door, the whole gang rose with the clamor and madness of demons, loudly vociferating "Forgery—forgery! See to the villain, for by Heaven he shall not escape!" At this moment of fiendish excitement, Grimstall, with a shrill cry, wildly pointed to the volumes of smoke, which were furiously forcing their way through the door of the adjoining apartment, and with one bound, shrieking "fire," he left them behind to follow. Every one then thought alone of self-preservation; but even in that horrible confusion, those who had been lucky, were bent upon securing their gains: and Herbert rushing out in unthinking despair, was about to bolt the door on the sordid beings, who would soon have paid the forfeit of their crimes, by an agonizing death in the then roaring element, when his hand was staid by some one clinging to his knees.

"Herbert—oh God! for mercy sake forbear," was all he heard; and stooping down, he threw

aside the cloak to see with starting eyes the insensible form of his wife.

"Gracious Heaven! what could have brought this unhappy woman to such a den of greater devils than now feel the horrors of a greater hell!—Evelyn, my wife, my beautiful Evelyn, is it, can it be you!"

But no time was to be lost in any indulgence of his amazement, for the flames were curling high above him, and the confusion increasing around: hurriedly wrapping the cloak about her again, and bearing her aloft in his arms, as if she was only an infant, he flew with the lightning's speed to his home without heeding any obstacle. The cries and commotion incident to fires now resounded through the before silent streets, so that Herbert's wild and furious movements were totally unnoticed in the general dismay. He soon gained the house, which he found entirely deserted, and bearing his wife to the parlor without calling any one to his assistance, he silently and bewilderedly watched the return of her consciousness.

"Herbert, dearest Herbert, are you indeed here with me, in our own home, and alone too!" said she, slowly opening her eyes, and partially raising herself; then fixing them wildly on her stone-like and immovable husband, clasped her hands—"Oh God! what a fearful dream I have had; methought I saw you"—; but the dreadful words died on her lips, as she now too plainly saw it was all other than a mere dream—for there stood before her the same ghastly looking Herbert, with hair wildly dishevelled, whose clothes here and there showed marks of the fire, and the cloak still hanging around her, confirmed the dread reality. "Cameron, my husband, my still loved Herbert," said she, frantically throwing herself on her knees before his statue-like person, "are you sensible! Oh God! spare the avenging hand: let it fall on my head, and in mercy leave him reason." She fiercely shook him—not a word escaped him—not a look or gesture of resistance,—and then despairingly entwining her arms around his neck, implored him to speak—that "it was only his Evelyn, his wife, who was near him."

Gradually his bosom heaved—the motionless current of feeling seemed again to move, and shrinking from her embrace with a vehemence which nearly caused her to reel on the floor, and scowling on her, in a low guttural voice, he said—

"My wife! ha—ha! true, too true you are—but alas! only in name. Would to God this now wretched and guilty bosom had never cherished such a beautiful serpent, whose sting hath proved more deadly than the most poisonous asp,"—and casting on her a shuddering look, he left the petrified Evelyn to all the warring loneliness of remorse. In the next moment, the door of his room was violently shut.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESULTS OF FEMALE INFLUENCE.

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;
 How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be!"

Evelyn's first impulse was to follow her husband: but when she remembered his chilling repulse, and upbraiding wish, all her former pride, which had been her bane through life, but had nearly from recent events spent itself, again took possession of her, and determined her to refrain from any indulgence of affection or curiosity which might again irritate his already remorseless bosom.

Notwithstanding the powerful excitement of mind and body she had that night endured—and though the hour was past midnight, yet Evelyn sat still—not daring to move,—for an indefinable suspicion of coming evil wrung her mind. The sound of the clicking time-piece, to her, seemed ominous of some heavy pending calamity. She thought, until thought became insupportable; she revolved and re-revolved over the probable consequences of Herbert's criminal excesses, until even suspicion became chaotic;—and finally, when the last fearful one of his attempting self-destruction obtruded itself, the unhappy Evelyn could bear the agony of her surmises no longer; and with no thought nor fear, but that of arresting her husband from the fatal attempt, she bounded up stairs, and knocked loudly at his door. A low moan was all that answered her. Frantically she again descended for assistance; and when she had succeeded in forcing an entrance into the room, it was with a supernatural firmness. She looked around, confidently expecting the prostrate form of Herbert, bathed in his own life blood, would meet her view. But when every thing around bespoke an undisturbed quiet, and the usual arrangement of the room met her eye, it was with rapture and thankfulness she approached the bed on which Herbert, her still living husband, was calmly lying. A grateful hope sprung up within her bosom, that he was still spared to be a happy witness of her future life of intended reparation.

"Thank Heaven! I see you safe once more, looking like my own dear Herbert; lie still, I will watch you through the gray morn. Oh! may tomorrow's sun witness the renewal of our former confidence, and the boon of recovered happiness again be ours." Yes, the proud and domineering spirit of Evelyn Cameron was bent, and her haughty lip most piteously implored the pardon of her husband.

He took her hand, and, gazing on her with a look of answering forgiveness, was about to speak, when his frame seemed terribly convulsed; his eye rolled wildly; and instead of the pressure of affection, Evelyn felt she was in the clenched grasp of some powerful fiend.

"Send, send for Dr. M.," said she, in a voice of thunder, to the astonished servants—but he firmly warned them back, and pointing to a vial on the table near him, bearing a deadly label, agonizingly exclaimed—

"No, no! it is too late, Evelyn—see my remedy for the hated curse of life—God or man cannot save me now."

The poison was rapidly coursing its way to the seat of vitality, causing the once proud and noble form of Herbert Cameron to writhe and toss to and fro, as if plunged into a sea of fire. Raging, he tore his hair, and then loudly called for water—implored God's mercy to rescue him from the furious flames which were consuming him.

"My wife—oh! Evelyn, will you, even in my last moments, be unkind, and refuse me one drop of water to slake this hellish thirst?"

She approached him with some, and catching the glass from her with a maniac's force, swallowed its contents; then dashing it with violence on the floor, said—

"Avaunt most heartless, miserable woman! Lord of heaven knows it was *your* syren smile that lured me from my better self—plunging me into temptation;—and now, how it must gloat your soul to witness the dying agonies of your victim!" And with this awful reproach on his lip, the wretched man sunk motionless as an infant asleep—for the death he had so sinfully sought, had proved faithful to his bidding.

Alas! what a sorrowful scene awaited the arrival of Ada; the livid corpse of her sister's husband was about to be borne to its long home, and the once beautiful Evelyn a raving maniac. She knew not the dear sister who embraced her; she felt not the tears of sympathy, as they fell like rain on her pale face, and heeded not the soothing voice of consolation, but continually moaned,

"It is I—his wife, Ada, who has murdered him."

For many a long day did Ada watch the return of reason in her ill-fated sister, until she almost sunk beneath the sickness of feeble hope. Evelyn's ravings at last ceased; her impetuous movements became stilled; but the restless wandering of her still glaring eye, betokened that the full power of reason's light was still withheld. In a few weeks she recovered sufficiently in bodily health, to be removed to Mr. Stanley's; and with the fondest hopes that all would yet be well with one so dearly loved, the anxious friends of Evelyn Cameron again reinstated in her old home—watched over her with all that tenderness which the choicest plant commands from its kind and deeply interested protector.

Another year rolled by, completing the fourth of Carrol Stanley's exile—at the termination of which, he again found himself nearing his well remembered home. It was with chastened feelings he now

wooded the bright vision of future happiness, as he approached the desired haven. The bright page of Christianity had offered to him a title to her brighter mansions. The period ending his first exile, saw him sensible of present existence alone; to him, Evelyn was as a bright star gilding his pathway with her smiles; now, he thought of another which was eternal. Ada was his guiding angel; around her head, the halo of truth and virtue beamed, bidding him follow in that path of peace which her gentle piety pointed out. The words of her simple prayer had vibrated in his ear through the long lapse of years, and the germ of pious maternal instruction began to expand, with all its vernal freshness—causing the work of preparation in his heart for a blissful reunion with his sainted mother. No splendid fête announced his second coming; no bright and beautiful Evelyn greeted him; nay, not even the gentle pressure of Ada's hand was ready to welcome him. The house seemed wrapped in stillness—but soon his revered father appeared with a sorrowful face, and murmuring, "Thank Heaven, my son, you are not too late," bade Carrol follow him. Bewildered and scarcely daring to heed the throbbings of dread suspicion, he obeyed; and, with an almost noiseless step, Carrol stood beside the couch of the dying Evelyn Cameron. Ada was there; with a silent rapture he fondly pressed her to his heart. Long and painful was his sorrowful survey of that once loved, and still beautiful being of his youthful idolatry. As he took her hand, she bent on him a look of inviting kindness, saying, "Fear not, Carrol—it is not the selfish, unthinking Evelyn Mor-daunt, whom you now see hovering 'twixt two vast worlds; but it is a happy, yes an unspeakably happy, monument of divine grace and mercy. I die in the faith; for it was she (pointing to Ada), who has so untiringly guided my thoughts to this precious book, (laying her hand on a small Bible near); within it, I have found no mysteries to those who willingly believe. On its sacred promises do I now fix my hopes of eternal life; and oh! what a rock it has proved whereon my feeble feet may rest in the great ocean of eternity."

It was with upturned eyes of lovely thankfulness, that Evelyn paused, as if in secret communion with the great Ruler of that kingdom, of which she was so soon to become a subject. Ada had sunk beside the dying one; and Carrol, with head bowed and eyes glistening, seemed incapable and unwilling to disperse the holy calm of such an hour, by the echo of an answering word.

But a few moments were thus spent, when Evelyn, much enfeebled, again took his hand—and placing it in that of Ada's, murmured low, but distinctly, "Carrol, our present meeting may be painful to you, because of the memory of other days—but oh! strive to let our next be in that world, where nothing will bind our spirits; no rolling

back of earthly feelings within our bosoms, will sadden reunion in that bright heaven my soul is now panting to enter. There, Carrol, you will find a crown more brilliant than the golds of Ophir can make it, because it will reflect the light of a Redeemer's smile. And now—one! yes, *only* one thought of earthly things do I breathe, ere I leave you; it is—take her, Carrol, to your noble, generous bosom—cherish her—for love her, I know you will—regard her as the brightest jewel for you on earth;—by this last, but best gift, do I hope to expiate my many early offences towards you!"

The expiation of Evelyn Cameron was more than accepted: for in a few months, Carrol and Ada were united. In after years, nought cast the shade of gloom over their happiness, but the remembrance of her melancholy fate. Their life of Christian benevolence, and mutually well-directed love, attested truly an abiding remembrance of her last injunctions.

NABUS.
*Mrs. Susan Walker,
Fred. & Wm. J.*

KEATS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

A feeling has gone abroad prejudicial to the manliness of Keats. Such an idea in relation to any one who has given undoubted proof of intellectual vigor, should never be confidently entertained. Strong sense generally accompanies strong feeling; and it may be fairly presumed that when a man of true force of character is chargeable with great weakness, it is usually to be ascribed more to physical and accidental causes than to any inherent and absolute defect. The whole environment of circumstances must be weighed in the balance with the genuine characteristics of the individual, before we can truly pronounce on the case. Keats was a man of a most affluent imagination, sensitive feelings, and high aims; but he was born at a livery stable; his constitution was radically feeble, and his affections grievously disappointed. Considering what a world we live in, and the traits of our common nature, this was a painful combination. Almost every young man cherishes an idea which he confidently expects to realize. A poetical mind unites with such hopes a singular intensity of purpose; failure is accordingly the signal for despair. It is not in moral enterprises as in trade. When the hopes of the heart are bankrupt, renovation is not easy; they are too often all risked upon one adventure, and when that miscarries, iron nerves and an indomitable will are required to stand the shock. The cherished aim of Keats was doubtless to retrieve his social condition by the force of his genius. There was nothing presumptuous in such an anticipation. He had evinced more of the 'divine afflatus' than many

English poets of good reputation, and his powers were by no means fully ripe. He had an exuberance of fancy truly wonderful—the independence to choose his own path, and an honest ambition to win the laurel which he felt was within his grasp. He published his first volume at the age of twenty-one. His political opinions and those of his associates, drew upon his literary efforts the most severe vituperation; and when *Endymion* appeared in 1818, it was furiously assailed by the great critical authority of the day. Gifford declared his intention of attacking it, even before its appearance. The lowly birth of the poet, the character of his friends, and the humble nature of his early education, were turned into arrows, dipped in gall, to rankle in his sensitive heart. The courtesies of private life were invaded, and the grossest calumnies resorted to, in order to carry out the system of abuse then prevalent. With good health, and a reasonable prospect of continued existence, Keats could have faced the storm. He could have lived down opprobrium, and awed a venal press by the shadow of his mature genius. But feeling that the seeds of death were already within him, and having striven in vain

‘to uprear
Love’s standard on the battlements of song,’

he no longer hoped “to leave his name upon the harp-string.” He felt that he must pass away unvindicated. The criticism to which his death is commonly ascribed, was but the last of a series of painful experience. It is very unjust to select one, and that the least dignified of his trials, and represent him as thus unworthily vanquished. It was “in battalion” and not singly, that troubles overpowered him. It was physical infirmity rather than morbid feeling, that gave fatal effect to critical abuse. The “article” was the climax, rather than the arbiter of his fate. Byron’s facetious rhymes, therefore, pass for nothing. Keats was *not* “extinguished by an article.” It is untrue that he was “laughed into Lethe by some quaint review.” His woes were only aggravated by ridicule, and his last days embittered by the obloquy attempted to be cast on his name. It is obvious, therefore, that he was no lack-a-daisical sufferer. In fact, the state of his mind was inferred rather than known. He kept his feelings to himself, and they preyed upon him the more. He possessed too much delicacy to intrude his sorrows, even upon intimate friends. He “bore his faculties so meekly,” that to a kindly observer his silent griefs could not but “challenge pity.” There is a strength of quiet endurance as significant of courage, as the most daring feats of prowess. Keats displayed this energy of mind to a degree which completely blunts the edge of sarcasm as applied to his sensibility. He had, says one of his friends, a face in which was visible “an eager power, checked and

made patient by ill-health.” Lord Byron, like all men who make their personal consciousness the only ground of judgment, often erred in his estimate of character. He does not appear to have made any allowance for the difference of circumstances and disposition between himself and Keats. He says the effect of the first severe criticism upon him, was “rage, resistance and redress, not despondency and despair.” Very likely. He was then in high health—had rank and money to sustain him, and nothing at issue but literary fame. Keats was poor, obscurely born, his health broken, and his heart concentrated on an enterprise affecting his every interest. His spirit also was too gentle to find relief in satire. Byron looked at his beautiful hand with pride, as Nature’s sign of high-birth: Keats gazed with sadness upon his—its veins swollen by disease; he used to say it was the hand of a man of fifty. In this one contrast, we have a token of their diversity of condition. To the one, poetry was a graceful appendage—to the other, all in all: the one, if unsuccessful with the muses, could fall back upon many an object secured by his social position and versatile nature; the other, if baffled with his lyre, was left no resource but the ungenial pathway of lowly toil:—Byron was a poet at intervals; Keats had wed himself “to things of light, from infancy.” He lived but twenty-four years. His education, as far as formal teaching was concerned, he derived chiefly from a school at Enfield. At an early age he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but his fine abilities soon brought him in contact with several of the leading minds of the day. His happiest hours appear to have been those dedicated to friendly converse with congenial spirits, and strolling along a pleasant lane between Hampstead and Highgate. This walk has become classic ground, frequented as it has been by such men as Coleridge, Lamb and Keats. Although the latter was convinced that his disease was fatal for three years before his death, he was induced by the hope of alleviating the symptoms and refreshing his mind with change of scene, to embark for Naples. He carried with him a breaking heart. Assiduous devotion at the bed-side of a dying brother, had wasted his little remaining strength. There was now an aimless fever in his life. The beautiful fragment of *Hyperion*, he had not courage to complete, since the cold reception of his earlier poems. In fact, he seems to have gone abroad only to die. The luxuriant beauty of Naples, and the solemn atmosphere of Rome must have pressed upon his senses with most pathetic import. No heart was ever more alive to the spell of loneliness or the charm of antiquity; but how full of “thoughts too deep for tears,” must have been their language when hallowed by the shadow of death!

A few years after, one of the kings of literature came from the same northern vale, to seek renova-

tion in that gentle clime. But his goal was reached. He had enjoyed a long and bright career. The affectionate hopes of millions followed his feeble steps. He could look back upon many years of successful achievement; and was about to depart, like the sun at his setting, encircled with the light of glory. The younger heir of fame came a weary pilgrim to the same scenes, to die in his youth, like a star that rises only to twinkle for an hour, and disappear forever. Keats was fortunate in a companion. An artist who had known him long, appreciated his character, and was blessed with a rich fund of animal spirits and kindly feeling, "sustained and soothed" the sufferer, until he tranquilly expired at Rome, Dec. 27th, 1820. How many have witnessed, in imagination, the departure of the gifted young exile! The sweet words he uttered, his patience and gentleness and poetry beamed forth to the last. He whispered his epitaph to his friend—"My name was writ in water;" and already felt the daisies growing over him! The physicians marvelled at his tenacity of life, when the vital energies were so exhausted, and said he must have long lived upon the strength of his spirit.

Sometimes a lovely day occurs in the very depth of winter at Rome. The deep blue sky and soft wind are there more than ever alluring. Such a day I chose to visit the grave of Keats, guided to its vicinity by the massive, grey pyramid, called the monument of Caius Cestus. A plain white grave-stone, in the midst of numerous other memorials of foreign sepulture, indicates the spot. The turf around was of a most vivid emerald—the sky above serenely azure—the air balmy, and the scene almost deserted. The sigh of the breeze through a cypress, or the chirrup of a single bird, drawn forth by the unwonted warmth, alone broke the profound quiet of the cemetery. It seemed as if Nature was atoning to the departed for the world's harshness, by keeping a vigil of peaceful beauty at his grave.

To every poetical mind there seems to be a peculiar nucleus for thought. The sympathies flow in some particular direction; and the glow and imagery of song, are excited in a certain manner according to individual taste and character. To Scott, chivalry and all its associations, were inspiring—to Wordsworth, abstract nature. Cowper loved to group his feelings and fancies around moral truth; and Pope, to weave into verse the phenomena of social life. The poetical sympathies of Keats were strongly attracted by Grecian mythology. This was unfortunate as regards his prospect of fame. Neptune and Venus do not win the popular attention like Tam O'Shanter, Marston, or Childe Harold. Diverse as are these personages, they are all far nearer to the heart of man; they come greatly more within the common view than the pagan deities. The life of a great

man of modern times, finds far more readers in this age than a classical dictionary. On the other hand, Keats found in the field he selected, a freedom of range which his warm fancy craved. Among the Grecian gods he could indulge in the most luxuriant invention; he could draw pictures of beauty, and visions of bliss, and tales of passion, according to an ideal standard. In this enchanted ground he need not conform to the actual, but his thoughts could be "as free of wing as Eden's garden bird;" and his muse emulate "the large utterance of the early gods." We have frequent evidence of his love of these themes:

Behold! he walks

On heaven's pavement; brotherly he talks
To divine powers: from his hand, full fain,
Juno's proud birds are pecking early grain:
He tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow:
Upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
And strives in vain to unsettle and wield
A jovian thunderbolt.*

It was his delight to see

Phœbus in the morning;
Or flushed Aurora in the roseate dawning;
Or a white Naiad in a rippling stream;
Or a rapt seraph in a moonlight beam.†

In these ambitious attempts, the young poet paid little attention to artificial rules of versification. The lines run into one another with scarcely any view to the effect of the pause. The rhymes seem often forced. Fancy rather than form—sentiment rather than art, predominate. The couplets are often illegitimately joined; but their offspring, born "in the lusty stealth of nature," frequently o'ertop more regular aspirants for the favor of the muses. The mould of his early creation was a secondary object with Keats; but it should be borne in mind that good rhymes are common, but men of original poetical power, rare. It is conceded also, that an occasional unauthorized expression must be added to the sin of careless versification. Few critics can be expected to pass, unlashd, such words as "lush," "wingedly," "minish," "graspable," "hoveringly," and the like. He seems to have often written without forethought or revision. There is a very spontaneous air about his long poems. They flow out like a spring set loose, winding along in a vagrant and free course. This kind of poetical audacity is very provoking to critics, and doubtless incited them not a little in their endeavors to crush the new-fledged warbler. Palpable as are the artistical defects of most of the poetry of Keats, its bold and singular beauties are equally apparent. And herein consists the shame of these "invisible infallibilities," as some one calls reviewers,—that with the sense to perceive the crude and incorrect structure, they lacked soul to feel the exquisite sentiment and

* Endymion.

† Epistle to Mathew.

sweet imagery of these poems. They should have remembered, that a good versifier is no uncommon personage; but a creative genius is not vouchsafed to this planet every day. They should have acknowledged, that study can reform a careless style; but that no such process can give birth to thoughts of poetic beauty. While, as experienced observers, they suggested an improved manner to the young bard, they should have cordially—ay, reverently hailed the credentials Keats proffered of his high mission, and blest the advent of a poet-soul. A few glances over these poems would have furnished rich proofs of their promise, and won attention from their defects. Here and there a loving eye could certainly have discerned perfect gems, even of style, and often perceived a freshness, freedom, and power of fancy, unequalled in English verse. But blind attachment to a school of poetry—as if such a thing were possible—political considerations, the factitious influence of birth, companionship and fortune, were suffered to magnify every fault, and dwarf all excellence. There are those who cannot welcome an angel with ruffled wings!

A casual survey will discover felicitous touches of description, enough to indicate to any candid mind, how full of poetry was the soul of Keats. He speaks of the "patient brilliance of the moon," "and the quaint mossiness of aged roots." Whoso feels not the force of such words, will look in vain for the poetic, either in life or literature. Here are a few traces of the footsteps of genius, taken at random, like wild-flowers from among the grass:

—Autumn bold
With universal tinge of sober gold.

—Vesper—
Summons all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch.

—Time, that aged nurse,
Rocked me to patience.

—Silence came heavily again,
Feeling about for its old couch of space
And airy cradle.

—Cold, O! cold indeed
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
The sea-swell took her hair.

—ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine.

—Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot.

—A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which the voice should wander.

—the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,

Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires.

—He ne'er is crowned
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead.

—Now indeed
His senses had swooned off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms.

Such turns of thought and sweet fancies, and they abound in the poetry of Keats, would suggest to any tasteful and unprejudiced mind, the warmest hopes of poetical success. They occur indeed in the midst of blemishes, and the way to them is sometimes fatiguing; but all the serious deficiencies of the poet flow from the exuberance, rather than the paucity of his gifts. A charge of effeminacy has sometimes been preferred against his warmer pictures and the tone of his sentiment. This is to be ascribed, in a great measure, to his want of bodily energy. A very sensitive and earnest heart in a feeble body, is apt to give birth, in fanciful creations, to an over-softness of portraiture. There is sometimes too much of the languor of reacting passion. Endymion and other of his personages, faint and sleep, and almost "die, like Raphael, in the arms of love." It is said that Keats acknowledged, with regret, having occasionally written when his mind was not sufficiently braced to its task, and when a luxuriant imagination was suffered to expend itself, unsustained by due judgment. Such lapses were, however, but occasional and temporary. The poet's organization from its very delicacy, seems to have been peculiarly favorable to luxurious impressions. We can easily imagine such a man, basking with delight in the fragrant sunshine of Spring, or wrapt in quiet delight over a Grecian vase or a beautiful countenance. He has one or two festal descriptions which are quite delicious:

—recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: here is cream
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam;
Sweeter than that nurse Almathes skimm'd
For the boy Jupiter: and here undimmed
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
Ready to melt between an infant's gums:
And here is manna pick'd from Syrian trees
In starlight by the three Hesperides.*

—And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanch'd linen, smooth and lavender'd,

* Endymion.

While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum and gourd;
With jellies sweeter than the creamy curd,
And lucid syrups tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fex; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.*

Perhaps, there is more cant than strict truth, in what is often said about the early promise of a poet who dies young. Perhaps we sometimes mistake the fruit for the blossom. What though the minstrel has struck his harp but for an hour? Perchance that brief space has called forth its deepest harmony. What though the early-called has not written an epic or a tragedy? If we look thoughtfully at his lyric or sonnet, we shall discover, it may be, the essence of his genius there preserved. What if he died young? There is a poetry that cannot survive youth. We are ever lamenting that an admired bard does not undertake a great work, when it is more than probable that such an office is not adapted to his powers. Thanatopsis is as precious as if it formed part of some long poem, which few would read. If it is objected that the poetical efforts of our day are fragmentary, let it be remembered that our time, our reading, and our very life, partake of the same character. It is not the amount nor the form, but the intrinsic excellence of poetic creations, which is our highest concern. Some of the most living and true verses in our language, have been written in youth. It is the divine peculiarity of the art that it demands not, but rather repudiates the lessons of life that prudence extols. The young poet sometimes executes what the old philosopher cannot appreciate. In the freshness of the soul are often taken its noblest flights. The dreams of youth are sometimes the most truly glorious efforts of the human mind. The poetry of Keats is not all a "feverish attempt;" it is often a mature result. He has at least left one poem, which, for invention, structure, imagery, and all the elements of the art, is as faultless and as rare a gem as can be found in English literature. Judged by its own law, it is a production of itself sufficient to stamp its author with the name of a poet. If it does not live, it will be because taste and the love of the beautiful have died. The *Eve of St. Agnes* is a delightful and original performance. What an idea of cold the first stanza conveys:

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

This description of moonlight streaming through

* *Eve of St. Agnes.*

a stained glass-window, is acknowledged to be unrivalled:

Full on the casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon:
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven.

What poet ever described a maiden unrobing in terms of such delicate yet graphic beauty as these?

Anon her heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, &c.

Nor is this all. The poet follows the fair creature to her couch, and describes her soul in sleep, as

Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

With this last exquisite metaphor, I take leave of Keats. His genius was a flower of uncommon richness; and, although he meekly laments that it had "no depth to strike in," its bloom and perfume will never cease to charm—for he has truly said, that

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART II.

When information was received at Rome of the execution of Sir Thomas More, and Cardinal Fisher, who suffered for their attachment to their ancient religion, and for their steady opposition to any encroachments upon it, the Roman Pontiff, considering it on the part of the English King an inexcusable crime, summoned him and all his adherents, to appear at his capital, within ninety days, to answer for their various offences. Should they not heed this command, they were, one and all, to be excommunicated; the King was to be deprived of his crown, and his kingdom laid under an interdict; his issue by Anne Boleyn was to be declared illegitimate; his leagues with all Catholic Princes to be void; and his kingdom given to any invader. His nobility were commanded to revolt, and his subjects were absolved from their oaths of allegiance; his commerce with foreign States was to be interrupted by any who might choose to do it; and the effects of his subjects, who were to be enslaved, were to be appropriated to the use and

benefit of those who might obtain possession of them. These severe ordinances were not to be immediately promulgated to the world; but, being made known to Henry VIII, were held in *terrorem* over him, to be used in case his future actions required their enforcement. Paul III, in threatening to depose the British King, used only the power which had been conceded to his predecessors for upwards of five hundred years; and instances had repeatedly occurred, as we learn from Burnet's History of the Reformation, not only in Spain and Italy, France and Germany, but also in England, where monarchs had been deposed by popes, and their possessions given to other princes. An instance in point, is that of Childeric III of France, who was dethroned, and his crown bestowed on Pepin. During the reign of Gregory VII, it was assumed "as a right and prerogative of the Papal crown, to remove princes, and absolve subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and set up others in their stead." And it is remarked, that whenever, after that period, any Sovereign went contrary to the wishes of the Pope, his seat on his throne was very precarious; while if he conformed to the Pontiff's request, he was sure, on all occasions, to receive the countenance and support of the Holy See.

Fortunate it was for Henry, that at the time he rebelled from the Pope's authority, and despised his threats, Francis of France and the Spanish Emperor were at war with each other. Their power was so equally balanced, that they could not interfere, even if they had wished, in the affairs of England. The British King was left free to act as he pleased; and, being of a generous disposition and extravagant habits, he made himself beloved by his Parliament; and through their means, he defied the Papal See, and obtained over his subjects an absolute sway.

The only opposition which merited the attention of Henry, was that offered by the friars and priests, who were connected with the numerous nunneries and convents which were scattered over the whole extent of his kingdom.—To frustrate their attempts he appointed Cromwell, who was Secretary of State, to act also as Vicegerent; and by virtue of this new authority, he could name commissioners to visit all the religious houses in England, and make known their abuses. The most active in this service were Layton, London, Gage and Price. Rigid reformists as these men were, and armed with innumerable questions, all tending to entrap unsuspecting nuns and pious priests, they rigidly conformed to the wishes of their Sovereign; consequently, the result of their labors was known even before they had commenced their inquiries.

By the King's command, the doors of all the nunneries were thrown open,—and all the inmates who were under the age of four and twenty, were declared

free to leave without the permission of their superiors; their vows being null; as these were taken when they were too young to act and judge for themselves. But as few availed themselves of this liberty, and as the King was desirous of increasing his revenue, he had recourse to his Parliament; which passed a law in February, 1536, by which "three hundred and seventy-six monasteries were suppressed; and their revenues, amounting to upwards of thirty-two thousand pounds a year," were granted to the Crown, as were also all their plate and other goods, which were reckoned at half a million of dollars more. Some few monks, who had their property confiscated, threw themselves on the mercy of their monarch, and received small pensions from the wrecks of their general ruin. Burnet states, that, by the destruction of these lesser monasteries, they all being under a thousand dollars yearly rent, ten thousand monks were, from a state of comparative ease, thrown upon the world as mendicants, not having the means wherewith to get their daily bread. While we will allow that many of the priests were of dissolute habits, and that many of the nuns in different convents were frail in their characters; yet it is evident, in this general persecution, that many of those who suffered were religious people, who lived a life of seclusion, and were principally engaged in assisting the poor as far as their limited means would allow. The assertion in Parliament of Stokely, bishop of London, who strongly advocated the suppression of all the monasteries in England, "that the lesser houses were as thorns soon plucked up; but the great abbots were like petrified old oaks; yet they must needs follow; and so would others do in Christendom before many years were passed," was not long in being verified. The abbots of the larger convents, fearing that if the King was suffered to remain quiet, he might turn his attention towards them, created at one time a general rebellion among the people, which at first appeared of a serious nature. But by the exertions of the Duke of Norfolk, the risings in the different counties were quelled; and the leaders of them, Lords Darcy and Hussy, with one Ask, a gentleman who had evinced in the rebellion much perseverance and courage, were executed.

When Henry received information that the rebels had been kept in arms, by the assistance of some of the monks, who had not only yielded all their revenues, but had even melted the plate belonging to their monasteries for this unlawful purpose, he appointed a committee to inquire into the state of these institutions, and to learn if the rumors which had reached him of their treason were true. By the report of these commissioners, and from some records now in existence, it would appear that much was discovered which was derogatory to the character of Christians. Among others, the confessions of the Prior and Benedictines of

a convent in Northampton, were the most remarkable. They stated, that they had not only neglected the worship of God, but had lived in idleness, gluttony, and sensuality; and for thus doing, they feared the "Pit of Hell" was ready to swallow them up. A suit also, which was instituted in a court at this time, created no little excitement against the monks; and without reason, as he only who committed the crime should have been punished—but in those days the sin of one was visited on all. From the report of the trial, it would appear, that on some persons entering the convent of the "Crossed Friars," in London, at eleven o'clock in the morning, they discovered the Prior in bed with a prostitute;—he, kneeling down, begged that the circumstance might not be made known;—but, as the bribe of sixty pounds, which he promised to give to those who discovered him in his unpleasant situation, was not forthcoming, the fact became generally known. The King, that he might, with a show of more justice, suppress the convents, had every thing circulated which could tend to injure the character of these institutions. "Battle Abbey," with "Christ Church," in Canterbury, and several other places, were publicly declared to be little Sodoms,—and the complaint of the Abbess of Chepstow, that Dr. London had attempted to corrupt her nuns, was also as generally told. By these means, the public mind was prepared for the suppression of the convents and monasteries; and, when the order appeared from the King for that purpose, there was but little opposition shown to the measure.

While these things were going on in England, the Pope was not idle. Publications were continually appearing at Rome, in which Henry was termed a "second Pharoah, Nero, Diocletian, or Belshazzar, and the veriest tyrant who ever wore a crown." All his proceedings against the monks and priests, whom he had attainted and executed for high treason, were represented as the effects of savage and barbarous cruelty; and his suppressing the monasteries, and devouring what the devotion of former ages had consecrated to God and his saints was termed "ravenous, and impious sacrilege." But with all these denunciations, the Roman Pontiff was not content—for he came out with his bull of deposition, the substance of which we have previously given. Many historians have denied the fact that this document ever appeared; but, in this statement, they have erred; as it will now be found to exist entire in "Cherubio's Bullarum Romanum," a work which is well deserving of an attentive perusal for the many interesting papers which it contains, relating to the Papal See, both before and after the period to which we now have reference.*

* As an instance of the mutability of fortune, it is worthy of note, that the noble family from which L'Isle Adam was descended, continued to exist in France at the end of the

Thus fully have we entered into the history of the English reformation; as after Paul III, no one witnessed its progress more anxiously, or suffered more from its result than did L'Isle Adam of Malta. The distinguished Order over which he presided, acknowledged the Pope as its head; and whatever emanated from his holiness, was to receive implicit obedience. The enemies of the Pope, were the friends of Henry; while the friends of Paul, were the enemies of the British King: and grievously were the Knights of St. John made to suffer for their attachment. The British monks held large possessions in England; and, when the monasteries were suppressed, their revenues were seized by Henry; and most of the Hospitallers, from enjoying large fortunes, were thrown upon the charities of their friends; while some few became the servile pensioners of the Crown. Sir William Weston, "who, as the Prior of London, sat on an equality with the first Baron in the realm," was offered by the King a pension of a thousand pounds a year; but, of this sum, he would never receive a shilling; and, from grief, occasioned by his own misfortunes, and those of his friends, he shortly after died. In Brayley's Londoniana, it is stated that this nobleman was buried in the chancel of the old church of "St. James," Clerkenwell—and that on his tomb he was represented as an emaciated figure in a winding sheet. When some improvements rendered it necessary to open the grave in 1788, his remains were found to be in a state not unlike the figure which had been sculptured on the tomb which covered him.

Some of the English Knights, from their rigid adherence to their faith, suffered by the axe of the executioner. Four are named, who thus died, viz: Ingley, Forest, Fortescue, and Bohus. Mytton and Waldegrave died in a dungeon; while Richard and James Bell, John Noel, and many others who were in the greatest distress, abandoned their country and fled to Malta. In 1534, by an act of Parliament, the Order of St. John was abolished in England. It is told, much to the credit of the Order, that the English refugees were pitied for their sufferings, and relieved from their wants; and one historian asserts, that it was the care and anxiety to which the rigorous measures of Henry VIII gave birth, that bent the gray hairs of the Grand-Master in sorrow to the grave. L'Isle Adam expired on the twenty-first of August, 1534, and on the tomb of this great man were these simple words engraven:

"Hic jacet virtus, victrix fortunæ."

We take leave of the history of this Prince with regret; his long reign was marked with checkered

seventeenth century, but so reduced in circumstances, that a gentleman of the name became a common carter in the neighborhood of Troyes, in Champagne, to support his aged father.—*L'Art de vérifier les Dates.*

and trying scenes, and in them all, he proved himself a Christian, and has left no one action on record which can be told to his disgrace. Were it but for his determined defence of Rhodes alone, the name of L'Isle Adam deserves to be borne in honorable remembrance, and to give him a place in the history of the Order, which few have ever obtained.

For these facts we are mainly indebted to "Knolles' History of the Turkish Empire," "Burnet's History of the English Reformation," "Hume's History of England," and Bosio's, Boisselin's, Vertot's, and Alexander's Histories of the Knights of St. John.

Fra Pierino del Ponte of the language of Italy, Bailiff of Santa Euphemia, and uncle to Pope Julius III., was elected as Grand-Master at Malta to succeed L'Isle Adam on the 26th of August, 1534. As the reign of this Prince, who accepted of his appointment with regret, was but of fourteen months and twenty-two days continuance, he had not much opportunity of distinguishing himself, and indeed but little is mentioned in his history which is worthy of notice.

Hariadenus Barbarossa, King of Algiers, and Præfect of Solymán in Africa, being emboldened by his successes in Italy, Spain and Sardinia, was making preparations to invade Sicily, and attempt the conquest of Naples. This movement, Charles V was resolved to thwart, by becoming the aggressor, and obliging the noted pirate to remain at his capital and defend his usurped possessions in Barbary.

Hariadenus was the younger of two brothers, ignobly born of a renegade Greek at Mytilene, the capital of the Island of Lesbos. Of a cruel disposition, and weary of an idle life, he, in company with his brother, and unknown to his father, stole a galliot, with which they put to sea. Meeting with Camales, a noted corsair, they leagued themselves to his fortunes. Horrucus, the elder, soon distinguished himself by his activity and bravery. He became a Captain to command many men, who afterwards were chronicled among the most celebrated warriors of the Ottoman empire.

It was during these piratical expeditions, that Sinam, the Smyrnaote Jew, first was known.

Horrucus, after cruising a time in the Mediterranean, taking various prizes, and making many slaves, went into Algiers, and offered his services, and those of his fleet, to Selymes, the King of Cæsaria. This monarch was at war with his brother, Mechenetes; who, assisted by the Arabs, was attempting to get possession of his throne; and it was only by the aid of this new ally, that he was enabled to rout his enemies, and enjoy his kingdom in peace. Selymes, being of an amiable and unsuspecting character, unfortunately made Horrucus one of his chief councillors and most intimate friend. It was not until the moment of his death,—

being strangled while in his bath,—that he was aware of the fatal error he had committed in putting so much confidence in a renegade villain, who commenced as a thief, and was aiming at his crown.

Horrucus, after the murder of Selymes, and several others who had pretensions to the throne, caused himself to be proclaimed King of Algiers: this, with the assistance of his nine thousand Turkish soldiers and seamen, he easily effected. Some few Numidian chiefs, who could not be induced either by threats or force, to acknowledge him as their lawful monarch, were bribed with the treasure of him he had deposed, to submit to his authority, and aid him with their forces. The reign of the usurper however was short. Before his good fortune failed him, he drove the Spaniards from the city of Bugea, and routed their General, Diego de Vara, before the walls of Algiers. He also compelled Hugo Moncada, who landed in Barbary when on his way from Italy to Spain, quickly to embark his forces, and put to sea. This fleet being shortly after overtaken by a heavy gale, was mostly lost. The crews of the vessels which were driven on shore, were, as they landed, immediately slain, or chained in the Turkish gallees.

Horrucus, ever ambitious, in attempting to extend his conquests, lost his kingdom and his life. When making an attack on the fortresses of Ora and Portus, strongly garrisoned, and bravely defended by Spaniards and Moors, he was completely routed; so fierce a pursuit was made, that he was overtaken while attempting to fly with a few friends,—his enemies not stopping to gather the pieces of gold, which he threw on the sands to tempt them to dismount, and thereby assist him in making his escape. Being immediately decapitated, his head was taken on a lance through all the principal seaport towns of Spain, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who had so severely suffered from his piracies and cruelty.

Horrucus being dead, his brother Hariadenus succeeded him on his throne by common consent; and in a brief period so distinguished himself, by his various captures at sea, and numerous conquests on shore, that he was feared in all the christian countries and islands of the Mediterranean.

The Sultan, Selyman, being engaged in his Persian wars, Charles V of Spain made known to his allies his intention of raising a large army; with which, in person, he intended to invade Africa, and chastise the insolent Horrucus, by driving him out of all his usurped possessions. So popular with all powers was this proposition of the Spanish Emperor, that in a few months he was joined in his intended expedition by seventeen gallees from Genoa and Liguria; five and twenty caravels and one huge Galeon under the Portuguese flag, commanded in person by Lewis, the brother of the

King; by sixty large ships from Flanders; ten vessels sent by Paul III, Bishop of Rome; and four galleys of the Order of St. John, with the large carrack, formidable from the valor of the Knights who were on board to defend them. Although the destination of this huge fleet was so generally known by all Christians, yet singular it is, that the first intimation which Barbarossa received of it, was from the Moors, who spied it from the watch towers on the hills of Utica. It was then standing towards the African shore, against a light and southerly wind.

When Horrucus observed in the offing at Tunis, upwards of seven hundred sail, and among them eighty-two large galleys, all densely filled with people, and dressed with their flags and pendants, he was sorely troubled. Calling around him his chief captains, when he heard from some Mahomedan slaves, who at night escaped from their confinement, that Charles was on board the Admiral's ship, he addressed them in words of much encouragement, and to the following effect: Even if our enemies be so numerous, why should they be to us a cause of alarm? Have they not come hither to fight in a country which is to them unknown? Where will they be able to procure provisions for such a multitude? And how will they guard against the frequent attacks of our Numidian horse, when suffering from the heat of our summer sun, and struggling under their heavy armor, knee-deep in our light and burning sand? Of this be assured, that so long as this war shall continue, you shall neither be in want of food, of arms, or of my constant aid; to you will my old armories be opened, my magazines be broached, and my treasures be given. One thing only I would urge upon your attention, which is, never to yield the fortress of Goletta; for that will doubtless be the point of our enemies' attack; upon the safety of that castle, depends the preservation of Tunis and our kingdom.

Of all the valiant captains whom Barbarossa addressed, the first in importance, for his age and experience in war, was Sinam, the one-eyed Smyrnaote Jew, whom we have before named; and who, for one of his deeds, deserves a long remembrance. After him, came Haidimus of Cilicia—who, for his bravery and impetuosity in fight, was surnamed Cacciadiabolo. There were also numbered among the barbarians, as men of great renown for their deeds in war, Salec of Ionia, Tabacches of Laodicea, and Giaffer a Janizary.

When the Christian fleet had been safely moored near the shore, Charles made a signal for his army to land: this naturally difficult and dangerous movement, was effected with the utmost regularity. The Moors who had gathered on the beach to impede the landing of the soldiers, were so alarmed at their hideous cries, and at the precision with which they discharged their musquetry,

that they, in the greatest disorder, hastily retired. The Spanish General leisurely selected his position, and with such trifling opposition, as hardly to lose a man from his command.

When an army is safely landed under the walls of a besieged town, half its conquest is gained. Deeply did Horrucus regret his not having opposed the disembarkation of the Spaniards, Italians and Germans, when too late to remedy the fatal error, which he had so ignorantly and inexcusably committed.

Charles having advanced his army as near to the castle of Goletta as was necessary to commence his military operations, he gave the command of the most exposed position to the Count of Saire, an Italian of an ancient family, and much distinguished for his martial prowess at the battle of Corona. At this appointment of danger and honor, the haughty Spaniards were much enraged. Hardly had the Count, with his companies, advanced to the mount, which he had by the Commander-in-Chief been chosen to defend, ere Salec made a desperate sally from the fortress upon his troops; and then feigning as if he would retreat, drew the Italians into the plain and completely routed them, turning suddenly upon the Christians, when they were supposing themselves victorious and scattered in hot pursuit. The Count of Sarne, with his kinsman Belingerius, covered with wounds, and scorning to retreat, fell bravely fighting at the head of their soldiers. The result of this conflict was as grievous to the Italians as joyful to the Infidels. The Spaniards carried their jealousy so far, that they were rather pleased than chagrined at the defeat of their allies; which, it is stated, they might have easily prevented, had they been thus inclined. As idle spectators, they remained on the field of battle, and saw their friends discomfited and slain. The head and right hand of the Italian Count, were sent by Salec as trophies to Barbarossa.

Knolle, whose history of this war we continually consult, supposing it to be the most authentic, justly observes that it oftentimes so falleth out, that whilst men laugh at their neighbors' harms, their own are not far off; so it chanced with the Spaniards. Tabacches, another barbarian chief, emboldened at the success of Salec, sallied out of the garrison at the dawn of day with a chosen body of men; and so suddenly did they pass the trenches, and so secretly did they come upon their enemies, that many of the Spaniards were slain in their sleep; while others, stupified with fear, were shot and sabred, without making the least resistance, as they vainly attempted to escape. So great was this alarm at first, that the Emperor in person hastened in his armor, to assist his retreating troops; and severely did he chide them for their inattention and cowardice. When order was restored, Vastius, the Spanish General, sum-

moned all his chief officers in council; and addressed them in these words:

"Friends; you seem to me at this time to have need to be called upon, and to be put in remembrance of your wonted and approved valor; for, as far as I can see, the remembrance of your ancient fame is, in you, grown altogether cold; your hands have become faint for fear; and your bosoms heartless, showing no courage for the subduing of these naked pirates. Yesterday, as many say, you smiled at the unskilful and unfortunate forwardness of your friends; for which they have paid dearly; but to-day, your enemies laugh at your degenerate, careless negligence. So that it concerneth you in honor, to blot out this foul and public disgrace by some notable and worthy exploit. Wherefore I expect, and I straightly charge and command you, that with all speed you prepare both your minds and your weapons for the achievement of some new honor;—if the proud enemy shall again presume to come forth and assail your trenches, you shall forthwith break out upon him, and beat him back even unto the gates of Goletta."

The officers, touched by this address of their General, and mortified at their pusillanimous conduct, as shown before their Emperor, swore on their honors to lay aside all jealousy and animosity one with the other; and to prove themselves hereafter in battle, by their manly carriage, as brave and valiant men.

While the Spaniards were indulging themselves under their tents to avoid the heat of a burning mid-day sun, Giaffer, a chief of great personal strength and daring courage, made a sortie from the castle upon them, with a body of Janizaries, and several companies of Moorish archers. So unexpected was this attack, that the Christians had not the least intimation of their danger, until the shot and arrows of their enemies were flying among them. With the sound of the drum, the Spaniards rallied, and made a desperate defence. Giaffer, like a warrior, fell dead, pierced with two bullets in the foremost of the fight. His Janizaries, as men who knew not how to retreat, while vainly attempting to remove his corse, covered it with their own bodies, and with those of their enemies who had prevented them from carrying their object into effect. The Moors fled to the gates of Goletta; but so closely did the Italians follow, that the Arabs, who were in the rear, could not enter the castle; those who were in the garrison being compelled suddenly to close the gates, for fear the Christians might enter with them. Neither could the Turks fire their ordnance on their foes as they approached; as at every discharge their friends would have also been killed; so mingled were the combatants in this cruel conflict. The soldiers of Vastius suffered severely as they retired, leaving many of their comrades dead. The victors in this fight could claim but little honor for their conquest,

as those who made the attack were few, and fought against an encamped army of many thousand men.

Charles having resolved after various consultations with his officers to storm the castle, ordered his galleys to be moored nearer the shore that their fire might be the more destructive.

On the twenty-fifth of July, when every preparation had been made, both at sea and on shore, the bombardment commenced; it did not cease until several breaches had been made in the walls, through which the Spanish General commanded his troops, whom he had divided into three corps, "to advance and enter."

In this assault, the Maltese monks greatly distinguished themselves; not waiting for their boats to reach the shore, they jumped into the sea and swam to the place of their landing. Forming under a heavy fire, and commanded by their standard-bearer, they immediately advanced—passed through the breach, and, planting their flag on the walls of the castle, gave the first intimation to the Christians in the fleet of the capture of the place. Most of the Knights who engaged in this conflict were slain, only two escaped unhurt.

Though the fortress was soon captured, yet the garrison made a glorious defence. Never, at any one time, had Sinam, the Jew Governor, more than six thousand men; yet, with this small number, he had made three sorties, in two of which he had been victorious; and in the third, though defeated, he was not disgraced. He defended Goletta for many days against the united force of the finest soldiers of Italy, Spain and Germany. With the loss of five hundred of his garrison, he returned to Tunis.

Barbarossa felt the loss of Goletta most grievously; as, by its reduction, his squadron of "eighty-seven galleys and galliots, his arsenal and three hundred brass cannon," fell into the hands of the Emperor. Rather would he have had Sinam and all his men buried under the ruins of the castle, than that they should, as he said, have so quickly, and so disgracefully, left their quarters. The Jew, enraged at being chided, where he thought he deserved applause, quickly replied, that neither did his captains, soldiers nor himself, think they had done wrong in quitting the place. "They were exposed," said he, "to the devil and his infernal furies, who came against them with flames of fire and earthquakes—things of extreme terror and danger. So long as they had to fight with mortals, they conducted themselves like valiant men, as he well knew, and which they would prove by their aid in helping him to retain his city and his throne."

Muleasses, the exiled King of Tunis, who had been deposed by Barbarossa, wearing his crown, and dressed in his rich robes of flowered silk, made his appearance at this time before the Emperor, by whom he was most graciously received.

Being seated, he, through his interpreter, made a long and complimentary speech, and finished by craving the assistance of Charles to reinstate him in his kingdom.

This Prince, who is represented as having been a tall and handsome man, was one of the younger of thirty-four sons, whom Mahmed, the last Tunisian King, had by many different wives. His aged father promised his mother to make Muleasses his successor. This Prince, to make assurance doubly sure, poisoned Mahmed, and murdered all his brothers, save one Alraschid, who fled among the Arabs; and with their assistance, attempted to recover his possessions. After meeting with various reverses, and fearing that his soldiers would prove traitors and deliver him into the hands of his brother, he unfortunately delivered himself to Barbarossa; he was persuaded to go to Constantinople, being flattered with the hope that the Sultan would assist him in obtaining the fulfilment of his wishes. A vain hope; for Solymán put him into his seraglio; and of him, nothing more was ever heard.

When the Emperor was passing into Goletta through one of the breaches, by which the place had been captured, he observed to Muleasses—here is a gate open to you by which you shall return, and take possession of your throne. This promise he was shortly after enabled to fulfil.

Barbarossa, who had been reinforced by large bodies of Arab foot and Numidian horse, and fearing that his army would not undergo the privations of a siege, resolved to risk his all on the fortune of a pitched battle. Calling his councillors together, he made known his determination; and, prior to his leaving the city, recommended the destruction of six or eight thousand Christian slaves, whom he held as prisoners in his castle. Sinam, the Jew, as strongly applauded his intention of fighting, as he condemned his proposition to immolate his captives. In this opinion he was ably seconded by other Turkish officers; and thus their lives were most miraculously and mercifully preserved.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Deep mourner of the buried dead,
Thy instincts seem to be with grief—
In sadness, bows thy lowly head,
And wailing is in ev'ry leaf.

Thy drooping head so lowly hangs,
No upward look it seems to brave—
Subdued, it stoops to earth with pangs,
And weeps and grows o'er friendship's grave.

In Autumn's robes, thy tributes fall,
Like tears from hanging clouds of gloom—
Cluster'd, they spread their faded pall,
And sleep like death upon the tomb.

Where thou hast watch'd so long, so true,
There too, thy graceful form shall sleep:
Then, tears of night will fall in dew,
And Angels come thy place to keep.

Washington City, Nov. 12, 1841.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

PAPER FIFTH.

THE MOALLAKATS.

In resuming the consideration of the poems entitled the Moallakat or Suspended, it is proper that we should apologize to our readers for *suspending* the stylus for so great a length of time. Circumstances beyond our control, have prevented our devoting the time to the subject that was necessary for the preparation of the several articles. We hope now to find sufficient leisure to pursue our literary inclinations; and shall proceed regularly with our labors until the contemplated series of papers be completed. In the present article we shall record our impressions of the three pannels of the sacred gate of the Kaaba, devoted to Taraffa, Antar and Zohair.

TARAFFA.

The incident that gave rise to this poem, will be an illustration of the character of the author. A herd of camels was the joint property of the brothers Taraffa and Mabea, who attended them on alternate days. The beauties of nature, however, and the abstractions of poesy, had more charms for Tariffa than the watching of camels; and when it came to his turn to take charge of the herd, he would not unfrequently pass his time in wandering through the wood, "muttering wayward fancies;" or,

At the foot of some tall nodding beach,
That wreathed its old fantastic root so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pour upon the brook that bubbled by.

Aware of the danger to which his carelessness exposed the herd, Mabea often reproved him for his inattention; and demanded whether his powers of song could bring the camels back again, if their enemies should make a descent upon them, and carry them off while they were thus neglected. Remonstrance however was in vain, for Taraffa was as careless as ever.

Towards the evening of a day which he had spent in the enchantments of song, he sallied out to look after his camels; and found to his inexpressible surprise, that the whole herd was swept away by the Modarites. He applied to Malec, his cousin, for aid to recover the camels—but he met only the most bitter reproaches. He then applied to others of his tribe for assistance—but was rebuked for his idleness, prodigality, and libertinism. He was told that he was a disgrace to the tribe to

which he belonged; and that his ill-behavior was always giving occasion to trouble and difficulty. Finding all against him, he turned upon them, and, like a lion at bay, repelled their attacks. He replied to their reproaches in the poem which we are about to notice—declaimed loudly in favor of his fortitude, liberality and military prowess; and openly gloried in his conviviality and voluptuousness. He opposes his own generous disposition to the unkindness of *Malec*, contrasts his generosity with the niggardliness of his father, and expostulates with all for their harshness—telling them that “the cruelty of relations gives keener anguish to a noble breast than the stroke of an Indian cimeter.” Towards the close of the poem he passes a high eulogium on an aged chief that was in the assembly, who was so much pleased with the poem, or at least with that part which compliments himself, that he makes the poet a present of one hundred camels; and thus proves that his poetry was able to restore what was lost.

The opening of the poem is pathetic. The author fancies himself standing by the ruins where the tent of *Khaula* had stood—and recalls to mind the day when the litters that bore the fair away, fluttered in the wind like the sails of the fleet ships. *Khaula* means the *tender fawn*; and it is on this account that he says there was a dark-eyed antelope among the tribe. The poem is written in couplets, and we have translated it in the same manner. We shall present our readers with a few extracts:

All desolate is *Khaula*'s home, and the mournful ruins stand

On *Tahmed*'s hills, like fading figures traced upon the sand.

When *Malec*'s tribe o'er *Deda* spread, the litters with silken veils

That bore the fair, resembled ships with fluttering, painted sails.

Aduli's ships, or the barks that bear the merchant *Yamin*'s stores,

And fly direct o'er the middle sea, or veer the nearer shores.

Proud ships that cleave with their brazen beaks the waves and frosted spray,

As a boy, with his hand, divides a heap of sand in sportive play.

A dark-eyed antelope was there with lips of a ruby dye,
And a graceful neck, where topazes and pearls in circles lie,

She strays away 'mid the forest lawns and feeds with the herd of roes,

And mantles herself with a nest of leaves where the golden fruitage grows.

She smiles and displays teeth that rise from their bases to the view,

Like privet flowers from the pure white sand, all moistened o'er with dew.

His brilliant water the sun hath given to the teeth in circling rows,

But not to the base of lead-like hue, where the spotless ivory grows.

From a notice of his mistress, the poet passes on to the next object of interest to an Arab—his camel—the excellence of which he celebrates in no less than twenty-eight verses. Many of the figures introduced are of a singular nature, but as we think they would not be very interesting to an *occidental*, we will content ourselves with the tail of the description, which happens to be the tail of the animal:

The lash resounds, she quickens her pace, and the sultry vapors spread

In wave-like rings, where the burning sands recede from her airy tread.

She spreads her flowing tail on the wind and proudly floats along,

As a dancing girl her vesture spreads, when she floats to the festal song.

We shall conclude our notice of the poem by the introduction of couplets in which the poet enumerates three pleasures, without which life would be to him a grievous burden—the drinking of wine before his censorious father and brother were awake in the morning—the succoring of a warrior encompassed with foes—and dallying with a beautiful girl beneath a tent supported by pillars:

To rise ere the censurers awake, and quaff the tawny wine,
Which froths and sparkles when poured in the cup, like jewels in the mine.

To bend to a warrior girt with foes, my steed fleet as the air,

And fierce as a wolf, 'mid the *Gadha* trees, when started from his lair.

To shorten a dark and cloudy day beneath the pillared shade,

By toying with the flowing curls of a lovely, slender maid;

Whose bracelets, and whose garters seem to hang on the polished stems

Of the *Oshar* trees, or the *ricineis* with its leafy diadems.

ANTAR.

Of all the heroes of Arabia, none have been more frequently the subject of the evening tale, the ballad, and the romance than *Antar*. His exploits occupy the same place in the legendary history of Arabia, that the expedition of *Bacchus* does in that of *Egypt*, or the labors of *Hercules* in the mythological annals of *Greece*, wherein truth and fiction are blended together; and events seen through the dim mists of ages, are shadowy in outline, and magnified in size. The present poem, which forms a part of the literary wealth of the *Kaaba*, is not to be confounded with a romance in several volumes, which was composed indeed by *Antar*, and which celebrates his own exploits; but was first committed to writing in the time of *Haroun Al Raschid* by *Asmai*, a learned theologian and grammarian. The poem which we are about to notice contains only eighty-one verses, and has reference to some of the events which transpired during the war that raged between the tribes of

Abs and Dhobyān for forty years, and is known as the "War of the Racehorses." It arose in consequence of a dispute that took place in the contested race between the famous steeds Dahes and Ghabra.

The poem is discursive, and impatient of rule as the fiery barb of the desert—now indignantly boastful—now fierce and sanguinary,—at times descriptive, and again amatory and elegiac. The poet, at the opening of the poem, addresses the deserted bower of Abla, and laments the separation which he is doomed to endure—but as the martial portions of the poem will be more in accordance with the character of the author, and will vary the character of the extracts, we will present our readers with a few verses from the close of the poem. The part, in which he boasts that he had left Demdem, "a victim to be mangled by the lions of the wood and the eagles advanced in years," and fears that death may surprise him ere he has slain Hasein and Harem, the sons of Demdem, who had calumniated him, exhibits a spirit inveterately cruel and revengeful:

In the gulf of the fight when the battle grew warm,
Where the warriors plunged fearless with shadowy form,
Like a ship in the depths of the billowy storm;

When my tribe 'gainst the spears of the foemen has made
A shield of my breast, I was never afraid,
With no friend by my side, but my own shining blade.

Then my brave uncle's counsels this bosom has steeled,
When the loud din of Morra was heard in the field;
And the thick dust the sons of Rabeia revealed:

When the shoutings of Dhobol were heard from afar,
And, like sharp-biting lions when roused from the lair,
The troops fierce in conflict, rushed on to the war:

Then the mildest of tribes heard the battle-field's din,
And saw 'neath their standards, the skirmish begin,
And the havoc of death, where life's beauty had been;

Then I knew, while the legions thus thronged on the plain,
That blows on the helmets would patter like rain;
And from each cloven skull fly the birds of the brain.

When our enemies came in their pride, with the glance
Of the gold-studded banner and silvery lance,
I was first to rush forward, and lead the advance;

Shouting, Antar! the troops strove to rival my deed,
Whilst the enemy thrust, 'gainst the chest of my steed,
The sharp-bearded points of the longest jerreed.

Yet I still urged the foe with the charger I rode,
While the spear-opened fountain in purple streams flowed,
Till his neck and his breast were all mantled in blood.

With the lance in his forehead, my steed turned again,
And his moaning and tears well attested his pain;
Had he speech, he had uttered a soul-moving strain.

'Mid the black dust that rose from the myriad throng
Rushed the horses, with faces disfigured, along—
Each stallion robust, and each mare that was strong.

Then my spirit was healed of its anguish and pain,
When the shout pealed aloud, of my warrior train,
Crying "Well done, Antara! Hurrah! Charge again!"

The boldness of the simile in the first verse which we have extracted, cannot fail to strike the reader—and however poorly it may be expressed in the translation, is still sublime in its associa-

tions. How well the "perilous ridges of battle" may be compared to the billows of the excited deep,—restless—heaving—tumultuous;—and the majestic form of the plumed warrior, now lost in the depths of the fight, now towering above the piles of dead and dying,—to the tall ship now sinking into the abyss, and again rising in sublime power above the waves of destruction. It was a favorite superstition with the older Arabs, that the Manah, a spirit in the form of a bird, resided in the brain: and that at death it rested upon the grave of the person departed, and mourned there till the general resurrection. It is to this that reference is made in the sixth verse of the present extracts.

ZOHAIK.

The "War of the Racehorses" also gave rise to this poem. When the contending tribes had grown weary of the contest, a treaty of peace was proposed and accepted. But Hosim, whose Harem had been slain by Ward, an Absite, had taken an oath that he would not bathe his head in water, till he had slain Ward or one of his near kinsmen. Not long after, he was enabled to bathe his head, after satiating his vengeance on a lineal descendant of Taleb, the common ancestor of the two tribes. After the short-lived peace, war blazed forth again; but as the hostile tribes were approaching each other in martial array, two chiefs of the tribe of Dhobal, named Hareth and Harem, determined to make an effort to prevent the effusion of blood. The son of Hareth was accordingly sent with one hundred camels to Rabeia, the Prince of the Absites, with this message—"That the hundred camels were sent as an expiatory atonement for the death of their countryman; and that it was hoped they would prefer the milk of the camels to the blood of the Absites. Rabeia conferred with the chiefs of his tribe, and finding them willing to accept the atonement for the infraction of the former treaty, confirmed peace with the Absites, which was thereafter faithfully preserved. To commemorate this event, Zohair, an aged poet, composed a panegyric on Hareth and Harem in the poem which bears his name. The opening of the poem is elegiac, and is addressed to the deserted mansion of Ommanfia, which has become "like the fading blue stains of wood, or the veins of the wrist." As he muses on the ruins, he seems to contemplate a troop of damsels moving over the plain, and among them describes his mistress. He traces their route by "the locks of stained wool that fall from their carriages, and resemble the uncrushed berries of the nightshade," until they come to the valley of Ras; and immediately passes to an eulogium on the peaceful interference of Hareth and Harem, which took place in this valley. He praises the peacemakers—vituperates Hasein—speaks of the miseries of war—and closes with many sage aphorisms befitting his

years, and not dissimilar to the "golden sentences" of Ecclesiastes. We will extract a portion of that which relates to the chiefs. The opening of the poem is, however, the most characteristic and beautiful; but we have had similar extracts from the former poems:

I have sworn by the sacred edifice; I have sworn by the holy shrine,
Where the Koreish and Jorham's sons move in a festal line.

I have sworn to give the illustrious pair the praise that is their meed,
Who have shown their princely excellence in every noble deed.

Hail chiefs! who Abs and Dholyan in a chain of friendship bound,
When Minsham's deadly perfumes shed their poisonous breath around.

You said, by peace, on a perfect base we will found the public good,
Though the price of the precious boon should be our treasure, sweat and blood.

Proud chiefs of Maad's princely ranks! May bliss your footsteps guide!
Who have oped for your country glory's gates, should yourselves be glorified.

When war, the direful fiend, was expelled from your plains,
she was clothed with shame;
But she brandished again her red right hand, when you kindled anew her flame.

She ground you then as the millstone doth grind, with its nether stone, the corn;
Like a camel pregnant she became; and twins to her were born:

Distress and ruin were her twins: monsters deformed they lay,
As the dun camel Aad had, with sinews bent to slay.

The next paper will conclude the Moallakats, and will exhibit the finest specimens of the poems that adorn the temple. The mellifluous sweetness of Lebeid, the fire of Hareth, and the Anacreontic spirit of Amru, are each in its kind worthy of all praise.

TO ———.

"You! oh you, so perfect and so peerless,
Are created of every creature's best."—*Shakspeare.*

I've gazed on Beauty since we met,
On sylph-like forms and brows of snow,
And melting eyes of blue and jet—

Their beams dispensing joy or woe,—
On all they smil'd, or else might frown;
Yet none as beauteous as thine own.

I've gazed on lips, whose charms might tempt
The cloistered monk to leave his shrine,

Sweeter than e'er be Poet dreamt—
Yet none to me so sweet as thine;

And voices light as Peris' songs,

Have often thrill'd upon my ear—
Spell-bound, enchanting list'ning throngs;

Yet are thy Syren tones more dear.

STO.

Oxford, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The interests of literary publications and institutions are inseparable. Without education, works will neither be written nor appreciated, and one of the chief objects of periodicals should be to uphold and promote the institutions of learning. The University of Virginia is emphatically the institution of the South, as will appear from an inspection of her catalogues. Her alumni are scattered over nearly half the States of the Union; but, wherever they may be, their hearts must yearn towards their *alma mater*; and their minds must turn with fond recollection to the time spent within her walls. Recalling the pleasures of that joyous season, and daily reaping the fruits of the instruction there received, they can but feel a lively interest in her prosperity. To them and to all your numerous readers, I would make your valuable work, the "*Messenger*," bear the claims which she now has upon their sympathy and action. Yours is truly the *Southern Literary Messenger*; and through no other channel can the claims of the University be more properly presented. To the North, too, we would send the name of our University; for we would be glad to see many of the sons of the Northern states in Southern colleges. Whilst the Union exists, (and may it forever,) it should be cherished; and in no way can more lasting and endearing ties be formed,—ties which will bind us to the soil over which we have roamed, to the companions with whom we have trod the paths of knowledge, to the state which has reared institutions for the improvement of our youthful minds, and to all who have extended to us the hand of fellowship, kindness and hospitality. Your magazine is rapidly extending its circulation in the Northern and Middle states, and drawing many of their ablest writers into the list of its contributors. It may therefore well be made the means of rightly informing the many there, as to the true rank and character of our state institution.

The loss of Professors Bonnycastle and Davis, gave the University just cause to mourn. They were among her chief supports, and were taken away in the meridian of their usefulness. We cannot forbear a slight tribute to their memory.

Mr. Bonnycastle was one of the early professors who came over from England with Mr. Gilmer in 1824. Though young, his high qualifications fitted him alike for several of the chairs in the University. He first filled that of Natural Philosophy, and, on the return of Mr. Key to England, succeeded to the mathematical, which he filled with preëminent ability up to the time of his death. He was always acknowledged to be the possessor of a *great* mind, which readily made him master of the most abstruse learning. The study of mathematics seemed to be to him but a process of attentive reading. As a lecturer, he was clear, patient

and powerful; and, in matters of science, he was a complete agrarian, levelling its difficulties to the comprehension of every mind. At times, in one short aphorism, he would display a profundity of thought quite startling; and his students declared, that, by way of illustration, he frequently solved difficulties which had perplexed them in other branches of their studies. Mathematics was rendered by him, what he repeatedly said it was, "a pure system of logic." Many parts of his course were supplied by himself; and he wrote a text book for his class, which gained him great renown.

It has been already stated, that his acquirements were not confined to his own department; nor were they even to science. He was fond of rambling through the rich and varied fields of literature, and culled their fair flowers with no little taste and judgment. His general reading was extensive, he was a graceful and an imaginative writer, as is shown by the few productions which he has left, and his conversation was unusually entertaining and instructive. In society and at home, he was often taciturn; and it was only at certain times that he opened his stores of information; but when he did, he never failed to charm and to surprise. He was a man of thought, rather than of feeling, and, though he was observant of his duty, and mindful of his obligations, he acted more from the convictions of a well-regulated mind, than from any prompting of the heart. His character has been misunderstood. He was neither selfish, nor austere. The intellectual predominated; but he was not devoid of benevolence. His habits of deep reflection made him often indifferent to what was passing around him; and, in his moods of abstraction, he would sit in the midst of his playful children, perfectly unconscious of their bewitching gambols. Their easy confidence and familiarity proved that there was no austerity in his nature. In his domestic relations he was exemplary. He married a Virginia lady; and whatever deficiency of the softer and benevolent feelings of our nature, there was in his character, was amply supplied by her amiability and overflowing kindness.

I do not know that he ever became a citizen of the United States, though he frequently spoke of his intention to do so. He thought very favorably of our country and her institutions.

Mr. Bonnycastle was a close student; and, perhaps, his devotion to study led to a premature death. He took very little exercise, studied in an unhealthy posture, and until a late hour of the night. The University sustained a great loss in his death; and may his successor prove it not irreparable.

Of Professor Davis much has already been said in the public prints; and he deserved all the eulogiums which have been pronounced upon him; for he deserved the highest. With the respect and admiration of the writer, was mingled a feeling of

affection for him, produced by a sense of his many excellencies and of the kindness received at his hands. His eulogy should be written in the choicest language. He combined the qualifications of mind, disposition and character requisite to constitute a professor. His kindness was bestowed upon all, and all were endeared to him. He stood by the student's sick bed, supplied his wants, alleviated his sufferings, and received his last muttered benediction, as he died far from friends and home. As chairman of the faculty, to which office he was repeatedly elected, he was untiring in his zeal, and impartial in enforcing the discipline; he met his sad end in attempting to preserve the good order of the institution. He was modest almost to diffidence, but never shrank from any post to which duty called, though it was plain that he never prided himself upon the petty distinction conferred by the position in which he was placed. His mind was not brilliant, but he was an assiduous and accurate student, an able professor, and was fast raising the standard of his department to the highest in the land. His punctuality was remarkable; and the student was never encouraged to be idle or inattentive, by the absence or dilatoriness of the professor.

Disease and crime removed these Professors, and inflicted a serious blow upon the pride of Virginia. But disgrace has also done its part; which is mainly attributable to the neglect and inaction of the Visitors. Dr. Blatterman, who was displaced for gross misconduct, was also one of the professors brought over by Mr. Gilmer. He was always said to be a man of great attainments, but it is doubtful whether he has added any thing to his information for several years past. His habits and character rendered him totally unfit for his office, had he been the most resplendent genius. The Visitors would not have assigned him any important part in the government of the institution, and yet retained him as an instructor, in despite of his well known improper conduct. For several sessions the students openly complained of his unfitness; and it was a common jest that he was retained because of his acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon language, which was said to be a great hobby of one of the Visitors. In 1838, a large number of students, thinking that their duty required it, signed and presented to the Board a memorial praying to have him removed. The Visitors would not grant the prayer, though they had themselves reduced his salary for the same offences with which the students charged him. It was not until he plainly degraded himself, that they had the independence to dismiss him. Thus a vague fear of giving offence, and of doing injustice to individuals, causes men to be retained in office to the public detriment, when their unfitness is manifest. These things are not said in malice against the dismissed professor, nor in angry feeling against any one;

but in love and zeal for the University, whose cause should be advocated plainly and positively.

Public attention was drawn to the University in a special manner by the death of Professor Davis, who was shot down by the hand which should have been raised in his defence, as the students' guardian and guide. This occurrence may have sent terror to the mind of many an anxious parent, who has perhaps resolved never to send a son to such a lawless place. Indeed, rumors have reached us, that students left the scene of so barbarous a deed in deep disgust. There is neither wisdom nor virtue in the resolution of the parent, nor in the conduct of such students. Properly considered, there is nothing in the present circumstances of the University to induce any to withdraw their confidence and support. If those professing to be her friends take unnecessary alarm, and yield to distrust, how can she hope for relief? Let their encouragement rather be increased; and errors will be rectified, her influence elevated and extended, and she will soon go forth the pride of every Virginian, the boast of every upholder.

No institution should be encouraged where vice and immorality are not put down, or where any thing allied to them, is tolerated. Are they tolerated at the University? Far from it. They are severely rebuked and punished; whilst every means of prevention is anxiously sought and adopted. Examine the laws of the University of Virginia, and learn how they are enforced, and it will appear that the discipline, though mild, is firm, moral, and, to a certain degree, religious. There is scarcely an institution in the country, whose statute book contains more moral and salutary regulations. Many persons, remembering a period in her history, to which none of her friends revert with satisfaction, look upon her as a horrid school for the morals of young men. They have not read her late history; they even forget what important reformatations a few years may bring about. The system of discipline instituted by Mr. Jefferson proved, even in his day, to be impracticable; and now, it has advocates only among those who speak what they hope and wish, rather than what they know and believe, of the character of young men. This system, which "undertook to conduct a body of youth by appeals to their reason, their hopes, and to every generous feeling, rather than to the fear of punishment, or dread of disgrace," while it ennobled the character of the students, gave them a license, of which, it is too well remembered, they most liberally availed themselves. On one memorable occasion, it required the appeals of Jefferson, Madison and Johnson to reach "their reason, hopes, and generous feelings." Some few have neither of these, and cannot be restrained by "the fear of punishment," nor the "dread of disgrace." In every society laws are made for the worst.

There may still be some, who cannot get over

"that late shocking occurrence." It should never be so far forgotten, that indignation shall cease to burn; but it should not affect the institution. What law could have unnerved the arm, or changed the purpose of him who perpetrated that deed? It was not the laws of the University which forbade it, and which he violated; but the laws of God and man. There was nothing in the place, nor its regulations, to prompt such a reckless spirit. It would have broken loose in realms of purity. Yea, it did break out there; and it would be as signal folly for men to turn their backs on the glories of Heaven, because Lucifer there raised the standard of rebellion, as to withdraw their support from the University because one had done his utmost to trample upon her laws. But all this will work for good, and tend to the good order of the College. The feeling will react; and the loss of so beloved a professor, in so shocking a manner, will make a lasting and deep impression on the minds of the students, which will regulate and restrain them for sessions to come. Such occurrences invariably lead to greater circumspection; and the vigilance of the faculty, aided by the diligence and "vehement desire" of the students, will produce the most beneficial results. Who can believe, that a student, with the recollection of Professor Davis' fate fresh on his mind, could wantonly indulge in rioting? Nor can the remembrance of it be easily erased: it will be perpetuated; and the anxiety of the professors, the indignation and grief of the students, and the sympathy of every one, conspire to render this session, if properly improved, the most auspicious for the University. Let her alumni, then, feel for her, act for her, and assemble to consult for her. Let them flock around her in numbers at their next meeting. They owe her much, and should endeavor at least to pay her a little.

But it would be idle and unfaithful to the interests of education, to maintain the cause of an institution, which is not worthy of it. The University is entitled to high praise; and, notwithstanding some defects in her organization, she is dispensing the treasures of science with a profuse hand. Still the eye of hope and solicitude beholds a position far above her present commanding one, to which she should and can be elevated.—This, however, depends mainly upon the Visitors, who have the controlling influence. The buildings are ample, the apparatus extensive, and every thing is ready for a noble college. The number of students has been large for several sessions, and may be greatly increased by proper management.

The newly appointed professors are now all at their post, and the University is going on under their auspices. Hope attributes to them every qualification requisite in professors; and confidence, so far as it can be based upon limited information, or bestowed upon untried men, rests

upon them. Indeed they have all been tried in other, but similar situations, and the friends and patrons of the University may banish their apprehensions and suspicions as groundless and fruitless. Professors Tucker, Sylvester, and Kraitsir fulfil the indispensable requisition of reputation and distinction in their respective departments; and students may flock to them to learn, what they, by study and experience, have *already* fitted themselves to teach.

The time has now arrived when an important change might be made in the Board of Visitors. The University went into operation in 1825, and many of her alumni are now at the proper age to be entrusted with her guardianship. The alumni have formed a society, which, if it bring together annually ever so small a number, will be productive of great good. If the power of appointing Visitors were vested in this society, it would give it a dignity and permanence which would greatly increase its usefulness. It would then be more closely linked to the University; its objects would become more definite; its members would have an inducement to meet; and would come annually with hearts overflowing with love and zeal for their *alma mater*. There can be no doubt that the power of appointment would be as judiciously exercised by this society, as it is by the Executive. This, however, would require an alteration in the charter; but the Governor, by appointing alumni, will strengthen the bonds of affection, and promote the interests of the institution. The next 29th of February will give him an opportunity of trying it. It is pleasing to anticipate the time, when the distinguished and honored shall assemble as alumni of their beloved University; when presidents, senators, and others high in authority, shall deem it an honor to be classed among her sons. Then we may look for a revival of Virginia's glory, when the greatest orators shall incite her youth to love, to venerate and labor for her in those halls which she has provided for the advancement of literature and science.

There is one palpable defect, Mr. Editor, in the system of instruction pursued at the University. There is no department for exercises in writing and speaking. Every Northern College has such a department: and it is this which gives such an interest to the literary societies, and renders them productive of so much profit and pleasure. At the University, there is a class of *belle-lettres*, and the members are occasionally required to submit their productions to the criticism of the Professor. There are debating societies also, but very little writing is practised; and speaking is done so carelessly, and with so little preparation, as to yield but little improvement. Writing and speaking induce students to read; and at the North each one takes out his book, with nearly as much regularity as he goes to his meals; whilst the large and choice library of the University, is almost entirely

neglected by a majority of the students. If a department of English literature were established, embracing exercises in composition and oratory and a course of history, it would be one of the most useful and interesting schools in the institution. The expense is the only difficulty. Its benefits would justify any expenditure. Cannot the society of alumni do something towards it by means of annual contributions, and devise some mode in which contributions can be obtained from those desirous of promoting intellectual improvement? A small sum contributed each year by the alumni would gradually accumulate; and the Legislature, witnessing so laudable an effort, would lend its aid by making an appropriation. The annual appropriation by the State is fifteen thousand dollars. Deducting the salaries of the nine professors, the sum of five thousand dollars is left—a portion of which might be set apart for the purpose of opening this new school. The original plan was to have ten professors, and to include several important branches now omitted in the course of studies; which, however, is very thorough and extensive.

Experiment has proved that Mr. Jefferson committed one great error in the system of government which he sought to establish in the University. But this was “as the dust of the balance” to that of banishing religion from her walls. The whole should have been planned and executed in reliance upon Divine aid and direction; for nothing can be truer than “except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.” Without being superstitious, the overruling hand of Providence must be acknowledged; and apprehensions sometimes arise lest Heaven has decreed the fall of the University, in order to prove to man the folly and impiety of founding such institutions, without invoking its blessing. Religion cannot be safely separated from any human undertaking. For literature and science to produce their salutary effects upon the mind and heart—to make man better as they make him wiser—they must be associated with, and tempered by, religion; nor should their connection be slight and incidental, but designed and intimate. The system of Mr. Jefferson has been abandoned; and there are now regular religious services twice a-week, and the students pay marked respect to the minister. But the fact of having a chaplain is a small matter. He must not be looked upon as a mere preacher and sermonizer on Sundays, but as pastor and instructor in religious matters; not as a mere appendage, but as an important, an essential part of the institution. Religion must be admitted, not as a secondary matter, but as of primary concern; not as an incident, but an essential; not through complaisance to public opinion, to allay the fears of anxious parents, nor as a compromise between the opposition of Mr. Jefferson, and the convictions of the Visitors. Every social fabric must fall—its materials will become

corrupt and rotten, unless the spirit of pure religion be incorporated with them and made their preserver.

It is much a habit to decry the externals of religion. These are all important, not as superseding the substance and the spirit, but as manifesting and embodying that spirit. In the University, the services are performed in the lecture-room, which is very inconveniently arranged, and where the mind is diverted by a thousand perceptions and associations. Every thing in connection with the *spirituel* of that institution would show, if we did not know the fact, that the introduction of religion was an afterthought. In all her extensive arrangements, there is not a single accommodation for religion. The association of ideas is powerful, and there is very little in the religious services of the University calculated to inspire the minds of the students with a sense of their essentiality. Nearly every thing tends to make their feelings permissive rather than submissive; tolerant, rather than tenacious; complaisant, rather than obedient and attached.

The first thing to be done is to erect a suitable chapel. The faculty are anxious for this to be effected, and presented a memorial to the Visitors on the subject. At the request of the writer, Professor Bonnycastle drew up an eloquent memorial to be presented on the part of the students; but as circumstances prevented the signatures from being obtained, it was not handed in. A chapel is not only necessary for the religious services, but for public occasions, anniversary orations, the use of societies, and for important meetings of the students, when they wish to do honor to the memory of a departed fellow-student or professor. It will also be useful as an ornament,—and this dreadful hiatus, so painfully obvious to every Christian friend of the institution, should be speedily supplied. This object is so important, that, if no better plan can be devised, the Visitors would be justified in sending special agents through the country asking donations. One of the chaplains promised to raise five thousand dollars from his branch of the Christian church; and, no doubt, the requisite amount can be obtained. One session is, moreover, too short a period for a chaplain to remain. Get a good one and retain him longer. There might still be rotation, but not such frequent rotation.

This theme is not yet exhausted; but we fear we have written too much; not more however, than the importance of the subject demanded. If any abler pen shall be incited to pursue it, we shall be highly gratified. The foregoing considerations, Mr. Editor, are deemed worthy of the attention of the Visitors and Alumni especially; but the public generally are greatly interested in this matter. Their sons are to be educated; the benefits of education cannot be confined to the recipient, but are reflected from him to all around. Let them, then, *take the welfare of the University somewhat into*

their own hands—guard her, watch over her, and lend her their zeal and a small portion of their treasure. She will repay both; and they will rear an institution, in which it will be a proud distinction for their sons to be tutored. They will make Virginia the literary centre of the South; the fame of her splendid seat of learning will draw students from every quarter; and one common sentiment, together with a high degree of intelligence, will pervade our common country. Will men practically confess that nothing but political contention can excite their zeal and efforts? Will they not, then, raise up some place, where representatives and electors may be qualified rightly to discharge their respective duties, whence knowledge may be diffused, and men taught to settle questions by discussion, and not by disputing—by argument, and not abusive wrangling? There are thousands who seek to justify their faith and practice by the precepts and example of Jefferson. Will they stop short and not imitate his zeal for the prosperity of the University, which he, their political paragon, founded? Let them all remember, that he did not most glory in that, for which, they most laud him. He wrote his own epitaph; and the simple granite obelisk, which marks his tomb, bears no such inscription as “The Leader of the Democracy.” We learn from it, that he was the “Author of the Declaration of American Independence,” and “of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom.” This is not all that we learn. American independence is to be perpetuated, and religious freedom to be secured. Ignorance is the foe of both, and must be vanquished. His unsatisfied spirit sought another and a crowning honor; and he became “The father of the University of Virginia.”

B. B. Minor.

ROMANCE READING AND WRITING.

MR. T. W. WHITE.

Dear Sir,—I am a champion of Romance Reading and Romance Writing. Please give me space to argue my point.

The story of a life, told in a plain manner, and without exaggeration, may be both agreeable and instructive. When circumstances have cast a coloring of romance over veritable incidents, and made that which actually happened, appear like fiction; when real and supposititious events have become so interlaced, that the nicest discrimination cannot separate them, nor the most unscrupulous and fastidious censorship find anything to condemn on the score of improbability—romance then becomes a most attractive kind of reading, and may be useful by enabling us to form correct estimates of character. Such is the well-known story of Robinson Crusoe. In it, fiction is blended with fact to the production of one of the most entertaining books ever written. We feel sure that a

part of the adventures it details, actually happened; we may guess that a part never did; and yet, were we to accept a challenge to lay our finger on any particular passage with an affirmative of its falsehood, we should be as likely to impugn the passages susceptible of verification as those which were the coinage of Defoe's own brain.

I consider verisimilitude to be the highest praise of authorship—the fiend that “*lied like truth*,” could not have been the worst of his class.

I do not mean to be witty, when I say it is owing to the strong natural liking men have for novelty and romance, that books of voyages and travels are so popular—especially voyages and travels to lands replete with romantic fiction—the former abodes of classic song—the romance of earlier ages: and to lands clouded with present difficulty and danger.

Descriptions of newly discovered countries, and of the manners and customs of people little known, are nothing but romance softened into history, by giving a habitation and a name to the imagined incidents and personages of romantic story. The love of romance and romantic legends is as natural, as the love of meat and drink, to the human species; this is most fully seen where education and factitious refinement have least warped the mind from the path of nature. The child listens with intense delight to fireside stories of the marvellous related by garrulous old age, with a never-tiring relish. The fur-clad warriors of the frozen north, red from the slaughter of foes, gathered around the Skald to bestow breathless attention upon his wild Runic rhymes. The North American Indian would forego every other amusement, give up even the death-grapple, to listen to the traditional fables of his tribe. The Persian Satrap summoned his tale-teller at the dead hour of night, to repeat the romance of the Zendavesta, and woo sleep to his pillow, by the music of the Sabian ritual with its romantic cosmogony and contests of angels and devils.

When I write a story, I am only anxious that those who believe it a fiction, shall think it an interesting one. I hold, that if useful truths be imparted, and reflections of practical value made, it is of little consequence in what shape or through what channel they meet the public eye—only that that is the best which has the best chance of extended circulation. If a romance inculcate better morality, or present truth in a more effective shape than a sermon—if its exposition of the moral and christian duties be the sounder one, the romance is certainly the better sermon—the better promoter of religion, and the more able advocate of truth. He who puts it forth, is the more useful preacher, and renders the cause of piety and virtue, the cause of morality and good order, the greater and more enduring service.

It has become the fashion—with those who think

little, and talk much—“ancient Pistols” in a farce wherein they play not only the Welsh Captain, but Nick Bottom the Weaver—to declaim against *all* romances and novels, and to hold them as of evil tendency. Nothing certainly can be worse than a licentious novel written with power—a stupid one carries its own antidote with it. But this is not the age of licentious novels—it is no more the fashion now to write them, than it is to use indecent language in polished society. There are some exceptions, but these make the rule general. In the merry days of Charles II, the obscene jest was fashionable,—obscenity had then a particular claim to public approbation and patronage derived from the custom of a court and circle putrid with vice—as it were a splendid stew reeking with licentiousness. It is the taste of *this* day to make the novel the vehicle of useful information, and to use none but chaste and polished language in the communion of ideas.

See the improvement which taste and good sense have made in novel writing by comparing Madam Cottin's “*Saracen*,” with the “*Talisman*” of the Great Scottish Novelist. See Mr. James' novels illustrating the most important epochs of French history better than their own historians, and presenting us with pictures of Henri Quatre, Henry of Guise, Richelieu and Catharine de Medicis, as true as can be found in the galleries of the Louvre. See Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Madam D'Arbelay, and many others dignifying human nature by their most accurate delineations of its best traits,—recording ennobling deeds by no means rare, and splendid virtues in common use and of lowly origin; the Jew Montenero, redeeming by his merit almost the whole tribe of Israel from ignominy, and all of them guarding us against evil by vivid pictures of its worst passions.

Such novels are of more value in any and every point of view, than a hundred ill-penned volumes, falsely called histories—to make up which the scissors have done far more than the pen. A licentious novel is “*hell-broth*” itself; but, I would sooner put into the hands of a child of mine one of that namby-pamby species, known by the name of the “*Leaden-hall press novels*,” even one of that still ghastlier class, called “*Pictures of High Life*,” with all their frivolities, “*commodities of good names*,” and make-a-dog-sick pretensions to fashion and exclusivism, than I would one of those historical abridgements so profitable to publishers, but so injurious to readers.

I will not war with men's tastes; but having once advanced my opinions, I am bound to their full exposition.

I hold that nothing so soon saps the foundation of human learning, as the supplying students of an advanced age, with mere manuals. They acquire by the perusal of these compendiums, a little knowledge at little expense—a smattering which ena-

bles them to—"shine as a substitute till a King be by"—to pass for learned, when none are present to detect their ignorance. They learn when the battle of Cheronea was fought; who Mark Anthony was; and where Julian the Apostate perished; what great event followed the battle of Hastings; and what fruitless glory the reign of the "Swede." Than this, they search no deeper; and so, their minds become merely imbued with a few facts, without an atom of philosophy; and they die without having once attempted to analyse the motives which stimulated the men of past ages. The records of departed days have passed before them as rapidly as the "line of Banquo" passed before the Usurper Macbeth; and their recollection is of a piece with the images left on our minds at the distance of years, by the succession of "baby Kings."

My opinion then is, that a good novel, not such as Bulwer's, but such as Miss Edgeworth's *et al.*, is of healthy tendency—that it deserves to be read and its author rewarded, and encouraged; but that it is inferior in value to a well-written history, penned with a scrupulous regard to truth, and to a reasonable degree, minute and philosophical. But a book that takes up false or absurd positions upon any subject, that urges unsatisfactory or inconclusive reasons, decries the good and extols the bad—in other words, that is a false or vicious treatise, deserves to fall stillborn from the publisher's press, if it meet with no severer condemnation. And in the proportion that we expect historical truth from one writer, and metaphysical truth from another, and scientific truth from a third, is the work a failure, when it lacks it, compared with that which tells you, gratuitously enough, that it is a fiction from beginning to end. From history, theology, metaphysics and the natural sciences, we expect absolute, unqualified, unimpeached, and unimpeachable verity; whilst we are satisfied with poetry and romance if they be fiction arrayed in a pleasing dress, and in good keeping with known customs and manners. Sometimes they mount far higher in the scale of literary merit; as thus—when a novel inculcates good behavior, and virtuous conduct, it is a moral discourse;—when it urges to christian profession, and a life of faith, it is a sermon.

Shall we say, that such is the peculiar province of the pulpit? I will not believe so till a more conclusive fiat than I have yet heard, goes forth against me.

Yours, very sincerely,

ARCHEUS OCCIDENTALIS.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

Sleep, child, thy peaceful sleep—

Thou art in mercy early called away—

While we, alas! are left to weep,

Who in this world of trouble still must stay.

Sleep in thy silent grave!

No dreams disturb thee of the anxious morrow;

Angels have wafted thee away, to save

Thy youthful years from sin—thine age from sorrow.

And shall we mourn that thou art gone,

Thus early, to a state of bliss?

No, no—we weep that we are left, alone

To linger in a world of care like this!

[Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

FITCH.

"But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot."

Basil Hall, in his travels in America, has attempted to throw some light on the question, who was the first person that applied the power of steam to the propelling of boats! In this attempt, he has discovered an evident prejudice in favoring his own countrymen, which warps his judgment, and disqualifies him from judging of others according to their merits. Among others, he has mentioned John Fitch as being among the early inventors of steamboat navigation, and says his plan on trial, proved defective, and was abandoned. This, in my opinion, was not doing Fitch that justice his efforts deserved. He undoubtedly was the man who first applied the power of steam to the paddles of a boat, with complete success, in America.

I resided in Philadelphia from 1787 to 1793, and knew Fitch. He was one of those ardent spirits, who, in the march of improvement, was calculated to take the lead. Although illiterate, he possessed a strong penetrative mind, and untiring industry. He had a just conception of the power of steam, and great mechanical genius in applying it to machinery. At this time, it was a subject which but slightly engaged the attention of the scientific part of society; yet he prevailed on a considerable number of liberal minded gentlemen, to subscribe and form a company for the encouragement of steam navigation. This was no doubt the first association of the kind in America. They had a boat constructed of about fifty tons burthen, and gave Fitch the direction and management of the machinery. It was rude and imperfect; the iron of the boiler was too thin to withstand the pressure of the steam, and it gave way, which occasioned some delay to the experiment. The boat was put in operation in 1788, and performed a number of trips on the Delaware, to Bordentown, Bristol and Burlington. I was standing on the wharf when the boat came by, on her way to Burlington, and being invited with others to make the trip, I went on board,—we made good headway against the current of the river, generally at the rate of five miles an hour. The boat was propelled by five paddles over the stern, on a crank, which had a rising pulley, turned by a chain of short links, made in the form

of a watch chain, and extending to the shaft of the balance wheel, on which was a corresponding pulley; the chain and paddles worked very roughly, and produced a great clatter; the extra steam was discharged through a short tube, which kept all hands at a respectful distance. Yet, on the whole, it was a very fair experiment, which did much credit to the projector, and did much to settle the question of the practicability of steam navigation. But poor Fitch was doomed to see all his hopes blasted in one night; a fire consumed the boat as low as the water would permit; the company abandoned the project, and he was left to make the most of his improvement in another quarter. He offered his invention to the French on the Mississippi, this river not being open to Northern enterprise; a period of ten or fifteen years passed over before the attempt at steam navigation was resumed, and Fulton did not perfect his improvements until the year 1807, about twenty years after the successful experiment of Fitch. Poor and neglected John Fitch wandered over the far West, "and none so poor to do him reverence:" his active spirit left its house of clay; and his bones lie mouldering on the banks of the Ohio.

District of Columbia.

D.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Secst thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough, with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THREE SABBATH MORNINGS.

Suggested on reading "Three Saturday Nights," in the Messenger, July 1841.

The Eastern sky is just blushing in the beams of
the rising sun

"As first on this delightful land, he spreads
His orient rays on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew;"

beautiful is that sky, and beautiful the beams of
that rising sun.

Every honey-dropping flower and every blade
of grass sparkle, as if hung with diamonds. The
air is laden with the richest odors, which come
up from the enamelled earth like early incense—
fit tribute to Him who spread abroad such beauty
and enchantment.

Nature rejoices in the light; every grove echoes
with the music of birds, and every tangled nook
with the humming sound of insects.

The animal tribes come gamboling forth, exult-
ing in the fulness of renovated strength. They
come not to prowl and plunder; for all is innocence.

The lamb and the tawney wolf sport together;
and the hawk and the dove wash their wings at
the same ripple.

The earth seems sanctified, the very air holy;
the sky, the deep blue sky, seems to grow more
soft and beautiful, as the moon advances; the
light clouds that float so gently over its surface
are of such snowy whiteness, that they seem like
a resting-place for angel gazers. And well I ween
that angels are gazing down, for never was world
wrapt in robes of richer beauty.

How tranquil is the bosom of the sinless man,
who now comes forth from his slumbers! He is
passing on to the place where he would pour out
his orison; his eye is fixed heavenward; and his
face is radiant, as if with Shekinal glory;—for

care hath not worn it; it is not marred by sorrow, nor darkened by guilt; he is yet in the image of his Creator, and the destroyer hath not yet set his seal upon his brow.

His meek partner keeps her way by his side; the same holy thrill of quiet rapture pervading her bosom. On she passes with her lord, with equal step, save when her snowy fingers stay a moment, to dally in the mane of the majestic lion; or she stoops to sleek the glossy coat of the spotted leopard, which has come near to give its greeting to the passing pair.

"The groves were God's first temples;" there it is, that Adam, sole priest of nature, offers up his first morning's devotions; his consort, with mild blue eye uplifted, making the responsive Amen.

What a prayer! It is not penitence; it is the gushing words of love; it comes up from the deep wells of two hearts, as yet unpoisoned by sin. It is adoration; the adoration of souls, whose master-passion is absorption in the divine image; it is the pure tribute of the affections; affections as yet un sullied by a single stain, unruffled by a single fear of the Being on whom they rest; it is the giving of thanks for countless blessings; the giving of glory, and praise, and power, to the ever-living God—the "Father in Heaven."

The tribute is accepted! It goes up like the fragrance of heaven's golden censer, or the hallowed flame of the proto-martyr!

Oh! it is a moving, but beauteous sight, to mark that holy pair, presenting this their first morning's tribute! Every sound lulled, save the sound of thanks; every breath hushed, save the breath of praise. All is still—beast, bird and bee; e'en the breeze hath folded its wings; "nor leaf nor flowret stirs"—nature herself keeps quiet, for her only minister waits at the altar! It is *Earth's First Sabbath Morning*. It is the first and last Sabbath of Adam in Paradise, for ere the next, sin had dashed its gall into the cup of human life, and the hapless pair had,

"Hand in hand, with wandering step and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

Time passed on. More than forty centuries had filled their cycles. Messias had descended from on high; and his feet had trodden the streets of the sacred city. He had labored. He had wept. He had prayed. He had groaned. He had bled. He had died. And they had done unto the King of Glory as they listed. Darkness had settled over Salem; and Silence, her "sister-twin," had stretched her leaden sceptre over all her hills. Earth was prostrate in slumber—

"And Nature, as a meek and peaceful child,
Slept sweetly on the bosom of her God."

The queen of night had shot out her bark upon the *ethereal sea*, and now looked calmly down, with

her pure rays, upon the quiet city, as though guilt had never disturbed the passions of its sleeping people.

The breeze from Olivet, and the purling sound of "Kedron's lonely brook, or Siloa's sweeter fount," sent their murmurs on the quiet air, like magic music on moon-lit waters.

All, all were slumbering—the skeptical Scribe, the canting Pharisee, the scowling Priest, and the sycophantic Governor, repose softly upon their pillows: for the innocent object of their malignity has become their prey. "The man of sorrows," the meek Jesus, has yielded a victim to the combined hatred of his persecutors—the sepulchre was made sure, the stone was sealed, the watch set!

But let us stay awhile—the night has advanced almost into morning. The city still sleeps. All is yet quiet, save, now and then, the howling of the watch-dog, or the twittering sound of the bat, seeking its retreat.

Not far beyond the western wall may be heard the slow and heavy tread of a few brazen footed soldiers, or the jarring of lances against the mailed corslets of these veteran Romans. They are at the side of that sealed tomb. They are watching the remains of the despised Nazarene!

The last star of night is now dying out upon its high tower; and the gray gleams of light, as they shoot up from the East, reveal the hazy outlines of the surrounding hills. But lo, the earth trembles and quakes! These veteran warriors turn pale, and become as dead men. The heavens open; and light, more brilliant than the sun at noontide, bursts around them. The sound of angel-voices fills the air, and from amid the choral throng a white-robed seraph descends; his face is like the sun, and his raiment as the lightning.

The sealed stone is rolled away from the mouth of the guarded tomb. The dead shakes off his cerements, and comes forth, beautiful in his majesty!

Again the sounds of golden harps sweep through the high air, and the angel throng, with loud hallelujahs, repass the portals of heaven. The rapturous intelligence of a risen Saviour fills its high vault with shouts of glory and songs of praise. Death is vanquished; the grave has been robbed of its prey; Christ hath risen; his peaceful reign has commenced; the *first Sabbath Morning of Christianity* has dawned upon a long benighted world!

Ages and Empires had passed away. Change had followed change. States, cities and temples had crumbled before the corroding influence of years.

Other states, other cities and other temples, excelling in magnitude and grandeur, had taken their places. Science had long since reached its zenith; art its most perfect accomplishment; and the golden age of divine prophecy blessed the world.

The brightness of the millennial glory had risen, beamed its noontide, and passed away.

The church had been robed in her "beauteous garments," had been "the joy of the whole earth," had been "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners." "The wolf had dwelt with the lamb; the leopard had laid down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fatling together" had been led in sportive triumph by a little child; the infant had played upon the hole of the asp, and the weaned child put its hand upon the cockatrice's den—for there "was none to hurt in all God's holy mountain."

White-robed Innocence had descended from heaven, and Peace had extended her olive wand over all the earth.

But this age, too, had passed away.

Satan was again unchained; and again went forth to deceive all people. The earth had again grown old in crime, and the cup of her iniquity was maddening to the brim! More! The last hour of time has come; the last vial of the wrath of the Almighty is opened, and ready to be poured out; the heavens are rolled together as a scroll; the elements melt away in fervent heat; the sun is in sackcloth; the moon is blood-like; and the stars have fallen from their spheres!

The great white throne of the Judge is set, and the myriads upon myriads of earth's dwellers, and all the risen dead, are gathered in his presence!

What a strange hour!

The deserted globe whirls with irregular and convulsed motion around the mighty convocation, flaming up as if one vast volcano. Lightnings, with their lurid and fitful fires, gleam around the solemnities of the last awful assize!

The books are opened, and the dead are judged.

The righteous hear their awards; and the unrepentant, their doom.

There is a pause!—the last unsentenced sinner stands before the bar! The words of condemnation pass with awful distinctness through the crowded ranks of breathless millions, and as they die away silence again reigns.

The earth once more throws up its sheeted flames with increased intensity; it is its last burning; and by its fitful flare is seen him who stood "with one foot upon the land and the other upon the sea," the Apocalyptic Angel. Now, standing by the mighty throne, he swears by Him who lives and reigns forever, that Time is no more! * * * *

Darkness, the darkness of a black and starless night, shrouds the universe—the wicked are driven away, and nought is heard, save the moaning of these banished ones, ere they enter upon their long exile, and the door of Hope closes forever!

Then bursts around the light of the seventh heaven; the portals of glory are thrown back; the morning stars again shout together; and amid the

loud harping of cherubic millions, the long train of the redeemed are welcomed to their home.

Time's last Saturday night is passed away—the unending day has come, the day of the redeemed—the *Sabbath Morning of Eternity* is ushered in!

M.

WHAT IS HOPE?

Of a dying lamp, the last bright spark
That flashes up ere all is dark—
The ray upon the tear of Grief,
The Polar star of true Belief!—
The faint yet roseate life-like streak
That dawns on wan Consumption's cheek—
Dawns! no, alas! its fleeting glow
Is sunset on a hill of snow—
The far-east gaze of her who'd greet
Some sea-worn barque she longs to meet—
The thing that dying patriots feel
Beneath the tyrant's iron heel—
The tear-drop in the Judge's eye,
Mark'd by the wretch he dooms to die—
A dream of life within his cell,
Who wakes to hear his own death-bell—
A single fibre that is loose—
Seen by him in the hangman's noose—
Cain's bloody brand char'd o'er again,
As if it never had a stain—
The smile that dead-men's lips do wear,
When mourning fools cry "Life is there!"
A riven shield—a broken brand
Grasped tightly by some dying hand—
The last—loose—rivetless breast-plate,
That man opposes to his Fate.

C.

WHERE IS PLEASURE?

Selected from the unpublished Poems of the late Margaret Miller Davidson. Written at the age of thirteen.

Where shall I find thee, Pleasure?
Where meet thy smile again?
I have sought thy gilded treasure;
I have wooed thee, but in vain.

I find thee not in Solitude;
For Memory's fountain pours
Around my heart, the withering thoughts
Of brighter, happier hours.

I find thee not in crowded halls,
Tho' thousands there may be;
There's not a single heart which beats
In sympathy with me!

In wealth? I will not seek thee there;
Wealth never must be mine,
For well I know, they find thee not
Who worship at this shrine.

I find thee not in Folly's lowers,
Tho' sparkling gems are there;
Her wreath is twined with fading flowers,
As perishing, as fair!

I find thee not in Nature's arms,
Tho' tranquil and serene!
There ever lurks some wild alarms,
To dim the glowing scene.

I find thee not with those I love,
For Grief is ever there
To check the smile, to chill the hope,
To draw the starting tear.

And oh! 'tis doubly sad to see
The hearts we love in woe;
To mark their brighter prospects flee,
And view their tear-drops flow.

I never find thee in the past,
Each happier moment fled,
A veil of deep regret doth cast
Around my youthful head.

At times, the future beams with light,
And glows with dreams of bliss,
But ever lurks some cloud to blight
This fancied happiness!

Where *shall* I find thee, Pleasure?
Where meet thy smile again?
I have sought thy gilded treasure;
I have wooed thee, but in vain!

INCIDENTS OF A CAMPAIGN.

THE GYPSY.

From the German. By Professor G. F. Struvé.

In the Spring of the year 1788, I marched with recruits from Micklosfare, in Siebenburg, to join my regiment, then stationed in the country of Orsowa.

There resided in a small village in the neighborhood of the army, a gypsy, whose chief support was in supplying the troops with various articles of marketing.

My recruits, who were superstitious fellows, had their luck in war predicted by this fortune-teller.

I laughed at the fun; and, out of sport, gave her my hand also to examine. On the 20th of August, she exclaimed significantly,—*nothing more*. I desired some further information, but she only repeated the foregoing words; and as I was retiring, she again called after me in an ominous manner, *the 20th of August*. It will therefore not appear surprising, that I bore this day in mind.

We reached the army, and shared its hardships and dangers. I shall not now dwell on them, but will only state that at that time, the Turks granted quarter to none of their prisoners, but on the contrary set a price of a ducat on the head of every one. The Janissaries availed themselves therefore of every opportunity that offered, to obtain the promised reward. The Austrian outposts in par-

ticular, suffered severely from this, as almost every night an overwhelming number of the enemy proceeded so secretly and expeditiously to work, that they seldom failed in their attacks, and the camp at break of day was in part guarded but by dead bodies. This instigated Prince Koburg to station, every night, pickets of cavalry behind the ranges of the videttes, for the purpose of supporting them. The pickets consisted of from 100 to 200 men each. The Turkish commander, enraged at seeing this retail business of his men thus interrupted, personally attacked these pickets with a far superior force, as thereby a considerable advantage was to be attained. Hence, this duty became such, that those engaged therein (previous to entering upon it) generally arranged their little worldly affairs.

Thus things stood in the month of August; a few skirmishes not having had any material effect on the relative positions of the armies.

Eight days previous to the 20th, the gypsy (whom I had often seen carrying about provisions) appeared at my tent, and made the following request: That in the event I should perish on the above-mentioned day, I should bequeath to her a legacy; should I however (contrary to her warning) escape with my life, she engaged to present me with a basket of Tokay wine. This was very difficult to procure; and such conduct in the woman appeared rather ridiculous; still, however probable, under present circumstances, a speedy death might be, I certainly did not expect it on that day. I however acceded to the contract. The old creature was to receive two horses and fifty ducats, if I fell; otherwise, she was to furnish me with the Tokay. A bystander, laughing at the proposition, took a note of the contract.

The 20th of August came. There was no appearance of an action. The turn of our regiment to provide the night picket for the right wing of the army arrived. I, for my part, however, felt quite secure, as two officers stood on the commander's list before me. Towards evening, I saw the Hussars preparing themselves accordingly, when the surgeon of the regiment rode up to the commander and informed him that the appointed officer had been suddenly taken ill; consequently the next on the list, whose name stood above mine, was appointed to fill his place. He equipped himself immediately with the view of joining his men; but his hitherto tractable charger reared and plunged and became perfectly unmanageable—the rider was thrown, and his leg broken. Now came my turn. I must confess that my feelings on the occasion were none of the most composed.

I dashed off with 80 men—a captain of cavalry, with 120 more, joined us from another regiment; so that our picket numbered 200 men.

We were posted about a thousand paces from the lines of the right wing, in the direction of a marsh, overgrown with high reeds. No sentinels

being placed in advance, the men did not quit their saddles. Swords in scabbards, and carbines in readiness, were the orders given. Every thing was quiet till within a quarter of midnight, when we heard a slight noise; shortly followed a loud Allah! and in a minute afterwards, all the horses of the front rank (from the shock and rush of from 6 to 800 Turks) were overthrown. By means of our carbines, as also from the effect of the sudden check, an equal number of the Turks were thrown to the ground. The enemy were acquainted with the locality; they surrounded and overpowered us; we cut, thrust, and shot at random over each other. I received eight sabre cuts from friend and foe; my horse was mortally wounded; he fell over my right leg, and rolled me in the sand. The quick flashes of the pistols shed light on the horrid butchery. I looked up from the ground on which I lay. Our men, in a state of desperation, defended themselves bravely; but the Turks, intoxicated with opium, overpowered and cut them to pieces. The imperial troops soon ceased to exist. The conquerors then possessed themselves of such horses as were still serviceable, plundered the dead and wounded, and then cut off their heads—for the bearing away of which they had provided themselves with bags. No one will envy me my situation. We, on the confines of Turkey, are for the most part acquainted with the language. I therefore understood the caution given, to hurry before our troops should come to the rescue. Whilst they were treading me under foot, and balls, lances and limbs were flying around me, my horse received another shot, which caused him to give a convulsive motion, (life not being as yet entirely extinct.) This gave me an opportunity of extricating myself. I immediately conceived the idea of plunging, if possible, into the adjoining morass. I had observed that some of our men had already attempted it, but were cut down by the enemy. The firing had in the meantime ceased, and the darkness therefore afforded me an opportunity of concealment in the swamp. It was not more than twenty paces off; still there was the probability of my sinking therein. I sprang however over men and horses; ran down several Turks, who grasped and cut at me; and, thanks to my agility and good fortune, reached the morass. I at first sunk up to my knees, yet I managed to work my way on, a hundred paces, until I reached the high reeds, when I stopped, worn down with fatigue. I heard a Turkish voice exclaim that a Giaour had taken refuge there, and that one must follow him;—others replied that no one had passed that way. This is all that I remember. A lengthened swoon of some hours from loss of blood, must have immediately followed—for when I recovered my senses, the sun had already been some time risen.

The 20th of August was one of my first thoughts

when I awoke and found myself sunk up to my middle; and the visions of the preceding night, with my hairbreadth escape, flitted before my eyes. I now counted my wounds: they were eight in number; but none of any consequence, being mere gashes from side-arms.

The nights in this region being cold in summer, had caused me to wear a thick fur; and this circumstance greatly protected me. I still felt very much exhausted from loss of blood; I listened attentively; the Turks had left some time; the groans of the horribly mutilated horses were occasionally heard from the battle-field; the men were long since silenced.

I now endeavored to extricate myself from my situation. After hours spent in vain attempts, I at last succeeded. The track by which I entered was still visible: I followed it. However unfeeling a Turkish war tends to make one, still the sight that presented itself to me when I had waded half way through the swamp, was truly horrible. I at last got out, and stood transfixed on beholding the dreadful scene that presented itself to my eyes; but how shall I describe my despair, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm! There stood an Arnaut, a frightful looking fellow, six feet and upwards in height. O how delusive are hopes in this world! I addressed him in Turkish. Take my watch, my money, my uniform: do not—do not kill me! He replied, that is already mine—your head also,—at the same time loosening the ribbon, (which Hussars wear under the chin to fasten their caps,) and then my neckcloth. Resistance was useless, as I had no weapons. He immediately drew forth his broad knife, and would certainly have plunged it into my body at the least attempt at defence. I clung imploringly around him whilst he loosened my neckcloth; I conjured him to have compassion on me, telling him I was of wealthy parentage; and to make me a prisoner. You will receive a handsome ransom, I added. That is too distant, he replied. Now stand still, that I may cut,—and he was already removing the pin from my shirt collar. Whilst thus embracing him, I again appealed to him to show me some mercy; 'twas unavailing. As he was removing the pin, I felt something hard attached to his girdle; it was a steel hammer. He once more exclaimed, get ready—now stand still;—and these would have been the last words I should ever have heard, if the fear of death had not instigated me to snatch the hammer from his girdle. He did not suspect this, as he held my head in one hand, and clenched his knife in the other. By a powerful effort, I got loose from his grasp—I immediately availed myself of the opportunity to strike him in the face with the hammer, exerting therewith my utmost remaining strength. The hammer was heavy; I did not miss my aim, and the Arnaut staggered back. Time was valuable, and I lost not a mo-

ment in repeating my blow ;—the fellow sunk under it, and the knife fell from his hand. It is useless to add that I instantly seized it, and buried it several times in his body.

I immediately fled to our advanced posts, whose arms I saw glittering in the sun, and got into camp. I was afterwards seized with a severe fever, and carried to the hospital.

At the expiration of six weeks the physicians had cured my wounds, and I had recovered my health, when duty recalled me to the army. On my arrival, the gypsy brought me the promised Tokay ; and I learnt from others that during the period that had elapsed, some wonderful prophecies of her's had been fulfilled, and that she had thereby become possessed of valuable property.

In the meantime, two deserters (Christian serfs) had come over to our army : they had been employed to watch the baggage of the Turks, and had fled from fear of punishment for neglect of duty. They said as soon as they beheld the Egyptian prophetess, that she often came to the Turkish camp to carry tidings concerning us. This assertion did not a little surprise us, as this woman had often performed the same service for us, and we were only astonished at the dexterity with which she had often accomplished the most dangerous duties. They convinced us that they were present when she had described the positions of our outposts, apprized the Turks of our movements, advised them to increase their numbers, and excited them, in reality, to the attacks that followed. She had, they said, a Turkish cipher, which served her the purpose of a pass. This was found on her, and she was immediately condemned to be hung for acting the spy. Before her execution, I inquired of her concerning her prophecies with regard to myself. She confessed, that, through the two-fold information which she had procured, for the purpose of the double gain arising therefrom, she had learnt a great deal concerning what was to happen ; and the more easily, as those who had availed themselves of her astrology had confided a great deal to her, and she had turned it to much advantage. Through me she had aspired to considerable celebrity, as she had long before, at random, predicted to me a critical death. On the approach of the 30th of August, the enemy had been instigated by her to make an attack on our outposts on the night of that day. From her intercourse with the officers she had learnt that two stood in the list above me, and she had therefore sold spurious wine to the first which caused his illness—and the second, as he rode off, she had pressingly invited to purchase something of her, and had then introduced unobserved a piece of lighted fungus up his horse's nostril which caused the accident already mentioned.

Richmond, Dec., 1841.

SCENES IN THE WEST.

NO. II.

On a beautiful morning in early spring, I found myself in the saddle, equipped for a tedious journey of four hundred miles, over the south-western prairies.

During the winter, I had been prostrated by one of the dangerous fevers of the climate. At times, I had raved in the madness of delirium ; at times, I had languished in the helplessness of debility ; but through all its stages, I had felt the same morbid longing for the power of action, and the fresh air of heaven.

Disease passed sluggishly away, strength slowly returned, and directions were given me to join my troop, which at that time was encamped on one of the northern branches of the Arkansas.

Two invalid soldiers formed my train ; and as, with a light heart, but a feeble hand, I bore my rein to the south-west, my sorry detachment shuffled along behind me ; and what with their pale, lank faces, slouching air, and disordered dresses, I thought they would not be bad recruits, in their way, for Falstaff's ragged regiment.

Our route, for the first day, lay along the southern side of the Missouri, but high up on the "rolling hills," back from the dense low forest, which borders its banks. The day was beautiful. The young grass had just burst from its confinement beneath the rich mould ; and as far as the eye could stretch in the distance, the prairie seemed one vast carpet of green, while the ascending columns of rarified air gave it, by their powers of unequal refraction, that wavy and tremulous appearance, which reminds one of a *living* landscape. The little birds sang merrily in the hazel thickets ; at every step the prairie hen leaped from her tuft of grass, and with a startling whirl, sought some remoter resting-place. To my partial senses, all nature seemed rejoicing, and the very horse which bore me seemed to enjoy the part he played in this animated scene ; I gave him the rein, and when I had galloped until I was alone, I gave vent to the exuberance of my spirits, and shouted and sang for joy. It would have been a silly thing in a crowded thoroughfare, to be sure ; but what convalescent, in the solitude of such a scene, would not have yielded to his pleasurable impulses ?

Before leaving the station, I had made arrangements with an officer of the corps to join me on the route. He had started before me to visit his plantation, which lay within the State, about 200 miles to the south ; and, having business which called him eastward into the settlement, he appointed a rendezvous where I should meet him on my third day's march ; after which, our route for some days would be the same. This arrangement, together with a wish to obtain accommodations for the night, compelled me to regulate my days' jour-

neys with accuracy. Though the trail I was following led entirely without the frontier, yet towards night, I generally deviated to the eastward, where I seldom failed in finding the log cabin of a settler, where those great western commodities, corn-bread and corn, could be had for man, and beast. Such "locations" are generally found, like advanced posts, pushed far forward from the line of civilization. These dwellings are indeed few and far between, and often placed in a hollow, or in some sequestered nook of "timber," where, at a distance, none but a practised eye can detect their position. The little patch of maize furnishes their supplies of bread; the mast-fed swine and fallow deer supply them with meat. None of the professional hosts of the eastern cities can greet their guests with that honest and natural hospitality, which the weary traveller finds at the cabin of one of these rugged woodsmen. Often have I stretched my limbs upon my saddle-blanket, in front of a cabin fire, which the man of the house had piled with huge logs, and been lulled to sleep by some quaint and characteristic tale of rough adventure, with bear or savage; and often have I shaken hands in the morning with my rude entertainer, and marked him down in my note-book as "an honest man."

Before noon of the third day, I was enabled to reach the little clump of forest, where I was to meet my friend; and, upon descending the ravine to the little stream which watered the grove, I found him standing by his horse, awaiting my arrival.

My old friend, the Captain, was a remarkable man; one of those primitive and unaffected characters, which we love so well to contemplate, because so rare. He had been accustomed from infancy to all the vicissitudes of a frontier life; the son of a celebrated "Indian fighter,"* he inherited the nature of his father, and as a half-hunter and Captain of a troop of backwoods rangers, had battled away a long life, on the war-path and the hunting trail. Unused to the artificial notions of refined society, (for he had never been east of the Alleghany hills,) his intellect was as remarkable for strong and just, yet simple features, as his physical habits were plain and unassuming.

The storms of sixty winters seemed never to have blown rudely upon the head of my old companion. His face and brow, though scarred and weather-beaten, were still unfurrowed, while the broad chest and nervous limbs yet betokened the prime of life. All loved the old Captain: from the veteran field-officer, to the fun-loving youngster, he was always entitled to a smile of friendly fellowship. I had often wished for an opportunity to draw from the stories of wild adventure with which I knew his chequered life had been so crowded, and it was now with a feeling of satisfaction, that I found we were pursuing our route together.

* 'Indian fighter,' Daniel Boon.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*]

We had travelled but a few miles, when we entered upon an unusually large tract of prairie; and but one or two small patches of "timber land," in the distance, seemed to break the monotony of unvaried green. I had kept my eye for some time upon a group of those singular conical mounds, which occur so frequently in the plains of the West, watching particularly the outline of one central and peculiar peak, as, owing to the direction of our journey, it became gradually unmasked by another which intervened.

I observed that my companion was occupied with the same object. "How singular," said I, "is the construction of that hill. Throughout the whole surface the eye cannot detect the minutest hollow, or the smallest shrub, to mar its regularity. It seems as if nature, in one of her vagaries, had mocked the ingenuity of art."

"I have very good cause," said the Captain, "to recollect the structure of that mound." I drew my reins towards him with an air of attention, and he proceeded. "Forty years ago, when the nearest white settlements were three hundred miles to the eastward, I stood upon the summit of that hill, and looked forth upon the plains, with no very pleasant sensations; for I was a ruined man. With a single companion, I had been in the country several months, and we had almost equalled our expectations by our success in trapping beaver. We had been in the habit of cautiously moving from one stream to another, and then keeping quietly in cover till the game became scarce again; for the numerous marauding bands of Indians, which coursed this region in every direction, deterred us from pursuing our sports openly. At the time of which I speak, we were encamped upon this next stream; yonder, to the right, where you see the tops of the 'timber' just peeping above the hill. Leaving my companion at the camp, to make preparation for the morning's meal, I went out as usual, shortly after day-light, to examine the traps, and prepare them anew. I was seated upon a stone at the edge of the water, stripping a beaver of his fur jacket, when I was suddenly startled by my feet, by the pressure of a strong hand upon my shoulder. What was my surprise, on turning around, to find myself confronted with the enemy I feared the most—a gigantic Indian warrior! My first impulse was resistance; but my rifle was at the camp. He saw my situation at once, and indulging in a smile of grim satisfaction, he threw the trap and beaver-skin over his shoulder, and beckoned me to the camp. Upon arriving, I found every thing in possession of a party of ten or twelve Ojegas, who were preparing for transportation my hard-earned packs of furs, my camp equipage and arms. My comrade, it seems, had fled at the first alarm. I soon learned from their consultations, that the greater part of the band were to set off immediately, with the booty, to their village, while two braves

were to remain with me during the remainder of the day; they were to gather, with my assistance, the traps which were planted above and below, upon the stream, and then follow at leisure. I heard this plan announced, with great satisfaction, and thought I could see in it, if circumspect, an opportunity for escaping. Having found the few missing traps, it was near the middle of the afternoon when we started upon our journey. Leaving the cover of the woods, we ascended upon the prairie, and soon fell upon a well-beaten trail, leading to the Neosho. My escort seemed anxious to overtake their companions, and their long and hasty strides proved none the less inconvenient to me, for being burdened by their traps: finding occasion to adjust my moccasins, I momentarily relieved myself of my burden, and kneeled down to do so. Irritated at the delay, my guards drew out their ramrods, and commenced whipping me. While at this, I observed that the rascal who carried my rifle, held it carelessly in his left hand. With the speed of thought, I wrenched it from his grasp, and springing off several yards, I levelled it at his head. The savage, totally unarmed, fled, and I saw no more of him. Not so his friend. Bringing the sights of my piece instantly to cover him, I called out to him, that the moment he raised his, I should fire; thus we stood for at least five minutes, he striving for an opportunity to gain the advantage, and I intent upon preventing it. At length he showed a disposition to parley, and throwing the butt of his gun upon the ground, he said—"the prairie is very big." With this he made a sweeping gesture with his arm, "and the muskrat and beaver are more than we can both catch. The Moyatunga wishes to look for more game, or to go back to his wigwam and find more trap; let him throw the powder from his gun, and turn his back upon his brother and go!"

"I saw that his object was to gain the very advantage which I had acquired at so much risk, and I replied to his proposition in the same strain. 'It is the gift of the red skin,' said I, 'to glory in the scalp of an infant, and to fire upon his enemy when he does not see his face. My brother has seen the little crayfish on the sand-banks of the little streams. Let us both walk backwards like them, till we see each other no longer.'

Much to my surprise he acceded to this singular proposal, and we both rapidly commenced our retrograde movements, he carefully watching for any inadvertency on my part, and I as carefully covering him with the sights of my piece, until beyond gunshot, when we both turned and resumed our respective journeys. After looking in vain for my fugitive comrade, from the top of yonder singular mound, I shaped my course to the nearest trapping depot, and soon obtained a new outfit and supply."

As the Captain concluded his narrative, the sun

had already touched the western horizon, and our lengthening shadows stretching far away to our left, seemed to point to our accustomed resting-place.

"We must make our camp upon the next stream," said the Captain, "for we have left behind us the only trail which leads to a settlement hereabouts."

"But the provisions," said I; not a little startled at the possibility of no supper.

"Never fear," replied my old friend, "an old ranger like me seldom depends wholly upon the corn-bread and 'chicken fixins' of the squatter farms. I have that in my haversack which will make you all ripe for a long march to-morrow, without the aid of a woman's skill to cook it. But come! let us jog on, and select our lodgings."

We trotted briskly down a slope, and entered that never-failing indication of a stream, a belt of woodland. Picketing our horses where they could crop the tender pea-vine, and the young buds of the mulberry, we selected our bivouac beneath the wide-spreading branches of a huge cotton tree, threw down our saddles and blankets; and so "our house was put in order!" The two men gathered dry branches and kindled a fire, while the old Captain drew from his saddlebags the stores which were to form our meal; and I did not regret the change I had made, when I saw our supper was to consist of a venison ham, some broiled grouse and hot coffee.

The darkness of the night was beginning to be made more visible by the brilliancy of our fire, and two or three bright stars were already twinkling through the leaves of the tree above us, when we finished our comfortable repast. I had observed, with pleasure, that my friend was unusually happy and communicative, frequently in conversation cracking a sly jest, or so far departing from his habitual gravity as to make the forest glades ring with his hearty laughter. I was not surprised at his elation, for he had just escaped from a winter's infliction of the ennui of a garrison, and was pursuing the path which led to all he held dear; but I could not refrain from taking advantage of so favorable a time, to request him to relate some tale of his youthful adventures.

"Just hand me the flask of Monongahela," said the old woodsman, smoothing the blanket on which he reclined, and resting his head upon a root of the cotton-wood tree, "it is good to make the mind run free over the course of half a century, like a wet sponge in the mouth of a racing nag."

The Captain's potation was very moderate—but he smacked his lips with exceeding satisfaction.

"I will tell you a story now, my boy," said he, "and it shall be a lesson for your benefit, if you ever have the fortune to get a wife in the woods. 'Tis not like the stories of men who marry wives in the white settlements; for in it you will hear no tender passages about lasting love, and vows, and what not, but the plain story of a simple hun-

ter, who imagined he could better his condition, by procuring a helpmate in the wilderness. I was born in Virginia, he commenced, and moved, at a very early period to one of the westernmost districts of Kentucky. My father was one of the earliest pioneers to the country, which was then more of a wilderness than this. Besides the natural difficulties of subduing the soil, we were forced for our very existence to wage a constant warfare with its savage owners. My father was a bold and stalwart hunter, and soon gained great celebrity by his fearful prowess as an Indian fighter. I find he is even now spoken of with reverence, and it gladdens my old heart to hear that his name is a glory to the west. Some of my earliest recollections must of course be connected with his exploits; I have seen him so often return to our cabin tired, and bleeding, from a fight with a band of Shawnees; and then I can recollect with more distinctness when I came to be a tall youth, with what pride I could shoulder my rifle, and trudge along behind my parent, on the accustomed war-path. Naturally strong of limb and quick of sight, it was thus, by our frequent forest skirmishes, that I gained the little knowledge I possess of the military art."

Here the veteran drew a long sigh; for his mind doubtless reverted to the numerous perplexities with which the tactics of Napoleon, with their squares and angles, lines, échellons and "prompt manoeuvres," confuse one who has been educated in a system, whose principles are, a blind trail, a quick eye, and a leafy cover.

"But I am wandering from my story," he added, "and running off too rapidly. During my early boyhood, while I was yet only able to wage war with my rifle upon the squirrel and wild pigeon, most of my time was employed at a distant school, with the other boys of the settlement, in gathering the scanty stock of knowledge which our pedagogue had imported from New-England. As this was what was called a 'neighborhood school,' the pupils necessarily came from a great distance, their respective homes being widely separate from each other, and, according to the homely customs of the country, boys and girls, received their instruction in the same apartment. Among the latter was a child, a little younger than myself, the daughter of our nearest neighbor. Her name was Mary; she was a sweet and modest little girl; and this, with her frank and fearless disposition, had attached me to her from her childhood, as a constant playmate and companion. I can call to my mind now, the heartfelt, and yet to me, mysterious satisfaction, with which I have so often accompanied her from the door of her little cabin, through the long and winding forest-path, which led to our humble school. How merrily we were wont to trip along that shady avenue, she plucking the flowers and chasing the nimble ground-squirrel,

while I carried the burden of her basket and books, with a light and happy heart. How often have I even looked anxiously for the panther or wild cat to step across our path, that I might show my devotion and exert my strength, in the defence of my little companion. But the attachment which I then felt and acknowledged was mysterious to me; I did not know even its name and nature, for I was but the merest boy. In the midst of its sweetest enjoyment, a change came over this happiest period of my youth.

"The father of Mary, anxious to push his fortune where he would find fewer competitors, packed up and sought a home still farther west, deeper in the wilderness. It was a sad thing to me, this sudden departure; but as I knew not well how to define my feelings, like every other childish 'like and dislike,' they melted away in time, like a momentary ripple on a lake. At fourteen, I left the school; with a natural fondness for active pursuits, I soon perfected myself in all the manly sports and hardy occupations of a western borderer. My eyes are dim now, my boy, and not the best at a long shot; but I could once bring down a running buck at the farthest range. When the scouts brought word that the Indians were on the war-path, I could take my place on the outlying picket, with the oldest of our hunters. And who could have a better teacher than myself, to scour a thicket in silence, or to step with a noiseless moccasin! Before the age of twenty, I became restless. With the eye of one who has been taught to consider the vast wilderness his home, I looked with distrust upon the rapid increase of new-comers.

"Every fresh arrival increased that sensation which I should suppose would be mine, if temporarily a tenant of a crowded city. The forests became cleared up; the game disappeared; Indian depredations were less frequent; and I pined for the woods once more. My determination was soon made, and I informed my father that I was about to seek my fortune in the west.

"He gave me his consent, and his blessing. It was a bright morning when I bade adieu to my friends, and launched my canoe upon the Ohio. My outfit was simple, but it was sufficient. As perhaps your ideas of an outfit, wherewith to begin life, call to your mind broad acres and bank-stock, I will describe it. A rifle of well-tryed qualities, a knife, an axe, a blanket, haversack, and traps; these, with my canoe, a stout heart, and a ready hand, were the capital upon which my fortunes depended. My journey down the Ohio was then slow and difficult; the old cottaer's wood trees on its sandy margin, had never then heard the noise of the 'scape-pipe; the bars and banks were still where the uncontrolled current had left them, and the snags and sawyers threw out their arms in the wildest confusion. It was more than a week after my departure, and I had probably gained upwards

of three hundred miles upon my journey, when I found myself, one starlight night, carefully managing the intricate navigation, and looking for a suitable place for repose on shore. As I paddled my canoe around a point, my eye was suddenly arrested by some living object, standing over the edge of the water; though the dim starlight did not enable me to see it distinctly, yet I did not doubt for a moment, that the animal was a deer, come down to drink.

"Laying my paddle down, I seized my rifle and levelled it at the object. At the very moment, when I was prepared to fire, my canoe having moved a few yards by the onward motion I had previously given it, a strong clear light streamed suddenly from behind a thicket, lighting up the barrel of my piece, and showing distinctly the nature of the game at which I was aiming. It was the figure of a woman. With a single stroke, I ran my canoe on shore, when I asked the young person if there was a cabin near, and lodging for a stranger? 'My father's house is but a few yards distant,' she replied, 'and strangers are always welcome.' There was something in the tones of her voice, which struck me as strangely familiar; and, impelled by a sudden impulse, I sprang from my boat and approached her. You can judge of my surprise and delight, when I found I was standing, face to face, with my little companion of the old-field school. The light I had seen proceeded from the dwelling of her father; and she quickly led me to him, where I claimed his hospitality. As you may suppose, I soon commenced my courtship. I will not describe it; but it differed much from the endless courtships of modern days, filled up with half love and half jealousy; with coquetting, flirting, jilting, repentance and reconciliation. In two days only my preliminaries were all settled, and the marriage concluded. The morning of the third, found me mounted upon a stout horse, and my wife upon the poney which was her dower; and thus I resumed my journey to the westward.

"I will not speak of the after-events of my life, farther than to say, that we coursed the untrodden wilderness until we found a home, far from the haunts of men."

The old Captain ceased speaking; the two men were already snoring by their fire; and raking together the embers, and heaping it with fuel anew, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and soon slept soundly.

It was in the morning of our fifth day's march, that we approached the point, where the road which led to the Captain's farm, diverged from the route I was pursuing. When we reached the "fork," the invitations of the good old man were so pressing and sincere, that I should spend a day with his family, I could not resist, though my time was short and limited.

"We have a long ride before us," said he, "and

as our nags will rest to-morrow, we will pass over the space at a brisker trot."

As we advanced, the appearance of the country materially changed, in comparison with the monotonous prairie which had bounded our vision on the other course.

After riding through much uneven ground, covered with frequent patches of scrub-oak, we came to a more mountainous tract. Our road lay sometimes on the summit of a lofty ridge, sometimes in the gorge of a dark valley; the soil seemed barren; and from the frequent appearance of blackened scoris and half-vitrified stone, which covered the surface in every direction, I concluded this region had been subject to volcanic convulsions, though their sources were now extinct. This is the hilly range, as laid down in the chronicles of some of the old Spanish historians, when the adventurous De Soto, after his disastrous conquests and fruitless explorations, first wheeled the ranks of his shattered squadrons, to seek again the banks of the Mississippi.

That band of bold and stalwart gentlemen, picked from the choicest chivalry of the court of Spain, had started upon their fearful march, proud in all the pomp and glitter of a field-day pageant. With light hearts and bright hopes, they thought the subjugation of empires but an easy path to wealth and honor. Many a gallant cavalier already saw in anticipation the riches and laurels he was to lay at the feet of his lady-love.

From a lofty ridge, as the sun threw his declining rays across an adjacent defile, I almost fancied I could see the remnants of that weary and disappointed band, with broken armor and trailing lances, struggling with the obstacles of their homeward journey.

It was yet bright twilight, when, having forded a noisy and swollen stream, we found ourselves in the fertile valley, where my friend informed me his plantation was situated. A few moments brought us to his door; and then such a scene of gladsome and heartfelt greeting, I never witnessed. The huge watch-dog on the porch howled with a smiling face; the little negroes ran out, grinning intensely, in the very ecstasy of joy, while the good dame with her family hastened to meet us.

"This is my wife," said the Captain, after the first salutations were over; "and there are my sons and daughters. I will not stop now to call over their muster-roll, but I leave you to find out their names at your leisure from themselves."

This might be considered a difficult task for a modest man, but my frank and warm reception soon enabled me to accomplish it. Our evening meal was served in bountiful profusion, and when the table was cleared away, and the fire replenished in the huge fireplace, the whole household gathered around it. It struck me that I never before had

behold such a pure and beautiful picture of domestic peace. The venerable ranger occupied the middle seat; one tall and comely daughter was parting the few grey locks which strayed over his weather-beaten brow; another sprightly girl was seated on a stool at his knee, listening with deep attention to some tale he was relating of the fashions of the Eastern ladies of the garrisons. The old lady, with an air of infinite contentment, occupied a chair by his side.

"The Captain has related to me," said I, addressing her, when a suitable pause occurred, "some passages in his early life and yours; am I to consider the tale as but a test of my credulity?"

"It is all true," replied she, looking quietly into the face of her husband, with a calm and happy smile, "he did take me for a deer."

But why should I draw the veil which covers the happy fortunes of my old friend, the Captain? Suffice it to say, it was with a feeling strongly akin to regret, that I found myself, on the third day of my visit, once more in the saddle. My pale and sickly escort seemed ten times more hungry looking than before, for doubtless they mourned the fine quarters and luxurious rations, the like of which they would not soon see again. My friend accompanied me on foot through the forest, to set me aright upon the trail I was to pursue; when, bidding me a hearty farewell, I bore my bridle hand once more to the south-westward.

D. R. G. N.

MY MUSE.

Born of the sunlight and the dew,
That met amongst the flow'rs,
That on the river margin grew
Beneath the willow bow'rs;
Her earliest pillow was a wreath
Of violets newly blown,
And the meek incense of their breath
Became at once her own.

Her cradle hymn the river sung
In that same liquid tone,
With which it gave, when earth was young,
Praise to the Living One;
The breeze that lay upon its breast
Responded with a sigh,
And the sweet ring-dove from her nest
Warbled her lullaby.

The only nurse she ever knew
Was Nature, free and wild:
Such was her birth; and so she grew
A moody, wayward child,
Who loved to climb the rocky steep,
To wade the mountain stream;
To lie beside the sounding deep
And weave the enchanted dream.

She lov'd the paths with shadows dim
Beneath the dark-leav'd trees,
Where Nature's feather'd seraphim
Mingled their melodies;

To dance amongst the pensile stems
Whose blossoms bright and sweet,
Threw diamonds from their diadems
Upon her fairy feet.

She lov'd to watch the day-star float
Upon the aerial sea,
Till morning sunk his pearly boat
In floods of brilliancy;
To see the angel of the storm
Upon his wind-wing'd car,
With dark clouds wrapt around his form
Come shouting from afar;

And pouring treasures rich and free,
The pure refreshing rain,
Till every weed and forest tree
Could boast its diamond chain;
Then rising with the hymn of praise
That swell'd from hill and dale,
Leave a rainbow—sign of peace—
Upon his misty veil.

She lov'd the wave's deep utterings,
And gaz'd with frenzied eye
When night shook lightning from his wings,
And winds went sobbing by.
Full oft I chid the wayward child
Her wanderings to restrain,
And sought her airy limbs to bind
With prudence's worldly chain.

I bade her stay within my cot
And ply the housewife's art;
She heard me, but she heeded not;
Oh who can bind the heart!
I told her she had none to guide
Her inexperienced feet,
To where through Tempe's valley glide
Castalia's waters sweet.

No son of fame to take her hand
And lead her blushing forth,
Proclaiming to a laurel'd band
A youthful sister's worth;
That there was none to help her climb
The steep and toilsome way,
To where, above the mists of time
Shines genius' living ray.

Where wreath'd with never-fading flow'rs
The Harp immortal lies,
Filling the souls that reach those bow'rs
With heavenly melodies.

I warn'd her of the cruel foes
That throng that rugged path,
Where many a thorn of misery grows,
And tempests wreak their wrath.

I told her of the serpent's dread
With malice-pointed fangs;
The yellow-blossom'd weeds that shed
Derision's maddening pangs;
And of the broken mouldering lyres
Thrown carelessly aside,
Telling the winds with shivering wires
How noble spirits died.

I said her sandals were not meet
Such journey to essay,
There should be gold beneath the feet
That tempt Fame's toilsome way.
But while I spoke, her burning eye
Was flashing in the light
That shone upon that mountain high,
Insufferably bright.

And soft upon the balmy air
 Castalia's murmurs came,
 And gentle spirits hymning there
 Breath'd forth her bumble name.
 And bending from the dizzy height
 The blossom'd laurel seem'd,
 And wreaths of bloom divinely bright
 Like crowns of glory gleamed;

While streaming from the Eternal Lyre,
 Like distant echoes, came
 A strain that wrapp'd her soul in fire.
 And thrill'd her trembling frame.
 She sprang away, that wayward child,
 The Harp! the Harp! she cried.
 And still she climbs and warbles wild
 Along the mountain's side.

LYDIA JANE.

ELOQUENCE IN NEW-ENGLAND.

Scrap from the Diary of a Virginian, sojourning in Boston, 183—.

Jan. 27. Called at Mr. S—'s office. L. S. C— says, *there is no such thing as eloquence in New-England.* Cause: the cold, phlegmatic, matter-of-fact character of the people. In the Massachusetts General Court,* an additional cause is the total absence of equality between opposing parties; leaving no need for the majority, and no hope for the minority, to influence measures by much discussion—i. e. those great and soul-stirring measures, which are the only occasions of eloquence.

At 7 P. M., went, according to appointment, with W. P. H., to the great Temperance meeting in Bowdoin-Street Church. It is an immense building; and was packed then, as full of people as it could well hold—galleries, pews, and even aisles; 2500, or 3000 persons were present. We pressed forward, along the main aisles; and nearing the pulpit, a gentleman met us, and led us on to some pews which, he said, were "set apart for members of the Legislature;" and stowed us in one of them. Just then the organ and choir struck up an ode written for the occasion; making the most sublime music I ever heard, except from a military band, where the star-spangled banner, inscribed with

'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,'

was floating in the breeze.

The meeting having been organized by placing Lieut. Governor Armstrong in the chair, as Moderator, he rose, and begged leave to introduce to the assembly the Rev. Mr. P——. Mr. P—— thereupon stepped forward, mounted a platform leading to the pulpit, and moved a resolution against the making or the sale of ardent spirits; supporting it by an address of 30 or 40 minutes. He laid his watch on the table before him, in order, he said,

* So the Legislature is there called. It consists, re member, of more than 600.

that he might not trespass too long. This implied, that he knew not what he was going to say: since, if he did, *that*, and not the watch would determine the limits of his speech.

For a while, he went on very forcibly. His arguments to shew the immorality of the traffic, were powerfully stated; and some of them were novel to me; so were his illustrations. A parallel between the druggist who sells opium or arsenic, with which he knows the buyer is going to kill himself, and the grocer who sells spirit with the like knowledge,—was eminently well drawn. But at length Mr. P——'s memory 'gan fail; and incontinently, drew he from his pocket his speech all written, whereto he was thereafter ever and anon obliged abjectly to recur—and this, not seldom, amid his most towering and surprising impromptu flights and bursts. As a lady said, those were indeed *earthward* flights.

After Mr. P——, the Moderator introduced the Rev. Mr. M——; who, taking the stand, moved, and supported by a committed-to-memory speech, a resolution commending the Temperance cause especially to *young men*. Nothing remarkable, in speech or speaker. He corrected a mistake of the Moderator, in calling him *Reverend*; an epithet to which he had no claim. A very young man he.

Next, Mr. S——, of Northampton. I thought, from his thin, gosling voice, and thinner, boyish face and frame, that he was a scarcely half-fledged theological student, who, like the last speaker, was suffered to bore us with a præ-condite oration, because we were now jammed in the church past extrication. But I found afterwards, that he was a Representative in the General Court; yea, and a frequent speaker there!—His resolution was against the carrying of spirits among partially civilized people, with whom we have intercourse: and his speech was a forcible series of statements, shewing the quantities, and the baleful fruits of such exportations.

Next, Mr. Waterston, of Boston. "Another theological student"—thought I—"a murrain to them!"—Mr. W. seemed not over 20 years old. Thick lips and nose, rather full face, black or dark blue eyes, ruddy, college-studentish complexion: no promise of talent in his *tout-ensemble*. His resolution imported, that "the wives and children of drunkards were especial objects of commiseration." Never did a speaker so agreeably surprise me. For three quarters of an hour, he chained my attention as it had not been for years before—unless when I was to reply—and the attention of the whole audience, as I never saw such an one enchained. His speech—at least the greater part of it—was evidently extempore. His voice was moderately strong; and it was clear, and musical: his gesture natural, appropriate, and impressive, though not particularly graceful.

He delineated the effects of drunkenness upon a husband and a father—the beggared, ill-taught, vitiated children—the abused, sorrowing, heart-broken wife. From his own observation (for he seemed familiar with the haunts of misery) he gave several instances of families reduced to the keenest sufferings by intemperance; and told of 100 establishments for selling rum, in a single ward of the city—ward No. 2.

Never can I forget the blank horror, the profound, expressive silence and stillness, that reigned throughout the vast assembly, at one incident he told. A drunken husband,—a frequenter, too, of Abner Kneeland's infidel lectures—had two children, and a wife who was tidy, pious, affectionate, industrious. Her son, 3 or 4 years old, and daughter (7 or 8), were pupils at the Bethel Sunday-school, where young Waterston is a teacher. The little girl used to remonstrate, greatly shocked, with her father, for studiously teaching her brother profane and obscene language. The father swore at her, and treated her roughly. He tried to keep her from the Sunday-school; but ineffectually. At length she fell sick, and lingered for many weeks. Her mother nursed her day and night, besides having their little household to keep in order—to cook, to wash, and to make fires. She strove always to have things comfortably and orderly by the time her husband returned; as he did commonly, late at night, drunk. The sick bed of his child—even the faint expostulations of her pale lips, and the mute eloquence of her wasted cheek, had no effect upon him. He continued to come home drunk; to storm at his wife, and curse at the remonstrances of his daughter. "The d—d Sunday-school was to blame for her folly," he said. At last she died. He came home, drunk, as usual; and asked how she was. "She is dead"—said her mother; pointing to the shrouded corpse. He approached the bed—uncovered the face—looked sulkily at it a while—then tore off the sheet, twisted it up furiously with both hands, and dashed it in his dead child's face!

The speaker offered not a word of comment upon this narrative: nor was it necessary. His natural, simple language, his deep voice, rendered solemn by deep feeling,—his blanching cheek, and fixed, expressive countenance, reflecting back and heightening the dismay visible in the sea of countenances before and around him,—sunk each horrible fact deeper into every heart, than the most skilfully labored strains of rhetorical invective or lamentation could have done. He followed this up by an appeal to the *young men*; invoking them into this as their appropriate, noblest field of usefulness and of glory—a field not only attractive to them by the rich opportunities it afforded, but one in which *they* were peculiarly interested, because, just entering into the community, they held the largest stake in its welfare—

a stake which nothing perilled so fearfully as Intemperance.

Mr. W. spoke about 45 minutes; and sat down amidst thunders of applause, in which, though very averse to that mode of expressing approbation, I could not help joining.

The Reverend Mr. Gannett was next announced. He is colleague, or alternate, to the great Dr. Channing, in one of the Unitarian Churches here. Enough had been told me of Mr. G.'s talents and character by Mr. ***** of N., to prepossess me strongly in his favor. He moved a resolve, that "The Cause of Temperance needs to be supported by *earnest, kind, and plain* language." I have seldom heard a discourse more neatly and logically distributed and connected, or more forcibly and appropriately phrased, than his was.

He meant not (he said) to exclude the other means of promoting the cause, upon which his precursors had dwelt: he contemplated the sort of language of which his resolution spoke, as but auxiliary to those means. He then proceeded to inculcate the degree of zeal which would prompt *earnest* language—expatiated on the momentousness of the Cause—the dread evils it warred against—the efficacy of the remedy proposed. To arouse the mass of our countrymen from their strange and unnatural apathy on this whole subject, those who professed to be its advocates must assume a tone more indicative of self-conviction and of alertness—must speak, as men, deeply possessed with important truths, will ever speak—must, with energy becoming the vital theme, utter forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Secondly, Mr. G. enjoined *kind* language. We should remember, how new were our own convictions in regard to the Temperance reformation—remember the strength of hostile prejudices, and the inveteracy of adverse habits—habits, both of act and of thought. We should bear in mind, that they are our *brethren* whom we wish to bring over: and to them, fraternal language was due. Besides, with all mankind, reason, persuasion, mildness, were far more effectual for disseminating truth, than hectoring and violence. Yankees, especially, were to be operated upon only by the former means—for a full blooded Yankee would always listen calmly to your reasonings, and if he found them just,—none so ready to be guided by them: but the moment you offered to *drive* him,—he was the most stubborn animal on earth: he would not move one inch.

[A laugh of delight arose, at this tribute to sectional vanity. I could not join in it heartily; being a little displeased at its confinement to Yankees. I thought Mr. Gannett should have said *Americans*. In a moment, however, I reflected, that one of our orators would probably have been quite as exclusive—nay, more so—would have said, not Americans, nor even Southrons, but *Virginians*. Besides—the word Yankee is sometimes the sobri-

quet of all Americans: the proper, distinctive, and philosophical designation of the New-Englanders, at least in our Virginia vernacular, being, as every body knows, "D——d Yankees.]"

Thirdly, Mr. G. enjoined *plain* language: that is, language at once intelligible and unequivocal. Such language as Paul used in his preaching. Such language as that of John Adams, when he said "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to" the vote for Independence. Such as when Patrick Henry exclaimed, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"—Such language as ever flows spontaneously from a mind bent, not on displaying its own riches or power, but on imparting its impressions clearly and strongly to other minds. Such, in fine, as the prophet used, to the conscience-stricken King of Israel—"Thou art the man!"—Such language as this,—not temporizing nor mealy-mouthed, and not to be misunderstood, yet tempered by the kindness of Christian and fraternal feeling, and breathing that impassioned earnestness which a proper zeal for the Cause would naturally inspire—could not fail, Mr. G. said, to make that cause spread, and prosper, and triumph.

Applauses due, followed the close of Mr. Gannett's address. His person and manner are in several respects unprepossessing. His shoulders stoop awkwardly, with a carriage of themselves and the head, which the uncharitable might construe into affectation of humility. His wide mouth and flaccid lips betoken a want of energy; and his voice is feeble, or rather sing-song and unmasculine, without the dulcet softness of woman's voice. But if he have not the statuary and music, he has much of the soul of oratory: and you need not hear him long, before the infelicities of his outer man are forgotten, in the tendency of what he utters, to please, convince, and persuade.

As each speaker ended, his resolution was put to the vote by "Mr. Moderator," in the queer fashion of Yankee land—saying, "As many as are in favor of this resolution will *please to manifest!*"—when, up went a thousand hands. Then, says he, "Those opposed!"—when up went no hand at all. He thereupon announced, that the resolution was "unanimously adopted."

A second ode, written expressly for the occasion, was then sung by the choir. At half past nine, the meeting was adjourned. The organ and choir gave parting strains, well suited to preserve the elevated and delighted feelings with which the two last addresses were heard. Nor was the spectacle of such an immense assembly, breaking up and moving towards the doors, all in perfect order—all visibly and deeply impressed with the solemn and powerful truths they had heard—the least imposing part of the scene.

I went away, to my lodging at the T. House, guided by my kind friend W. P. H.'s arm, con-

gratulating myself on having come to this Temperance meeting, instead of going to a cotillon party at Mrs. F.'s in C., to which I was bidden some days ago. Yet I was quite anxious to attend the party: not only to see that form of Yankee mirth, but to try how far I could outdo these descendants of the Pilgrims in a sport wherein, by country and by usage, I fancied myself entitled to excel them.

Wished that L. S. C. had been at this meeting; and wondered if he would then still have said "*there is no such thing as eloquence in New-England.*"

THE WHITE FAWN:

A TALE OF WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Yes, 'tis a tale twice told—a tale of border life, woven with the incidents of early emigration to the West. But to me it is fresh and beautiful; for with it, crowd up the recollections of the trials of my ancestors, and, at the same time, of that other race, who, little more than half a century ago, claimed these territories as their own. Here, upon these grounds, which I now call my own, and which are smiling under a teeming harvest, the proud Indian warrior once walked, the sole proprietor. Here, his swift foot pursued the panting deer, and his sure arrow drank the blood of the beast of prey:—here, went up the loud cry of war; here, the death song; and here, when the shout of battle ceased, buried he under this venerable tree, the hatchet wiped from blood;—here, he smoked his pipe of peace; here, kindled up his council-fire. There, in that deep grove, the brave of a hundred scalps, gathered his children, with the young of his tribe, and recounted his deeds of prowess, and kindled in their breasts the flame of patriotism;—there, in that same retreat, the young chieftain "wooed his dusky maid," and drank the rapture of her deep dark eye. On the surface of yonder gently flowing stream, he paddled his light canoe. But alas! they are all gone: they left no historian to pen their story; no poet, to celebrate their achievements in song. Forgetfulness, almost complete, has passed over all they had, and the very traces of their being are almost gone—

"The plough is on their hunting grounds,
The white man's axe rings through their woods!"

Reader! If the oft-repeated narratives of this hapless race have ceased to interest thee, thou needest not read further: for this is but a simple recital of a simple incident, connected with the early history of thy country's settlement. It introduces one of that proud class of beings, who, as we said before, had neither historian nor poet, of their own, to commit their names to the rolls of

immortality; their sole memorials consist in the traditionary memoirs which our forefathers have related to us, when we gathered around them to hear of their border troubles.

The history of the settlements on our Western frontier is replete with the most thrilling incidents. It is not wonderful that it should be so; for it was there that the Indian *took his stand*, and endeavored to hold at bay the people who had already usurped a large share of his inheritance. It was there he made a desperate halt to oppose those approaches, and to check that rapacity which seemed to threaten the entire consumption of all that he possessed. In those scenes were displayed all the strength, greatness and ferocity of Indian character.

When this country was first visited by Europeans, they found its possessors kind, generous and unsuspecting, to a fault. They welcomed them as demigods, and received them with the open-heartedness of brothers; but they had opened their bosom to warm the viper—they found, when it was too late, that it had struck its fangs deep; and that though the poison acted slowly, it would not cease until it had consumed the whole body. Before the eyes of the red man were open, the pale faces had obtained too firm a footing to be dislodged; and after a few fruitless efforts to maintain his home East of the mountains, he turned his eyes for the last time to the blue Atlantic, along whose shores he had so often loitered, listening to the roar of the surge, as the mighty voice of his father—the Great Spirit; and then turned his footsteps to the hunting-grounds of the immeasurable West. True, it was not without regret; for as one of these stricken but proud men gained the highest peak of the Alleghanies, he looked back, and the strong feelings of his strong soul were moved to agony—an agony which writhed the features even of this “stoic of the woods.” There, thought he, are the graves of my sires; there, thought I to rest by their sides. There, I first pursued the chase; there, were the wigwams and the corn-fields of my tribe. But our fields are desolate, our council-fires are gone out, and our wigwams are in ashes!

As he thought of all these, a tear filled his eye, but it dropped not; it returned again to its fount, for the spirit of Vantappa was not a woman's. He could not weep; deep thoughts agitated his bosom. Once again he turned his eyes to his forsaken home, then Westward bided he to the vale of the Ohio.

The sinking sun was flooding the hill-tops and the forests with gold; and as he gazed upon the beauty of the scene, his soul was calmed, and he thanked the Great Spirit that he might yet have a home. “Here,” said he, “the enemy may not come—may not come!” he started at the echo of his own voice—“may not come!” and again there

seemed to be a portentous echo—“*he may come.*” The very thought struck through every nerve, and distended his already herculean frame. With eyes and hands uplifted to heaven, he imprecated a curse upon himself, a curse upon his children, a curse upon his whole tribe, if they ever made peace with any white man. “Let him dwell by the waves of the great water—let him live in peace, but let him not follow in the trail of Vantappa, for here Vantappa will never pity! Ah! let the breath of the Great Spirit breathe in his face, if he cross this barrier; let sickness blast and wither him; let famine and thirst parch him; let not his arrows find game, nor the earth give him corn; let his children all be girls, and the hearts of his men become as the hearts of squaws. Great Spirit! hear the prayer of Vantappa!”

A few years passed away, and the tide of emigration rolled Westward. The enterprising spirit of the Virginians had carried them to the top of the mighty barrier which separates the exuberant valley of the Mississippi from the Atlantic regions; and there they were enabled to catch glimpses of a portion of country richer far than any that their eyes had before seen. Rumor had brought them tidings of the richness of its soil; of its mighty forests; its rich and extended prairies; its beautiful and majestic streams; the Ohio, “*la belle riviere*,” with its fairy isles; the Mississippi, “father of waters,” with its thousand tributaries; and it had been heard—so grand and fertile was this region—that here the aborigines fixed the place of departed shades, where the Great Spirit took his children after this life, and led them to woods where game never was scarce, and corn grew without labor.

It was determined to form a settlement. About twenty families departed, and soon founded “a local habitation” on a small branch of the Kanawha, in a well protected valley of small extent, and known by the name of Fenloe Valley. Never were greater hardships suffered by any people in making for themselves a home—but these need not be enumerated. The graphic pen of a Hall has delineated them so faithfully, that to most readers they are familiar things, and stand out before the mind like beautiful pictures.

Of the company we refer to, were Mr. Weldon and his large family. He had left a beautiful home in the East, not because want had driven him from it, for by moderate labor his plantation had yielded him a comfortable living; but his children were rising up around him—and he knew, that to divide his possessions among them, their patrimony must be small. Actuated then by the same spirit which has been prevalent in our own day, he sold his homestead with its numerous and valuable improvements, and with the proceeds purchased a more ample one in the valley we have named.

But he little anticipated the hardships which were to be the attendants of this change of homes! The very first year the murderous Indian had robbed him of three of his children; and more than once was the existence of his whole family jeopardized.

At the end of the sixth year, comfort, comparative comfort, began to be realized; and Mr. Weldon thought that the hours of trial were past. With all a father's affection, as his family gathered around him in the evening, and he saw every cheek blushing with health and buoyancy, and every eye beaming with delight and contentment, he thanked his God for the change, and rejoiced that he had done wisely in removing, and thus securing competence to his children, and at the same time removing them from the temptations so incident to Eastern life at that time. But alas! the hours of trial had *not* been completed.

The hated foe, it is true, had retired, but not forever. The eagle had sought its eyry, and the lion its covert; but it was only to beguile into repose their unsuspecting victims. Again and again, at widened intervals, did the blow of the tomahawk and scalping knife fall; but the hand that dealt it was not seen. The arrow was swifter than the eagle's swoop, and the tomahawk than the lion's bound.

Of that contented family, there was one whose seat was always by her father's side; she claimed it as her right, though she had none to envy her. She was now an only daughter; and her brothers loved her, I had almost said, with a father's love. But the strength of a father's love! who can know it, *save* a father's heart; and that too, only when the object of its affection is torn away! But they loved her absorbingly; and well they might, when she was their only sister: two others, who had removed with them to the West, had fallen; and she alone was left; and could she but become the idol of her parents, the pride of her brothers! But little did that father think, as the mild blue eyes of his daughter looked up into his own, and he, in turn, looked down into their quiet depth, that those eyes were to start with terror, and that that fair face was soon to be blanched with the hue of death—that the idol of his house was to become the captive of the savage.

Agnes, at this time, was just seventeen years of age. Her stature was rather below the ordinary size, but moulded into one of the richest forms of beauty. The winds of heaven had not visited her face so roughly as to destroy its clearness, or hide the purple veins that went eddying through her marble temples, but they had put upon her cheek the blushing rose of health. Her hair was light, and fell in golden tresses over her snowy shoulders. Her hands were small and of the most delicate proportions, so much so indeed that the hale yeoman as he gave it the hearty shake, (a custom, *by-the-by, never omitted by our Southern and Wes-*

tern settler,) wondered for what it could be made. But these were external charms; there were far greater ones to make her loved. But pardon this descant. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." The Indians marked her surpassing loveliness; and from these she first received the appellation of "The White Fawn," for the exceeding fairness of her complexion, and the airy lightness of her step. Agnes Weldon was also the pride of the settlers; and their descendants have linked her name with the most beautiful legend of their history.

Can any one suppose that a lovely creature at the age of seventeen could live, and yet not be the object of tender thought on the part of many of the stronger sex! There were many of the sons of the settlers who often sought the society of our heroine, and more than one felt anxious to bow before the magic of her beauty. But there was only one who dared to claim this heart as his own.

Agnes never could boast, as some modern belles say they can, that she had twenty offers, and yet rejected them all. She never had but one; and it was not until this period that she even dreamed she loved.

George Benton was four years older than Agnes. With his father's family he had come out to the West at the same time with the Weldons. From childhood he and Agnes had been playmates. Growing up in each other's society, they loved before they knew how to describe what love was. To George Benton, from his very boyhood, Agnes had ever seemed the most beautiful and lovely girl of all his acquaintances; and never did he recollect an hour to have passed tediously by, if she were at his side, or the companion of his sports. To Agnes, in turn, he had ever been the *beau ideal* of every thing that was excellent. No other boy possessed nobler sentiments; no other one was half so manly; none knew how to handle a ride better, or to take better aim;—to manage his horse more gracefully—to tell a tale or a joke with better effect than he—no one had a more generous soul or intellectual mind—in short, to do any thing as George Benton did it, was, or begun to be about this period, perfection.

But was this love! They did not think so. To be sure they had a sort of indefinite feeling, that some how or other they could not tell precisely how, their hearts seemed to be growing together. But neither the one nor the other had yet found a name for it. What was it then! It was but destiny, weaving about them the "web inseparable," which was to prove in time how indissolubly their being was united. Their affections were already so wedded, that their souls were e'en "one spirit within two frames—one passion in twin hearts."

How beautiful is love when it thus groweth! Like the vine that slowly and almost imperceptibly putteth forth tendril after tendril, grasping the object of its support, until it so winds itself around,

that neither storm nor whirlwind can tear it away! So in first and early love, the offspring of youthful intimacy, heart unconsciously clingeth to heart, tendril knitteth to tendril, until time nor change nor chance, nor the keenest adversity, hath power to part them. Truly hath it been said that such love is the romance of the most romantic and happiest period of life. "Early loves, like the first run of the uncrushed grape, are the sweetest and strongest gushings of the heart."

'Tis true, that as the strength of manhood began to dignify the soul and manners of George, and as Agnes came blushing to the verge of womanhood, both had, at times, felt strangely. This was so, either when present or absent. George, as was natural, was the first to suspect that all was not the bare and simple friendship of youthful minds: he felt that there was a deeper, holier feeling, and his manners towards his early playmate had of late begun to change. Whilst there was, at times, more of tenderness, there was also a singular embarrassment in her presence. Ever and anon

"his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously, his heart
Scarce knowing of its cause of agony."

But he had begun to feel that all happiness, to him, was lost, unless she was the companion of his life; and in the analysis of this feeling, he found what men call Love. She, more simple, whilst she felt as deeply as he did, and was conscious that her being was wrapt up in his, had not yet dared to look so deeply into the unfathomable depths of the heart. She knew that a thrill went through her when they met; but here, woman-like, she faltered,—she dared not the analysis; she was content with that vague feeling; or rather, she trusted not herself to ascertain its elements.

After an interval of uninterrupted quiet, the peace of the settlement was disturbed by the incursions of Indians. After destroying a number of cattle, and firing several dwellings and barns, the depredators had quietly decamped. The inhabitants, who but a little while before were congratulating themselves on the thought that they were entirely rid of the foe, were aroused by this fresh and unlooked-for inroad, and they determined to revenge the attack in such a signal manner as to prevent the possibility of its recurrence; in short, they resolved to scour the whole country, and if possible destroy every Indian. Every man that could draw trigger was called out to carry on this war of extermination,—the triumph was to be complete—the last drop of the blood of the already dwindling race of red men was to be poured out.

For a week the country around had been searched; several skirmishes had taken place; the Indians were every where routed, and many an old and sly veteran and several chiefs fell before the hate of their insatiable foes.

Whilst these things were going on, there was one of this hunted people who suspected that extermination was the watchword. But the soul of Vantappa did not quake with fear! Secure in his chosen retreat, he saw that the storm had been stirred up, and that it could not be allayed until his race was swept away in the fury of the blast. Life was no longer desirable, and he resolved to die; and again and again did he chant subduedly the death-song in the deep cave, where, like a beast, he had made his lair. He had resolved to die, but he had determined that his last should be a signal blow, a deed of terror and consternation—an evidence that, long lingering in the memory of the pale-faced ones, should tell of the vengeance of the untamed, un pitying, but wronged and persecuted sons of the forest. This one act consummated, and he would meet his foes, and die like his fathers, scorning their tortures, and glorying in beholding the effects of his revenge, and at the same time presenting an heroic instance of the strength and grandeur of Indian character under violent suffering.

He had often caught a glimpse of Agnes, and he had often felt a little jealous that his enemies should boast a beauty more captivating than the girls of his tribe—he saw that she was the pride of the settlers,—in very truth, the White Fawn of the Valley!

Like lightning he darted from his cave; his hatchet gleamed in the moonbeams, and his terrifying yell pealed, now in protracted and now in deep and broken gutturals, along the sides of the enclosing hills. A moment or two, and all was again hushed; the inveterate foe was on the trail for blood. His step was silent, but swift as the hound's. On, on he went, o'er hill and dale, through tangled brake and sedgy marsh; nor did a muscle flag until he stood before the enclosure of Weldon. A moment's reconnoitre, and he knew that the men were away. No guard to female helplessness; no, not even the faithful watch-dog to bay an alarm, or to tell of danger; no gleam of light, to tell that the bolt was falling. The flash and the stroke were simultaneous; the startling whoop and the crash of the yielding door told them that the un pitying savage was before them. He had pounced upon them so instantaneously, that presence of mind was lost, flight or hiding unthought of. The moment of their first startling, and the wild glare of a fiendish eye was upon them, and the coarse, smothered laugh of the malicious intruder terrified them into unresisting astonishment. One shriek was all. Each heart ceased its pulsing, the blood in every vein curdled, and each face grew ashy with fear. The Indian, for a moment, drew up his stalwart form, and grinned with the smile of a demon, rioting upon the sufferings he himself had created—the sufferings of unprotected females and children; and then there was a fiendish laugh, and the loud

cry, *Koiweekah! Koiweekah!* the White Fawn! the White Fawn! and, darting upon Agnes, he bore off the fainting girl in his arms.

Mrs. Weldon and her children, for some moments after, could not speak. They gazed upon each other utterly confounded, scarcely knowing whether the occurrence was a horrid dream or a dreadful fact; but a moment more, and the awful conviction that it was too true burst upon them. She rushed from the door, and filled the air with loud wailings and ineffectual cries for her idolized, her only daughter, and, at last, overpowered by the intensity of her feelings, sank insensible on the ground.

The foe heard not, or hearing, heeded not her wailings. Hurrying his victim on, sometimes dragging her, and then, to hasten his flight, throwing her upon his shoulder, he kept on until he reached his retreat, where he threw his burden upon the damp floor of his cave.

The moon threw her soft light in narrow streaks through a few chinks in the ceiling; they fell upon the countenance of the pale sufferer. She gave no signs of life, but she lay in the same position he had thrown her; her lips parted, her eyelids half closed, and the fair, beautiful face, which but an hour before was blooming with health, and lighted up with the merry smile, was soiled with dirt and blood. The imp, squatting by her side, sat silently, gazing at the indistinct form which lay before him, gloating with malicious joy over the agonies of weakness and innocence, and revolving in his mind how he should next proceed to torture his victim, and most signalize his revenge, in the view of her friends, his implacable foes. He scarcely knew whether she was living or dead. The coolness and dampness of the cavern, however, after some time recalled ebbing life to the beautiful sufferer. She slowly opened her eyes—she saw the dark figure at her side, but scarcely knew her situation until the glaring eyes and the gruff Indian grunt restored consciousness.

When the morning dawned, she was sufficiently recovered to know too truly the horrors of her situation. As may be supposed, as soon as the intelligence of her abduction could be made known to the men who were abroad, their every energy was aroused to pursue the depredator. Two or three hours by sun, and the pursuit commenced.

The Indian, suspecting this would be the case, hastened to execute his purposes.

When reason and consciousness had, with the light of day, returned to Agnes, she looked around her. The monster was sitting in a remote corner of the cave. He did not notice her gaze; his chin was resting upon his hands, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and deep and bitter thought seemed to chain him in portentous silence. It was the quiet of the soul, such as holds possession of it, while resolving on desperate and malicious pro-

jects—the calm which often precedes the angry surging of the human passions. She made a movement as if to rise; he started wildly from his reverie, and threw a glance at her which would have made a stouter heart quail; but his look relaxed its sternness, and approaching her, said, “does the White Fawn hope for pity! Once Vantappa knew what it was to pity; once. Vantappa was kind to all, and grew fierce only when his tribe went to battle; but the white man has torn all softness from his heart, and now he cannot pity even the White Fawn! Once, Vantappa would have slain his own men, had they raised the hatchet against a woman; but now he relents not, for the white man has made him a rock. Vantappa once had children; they sported at his side; his boys went with him to the chase and his girls welcomed his return; they spread his skins for him when he lay down at night, and prepared his corn for him when he arose—joy was about his steps and gladness sounded in his wigwam. But the white man came—he came, and took them all; yes, he took them *all*, and now Vantappa stands alone! The tree has lost its branches; it is old and withered! No, there is not *one* branch!” Here he paused, while the memory of other days seemed to bring sadness with its vision, and then he proceeded in tones of increased bitterness—“Yes, Vantappa stands *alone*—there is not a drop of his blood in the veins of any living being—*alone—alone!*” Here again he paused, and threw a glance at Agnes, which seemed to mean unutterable things of bitterness, regret, revenge; and then continued: “Yes, Vantappa too had a daughter, the last of his children, and beautiful as the White Fawn, but your men took her too. Twice twelve moons have gone since she dropped at my feet under the bullet of the white man’s rifle, and twice twelve times has the spirit of Vena returned to say, that Vantappa must spill the blood of the white man’s daughter. Yes, yes;” and he rose up, clenching his hatchet, “aye, and the blood of the White Fawn shall this day smoke upon the grave of Vena. Let not the soul of Vantappa shrink, let not his heart pity or his arm tremble, the blood of the White Fawn shall smoke upon the grave of Vena.”

The hour had come; his captive saw that all shadow of mercy was gone, and yielded to her fate—the agony of death however was past; for, overcome by the terrific aspect of her savage murderer, she again became unconscious. He seized her rudely by the arm, and dragging her from the cave, and hurrying with rapid strides up the rising knoll almost within sight of his dwelling, he stood by the grave of his child. His right hand held his knife, whilst with his left, twisted in the tangled hair of Agnes, he raised her head, and gazed for some seconds upon the pale face of what already seemed a corpse.

At that moment he thought he heard a distant

noise, and pausing, stood with listening ear as if to know whether his surmise were true—that the foe was upon his trail. He either heard it not, or else it seemed too distant to move his fears. There he stood upon that hill—a priest about to offer human blood to the manes of the departed. There he stood for a moment to listen; and then, “hah! hah! the spirit of Vantappa does not fear; the White Fawn dies; let the spirit of Vena laugh, for the White Fawn dies; let her scalp swing long in the wind, let her body lie long unburied, let the white man know that Vantappa did not pity, that his hate was as deep as his love!” and as he spoke, he prepared to verify his purpose; but the cracking of a rifle arrested it—Vantappa gave a convulsive spring, tottered, and fell.

A youth sprang forward and caught up the senseless form of Agnes; he seemed horror-stricken, for her hand was cold, and the hue of death was on her brow and cheek. He put his cheek to hers, to see if it had the icyness, as well as the ghastliness of death. A glance of light shot over his face as if there might be hope. He raised her in his arms and bore her off to a little stream at the foot of the hill, and there bathed her forehead and hands.

Two or three men had by this time come up to the Indian. He was not dead, though his wound was mortal. His face had the same look of scorn, his eye the same defiance in it, even though death was drawing its film over it; and as he gnashed his teeth and spit in rage, they seemed to shoot the same darting fire as when he mingled in the death-fray; proving his unrelenting hate, and showing in his expiring moments that Vantappa did not relent, and could not quail, under the tortures of his enemies. The blood that was fast flowing, was his life's blood, and the wild vacancy that came over his countenance showed that the spirit was almost freed; a few moments more, and his whole frame shuddered with a spasmodic tremor; the soul took its flight. Thus died Vantappa, if not the last, one of the noblest of his tribe; cruel it is true, but driven to cruelty and desperation by the unrighteous dealings of a civilized and *christianized* people.

The reader need hardly be told that the foremost man in that chase, for the stolen girl, was George Benton; that it was his rifle, whose aim had laid low the Indian chieftain; and that he it was who now bent over her death-like features, bathing her temples with the cool waters of that mountain rill, and by his tender and touching calls sought to win back the almost vanished spirit of her whom he most adored. That vanished spirit was won back, and as sense returned, and her mild blue eye slowly opened, how different was the vision which now floated before it to that which a little while before had terrified her palpitating heart. It was too changed to be believed, too like a holy dream!

Could it be that her eyes had closed under the withering glare of the savage, to open under the anxious, tender look of him whom she most loved on earth! It was indeed true; but too much to be believed. Her lips moved as if to breathe his name—it was enough! the *lover* heard it, though there was no sound of words. It told that life was there; nay, more, it told of consciousness, of reason, of an unwandering mind. “Agnes!” and his lips met the lips of the reviving girl!

The party had now all gathered. It presented a group of merry, gladdened faces, and the woods rang with the irrepressible shout of joy. A rough litter was soon constructed of saplings, covered with the hunting shirts of the men; and upon this Agnes was laid, and the homeward line of march was taken up; the swiftest-footed having been considerably sent as an express to inform Mrs. Weldon of the safety of her child. That night was a night of joy. The grateful father insisted on the company's remaining with him until a late hour, in order to partake of the most generous table he could spread. The young marksman was of course the hero of the company, “the toast universal,” and many a slap on the shoulder did he receive as they happened to move round and give their simple congratulations:—“I say George, that was a noble shot; younker you made the red skin bite dirt, just about the right way.” “George you did that *particularly* fine, but you didn't do it a minute too soon,” whilst one with rather a quizzing look whispered in his ear, “I reckon now you'll hardly know which to call your sweetheart now, that *illegant* rifle of yourn, or Miss Agnes;” and another, who might justly be considered as “*le long carabine*” of the settlement, whispered knowingly, “I hope you aint forgetting, George, who took you out to hunt, and *larned* you to pull trigger when you wer'nt much higher than his knee; Dick Purnell knew you had some of the real grit in you.”

George retorted kindly their witticisms, though he would rather have been sitting near the side of one, who, on this day, had been rendered dearer to him than ever, and in whose recovery he felt the most intense interest. The party separated in high spirits. Agnes recovered slowly from the shock she had received; she was confined to her room by a severe indisposition for several weeks, but was again restored to her usual health, her beauty unimpaired by the harsh treatment of her captor, and as may well be supposed none the less interesting on account of her danger and her rescue. Three months after the memorable event, the same company, with other friends, again assembled at the house of Mr. Weldon; it was to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter. George Benton, that evening, married the *White Fawn of Fenloe Vale*.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.*

Another poem from the prolific pen of Brooks. One too, the subject of which, together with the style, will recommend it to the perusal of those who prefer a healthy literature to the morbid mawkishness which distinguishes two-thirds of the poetry (falsely so called) of the present day.

Mr. Brooks has labored, for some years, to create a better order of things in the literary world, but whether his success has been commensurate with his efforts, we are doubtful. "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;" hence he who labors to effect a moral reformation among mankind, must expect to meet with that opposition which the enmity of the carnal mind will ever throw in his way.

With a fine classical style, Mr. Brooks blends that hallowed spirit of piety, which, imparting its holy influences to the mind of the reader, bids him look up from the grovelling pursuits of the earth-bound soul, to a contemplation of the excellencies of its God.

His "South Sea Islander," a prize poem, published some few years since in the "Southern Churchman." His "Address" delivered before the Philomathean Society, on the Importance of Classical Studies, and "The History of the Church" now before us—all of these, apart from their intrinsic excellence as literary compositions (and we venture the assertion, that his Address before the Philomathean Society has never been surpassed, either in splendor of composition, or erudite knowledge of mythological arrangement or of biblical harmony) breathe that pure and wholesome spirit that speaks the hallowed mind of the Christian.

Our limits will preclude anything more than a passing notice—but we are unwilling that merit of so high an order as that of N. C. Brooks', should remain unnoticed in our journal. Mr. Brooks has won enviable popularity in time past, as a contributor to the most polished and popular Magazines of the country; but with a spirit we admire, he seems to turn from the wreaths that fame has twined for his brow, and with the ambition of a Heaven-aspiring immortal, is seeking to pluck fruit

"From life's fair tree fast by the throne of God."

The following is the argument of the poem:

"The World after Creation—Paradise—Worship in Eden, consisting of prayer, praise, and observance of the Sabbath—Fall—Its physical and moral effects—Sacrifice, a shadow of Christ's Atonement—Adam constituted priest—the Cherubim set up at the gate of Eden, with the Shachinah resting between them, a type of the Jewish tabernacle, and subsequently of the temple—Cain and Abel, figures of the Mosaic and Christian dispensations—Contest for the priesthood—Corruption of morals—Noah, a type of John, and the flood a type of his baptism—the sons of Noah, figures of the Adamic, Mosaic, and Christian dispensations—Babel and the dispersion, an antithetic type of the gift of tongues—Idolatry—Call of Abraham—his sons, figures of law and gospel—Sacrifice of Isaac on Moriah, an allegorical representation of God the Father offering up the Son on the same mount—Jacob and Esau, figures of the two covenants—Joseph and his brethren—Bondage in Egypt, allegorical of the slavery of the Law—Moses in character and history, a type of Christ—Plagues of Egypt—Passover—Exodus—Passage of the Red Sea, illustrative of Baptism—Descent at Sinai—Law and Ceremonies, typical and figurative—Tabernacle, set up—Wanderings in the desert of Sinai—Joshua—Conquest and possession of

Canaan, allegorical—Prophets—Temple reared—Fall of Temple and the Captivity, prefiguring the overthrow of the Jewish religion—Idolatry—Corruption of the Jewish worship—Advent, life, passion, and resurrection of the Saviour; Christian rites commemorative—Gift of tongues—Spread of the Gospel—Fall of Jerusalem—Martyrdom—Constantine—Corruption of Christianity—Rise of Mohammedanism—Spread of Science and Religion—Fall of Superstition—Triumph of the Church—Millenium—The end of the world."

With a few extracts made at random, we close our notice of the production, trusting that its perusal may do the reader much good, create a corresponding spirit with that of the author, and that Mr. Brooks may be long spared to the literary world; and that his efforts towards the promotion of a healthy literature, may be crowned with great success.

The Poem opens with a description of sinless Eden.

"When first upon the gaze of youthful time
Creation rose in all its virgin prime,
When every element, with beauty rife,
With health was teeming and instinct with life;
While every air was balm, and gale perfume,
With skies all brightness, and the earth all bloom,
In Eden's flowery ardens, God displayed
All beauties of the sunlight and the shade;
As if to blend all charms his hand on earth had made.

"There, vine-clad vale and incense-bearing mound,
And bowers Elysian shed their fragrance round;
Lawns bask in light,—in gloom uprise the woods,
And mossy grottoes echo crystal floods
That murmur over sands of gold, and run
Now brown with shades, now glittering in the sun:
Ambrosial trees their buds and fruits unfold
In silver flowers and vegetable gold,
Perennial plants their pulpy treasures spread,
Like rubies gleaming 'mid the leaves o'er head,
And odorous shrubs shed down their balmy tears,
Where'er the listening grove the sighing night-wind hears.

"Amid these haunts disport the bestial train
Beneath the trees, or on the bright champaign,
Birds warble 'mid the foliage, and illumine
The dark green shades with purple tuft and plume;
While spangled insects their light wings display,
And glance and glitter in the noontide ray.
And Lord of all,—the image of his God,
With brow erect, man, these fair regions trod—
In power and happiness supremely blest—
Angels his ministers, and God his guest;
And prayer and praise like breath of incense rose
At morning's call and dewy evening's close;
And transports hallowed each returning sun,
Of that blest day which saw Creation's work was done."

"Thus naked innocence and guiltless love
Were the pure tenants of the hallowed grove,
Earth's carpet trod by day embossed with flowers,
Or pressed the star-lit couch of roseate bowers;
While white wings waved above them as they slept,
And cherub sentinels their vigils kept.

"Here, might have glided on their blissful lot,
Where God's own hand had garnished every spot;
And here, they might have soul and sense refined
For nearer converse with th' Eternal Mind;
And, all the pains of age and death unknown,
Translated from their earthly spheres, have shone
Bright stars of glory 'round Jehovah's burning throne,
But soon the Tempter came, and brooding doom
Now cast its shadowy pall o'er Eden's bloom;

* A Poem, by N. C. Brooks, A. M.—Read before the Diognothian Society of Marshall College—on the Anniversary, July 5, 1841. Published by the Society. Baltimore: Woods and Crane—1841.

The earth received sin's wound with sudden groan,
And conscious Nature shuddered on her throne;
Astonished seraphs shrunk aghast with fears,
Their faces veiled, and shed immortal tears."

His description of Moses' pleading before Pharaoh to let Israel go, is thrilling—we quote it entire.

"The monarch sat upon his throne
Of gold and flashing gem;
And fierce his eye of terror shone
Beneath his diadem;
And hosts stood by, in deeds of death
To do the bidding of his breath.

"Each soldier seized his ataghan,
As through the marbled hall
And palace, of an aged man
Sounded the loud footfall,
With solemn brow, and beard of snow
Upon his bosom sweeping low.

"Like waves before a gallant prow,
Before the man of God,
Parted that host with pallid brow,
As with uplifted rod,
He stood erect—with unbowed knee—
'Fear God, oh king! set Israel free.'

"Then every stream and river-flood
That hurried by its shore,
Rolled on, in heaving waves of blood,
The purple tide of gore;
And fount and standing pool were red,
The sepulchre of putrid dead.

"In rain and hail, while lightnings blazed,
The tempest stooped from heaven;
Then upward as his staff he raised,
The storm was backward driven;
Stern was the monarch as before,
Then burst the clouds with deafening roar.

"O'er earth, with desolating sway,
The wild tornado went;
While palaces in ruins lay—
With dome and battlement;
And navies from the storm-tossed tide,
Lay stranded by the river side.

"Still onward swept the maddening gale—
O'er vale and mountain's crown;
And still the rain and driving hail
Poured their artillery down;
And fruit and trees and prostrate grain,
Like slaughtered heroes, strewed the plain.

"Yet harder waxed the monarch's heart
Against the King of kings;
Then through the land in every part
Was heard the hum of wings—
The locust swarm were gathered there,
Darkening the earth and summer air.

"On every shrub and flow'ret seize,
The ministers of wrath;
And fruit and leaf that gem the trees,
Vanish before their path,
Till not a stalk or blade of green
Through all the wasted land is seen.

"Up to the sky was raised that rod
Which called its judgments down—
Heaven shuddered at an angry God,
And blackened at his frown;

And darkness o'er the regions fell,
Rayless, and thick, and palpable.

"The earth and sky, that awful dun
Enwrapped in funeral fold,
Spread sackcloth o'er the radiant sun,
And moonbeams' paly gold;
And veiled from the affrighted sight
The many twinkling eyes of night.

"The plagues of God o'er every flood
Had passed, and every shore;
And every valley, mount and wood,
Their awful record bore:
But sign and judgment were in vain—
Still Israel wore the bondman's chain.

"Then burst on man's devoted head
The vengeance of his ire;
And o'er the bier of first-born dead,
Bent each Egyptian sire;
And on the solemn midnight gale
Was borne the mother's plaintive wail.

"Through all the land the corpses lie,
In palace and in cell;
And groans rose like the night-wind's sigh,
The tears like night-dews fell;
And Pharaoh groaned, in agony,
'Let Israel go! The captive free.'

The passage of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel, and their pursuit by Pharaoh and his hosts, are also given as a specimen of the author's powers of description.

"Tis midnight. With girt loins and sandalled feet,
The unleavened bread and Paschal lamb they eat,
Of sin's deliverance an illustrious sign,
In after ages, by the Lamb divine;
And while the angel missioned by the Lord,
Through all the borders bore the fiery sword,
And smote the first-born of Egypt's host,
He spared the lintel and the blood-besprinkled post.

"Night rent her veil o'er Egypt, and the dawn,
With rosy cheek and kindling blush, came on;
The sun in splendor up the orient rolled,
And lit each cloud with crimson and with gold;
First on the pyramids, the sunbeams played,
Then burst on obelisk, dome, and colonnade
And plain, till Egypt and the dusky Nile
Were blushing 'neath his bright, benignant smile.

"Oh fairest that e'er dawned amid their foes
That sun of Freedom to the bondmen rose;
Hark! pouring forth from city, vale and wood,
The mingled murmurs of the multitude!
Lo! bright-eyed youth, and dim-eyed age is there—
Men, maids, and mothers with their infant care—
With girded loins and sandalled feet, to go
Far from th' oppressor's scourge, and bondman's woe;
And far and wide, the immeasurable train
Of men and herds sweeps o'er the darkened plain,
Onward, still onward, as the man of God
Sways o'er the hosts his consecrated rod;
Till resting far 'twixt Migdol and the shore,
Their weary van the cloudy pillar hovers o'er.

"The sun is sinking in the purple west;
Upon the strand the weary travellers rest,
Lulled by the music of the waters' swell,
And dreamy tinkling of the camel's bell;
When far upon the horizon's distant verge,
In sandy billows heaves the desert surge;
And richer than the golden sunset's dye,

Broad banners float along the evening sky ;
And flash the bossy buckler, and the lance,
Where the firm ranks of Pharaoh's foot advance ;
And on each wing the fiery gleam succeeds
Of helmed chivalry on champing steeds ;
While as their broad scythes glisten, comes the roar
Of brazen chariots thundering to the shore.

" Where now their aid ? Before them rolls the flood ;
Behind are circling hosts that thirst for blood ;
But lo ! as hope and prayer seem all in vain,
The cloudy pillar moves across the main ;
Before their leader's wand, e'en like a scroll,
On either side the parted waters roll ;
And to the eye the secret caves disclose,
Where jewels glisten, and where coral grows ;
And Israel's hosts on ocean's pavement tread
With faltering steps, while surges topple o'er their head.

" The cloudy pillar, reddening into light,
Blazed in their van through that eventful night,
As on they pressed till midway o'er the flood,
Betwixt the hosts that fearful portent stood—
O'er Israel's pathway cast a rosy smile,
And clouds and darkness o'er their foes, the while.
That gloom was rayless, till a sudden light
From that dread image, burst upon their sight ;
And with the lurid lightning-fires of heaven
Their brazen chariots were asunder riven ;
Then as the fear-struck myriads sought the shore,
The fearful wand was stretched the waters o'er ;
Again with maddening sweep the waters close
Above the heads of Israel's vengeful foes—
Peals one heaven-rending wail—the ocean wave
Rolls its broad surge above a nation's grave ;
And sounding timbrel, and uplifted voice,
Bid freedom's anthem swell, till sea and plain rejoice."

Again, in describing the advent of our blessed Redeemer,
hear him :

" Idolatry had spread, and reared a fane
On every mountain, and in every plain ;
In Mithra's honor rolled the incense cloud,
To every star in heaven the knee was bowed ;
And grovelling tribes, with souls degraded, prayed
To beasts, and birds, and idols which they made ;
And horrid sacrifice smoked in the sun,
Where human blood was poured the altars on.
In Greece where Genius had appeared her shrine ;
And Science shed o'er all things grace divine ;
Though Jove shook heaven, where the red bolt was hurled—
Neptune the sea—and Phœbus lit the world ;
Although a naiad held each silver flood ;
A faun, each field ; a dryad, every wood ;
Among her myriad gods, the God alone
Who formed earth, sea, and heaven, was all unknown.
E'en where the Omnipotent had set his name,
And dwelt between the cherubim in flame ;
Where once his truth had been displayed abroad,
Tradition had displaced the word of God ;
Until in all the ceremonial train,
The rites were idle, and the worship vain.

" Amid the gloom of earth-enshrouding night,
Behold the burst of the long-promised light !
As o'er Judea's hills the shepherds keep
Their guardian watch above the slumbering sheep,
Celestial splendors, from the throne divine,
Flood the blue vault, and o'er the green vales shine ;
The heavenly host their starry plumes unfold,
And from rich voices, and from harps of gold
Heaven's tidings come, which Earth repeats again,

" Glory to God ! peace and good will to men !"
And as each starry orb grows pale and dim,
Which brightened, as pealed out that angel hymn,
O'er Bethlehem's manger shines salvation's star,
While kings and princes follow from afar,
Shower at his royal feet their garnered store
Of gold and incense, and the infant God adore.

" In Bethlehem's babe, the promised one behold,
By typic shades, and holy seers foretold !
Loved of the Father, full of truth and grace,
With Godhead's rays divergent from his face,
He comes, the second Adam, to unbind
The yoke, the First imposed upon mankind ;
And by a perfect righteousness restore
The ruined law, in Eden broke before.
Saw ye, where foiled, the serpent Tempter spread
His ebon wings upon the air, and fled,
When Jesus broke the subtle toils of hell,
Spread for that sin by which earth's Father fell ?"

The sufferings and the resurrection and death of the Son
of God, are thus described :

" Heard ye the plaintive prayer—the melting tones—
The rending sighs—the agonizing groans—
As in Gethsemane, the Saviour bore
The sin of Eden in each bleeding pore ?
While every limb was bathed in bloody sweat,
And o'er him fell the dewy tears of Olivet.
See, in 'mid air the bleeding victim hangs
While nail and spear waken their quivering pangs,
With men around un pitying and unawed,
While shuddering Nature owns her dying God :
Veiled is the sun, the solid mountains quake,
The tombs are riven, the sheeted dead awake,
The temple's veil is rent, as in the sacrifice
The all-atoning God and Saviour dies.

" Now resting in mid Heaven the harvest moon
Pours on Judea's hills night's silver noon ;
And golden sheaves shall in to-morrow's sun,
Wave as the first-fruits of the harvest done ;
But ere these votive offerings are paid,
From out the tomb in which the Saviour laid,
Where heavenly light from angel plumes is shed,
Behold the first-fruits of the risen dead !
Messiah lives—who lived ere time began—
The resurrection and the life of man.
Bursting the cerements of death, he rose
In majesty triumphant o'er his foes,
Despoiled Hell's powers—dispelled the clouds of fear
That wrapped the grave, and broke Death's iron spear ;
And, in the glories of his rising hour,
An earnest gave of that eternal power
Which shall re-animate all human mould,
When Heaven's great bell has o'er creation tolled ;
And from their sleep in dust, the earth shall pour
Her thousands ; and the sea, her dead restore.

" The risen God breathed on his followers round,
To bear his name to earth's remotest bound,
Then parted from them, to his throne he sped
Until he come to judge the quick and dead ;
And Heaven's eternal gates of massive gold
The King of Glory in their valves infold."

The spread of the Gospel, and triumph of the Church of
Christ ; albeit the Crescent for a time alone above the
Cross, is thus beautifully introduced :

" When in the Church was quenched the lamp of light,
Medina's prophet shed disastrous night ;
From all her wastes the fiery desert poured
The hosts that bore the Koran and the sword.

The crescent rose where waved the scimeter,
And sunk the cross amid the storm of war ;
And where the tapering Christian spire was set,
Gleams pale and cold the Moslem minaret,
And where the pealing bell once shook the walls,
The Muezzin now 'Allah il Allah !' calls.

"The sword no more extends the Koran's reign !
The Turkish moon is hastening to its wane ;
And soon shall minaret and swelling dome,
Fall like the fumes of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.
No more with harp and sistrum music calls
To wanton rites within Astarte's halls ;
Serapis now is gone—Anubis fled—
And Neitha's unraised veil shrouds Isis' prostrate head.

"No more the Augur stands in snowy shroud,
To watch each fitting wing and rolling cloud ;
Nor Superstition in dim twilight weaves
Her wizard song among Dodona's leaves ;
Phœbus is dumb ; and votaries crowd no more
The Delphian mountain, and the Delian shore ;
And lone and still the Lybian Ammon stands,
His utterance stifled by the desert sands ;
And shattered shrine and altar lie o'erthrown,
Inscriptionless, save where Oblivion lone
Has dimly traced his name upon the mouldering stone.

"O'er other lands has dawned immortal day,
And Superstition's clouds have rolled away ;
O'er Gallia's mounts, and on Iona's shore,
The Runic altars roll their smoke no more ;
Fled is the Druid from the ancient oak—
His harp is mute—his magic circle broke ;
And Desolation mopes in Odin's cells,
Where spirit-voices called to join the feast of shells.

"O'er Indian plains and ocean-girdled isles,
With brow of beauty, Truth serenely smiles,
The nations bow as light is shed abroad,
And break their idols for the living God ;
Quenched are the pyres as shines salvation's star,
Grim Jaggernaut is trembling on his car,
And cries less frequent come from Ganges' waves,
As infant forms sink in untimely graves.
Where heathen bondmen kneel by the cocoa-tree,
And supplicate the Christians' Deity ;
And chant in living aisles, the vesper hymn,
Where giant god-trees rear their temples dim.

"Still speed thy truth ! still wave thy spirit sword !
Till every land acknowledge thee, the Lord ;
And the broad banner of the cross, unfurled,
In triumph wave above a subject world,
And here, Oh God ! where feuds thy church divide—
The Sectary's rancor, and the bigot's pride—
Melt every heart—till all our breasts enshrine
One faith, one hope, one love, one goal divine ;
And with one voice, adoring nations call
Upon the Father and the God of all."

The last great drama, the winding up of the vast machinery of time, the dissolution of our Globe—"Our God in grandeur and our world on fire,"—are thus thrillingly brought in, and appropriately close the work.

"Lo ! now descending, where the heavens are bowed ;
A mighty angel, girdled with a cloud !
A rainbow gleams, his circled brows upon,
His feet are flame—his face a fiery sun ;
And as the seven-fold thunders cease to roll,
With threatening hand, he lifts to heaven his scroll,
His footsteps planted on the sea and shore,
And swears with awful voice, that time is now no more.

"Through nature peals the sound. Stunned by the blow,
The dizzy Earth is staggering to and fro ;
The ocean heaves—eternal mountains rock,
And shuddering isle and valley feel the shock ;
From riven Earth and from the ocean caves,
The shrouded dead are startled from their graves,
And shrink as o'er their heads, with threatening glare,
The sphere-flung stars rush blazing through the air ;
The rocks are melting—withered is the flood,
The sun is sackcloth and the moon is blood ;
Earth fails apace, and like a shrivelling scroll,
The scorched and blackened heavens, together roll.

"Lo ! 'mid this darkness of chaotic night,
The sudden burst of Heaven's all-glorious light !
Hark 'mid the din throughout creation's bounds,
The sudden burst of Heaven's melodious sounds !
Behold ! where trump and wreathed horn are blown,
The winged seraphs bear the great white throne ;
And where the eternal gonfalon unrolled,
Sheds golden lustre from each waving fold,
The guardian cherubim, in glittering line,
With fiery swords and blazing helmets shine ;
And far and wide the myriad angel train
Wave their white plumes o'er the celestial plain.

"The Judge is seated. Hill and mountain flee
Before the presence of the Deity ;
Uphorne by winged winds, in robes of snow,
The saints appear, who formed the church below,
To serve him in that temple, where no night
Obscures the day, but God himself is light ;
Where ruby pave, and walls of sapphire, burn,
And gates of pearl on golden hinges turn ;
Adoring hosts in concord sweep the string
Of heavenly harps, and alleluias sing ;
Then soar above, while Earth's last flames are curled,
And Chaos' curtain falls above a smouldering world."

We have not attempted to write a *critical* review of the work, but merely to call attention to the style and spirit of the performance. Perhaps the critic may find here and there a few errors, such as a syllable or two more in one line than in its corresponding one—but these are the errors of a mind, it can be perceived, so intent upon the loftiness of its theme, as to lose sight for a moment of metrical harmony. Our space forbids us saying anything more on the subject.

SPARKS THAT MAY KINDLE.

THE SCHOLAR'S INHERITANCE.

Not gold and gems ;—not meadows and pastures,
fat flocks and waving grain ;—not deeds, bonds,
mortgages, and stocks—such things seldom fall to
the scholar's lot. If he have a thatched cottage,
a shady elm, a musical brook, a maple dish with his
books and a clear mind, he may well be content, and
deem himself rich withal. Often is he poorer than
this ; but weighs not a scanty wardrobe and the
uncertain meal, in comparison with sure knowledge.
Yet is the scholar heir to a worthier inheritance,
measured out by no metes and bounds, weighed in
no earthly balances, and of a value assignable by
no ordinary calculus. It embraces every pebble,
every spire of grass, every flashing wave, the depths

of the sea, the caverns of the earth. It compasses the circuit of the stars, and he weighs and measures them as his rightful possessions. Wherever aught may be known, there is his realm. Every thought, feeling, act of man, in the long reach of his history, past and to come, is his. The spirits of earth and air are his; the soul of the flower, and the demon of the mine, the invisible agencies of the wind, and the melodies of the spheres. With reverent awe he passes into the society of celestial hierarchies, not as a stranger, but as one of them. Lowly and humble in his temper, the shining laws and orders of the universe are his, as he is duly subject to them. The unseen messengers that pass to and fro between heaven and earth visit him too, in his meekness and integrity.

To this inheritance he is always welcome. In the regions of thought no one will hinder his entrance. There, are no barring clauses, no writs of ejectment. Nature receives her child heartily, and with good cheer. The heart of the world is open to him who carries a true heart within him. Science throws open all her stores to him who would enjoy them; his own rudeness only, and want of skill detain him from the complete fruition.

This inheritance is everlasting. His title to it lies in no bond nor lease, but deep in his own immortal being. No earthly law can divest it, no ordinance of princes abate its worth, nothing but his own recreancy and baseness. He who made the eye for light, made also the soul for truth; and the sight of the soul which fails not through age, is evidence that the perception shall hereafter grow clearer forever.

F. M. H.

Northampton, Mass.

THE STEAMER.*

A FISH STORY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

What said the mighty monsters of the deep—
When whizzing, puffing, spluttering it came,
And woke up all the whales that were asleep,
And other fishes, we won't stop to name?
"What said they!" Faith! they couldn't speak for wonder,
But held a silent meeting, like the quakers;
And some concluded that it must be thunder
That turned the waves from tumblers into shakers.

The biggest spouters were dumb-founded quite,
As orators are apt upon emergency;
And on their shallow brains there beamed no light—
How t' account for such a strange divergency
From the calm, quiet, usual course of packets;
Which make a monthly voyage from shore to shore,
And never kick up such prodigious rackets,
Or fight the billows with so loud a roar.

* Written after the first arrival at New-York of "The Great Western."

Before a fish had risen to remark—

One speaker in this Congress of huge whales;
There came an Amos Kendall of a shark—
An awful fellow to despatch the males—
And he suggested, in his flippant manner,
That they should turn the STEAMER into sport,
And if they couldn't strike Old England's banner,
"Deny the jurisdiction of the court."

"Oho!" bawled out some six-and-thirty spouters—
"A steamer, is it? such as go on rivers;"—
"Then we are done for!" groaned three dozen shouters;
And their broad tails betrayed their mental shivers!
"If steamers thus can make a transit over
From Bristol to New-York, with speed terrific
As they now go from Calais unto Dover,
They soon will splash into the wide Pacific!

And we shall be harpooned; and oil will flow
In streams from Carolina even to Japan;
And white men's faces will shine out, you know,
Like the black favorites of A—— T——"
He ceased—the whale that spoke; and then the shark
Rose on his tail to order, and replied—
That, not to keep them longer in the dark,
Or hide a fact that couldn't be denied;

He'd heard one passenger say to another,
That "Captain Hosken had assured the owner
He'd soon cross over in less time and pother
Than the accommodation-whale, that carried Jonah;
And that was three days and three nights,—half week!"
On hearing this the monsters were so frightened,
That each off-darted, like a lightning streak,
And left the billows beautifully brightened!

The shark—he was a wag, likewise sarcastic;
He gave a grin and scudded towards the steamer,
And oped and shut his ponderous jaws so plastic.
In hopes that he should catch some blown-up schemer—
Toppling down headlong, like a Roman hero,
Into the ambush of the greedy spoiler;
But not a toe fell to the ocean Nero,
For the GREAT WESTERN didn't burst her boiler!

THE GRAVE YARD.

"There all are equal, side by side,
The poor man, and the son of pride,
Lie calm and still."

Voices of the night,
How peacefully they rest; the young, the old,
The grave, and gay, here sleep alike in silence.
Time, which destroys all things, has smoothed
The roughness of their sepulchres. The first flowers of spring
Shed their fragrance; the songs of sweet birds resound
Through the groves in notes of sweetest harmony.
Sunshine and storm; the falling leaves of Autumn,
And the moaning of the wintry winds, have held
Their reign successive o'er the sleeper's beads.
The moon has walked her nightly course, and thrown
Her beams, silvering the head-stones of the sleeper's' round.
The stars peep out and shine and twinkle in their spheres,
Glistening in the dew drop, on the tender grass,
Like tears on cheek of beauty. Yet they know not;
Heed not; Dull sleep rests heavy on their eyelids,
And nature's gentle influences are lost
Upon the lifeless clod which once was called a man.
Death has sealed the eye of hope forever; palsied
The strong arm, and shut the active senses
Into deep forgetfulness.

Mark how silent is he
Who once the homage of his fellows claimed.
The sculptured monument may mark his place of rest,
And tell to man, his virtues and his greatness ;
His noble deeds, his riches, and his charity ; but how little
Does it now avail the mortal perishing beneath ;
The dull ear drinks not in the melody of sweetest music ;
And flattery's witching voice no longer charms the soul.
Even the words of the wayfarer, who reads his epitaph,
Falls to the ground unnoticed. The bard who sung
"Earth's highest honors" end in, "here he lies ;"
And "dust to dust" concludes his noblest song ; he had seen
The vanity of earthly things ; and from the follies
Of his fellow men had lessons read of wisdom.

Here also rests the child of poverty. No more
The wants and cares of life disturb his aching heart ;
Sickness, and toil, the icy chains which bound to earth
His strongest aspirations, are now forgotten. Calm
And quiet, in his home he sleeps, as the wearied child
Upon the parent's bosom. No more, the iron of unkindness
Eaters, directed by a brother's hand, into his soul.
The rags of poverty for robes immortal, are exchanged ;
And through the endless ages of his rest,
The wonders of redeeming love are hymned.

Near him, the new made grave,
With the clods still damp, tells of one, who but yesterday,
Looked abroad, and rejoiced in heart at nature's loveliness.
But the destroyer came ; and while the fond mortal
Years of future bliss anticipated, he felt the chills of death,
And all the schemes which cheered the visions of past hours,
Like tender fruit nipped by unkindly frosts, were spoiled.

Still farther on, and almost by the high grass hid,
Which waves o'er his tiny form, is laid an infant,
Like the tender flower which opens its leaves, and soon
Is closed by the rude hand of the careless, so this sweet boy
But looked upon a world of sorrow,
And turning, sought for rest, in realms of endless bliss.

Here, O man, receive instruction. The dead, the dead,
The silent dead, do speak in tones of thrilling eloquence.
And he who listens with attentive heart,
May from these relics of mortality perishing,
Lessons of wisdom learn, which gild the pathway to the tomb ;
Support the trembling footstep on death's troubled waters,
And strengthen the fading vision to behold, undimmed,
The lights, and shadows of eternity.

CYRIL.

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

CONGRESSIONAL BURYING-GROUND.

TO T. W. WHITE, ESQ.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEAR SIR,—For the want of something better
to do, and in that frame of mind which grows weary
with the monotony of the events of every-day life,
I sat out, an hour or two since, to make a visit to
the principal Burying-Ground of Washington City.
Returning to my domicile, I find myself alone, mu-
sling while the fire burns, and so far lost in the re-
flection of what I have read and seen, the hour
gone by, that I have thought you and your readers,
perhaps, might be interested, as I have been, in a
brief remembrance and record of some of the dead
whose remains lie entombed in one of the myriad

of those dwelling-places, scattered throughout the
world, and known as "the houses appointed for all
the living." My evening meditations may be of
less value to you than the space they will occupy
in your Messenger ; and if they are, you can take
the liberty of a friend, without offence, and quietly
change their resting-place, by mingling them with
the dust and ashes, of which all of us, and all
around us, the living soul alone excepted, must
soon become a part.

Your's truly, E. B.

Washington, Dec. 19, 1841.

—
TO BE BORN, TO BE MARRIED, AND TO DIE ! Thus
briefly we write the history of all mankind, from
the moment they make their entrance upon the stage
of life, to the moment that they make their exit
from it, and to be launched forth upon a new and un-
tried being. The majority die in infancy. They
spring forth like the buds of the promised flowers
in summer, as fair as they are pure, and as lovely
in the eyes of a fond parent as they are innocent
in the presence of all mankind. The rose is not
sweeter, nor the lily purer, than this bright cherub,
when just ushered into the world. Behold the new-
born infant ! A child is born : but yesterday all
was doubt, fear and alarm ; and to-day, in that
quick transition from fear to hope, all is joy and
gladness. As the blossom of the fruit tree, so
beautiful to the eye and so full of promise, unfolds
itself, so this flower of the fruit of the tree of life
is opening its petals, with the promise, not of a
transitory existence, but of a blessed immortality,
before it. It breathes the breath of life ; the
scales fall from its little eyes,—and gradually, as
soon as its weak power of vision can bear the light
of heaven, its eyes are opened to all the world
around it. The power of limb and muscle is al-
ready felt ; and ere the gift of sight is fairly felt and
known, you behold the power of speech developed.
And then, yes then, when the heart beats high
with hope ; when the past and present are forgotten
in the future ; and events for the time to come, have
been parcelled out like playthings for each suc-
cessive year, from infancy to childhood, and from
childhood to youth, Death steps in, uncalled for ; un-
wished for ; as dreadful to look upon as it is pain-
ful to feel, in the hours of approaching dissolution.
Its message is, "Death ;" and its journey "to the
grave." The spirit of infancy and purity has al-
ready winged its way to the God who gave it, and
the tabernacle of flesh, which held the hallowed
treasure, lies low beneath the clods of the valley.
There is a consolation for those who are left, it is
true ; but the heart which clung to its offspring, as
the ivy clings to the oak, will not be consoled.
The good angel whispers,—"*OF SUCH IS THE KING-
DOM OF HEAVEN ;*" but to look on vacancy, where a
moment before, we looked on life, and that life a
part of ourselves, "bone of our bone and flesh of

our flesh," is a picture so dark, and so interwoven with our affections; and so human too, that we see, soaring aloft and around and at all points, only that Destroying Angel, who, if he has not robbed us of all we loved, is nevertheless hovering over us, and, like the relentless grave itself, crying "Give," "Give," "GIVE," for all that remains behind. And yet, with such a translation of the spirit of man from its temporary abiding place on earth, to its immortal home in the skies, what a death would that be, even of infant innocence, to a doting parent, if there were no hope, no heaven,—no "bourne from whence the travellers return."

And what is infancy, but a leaf in the chapter of human existence? Helplessness and dependence give place to strength and vigor. The body grows—the mind expands—and, alas, that it should be so, the unalloyed innocence of an infant mind,—powerless it is true to do wrong,—is changed into "a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." We grow in years to the stature of perfect manhood. The image of the Godhead is stamped upon us, and within that frame of his, is placed every constituent element which makes man, next to the Deity, the master mind of creation. Behold that herculean form,—erect, perfect, gigantic, as it is. In itself,—the mere flesh and blood and bones of his being,—is written legibly to all, that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." But look within this trunk, which, like the tree, holds but the branches of life, and you see there the true man. Those eyes are but windows of the soul, and the ears which hear only drink in that feast of reason which builds up his monument of immortality. The organ of that voice, which in some men is as the music of the celestial choir, is but a part of the machinery of the power of speech,—and so of every sense we have and use. And yet all these organs, of mind and body, sense and flesh, all that we have and are, perish, wither, and pass away forever. That monument of mind, reared by the Almighty, and by the skill and time and labor of man, "so noble in reason, so infinite in faculty, in action like an angel, and in apprehension like a god," has changed its estate on earth, and passed from a frail tenement of clay to a world of spirits. The nice machinery of being, which made man to the eyes of man, "in form and moving so express and admirable, the beauty of the world and the paragon of animals," has crumbled into the dust of its mother earth,—the grave his body, and the world unknown, his spirit, holds. The epitaph upon every man's tombstone is—Birth, Life, Death! We breathe and live, speak and see, hear and feel; and then we die. Well may it be said "to what base uses we may return."

I looked upon the graves around me, as I left them just now, and what a spectacle did they present! Rank, and perhaps dishonor, youth and

age, rich and poor, the exalted in life and the humbled in life, all laid down together, and upon that common ground, which levels all distinctions.—The dust of generations past, lies mingled with the man who but yesterday "shuffled off his mortal coil," and put on immortality. Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Senators, Legislators and Judges were all laid here, and buried in all the pomp and circumstance due to the elevated positions to which they had been raised by patriotism, learning and distinguished public service. What was, has been written by a grateful country, or a devoted friend, upon the cenotaph or tombstone, which tells you that here were, or here are, the remains of one who passed from the council chamber or the battle-field, or from a green old age, to his grave. The inscriptions we read, and the remembrances we have, are all that is told and known of those who are gone. The good men do live after them,—and that divine principle of man—perhaps the only divinity within him—teaches him, while he drops the tear of gratitude over the grave of the sage and the hero, how to appreciate what is really good and great in each and all of the human family. In an humbler sphere, that other grave, simple and unadorned, but beside those of rank and fortune, is visited and remembered by private friends, who can often much better estimate the value of private worth, than a country can, the blessings of public virtue. All here have their common level; as all hereafter, of equal merit, will have their common elevation. Imagination can trace both, from the bosom of their mother earth, to Abraham's bosom, in the world of spirits.

But the body rests where it is; and what a picture it is for the imagination of man to work upon. Who will answer for it, the question put for all to answer, in reference to the greatest General at arms the world ever saw. "Why," it is asked, and oddly we may think, "may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till it find it stopping a bung-hole? As thus—Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?" And so of all the Alexanders, from Cyrus to Napoleon.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

Such are the uses to which we come at last. The machinery which kept soul and body together in such nice harmony, has stopped. Its revolutions have been checked,—it may be, by that Providence which watches all our movements, and notes even the falling of the sparrow to the ground; or it may be, that those tender and delicate cords of life have been cut asunder, by disease and crime. The folly of man has been a greater suicide than man's mis-

fortunes; and could the grave speak, it would say that the seeds of dissolution were oftener sown by man himself, than by any of the ministers or avengers of the Deity.

But, inscrutable and past finding out are the ways of Providence, as we see its power displayed in the narrow cells and fretted vaults of a graveyard. I have pictured to you, hastily and most imperfectly I grant, the change of being, from that moral dignity and sublimity of perfect manhood, which you see when you behold the creature man as made by the Creator, to that last change which sinks man helplessly to the earth. You see him to-day, alone, and conspicuous among all created things, the majesty of the skill and power of Omnipotence,—and from the throne of his dominion, he falls, powerless as infancy itself, to mingle with the dust and ashes of his mother earth. Look on that picture, and now on this. Here is the work of God, in his own image, and in whom was breathed, by Him who can never die, the breath of life. Dust refined was the material of that erect and manly form. But there was a refinement beyond all this. A new and living soul was yet to be formed, purer, fairer, brighter and better. "It is not good for man to be alone."

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man a hermit lived, till woman smiled."

Behold this picture, and scorn not even for the beautiful, that inner temple of the soul, which belongs to the spirit-land. The beauty of womanhood, as it meets the eye of man, and as it was formed by the great architect of the skies, is now before you; and let no man mar the picture we draw, by polluted touch or unhallowed thoughts. There she is,—and it is no ideal fancy we sketch,—a mother it may be, or a wife, or a sister, or one to whom vows have been made, and faith plighted. Her's are the natural graces which extinguish art, and therefore lack I the power to write the thoughts I fain would express. But I may say, as the poet hath said, that the sunny locks of such a woman "hang on her temple like golden fleece." Her eyes, clothed in their fringed curtains, either sparkle like the Promethean fires, or they are of that soft and bewitching sweetness which wins the heart of man, and makes his judgment captive to the woman's will. Her skin is as white as the fair sheet on which I write, and as "smooth as monumental alabaster." I might say on, and speak of lily lands, and rosy cheeks, and corallips, and stature so "wand-like straight," and of syren voice, and so on if I could, till I had drawn the beauty and fair proportions of the mother of all men, as she appeared, full grown, in the first garden, and created of God the companion of the father of all mankind. But what availeth all this, sacred, loved, beautiful as the picture is, and so interwoven in our very nature, that the object can no more be separated from our affections, than the soul can be un-

dered from the body, and maintain 'neath its power and spirituality of being. Alas—what availeth it all! There is a worm in the bud; and though fair as Diana, or as graceful as Juno,—yes it may be the very "nonpareil of beauty,"—it fadeth, perisheth, dieth, passeth away, and goeth, like the spirit, to some scene, we know not where. The spirit is not ours to control; nor even the frail and worthless tenement which holds it;

"Nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

But I have almost done, and ask pardon for so long wearying you with my meditations, when many books and very many sermonizers would have said and done what I but just now had the heart to do, with so much more truth and fidelity.

The spirit moved me, and I obeyed its call. What follows may be of more interest, as it gives, in the brief terms of an epitaph, the history of many of our well-remembered public men.

Every grave-yard has its peculiar interest, and will have as long as men die and the world lasts. If more have been born than are buried in the bowels of the earth, many more lie under the feet of the multitude "in cold obstruction," than are now dwelling upon the face of the earth. I visit every grave-yard, more regardless of the living than the dead, and with a feeling akin to awe, for those who are to rest here till the last day. There is nothing like loneliness here; and they who speak of the solitude of the grave, repeat what is rather an axiom of belief, than a tried and well-established truth. In the great Babels of the world, our crowded cities, where men move around us like bees around their hive,—where we are jostled and hustled from pillar to post by almost every passer by,—where all indeed may hear the din and bustle of business and excitement,—it is here, where the stranger's eye will grow weary with gazing upon the unknown and unknowing throng, and where his heart will faint within him at the extent of the pervading loneliness. It is *here*, there is solitude. And no traveller need be told the reason. There is most solitude where there is least sympathy, and we can sympathise with the dead every where, with a truer feeling than with the living. Visit Westminster Abbey, and the thoughts which rush upon you, oppress you with that deep weight of silence, which, it is no paradox to say, speaks a language that words could never convey. Time will pass away here like the sleeping hours of the night. And is this solitude! Rather say it is the holy communion of the living with the dead,—of the present with the past,—of the spirit of man with the spirit of his brother man, but a few steps in advance of him on the journey of life. There are, all around him, the last earthly remains of Kings and Queens, Princes and Lords, Poets and Statesmen, Philosophers and Divines—a long line of

illustrious people, from the time of the first Christian King of Britain to the days of the reigning Queen. The monument of Shakspeare is here; and, as you read his name, a thousand recollections spring up to bring back the past. Milton, Gray, Chaucer, Butler, Dryden, Goldsmith, are around you, a constellation of themselves; but each reflecting, in the great hemisphere of genius, but the glory of the "Star of Poets." And all these are but as the seven stars; which have there clustered together. Turn where you will, and you shall find some solemn temple reared, to mark the deeds or virtues of him or her, whose names are here perpetuated, and destined to remain, until "these cloudcapped towers and gorgeous palaces," with the "great globe itself," "shall dissolve," and

"Leave not a wreck behind."

The Washington burying ground, with Mount Vernon, near by, except in the hearts of our countrymen, is the only Abbey we have, where the American traveller may make his pilgrimage of devotion. Funeral marches have passed here, and the heart of the soldier has beat in unison with the muffled drum that led the procession to the grave. What a spectacle was that of April last, as seen in this city, all along from the Mansion of the living to the mansion of the dead, at one extreme of the Avenue, to the mansion of the dead, almost upon the bosom of the Potomac! The coffin, in the morning of the day, is strewn with flowers of every hue, by hands of lily whiteness, and hearts of virgin purity. They mourn, as did the elders of the daughter of Zion, and as the virgins of Jerusalem, who hung down their heads to the ground. It is woman alone who can smooth the pillow of the dying man, and minister, in the consolations of religion and heaven, to friends who are left, that medicine which can heal the mind diseased, pluck from the memory its rooted sorrow, and make the path to the grave easy and gentle. Such was the morning here, of what seemed to be, the day of a nation's sacrifice. Its noon, too, was that of the April day, on which he was buried, and the very skies seemed to mourn a country's loss, while the history of the good man was read in a nation's eyes. And the evening which followed saw a scene of solemn magnificence; the pomp and pageantry of power in low humility mingling the sincere tears of sorrow with the tones of the funeral knell, the muffled drum and the solemn march. That day a nation made its sacrifice. "One little month" of service, and he who had ascended the highest point of greatness, with a unanimity never before known, where there was a contest for position, descended to that great family sepulchre appointed for all the living. Like another Samuel, the good man died and was buried. "And all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him, and buried him in his house at Ramah."

Others in their humbler sphere, have been buried here, with all those manifestations of respect which either kindness could feel or a nation bestow. I pass on to the record of some of these, for whom I have been enough interested in what I have seen to note down, in part or in whole, the epitaph which tells of their birth, life and death.

The first monument which attracted my attention was that to GEORGE CLINTON of New-York. Upon the top of the marble the flame of fire ascends, and upon the sides are numerous emblems, bearing record, by sign or word, of the civil and military services of the distinguished man here interred.

The record is—

"To the Memory of GEORGE CLINTON.

He was born in the State of New-York the 26th of July 1739, and died at the City of Washington on the 20th of April, 1811, in the 73d year of his age.

He was a Soldier and Statesman of the Revolution, Eminent in council, distinguished in war, he filled, with Unexampled usefulness, purity and ability, among many Other high offices, those of Governor of his native State, And of Vice-President of the United States.

While he lived, his virtue, candor and valor were the pride,

The ornament and security of his countrymen, and when He died, he left an illustrious example of a well-spent life, Worthy of all imitation.

This monument is affectionately dedicated by his children."

The next Monument which I observed was that of another Vice-President. Its inscription is—

"The Tomb of ELBRIDGE GERRY,

Vice-President of the United States; who died suddenly in this City, on his way to the Capitol, as President of the Senate, November 23, 1814; aged 70.

Thus fulfilling

His own memorable injunction;

"It is the duty of every citizen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."

Upon the opposite side is written—

"Erected by order of Congress, 1823."

The next inscription bears record to the services of a distinguished son of South Carolina. It reads—

"Beneath this marble, rest the remains of

HUGH GEORGE CAMPBELL,

late a Captain in the Navy of the United States. He was a native of the State of South Carolina.

In the year 1775, he entered as a volunteer on board the first vessel-of-war commissioned by the Council of his native State. He served his country upwards of 22 years as a Commander, and died in this City the 14th of Nov. 1820; aged 67."

A Monument, erected to a brave and worthy chief, next met my eyes. You will read it with all the interest due to the memory of one whose race is passing away from the face of the earth, and who now, as ever, is the victim of the white man's cupidity and cruelty.

The Monument is simple, but appropriate. On one side is written—

"PUSH-MA-TA-NA,

A Choctaw Chief, lies here.

This monument to his memory is erected by his brother Chiefs, who were associated with him in a Delegation from their nation, in the year 1824, to the General Government of the United States."

On the south side of the Monument the following appears :

"PUSH-MA-TA-HEA WAS A warrior of great distinction. He was wise in Council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree, and, on all occasions and under all circumstances, the white man's friend."

On the east side we are told that,
"He died in Washington on the 24th of December, 1824, in the 64th year of his age."

Among his last words were the following :
"When I am gone let the big guns be fired over me !"

The following are of a miscellaneous character, and but sketches of the inscriptions :

"The Chevalier **FREDERICK GREUHM**,
Resident Minister of Prussia, died December, 1823.
The monument erected by
Frederick III, King of Prussia."

"To **TOBIAS LEAR**, Private Secretary of Washington, &c.
Died October, 1816."

"Commodore **DANIEL P. PATTERSON**
of the U. S. Navy,
Born 1785, died 1839."

"Major General **JAMES JACKSON** of Georgia,
Who deserved and enjoyed the confidence of the country.
A soldier of the Revolution."

"General **JAMES BROWN**
of the U. S. Army.
He was at Niagara and Chippewa."

"**PHILIP PENDLETON BARBOUR** of Virginia,
Associate Justice of the U. S. Court,
Died February 24th, 1841."

"**GEORGE GRAHAM**,
Secretary of War, and Commissioner of the Land Office.
Died August 3d, 1830."

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

James Burrill, of Rhode Island; died December 26, 1820.
William A. Trimble, of Ohio; died December 13, 1821.
Wm. Pinkney, of Maryland; died February 25, 1822.
John Gaillard, of South-Carolina; died February 26, 1826.
James Noble, of Indiana; died February 26, 1831.
Elias K. Kane, of Illinois; died December 1833.
Macan Smyth, of Connecticut; died December 6, 1835.
Thaddeus Betts, of Connecticut; died April, 1840.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Theodorick Bland, of Virginia; died June 1, 1790.
General Thomas Hartley, of Pennsylvania; died January, 1801.
James Jones, of Georgia; died January 11, 1801.
David Heister, of Maryland; died March 18, 1804.
James Gillespie, of North-Carolina; died Jan. 10, 1805.
Major General Levi Casey, of South-Carolina; died February 3, 1807.
Nisworthy Hunter, Delegate from Mississippi; died March 1, 1807.
Jacob Crammishield of Mass.; died April 15, 1808.
John Smilie, of Pennsylvania; died December 30, 1812.
John Dawson, of Virginia; died March 21, 1814.
Elijah Brigham, of Massachusetts; died February 22, 1816.
Richard Stanford, of North-Carolina; died April 9, 1816.
General Peterson Goodwin, of Virginia; died February 21, 1818.

George Mumford, of North-Carolina; died December 31, 1818.

Daniel Walker, of Kentucky; died March 1, 1820.

Nathaniel Hazard, of Rhode Island; died Dec. 1, 1820.

Jesse Slocumb, of North-Carolina; died Dec. 20, 1820.

Robert P. Henry, of Kentucky; died in the recess of Congress 1820.

William A. Burwell, of Virginia; died 1821.

William M. Ball, of Virginia; died February 29, 1824.

Patrick Farrelly, of Pennsylvania; died January 12, 1826.

Christopher Rankin, of Mississippi; died March 14, 1826.

Henry Wilson, of Pennsylvania; died in the recess of Congress, 1826.

John Linn, of New-Jersey; died January 1828.

Hedge Thompson, of New-Jersey; died July 23, 1828.

George Holcombe, of New-Jersey; died Dec. 4, 1828.

Gabriel Holmes, of North-Carolina; died May 1829.

Alexander Smyth, of Virginia; died April 17, 1830.

Charles C. Johnston, of Virginia; aged 37.

Jonathan Hunt, of Vermont; died May 15, 1832.

George E. Mitchell, of Maryland; died June 28, 1832.

Philip Doddridge, of Virginia; died November 19, 1832.

James Lent, of New-York; died February 22, 1833.

Thomas B. Singleton, of South-Carolina; died December 1833.

Thomas T. Bouldin, of Virginia; died February 11, 1834.

James Blair, of South-Carolina; died April 1, 1834.

Lyttleton Dennis, of Maryland; died April 14, 1834.

Charles Slade, of Illinois; died in the recess of Congress 1834.

Benjamin S. Deming, of Vermont; died in the recess of Congress 1834.

Zalmon Williams, of Connecticut; died December 1835.

Warren R. Davis, of South-Carolina; aged 41.

Richard J. Manning, of South-Carolina; died in Philadelphia, May 1, 1836.

George L. Howard, of Indiana; died November 1836.

John Coffee, of Georgia; died 1836.

David Dickson, of Mississippi; died in the recess of Congress 1836.

Jeremiah McLane, of Ohio; died March 19, 1837.

Jonathan Cilley, of Maine; died February 24, 1838.

Timothy J. Carter, of Maine; died March 14, 1838.

Isaac McKim, of Maryland; died April 1, 1838.

Joab Lawler, of Alabama; died May 8, 1838.

Anson Brown, of New-York; died June 14, 1840.

This finishes the list of all the members of Congress who were buried within, or who have monuments, at the Congressional Burying-yard. Some have died in the recess of Congress, whose deaths have not been brought to the attention of Congress, and for whom, therefore, no monument of remembrance has been erected. Scores have died after leaving Congress; but the time of their death precluded the possibility of either public eulogy or the erection of a tomb, to tell who or what they were.

But, enough of my subject. From such a record no moral need be drawn. "All must die," is a familiar, daily lesson of childhood, manhood, and old age. Happy they who, fearing not death, encounter "darkness as a bride, and hug it in their arms." The picture of one man, as he looks on death, is that

"All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges, change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a burial corse."

This for the body,—for time and sense. The soul
looks beyond, and its language is,—

"Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die."

E. BROOKS.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We take great pleasure in presenting the first two parts of this beautiful poem to our readers. It is from the pen of Mrs. SEBA SMITH, of New-York, a lady of great literary merits. Some of the touches in the "*Sinless Child*," are exquisite; and such as any bard of any land might be proud to give. We hope soon to have the satisfaction of announcing that the services of Mrs. SMITH have been procured as a regular contributor to our pages. The remaining parts—five—of the *Sinless Child*, will appear in our next. It is an exquisite little gem indeed.

THE SINLESS CHILD.

A POEM, IN SEVEN PARTS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

INSCRIPTION.

Sweet Eva! shall I send thee forth,
To other hearts to speak?
With all thy timidness and love,
Companionship to seek?
Will any love thy abstract ways?
Thy too unearthly tone?
Oh! heed it not, but come to me,
For thou art all mine own.

Thou art my spirit's cherished dream,
Its pure ideal birth;
And thou hast nestled in my heart,
With love that's not of earth.
Alas! for I have failed, methinks,
To paint thee as thou art;
That wild, enchanting grace of thine,
That lingers round thy heart.

With thee I've wandered, cherished one,
At twilight's dreamy hour,
To learn the language of the bird,
The mystery of the flower—
And gloomy must that sorrow be,
That thou could'st not dispel,
As thoughtfully we loitered on
By stream or sheltered dell.

Yet go! I may not say farewell,
For thou wilt not forsake—
Thou'lt linger, Eva, wilt thou not,
All hallowed thoughts to wake?
Then go; and speak to kindred hearts
In purity and truth;
And win the spirit back again,
To Love, and Peace, and Youth.

INTRODUCTION TO PART I.

Eva, a simple cottage maiden, given to the world in the widowhood of one parent, and the angelic existence of the

other, like a bud developed amid the sad sweet sunshine of autumn, when its sister-flowers are all sleeping, is found from her birth to be as meek and gentle as are those pale flowers that look imploringly upon us, blooming as they do apart from the season destined for their existence, and when those that should hold tender companionship with them have ceased to be. She is gifted with the power of interpreting much of the beautiful mysteries of our earth. The delicate pencilling found upon the petals of the flowers, she finds full of gentle wisdom, as well as beauty. The song of the bird is not merely the gushing forth of a nature too full of blessedness to be silent, but she finds it responsive to the great harp of the universe, whose every tone is wisdom and goodness. The humblest plant, the simplest insect, is each alive with truth. More than this, she beholds a divine agency in all things, carrying on the great purposes of love and wisdom by the aid of innumerable happy spirits, each delighting in the part assigned it. She sees the world not merely with mortal eyes, but looks within to the pure internal life, of which the outward is but a type. Her mother, endowed with ordinary perceptions, fails to understand the pure spiritual character of her daughter, but feels daily the truthfulness and purity of her life. The neighbors too feel that Eva is unlike her sex only in greater truth and elevation.

PART I.

Whilom ago, in lowly life,
Young Eva lived and smiled,
A fair-haired girl, of wondrous truth,
And blameless from a child.
Gentle she was, and full of love,
With voice exceeding sweet,
And eyes of dove-like tenderness,
Where smiles and sadness meet.

No Father's lip her brow had kissed,
Or breathed for her a prayer;
The widowed breast on which she slept
Was full of doubt and care:
And oft was Eva's little head
Heaved by her mother's sigh—
And oft the widow shrunk in fear
From her sweet baby's eye;

For she would leave the flowing milk
To look within her face,
With something of reproachfulness,
As well as infant grace—
A trembling lip, an earnest eye,
Half smiling, half in tears—
As she would seek to comprehend
The secret of her fears.

Her ways were gentle while a babe—
With calm and tranquil eye,
That turned instinctively to seek
The blueness of the sky.
A holy smile was on her lip
Whenever sleep was there—
She slept, as sleeps the blossom, hushed
Amid the silent air.

And ere she left with tottling steps
The low-roofed cottage door,
The beetle and the cricket loved
The young child on the floor—
And every insect dwelt secure
Where little Eva played;
And piped for her its blithest song
When she in greenwood strayed;

With wing of gauze and mailed coat
They gathered round her feet,
Rejoiced as are all gladsome things
A truthful soul to greet.
They taught her infant lips to sing
With them a hymn of praise—
The song that in the woods is heard
Through the long summer days.

And every where the child was heard
With snatches of wild songs,
That marked her feet along the vale
Or hill-side, fleet and strong.
She knew the haunts of every bird—
Where bloomed the sheltered flower;
So sheltered that the searching frost
Might scarcely find its bower.

No loneliness did Eva know,
Though playmates she had none;
Such sweet companionship was hers,
She could not be alone;
For everything in earth or sky
Cared the little child,
The joyous bird upon the wing—
The blossom in the wild:

Much dwelt she on the green hill-side,
And under forest tree;
Beside the running, bab'ling brook,
Where lithe were trouts in glee—
She saw them dart, like stringed gems,
With many a curve and leap—
And learned that peace and love alone
A gladsome heart may keep.

The opening bud, that lightly swung
Upon the dewy air,
Moved in its very gladsomeness
Beneath angelic care;
For pearly fingers gently oped
Each curved and painted leaf,
And where the canker-worm had been
Looked on with angel-grief.

She loved all simple flowers that sprung
In grove or sun-lit dell,
And of each streak and varied hue,
A meaning deep would tell—
For her a language was impressed
On every leaf that grew,
And lines revealing brighter worlds
That angel fingers drew.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth—
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left—
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;
The fissured rock they press;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness—
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks
Inviting it to prayer.

The widow's Cot was rude and low—
The sloping roof, moss-grown;

And it would seem its quietude
To every bird were known—
The winding vine its tendrils wove
Round roof and oaken door,
And by the flickering light, the leaves
Were painted on the floor.

No noxious reptiles ever came
Within this lowly Cot—
The good and beautiful alone
Delighted in the spot.
The very winds were hushed to peace
Within the quiet dell,
Or murmured through the glancing leaves
Like breathings of a shell.

The gay bird sang from sheltering tree,
Bright blossoms clustered round—
And one small brook came dancing by
With its sweet tinkling sound—
It stained the far-off meadow green—
It leaped a rocky dell—
Then resting by the cottage door,
In liquid music fell.

Upon its breast white lilies slept,
Of pure and wax-like hue,
And brilliant flowers upon its marge
Luxuriantly grew.
They were of rare and changeless birth,
Nor needed toil nor care;
And many marvelled earth could yield
Aught so exceeding fair.

Young Eva said, all noisome weeds
Would pass from earth away,
When virtue in the human heart
Held its predestined sway—
Exalted thoughts were ever hers—
Some deemed them strange and wild;
And hence in all the hamlets round,
Her name of SINLESS CHILD.

Her mother said that Eva's lips
Had never falsehood known;
No angry word had ever marred
The music of their tone.
And truth spake out in every line
Of her pure tranquil face,
Where Love and Peace, twin-dwelling pair,
Had found a resting place.

She felt the freedom and the light
The pure in heart may know—
Whose blessed privilege it is
To walk with God below;
To understand the hidden things
That others may not see—
To feel a life within the heart,
And love and mystery.

INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

The widow, accustomed to forms, and content with the faith in which she has been reared, a faith which is habitual rather than earnest and soul-requiring, leaves Eva to learn the wants and tendencies of the soul, by observing the harmony and beauty of the external world. Even from infancy she seems to have penetrated the spiritual through the material; to have beheld the heavenly, not through a glass darkly, but face to face, by means of that singleness and truth, that look within the veil. To the pure in heart alone is the promise, "They shall see God."

PART II.

Untiring all the weary day
 The widow toiled with care,
 And scarcely cleared her furrowed brow
 When came the hour of prayer—
 The voices, that on every side
 The prisoned soul call forth,
 And bid it in its freedom walk,
 Rejoicing in the earth;

Fall idly on a deafened ear,
 A heart untaught to thrill
 When music gusheth from the bird
 Or from the crystal rill—
 That moves unheeding by the flower
 With its ministry of love,
 That weeps not in the moonlight pale
 Nor silent stars above.

Alas! that round the human soul
 The cords of earth should bind,
 That they should bind in darkness down
 The light discerning mind—
 That all its freshness, freedom, gone,
 Its destiny, forgot,
 It should in gloomy discontent
 Bewail its bitter lot.

But Eva while she turned the wheel,
 Or toiled in homely guise,
 With buoyant heart was all abroad,
 Beneath the pleasant skies;
 And sang all day from joy of heart,
 For joy that in her dwelt,
 That unconfined the soul went forth—
 Such blessedness she felt.

All lowly and familiar things
 In earth, or air, or sky,
 A lesson brought to Eva's mind
 Of import deep and high:
 She learned, from blossom in the wild,
 From bird upon the wing,
 From silence and the midnight stars,
 Truth dwelt in every thing.

The careless winds that round her played
 Brought voices to her ear,
 But Eva, pure in thought and soul,
 Dreamed never once of fear—
 The whispered words of angel lips
 She heard in forest wild,
 And many a holy spell they wrought,
 About the Sinless Child.

And much she loved the forest walk,
 Where round the shadows fell,
 The solitude of mountain height,
 Or green and lovely dell—
 The brook dispensing verdure round,
 And singing on its way;
 Now coyly hid in fringe of green,
 Now sparkling in its play.

She early marked the butterfly,
 That gay mysterious thing,
 That, bursting from its prison-house
 Appeared on golden wing—
 It had no voice to speak delight,
 Yet on the flowret's breast,
 She saw it mute and motionless,
 In long, long rapture rest.

She said, that while the little shroud
 Beneath the casement hung,
 A kindly spirit lingered near,
 As lightly there it swung;
 That music sweet and low was heard
 To hail its perfect life—
 And Eva felt that insect strange
 With wondrous truth was rife.

It crawled no more a sluggish thing
 Upon the noisome earth;
 A brief, brief sleep, and then she saw
 A new and radiant birth—
 And thus she learned without a doubt,
 That man from death would rise
 As did the butterfly on wings,
 To claim its native skies.

The rainbow, bending o'er the storm,
 A heavenly language told;
 For angels, twined with loving arms,
 She plainly might behold—
 And in their glorious robes they bent
 To earth in wondrous love,
 As they would lure the human soul
 To brighter things above.

The bird would leave the rocking branch
 Upon her hand to sing,
 And upward turn its fearless eye
 And plume its glossy wing—
 And Eva listened to its song,
 Till all the sense concealed
 In that deep gushing forth of joy,
 Became to her revealed.

And when the bird would build its nest,
 A spirit from above
 Directed all the pretty work,
 And filled its heart with love.
 And she within the nest would peep
 Its colored eggs to see,
 But never touch the pretty thing,
 For a thoughtful child was she.

Much Eva loved the twilight hour,
 When shadows gather round,
 And softer sings the little bird,
 And insect from the ground—
 She felt that this within the heart
 Must be the hour of prayer,
 For earth in its deep quietude
 Did own its Maker there.

The still moon in the saffron sky
 Hung out her silver thread,
 And the bannered clouds in gorgeous folds
 A mantle round her spread.
 The gentle stars came smiling out
 Upon the brilliant sky,
 That looked a meet and glorious dome,
 For worship pure and high;

And Eva lingered, though the gloom
 Had deepened into shade;
 And many thought that spirits came
 To teach the Sinless Maid;
 For oft her mother sought the child
 Amid the forest glade,
 And marvelled that in darksome glen,
 So tranquilly she stayed.

For every jagged limb to her
 A shadowy semblance hath,

Of spectres and distorted shapes,
That frown upon her path
And mock her with their hideous eyes.
For when the soul is blind
To freedom, truth, and inward light,
Vague fears debase the mind.

But Eva, like a dreamer waked,
Looked off upon the hill,
And murmured words of strange, sweet sound,
As if there lingered still
Ethereal forms with whom she talked,
Unseen by all beside;
And she, with earnest looks, besought
The vision to abide.

Oh Mother! Mother! do not speak,
Or all will pass away—
The spirits leave the green-hill side,
Where light the breezes play—
They sport no more by ringing brook,
With flowrets dreaming by;
Nor float upon the fleecy cloud
That steals along the sky.

It grieves me much they never will
A human look abide,
But veil themselves in silver mist
By vale or mountain side.
I feel their presence round me still,
Though none to sight appear;
I feel the motion of their wings,
Their whispered language hear.

With silvery robe, and wings outspread,
They passed me even now;
And gems and starry diadems,
Decked every radiant brow.
Intent were each on some kind work
Of pity or of love,
Dispensing from their healing wings
The blessings from above;

For angels fold their wings of love
Round hearts surcharged with woe,
And fan with balmy wing the eye
Whence tears of sorrow flow;
And bear, in golden censers up,
That sacred thing, a tear;
By which is registered the griefs,
Hearts may have suffered here.

All holy things they upward bear,
Of bleeding hearts the sigh,
The groan wrung out by penitence,
Bowed down with burning eye.
That proof of thought when first the babe
Smiles to the lip that smiled;
And the first warm prayer that upward steals
From the heart of the little child.

I would, dear Mother, thou could'st see
Within this darksome veil,
That hides the spirit-land from thee,
And makes our sunlight pale—
The toil of earth, its doubt and care,
Would trifle seem to thee;
Repose would rest upon thy soul,
And holy mystery.

Thou would'st behold protecting care
To shield thee on thy way—
And ministers to guard thy feet,
Lest erring, they should stray.
And order, sympathy and love,
Would open to thine eye,

From simplest creatures of the earth
To seraphs throned on high.

E'en now I marked a radiant throng,
On pinions sailing by,
To soothe with hope the trembling heart,
And cheer the dying eye;
They smiling passed the lesser sprites,
Each on his work intent;
And love, and holy joy, I saw
In every face were blent.

The meek-eyed violets smiling bowed—
For angels sported by—
Rolling in balls the fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
They kissed the rose in love and mirth,
And its petals fairer grew—
A shower of pearly dust they brought,
And over the lily threw.

A host flew over the mowing field,
And they were showering down
The little drops on the tender grass,
Like diamonds o'er it thrown;
They gem'd each leaf and quivering spear
With pearls of liquid dew,
And bathed the stately forest tree,
Till its robe was fresh and new.

I saw a meek-eyed angel curve
The tulip's painted cup,
And bless with one soft kiss the urn:
Then fold its petals up.
Another rocked the young bird's nest
As high on a branch it hung.
And the tinkling dew-drops rattled down
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

Each and all, as its task is done,
Soars up with a joyous eye,
Bearing aloft some treasured gift—
An offering to God on high.
They bear the breath of the odorous flower,
The sound of the pearly shell;
And thus they add to the holy joys
Of the home where spirits dwell.

OUR NAVY.

JUDGE ABEL P. UPSHUR AND HIS REPORT.*

There has never been a time, since the war, when public attention was more steadfastly fixed, than it now is, upon the Navy. Indeed, the maritime relations of the country were never more commanding than they are at present. Every one who has reflected at all upon the subject, now admits, that the Navy is the rightful protector of these relations in peace, their best defender in war, and the main bulwark of this nation both in peace and in war.

The inflated bubble of credit and speculation, which was blown to bursting in 1837, has been pricked; and with it, has disappeared that wild spirit of extravagance, which rioted in Bank Parlours,

* Report of the Secretary of the Navy. Dec. 4, 1841. Second Session, 27th Congress. House of Representatives, Doc. No. 2.

State Houses, and Legislative Halls; and which led Government, States and People, into those excesses, that have well nigh left the whole country prostrate. As a nation, we are now in a condition, profitably to reflect upon our situation; and to draw for the future, lessons of wisdom from our experience in past follies.

The extravagant schemes of '35-7, for protecting our seaboard with a line of forts and castles, reaching from the St. John's to the Sabine—and the grave demands of Congress upon the Executive, to know *how much* money *could* be expended for this purpose, are now considered as wonders of those distempered times. The country has awoken from its dreams, as from a delusion; and sober reasoning has now convinced it, that it must trust to its Navy to defend its coasts from foreign aggression—to fortifications and to ships, to protect its harbors and strong holds from blockade and pillage. This conviction has been expressed in a manner that must be heeded.

The country has demanded from its rulers, in language not to be misunderstood, reform for the Navy—renewed energies and increased strength for this arm of safety. And we congratulate the country, that an officer has at last been found to preside over the Navy, who can rightly interpret this language, and who has the understanding to perceive our Naval defects, and the energy to apply the remedies.

In this, his first Report, Judge Upshur has given his countrymen an earnest of what they may expect from him as a Navy Secretary. Though yet green in office, he has put forth, not only the most able and business-like document, but the most valuable exposition of the condition and wants of the Navy, that has ever proceeded from that Department. It is much the most able state paper that accompanied the President's Message.

The Secretary promises reform; and in a manly spirit calls on Congress and the Executive for the necessary aid. He has already satisfied himself that the Navy-Board is an irresponsible power, which should give place to a system of proper responsibility. He has discovered that the Navy Rules and Regulations, which have been in force for more than the quarter of a century, were palmed off upon the service by that Board, as law and gospel; and that, though practically enforced at this day, they never had even the shadow of any lawful authority, nor binding sanction. The Commissioners were authorised to prepare and lay before Congress a set of Rules and Regulations for the government of the Navy-Board and its agents. Instead of doing this, they prepared a *general* code of laws for the Navy; and these were declared to be the *lex suprema*, without ever having been submitted to Congress at all! What can more strikingly illustrate the negligence, which has hitherto obtained in the management of the Navy, than the fact, that such a discovery should now be

made for the first time! This subject calls loudly for reform, and the Secretary presses it with great earnestness upon the consideration of Congress. We hope it will receive the attention which its importance deserves.

Not only an amended code, but a uniform system of outfits and allowances is much required: two vessels of the same class and size fit out from the same port and for like service—the stores of one may cost \$6,000—of the other, \$30,000.* Surely there is great room for reform here; for, as is shown by other Navies, a surprising degree of uniformity is attainable in the cost, as well as in the materials, of outfits and stores of vessels. We recollect a case in point of an English Captain. After having reached his station abroad, he conceived it would add to the neat appearance of his rigging, to worm† a certain rope called a stay. To his surprise, the next arrival brought him a communication from the Admiralty, informing him if that worming were not taken off, it should be charged to him. Now an officer in our service might worm, parcel, marl and serve, every rope in his ship, and no one at home would be the wiser for it.

The cost of the Englishman's worming might perhaps be 10 cents. We do not advocate the 'penny wise and pound foolish' system; but if we would take care of the pounds, we must keep an eye to the pence also. And we see no reason why we may not have as rigid a system of accountability in our service, as the English have in theirs.

We can assure the friends of the Navy, that Judge Upshur has undertaken its management, with the noble purpose of serving his country—of restoring economy and efficiency to this much abused service—and of erecting, in the gratitude of his countrymen, a monument of praise for his well-timed and patriotic efforts. As far as he is concerned, every thing will be done for the Navy that the public weal requires. He has already recommended a Naval School; the creation of Admirals; an extension of the forces afloat; an increase of the Marine Corps;—and, though last, not least, an amelioration of the Sailor's condition—measures, all of them, highly important, and much required by the public necessities. All, except the last, have been fully discussed in our columns; and therefore it is unnecessary to go again into any lengthened argument to shew how the interests of the public at large are to be advanced by them.

The sailor's ration is now what it was nearly fifty years ago. In the midst of all the improvements of every kind which has been going on around him, no change—and there has been great

* See the cost of ordnance and stores for the sloops-of-war Vincennes and Fairfield, reported to Congress in Feb. 1841.

† Worm. To wind a thread spirally in the interstices of a rope.

room for change—has been made in Jack's diet. We should be glad to see the whiskey, which now forms a part of his ration, commuted for sugar and tea or chocolate, which are now as much necessities as pork and molasses.

For many valuable suggestions, as to improving the condition of the sailor, and thereby promoting the public interest, see an excellent article by Lieutenant Davis of the Navy, in the October No. of the *American Quarterly*. We have nothing to add to the judicious remarks of that officer on this subject.

Upon the same principle, and for the same reasons, that armies, in all countries, are commanded by Generals, Navies are commanded by Admirals. Custom and universal experience are as much in favor of the one as of the other; and the non-existence of this, or of a corresponding grade in our Navy, is daily felt as an evil: and, on some occasions has proved truly humiliating to the officers themselves.

In a Navy as large as ours now is, a high state of discipline can never be maintained without the assistance of higher grades. At present, there are too many heads: for all Captains are equal.

None of the insignia of rank, which deck an Admiral's ship, are allowed to be worn by the American Commander. Even his title of Commodore is a matter of courtesy, tolerated as a convenience, in spite of a positive order from the Navy Department. Once an Admiral, always an Admiral. Not so with our Commodores; to-day, one of them contends with the foreign Admiral, and claims to be received and acknowledged by him, as an equal in rank—to-morrow, he may be met by this same Admiral, as the mere Captain of a single ship, with no higher pretensions than to be placed on a footing of equality with one of the 20 Captains that command single ships in the Admiral's fleet.

Many, who are opposed to the creation of Admirals in our service, maintain with more plausibility than sound reasoning, that the American Captain, in command of a squadron, is, and of right ought to be, equal, in the eyes of the world, to an English, French, or any other Admiral in command of a fleet. And some of our officers with more zeal than discretion, have undertaken to maintain these grounds: for, in their contentions with foreign officers on this subject, they have generally had the worst of the argument.

A difficulty of this kind between an American Commodore and a French Admiral, is of recent occurrence. The friendly relations between the two squadrons were interrupted by it. For the sake of presenting this subject in its practical bearings, let us suppose the conversation which occurred between those officers on that occasion.

"Here," might have said the Frenchman, "is an Admiral's commission which I hold from my King. Here too is an official register of the French Navy;

on it, I am borne as an Admiral. And, in token of this rank, I wear at my mast-head, a square flag—the badge, which the usages of the sea have established, and which all the nations of the earth recognize and acknowledge, as the outward and visible insignium of my high office. These are my credentials, which have been received and admitted from time immemorial, and about which there can be no dispute. Pardon me; but may I now ask for yours, Monsieur Capitaine! for I perceive that your name is borne on your official register as that of a Captain only—and the regulations of your service forbid that you should be styled Commodore."

"All that is very true, sir; but my credentials are to be seen in that broad pennant which you see flying at my main."

"Well, sir, since you have no regular papers, I'll admit your bunting for all that the usages and customs of the sea will allow it. It is triangular—mine is square. From remote time, and by all maritime nations, the triangular pennant, such as you wear, has been considered as the outward badge of a grade of officers called Commodores, and subordinate to Admirals. There are several such commanding divisions of my fleet: they are my inferiors; and by your rule, you can claim equality of rank only with them—and, were you to fall in with one of them, you would readily admit him as an equal."

"To be candid, such is our custom I admit: but," continues the American officer, "I am the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval Forces in these seas—you are only the same of the French—my command is quite as respectable, and in all respects, as important, as yours; therefore I claim to be equal in rank to yourself."

"These are the grounds," replies the other, "which I expected you to take in the first instance; and there might seem to be some degree of plausibility in them; for you have under you, some fine ships, I admit. But as I reminded you before, I find that at home, you are nothing but a Captain; and that your present command is a mere temporary trust: pull down that piece of bunting at your mast-head, and you are again the mere Captain—subject, as I find by your laws, to be ordered to the command of any single ship over 20 guns. Such an inferior post, as this, it is impossible for an Admiral in the French Navy ever to fill. Suppose that I and all my commissioned officers, should be killed by some accident, possible, but not probable. My Boatswain would then be the commanding officer of this fleet. He might then use the same argument with you, which you now use with me. But would you admit him as an officer equal in rank to yourself, knowing, that in France, he is recognized as nothing but a mere Boatswain, in a temporary command; as I know that you, in your country, are recognized by your laws, only as a Captain?"

"Moreover, I am just from a foreign court : where his Majesty, the King of the French, was represented by a Minister :—your government, though with interests more important, was represented by a *Chargé d'Affaires*. But his Majesty's Minister, in all cases, took precedence of your *Charge*. Now, suppose your Republic had been as niggardly of rank in its diplomatic corps, as it has been of rank in the Navy—and that, *Chargé d'Affaires* had been the highest rank in that corps, as Captain is in your Navy. All Europe knows as well what a *Chargé d'Affaires* is, as every maritime nation knows what a Navy Captain is—could it be expected, that other courts would have returned you Ministers for your *Chargés*!—or, that these would have been received on the same footing, or recognized at the courts to which they might be accredited, as of the same rank and importance, with the Ministers of other nations !

"You say that yours, though a Captain's, is the highest rank known in your service, as Admiral is in mine ;—that you command a detachment of the American Navy, as I do of the French ; that your force is equal to mine ; and that therefore, you are entitled to be placed upon a footing with me, or any Admiral in any service. And so, in the case supposed, your *Chargé* might say :—He would be the highest diplomatic functionary known to your government ; he would represent a nation as respectable as any in the world ;—and might be charged with interests as important, nay more so, than any of the Ministers around him. But would he, for this reason, be put upon a footing with them ! Your Government saw at once the necessity of conforming with the general usage of other nations, by making the rank of your Army officers, and diplomatic agents, to correspond with those of other nations. This necessity did not at first exist with your Navy, because, until your last war, you may be said to have had no Navy. But now, your country, after having been fought into a Naval power by Great Britain, is possessed of a Navy not to be despised. And if your Republic desire that the Commanders of her Naval forces should be treated with the comity of Admirals, a decent respect for the opinion of the world, for the customs of other nations, and for the usages of the sea, requires that she should first show that she herself holds her own officers in proper estimation ; by investing them with rank, honors and titles, to correspond with like officers in other services. In failing to have Admirals, the United States has departed from the custom of nations. Those customs are well known, and well established ; and it is better that your Government should conform to them, than that all the world else beside, should depart therefrom to humor a mere fancy."

We respect the opinions of others, however erroneous they may be, when honestly entertained. Many, in their opposition to the grade of Admirals,

take the ground—and it is a popular one—that Captain is the highest grade known in the American Navy, and therefore an American Captain is equal to the highest grade of any other Navy, whatever be the title—for that it is immaterial by what name we call him, whether Captain or Midshipman.

Granted—let him be called Sachem or Sea Serpent ; only make his duties such as become the importance of the highest station in the Navy. In every military service, the officer who is required to do duties that properly pertain to a grade inferior to the one occupied by him, considers himself degraded. What would Captains in the Army think, were they required to do Corporal's duty ! or Generals, if they were compelled to serve as Captains !

Certainly if a General in our Army, were required to do those duties, which, in other armies, universal custom has assigned to Captains, no one would maintain that an American General was an officer equal in rank to the foreign General. His title would be considered as a misnomer, calculated to deceive. The Captain in our Navy is required to perform those duties, which, in other Navies, are considered beneath the dignity of Admiral, and are assigned to officers of an inferior grade. And as the true standard of an officer's rank, are the trusts reposed, the honors conferred, and the duties required of him, all that the friends of increased rank in the Navy desire, is, that the duties, honors, and trusts, which are conferred upon, and required of, Admirals in other Navies, should be conferred upon, and required of, a certain number of officers in our Navy—by what name these officers shall be designated as a class—is immaterial—only we should object to the style and title of 'Sea Kings,' Sachem or Dux would do ; though we should prefer to follow in the wake of those who most use the sea.

In the language of the Report, "The rank of Admiral is known in all the Navies of the world—it has existed through a long course of ages, and has been fully tested in the experience of all nations. *It still exists ; and is still approved.* That which has been found valuable in the Naval service of other countries, we have good reason to believe will be equally valuable in our own."

The Navy Department can now boast of a man of industry and of energy. It has fallen into the hands of one who can appreciate the importance of the situation ; whose pride it is, to reform the abuses of the service, to correct its faults, and to make it in all respects, the worthy bulwark of a great nation. Times were never more propitious for the Navy, than they now are. It has a friend in its present head, who will give tone to its enfeebled state, and who is determined to let its wants be known ; notwithstanding its abuses, it still is the pride of the nation ; and public sentiment is strongly in its favor. The work of reform has been commenced ; and Congress is prepared to do for it

whatever the national weal requires. And this is all we crave, and all we have contended for.

The interests of the service clearly require a multiplication of subordinate grades;—and, the new Secretary, lays it down with the force of a mathematical truth, that it would be both wise and politic to establish them. So think we.

From the lowest to the highest grade, now in the Navy, there are but three steps in the line of promotion. Merely to create grades, that degrees in the scale of official rank may be multiplied, we think neither politic nor wise. But when experience has taught us the want of more grades; when the necessities of the service have actually created them, and the public convenience has approved them, surely caution itself and the most stolid dread of innovation will admit it to be not only wise and politic, but in all respects prudent and desirable, that the law should give them palpable existence.

We have seen, that, in spite of regulation and the law, the necessities and daily convenience of the service have introduced into the Navy, a higher grade than that of Captain—for some distinction between an officer who commands many ships, and one who commands but a single ship, is both necessary and convenient. For like reasons, and by the same sage counsellor, the intermediate grade of Lieutenant Commandant has been introduced; custom has established it; and there are many good and sufficient reasons, why the law should confirm it. Of these, we can urge, briefly, none better, nor more sufficient, than the simple fact, that the necessities of the service have, of themselves, introduced it; that many years of actual trial have approved it; and that daily practice and experience show it to be both necessary and convenient.

There are many separate commands in the Navy, small in themselves, but highly useful and necessary, which are properly considered beneath the dignity of Captains and Commanders: such, for instance, are the Commands of brigs and schooners, with other inferior stations. To such, it is the custom of the service to assign Lieutenants with the complimentary title of Lieutenant Commandant.

Officers thus situated enjoy the title, privileges and emoluments of a distinct and separate grade; as they have the substance, we would make a virtue of necessity, and give them the shadow too; and the more especially, as in the shadow, is contained a public good.

This grade is intermediate between Lieutenant and Commander; and though convenient and useful in itself, it has been made, as it now exists, the source of much heart-burning among officers, and of great injury to the service. Would the law establish it, and draw above and below it, the line by which its duties should be limited, the field of favoritism in the Navy, would be both shortened

and narrowed; by these means, many of those considerations, which now induce officers to forget their self-respect, and to become hangers-on at Washington for *nice* births, would be removed.

We would confine, by law, the duties of Lieutenant Commandant, to the first Lieutenantancy of Navy-Yards, to the first Lieutenantancy of all vessels larger, and to the Captaincy of all vessels smaller, than sloops-of-war. Their pay, when on duty, should be what it now is—\$1800 a year; and when off, that of a Lieutenant at sea.

Among the number required to fill these stations, would be found officers well qualified to perform every duty not only of this, but of any other grade in their line of the service. Hence, the Department would not have the power, should it ever again possess the inclination, to go down, as it has done, to its favorites among the Passed Midshipmen and other junior officers, to obtain commanders for our men-of-war schooners.

There are, at this time, several Passed Midshipmen in command of schooners, which it would be no reflection upon them to say, many Lieutenants, in every respect more deserving and capable, have sought in vain.

We never did subscribe to the monstrous absurdity, that date of commission, instead of qualifications, should be consulted in the selection of officers for any particular service. But qualifications and all things else being equal, except date of commission, we should then, in all cases, let date of commission take precedence where there was competition; and it is hoped and believed, there always will be competition among officers for posts of honor. We admit the propriety of allowing the Department, in the selection of officers, all the latitude necessary for procuring the most suitable talents and qualifications for the services required. But when that grade to which these services properly pertain, affords officers in all respects capable and fit, the law certainly should forbid the Secretary to look among his favorites in the subordinate grades, for some one to fill the post of honor supposed.

We profess to be well acquainted with the Navy; and we assert with the confidence of knowledge, that in each grade of officers, are to be found individuals highly capable of performing with credit to themselves, and with honor to their country, any kind of service or duty which belongs to their grade. There are Captains in the Navy, who would discharge with ability, any duty, however important or difficult, which it is lawful or proper to require at the hands of a Captain; so of Commanders; and so of Lieutenants. And so too would it be of Lieutenants Commandant.

This being the case—which no one will dispute—the duties of each grade should be confined by law, to the officers of that grade; and a statute, which should require this much of the Department, would

be hailed not only as wise and judicious in itself, but as highly beneficial to the service at large. It is not only an unjust reflection upon the officers of any grade, but it is ruinous to the service, to look below that grade for other officers to do its duties—it interrupts harmony, breaks down discipline, and damps the *esprit de corps* of officers. This has been done in the Exploring Expedition; this has been done in the Florida Expedition; and this has been done in numerous other instances of late years.

Much attentive observation on the subject, has brought our mind to the conviction, that it is essential to the harmony, discipline and well being of the service, to confine, whenever it can be done, the duties of each grade, strictly to the officers of that grade, and to none other.

Should it ever so happen, that an officer of the necessary qualifications for any particular duty could not be found in the proper grade, we would go down the list, until we should find one who was qualified; and when we had found him, we would, were he the youngest Midshipman on the Register, first promote him over the heads of the others, and then assign him to the duty required. In no instance, unless in one of emergency, can the duties of a high, be performed by an officer of a lower grade, without interrupting the discipline of the service in which it is done.

The establishing of the grade of Lieutenant Commandant would call for the immediate promotion of not less than 50 or 60 Lieutenants; for nearly as many as these are now actually employed in connexion with the duties proposed. If, among this number, the Department could not find suitable officers for all the duties required of this, or of any other grade, then we should think it high time reform were commenced among the officers too, as well as with the Navy.

We urge this intermediate grade upon the Honorable Secretary, as an important subject in the work of reorganization. Other Navies have tried it, and found it to answer well. The division of duties calls for it in ours; practice has introduced it; it is sanctioned by custom; and the experience of years has proved it to be convenient and necessary. Is it not, then, both prudent and wise to profit by the lessons taught in such a school?

The establishment of a good school for Midshipmen, is admitted on all hands to be highly essential to the future well being of the Navy. This subject is commanding a larger share of the public attention, now, than we have ever before known it to do. It augurs well for the service that the new Secretary has taken it up so promptly, and with so much zeal. Within the last eighteen months, it has been fully discussed in this journal; and we have nothing new to add in relation to it. Like most others, we have a preference as to the location of this institution. But individual preferences and sectional prejudices, should no longer be suf-

fered to stand in its way, as they have done. A Naval Academy is much needed; nay, the public interest, the honor and the welfare of the service, absolutely require it. In the East, or the West; ashore, or afloat; on an island in the sea, or on a peak of the Rocky mountains—be its location where it may—we advocate its immediate establishment; and we hope that Congress will, at the present session, give the subject that attention which it deserves.

Should it, however, be placed on the seaboard, we would suggest that the Depot of nautical instruments and charts be connected with it; and that the appropriation of \$50,000 now asked by the Secretary for building a Depot, should be made with this view. By uniting the two, a two-fold advantage would be gained: without incurring the double expense of two separate establishments, the nautical professor, with his pupils and an assistant, could take charge of this department. The Midshipmen would thus have all the facilities of making astronomical observations, and of rating chronometers for the practical purposes of navigation; and thus, while learning practically an important branch of the navigator's art, they would be rendering the public an actual and valuable service.

With his limited experience in office, we could not expect Judge Upshur to occupy the whole field of Naval Reform in this Report. He has taken the first steps towards it with great judgment. The plans already proposed, will, in due time, be followed by others no less important and necessary. Among these may be included the transfer of the Revenue Service over to the Navy—as to the propriety of which, Congress has already adopted resolutions of inquiry. Such an arrangement would effect a vast saving to the public. This Service is supported from the revenue; and there is no annual appropriation made for it, nor indeed is there any specific appropriation for it at all; as far as limits are concerned, the receipts of the custom-house are the only limits imposed by law upon the expenditures for this Service. In spite of the specific character of appropriations and the restraints of the law, we have seen how abuse and corruption in other departments of the Government, have rioted with the public funds; what fantastic tricks they have played here, no one knows, for there were no restraints upon them, except such as speculating collectors, for their own greedy purposes, chose to impose.

Next to correcting Navy-Yard abuses, we consider the transfer of the Revenue Service over to the Navy, as one of the most economical measures in the whole system of Naval Reform. Nor is mere economy the greatest recommendation in favor of the transfer.

The number of shipwrecks that annually take place on our coast, average more than one for

every day in the year. In some seasons they have amounted to one for every eight hours. Many of these vessels are first embayed and then lost, and might be saved by timely assistance. Were Naval discipline introduced into this Service, and small steamers to carry two chase shell-guns of heavy calibre, substituted for the present cutters, they would perform many times as much service as the cutters can; and by requiring fewer hands, they would be less expensive. By taking to the sea, whenever they could in all rough weather, and directly after every gale, they would rescue many lives and much property, that, but for them, would be lost.

After a fair trial, Captain Perry and his officers ascertained and reported in 1838, that the current expenses of running the steamer *Fulton*, were \$3.05 for twelve hours, and that her whole annual expense would be less than that of a sail vessel of the same size.* The steam cutters here proposed would not be half as large as the *Fulton*, and therefore their current expenses would be lessened nearly in the same ratio. This difference of expense between men-of-war, and in favor of steamers, arises from the circumstance, that though fuel costs more than canvass, yet the steam vessels do not require nearly as many hands as the sail vessels. The same would obtain between sail cutters and steam cutters. Those of the former that we now have, carry not less than thirty or forty foremast hands; those that we propose, would not require more than fifteen or twenty—if as many. This item alone, exclusive of the wear and tear of sails, spars and rigging, amounts in pay and rations to not less than \$300 a month, which, allowing the steamer to steam on an average twenty days of every month, would well nigh supply her, if it would not entirely suffice for fuel.

Such a force, incorporated with the Navy, would form a most valuable nursery for a steam marine, making our officers familiar with their own coast, and with all its shoals and places of shelter. It would protect the revenue in peace, and at all times furnish steam sentinels-of-war, to guard our coast, and to check the advanced forces of an enemy while coming, with evil intent upon our shores, from beyond the 'black waters,' as the people of the East, with mysterious horror, call the sea.

But to return to the other measures of reform, which, under the energetic hand of the Virginia Secretary, we hope to see accomplished: the next is the fixing by law the ratio of numbers which shall be preserved between the officers of the lower, and those of the high grades. The files of the Department afford statistics, which will enable the Secretary—if he have time to collate them—to establish this ratio with such nicety, that the supply of Midshipmen would just equal, and no more, the demand for Lieutenants; and so on, up. There is now no limit to this appointing power, and it has been

much abused. The appointments of Midshipmen for the last year alone, amount, we are told, to upwards of 250. If we continue on at this rate, until these are admitted to their examination, we shall have the service overrun with a gang of Midshipmen 1500 strong—when, with a Navy twice the present size of ours, 400 would be more than ample. We are glad to perceive that Congress is disposed to assist the Secretary in his herculean labor, for a committee has been instructed to inquire into this subject likewise.

Some regulation ought also to be adopted for securing to each State, a fair quota of appointments in the Navy. There are ten officers from Massachusetts and Virginia, where there is one from Ohio, or Tennessee. To make it appear that some attention is paid to the claims of the West, many of those who are borne on the Register as citizens of that region, are in fact citizens of the East, falsely registered and nominally appointed from the West, to the exclusion of some more legitimate and rightful claimant. By such appointments, frauds are often practised upon those 'far off' States. The West has been sorely dealt with in the way of Navy patronage; and it is high time her eyes were opened to her just rights in this matter.

Other measures no less important than those already mentioned, and which will be brought forward in due time, are the establishment of a National Boat-Yard on the Mississippi, and of Naval Depots at the South; the opening of rendezvous in the West for the shipment of steamboat men, landmen, marines, and apprentices; the introduction of economy in the building and repairing of ships; the correcting of Navy-Yard abuses; and the arranging of a retired list, or the devising of some means by which an honorable retirement may be afforded to the superannuated officers in the higher grades; and by which the service may be relieved of 'Uncle Sam's hard bargains' in the lower.

The fact that all of these subjects are not embraced in the Report, argues nothing against the system of thorough reform which is promised at the hands of Judge Upshur. We can assure our readers and the friends of the Navy, that he has taken up the subject of Naval reform in good earnest, and means to go through with it. It cannot be reasonably expected, that, at this early day, he could enter into all the necessary details. He has not yet had time to possess himself of half the information requisite for maturing his plans, and bringing forward his measures. In fact, there is so much to be done, that our surprise is, not that he has not done more, but that he has been able to accomplish as much as he has in so short a time.

Excellent and satisfactory as this Report is, it does not embrace any thing like the thorough system of reform, which is now contemplated for the Navy. None of the abuses exposed in this journal, have escaped the attention of the present Sec-

* Doc. 423. House Rep. 2nd Session, 26th Congress.

retary. That his work may be lasting, he designs to lay the foundations of it broad and deep. In order to do this, he has first to clear away much rubbish. And he has, accordingly, set inquiries on foot, concerning Navy-Yard, and other abuses: so soon as he has satisfied himself of the proper remedies for these, he will proceed to have them applied.

We conceive it to be almost as important to know how the Navy has got wrong, as it is to know how to set it right. In taking charge of it, in its present condition, Judge Upshur is in the situation of a Captain, who is sent to a ship which incompetent navigators have plunged into difficulties, and left surrounded by breakers. The first thing that this new commander does, is to send out a party of officers to sound, survey and ascertain the exact extent, character and position of the shoals and quicksands, with which the vessel is surrounded. He then lays them down on a chart, as well that others may know how to avoid them in future, as that he may clearly see the best way of getting clear of them himself.

With all due deference, this, in our opinion, is the course which Judge Upshur should take with regard to the Navy-Yards, and to other subjects of Naval economy. Officers should at once be commissioned to examine into the condition of the entire system of Naval economy. We do not wish merely to find out that common laborers have been employed to drive oxen, to dig, and to do other jobs about Navy-Yards,—that, by some ingenious figment, such labor has been called *repairing* ship—and that, the unlawful wages have been accordingly charged to any ship that happened, at the time, to be undergoing this costly operation. All this we already know. We desire information, which shall be more practical, even than this. We desire to know what it is that causes our ships to rot, and makes such frequent and heavy repairs necessary, that we may adopt preventive measures if practicable.

The corn-law, and other commissions of inquiry in England, have elicited information of the most valuable kind, bearing, not only upon the particular subject of investigation, but upon the whole science of political economy.

From such a commission as we propose, properly conducted, we should expect information equally valuable, not only to the Navy, but to the whole science of Naval Architecture, and therefore to the whole country. For instance: it is well known that our men-of-war, though built of better materials, are much more frequently and thoroughly repaired, than merchantmen. One or two of them, built of live oak, have been actually broken up as rotten and utterly useless, at an age, when the majority of white oak merchant vessels are perfectly sound and good. And, whatever be the cause, it is also evident that our men-of-war, though

built of the same materials of which they were thirty years ago, are repaired *now* much more frequently than they were then.

Can this be owing to the policy of *creating* employment for the mechanics at our Navy-Yards? Or is it owing to the manner of seasoning timber for the Navy? Or is it owing to the use of iron tanks in our men-of-war, that the public ships decay so much more rapidly than they used to do—and so much more rapidly than less substantial merchantmen, now do?

Whenever a merchantman discharges her cargo, her hold is swept, cleaned and aired. But, owing to the inconvenience of breaking out the tanks of a man-of-war on foreign stations, the hold of the latter is seldom cleaned from the beginning to the end of a three years' cruise; formerly this was not so. Consequently, unless the tanks fit tightly, which is not always the case, there is apt to be a vast accumulation of dirt and filth in a man-of-war's hold, which is not found in that of a merchantman.

The inquiry of which we speak, would not only discover how far these agents and causes tend to promote decay, and how they may be neutralized or destroyed; but, it would elicit a vast amount of information on many other subjects connected with the economy of ships and the Navy, that would prove of great value and practical importance to the country at large. And, we do not well perceive, how any system of permanent reform, as to the economy of the Navy can be devised, unless some such investigation shall first be made. We neither advocate nor propose any thing inquisitorial. We do not care to find out who have been the *abusers*; but, what the *abuses* are; for, the part of wisdom now is, not to punish past offenders, but to prevent future offences.

Since the arch enemy of Marines, and the master spirit of the Navy-Board, that, for so many years, has sat an incubus upon the Navy, 'has quit his country for his country's good,' times have become propitious also for this gallant and much neglected corps of sea soldiers.

An increase of the Marine Corps is recommended in the Report, and seems to be required by the public necessities. Whatever the honor, or the interests of this nation require, the people can afford—and, like the Honorable Secretary, where these are concerned, we are for no niggardly policy.

Therefore we would abandon the system hitherto pursued with regard to the Marine Corps, and place it on that footing which the necessities of the service require it should occupy.

In the English as well as the American Navy, the Marines have always been found true to their country in the hour of danger. Without them, the police of a ship cannot be effective in peace, nor secure in war. They are a faithful corps; they have ever proved themselves so; and we should

be pleased to see the complement of Marines in our men-of-war largely increased.

Marines were first known to the English Navy in 1702. At the taking of Gibraltar, they "alone, of all her Majesty's land forces, were the only corps who successfully stormed the fortress." In commemoration of their services on that occasion, the word GIBRALTAR is to this day inscribed on their colors. His grateful remembrance of the important services rendered by them at the battle of St. Vincent, induced the Admiral to obtain for them in 1802, the title of ROYAL MARINES. And in 1827, when the Duke of Clarence wished to present them with a stand of colors having suitable emblems and a device, he caused a summary of their principal engagements to be drawn up, since the taking of Gibraltar. There were more than a hundred of these, in which his Majesty's 'faithful Marines' had won glory for their King and laurels for themselves in every sea and land. In the difficulty of selecting from such a constellation of gallant deeds, some exploit more brilliant than the rest, the Duke resolved to inscribe on the colors 'the great globe itself,' having the word Gibraltar above, and *per Mare, per Terram* below.*

By land and by water, wherever and whenever the American Marines have had an opportunity of distinction, they have shown themselves altogether worthy of such a prototype. They are brave, patriotic, loyal and true; and it gives us pleasure to add our testimony, however humble, to their usefulness and worth in the Navy.

We have thrown these opinions and suggestions hastily together. We offer them for what they are worth, and hasten to conclude an article that is longer than we ever intended it to be, and which, if we had time, we would make shorter.

THE FOOLS' PENCE.

In the year 183-, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin-shop called "The Punch-bowl," sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire-screens! all so bright and fresh!—Then, the elegant stone-copings to your windows, and those beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughters to the genteel boarding-school: your shop is the best furnished, and your cellars are the best filled, in all this part of Lunnun. Where can you find the needful for all these grand things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and cast a look of smi-

ling contempt through the half open door, into the shop, filled with drouthy customers. "The fools' pence!—'tis THE FOOLS' PENCE that does it for us," she said. And her voice rose, more shrill and loud than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached the ears of one customer,—George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment: he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano: and he thought to himself, how strange it is! how curious, that all this wretchedness on my left hand should be made to turn into all this rich finery on my right!

"Well sir,—and what's for you?"—said the shrill voice which had made THE FOOLS' PENCE ring in his ears.

"A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I was waiting for; but I think I've paid the last *fools' pence* that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day."

Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt: yet the dullest observer would have been struck by the neatness that reigned.

It was a joyful surprise to them, his returning so early that night, and returning sober, and in good humor.

"Your eyes are weak to-night, wife," said George, "or else you have been crying. I'm afraid you work too much, by candle light."

His wife smiled and said, "*working* does not hurt my eyes;" and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart, in a corner—evidently as a culprit.

"Why, John, what's this I see?" said his father. "Come, and tell me what you have been doing."

John was a plain spoken boy, and had a straight-forward way. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face, and said, "The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say any thing. I did not know she was crying, till I saw her tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words; and mother sent me to stand in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope?"

"No," said John, coloring: "I said, you were a bad man! I said, bad father!"

"And they were bad words, I am sure," said

* Miles' Royal Naval Service, p. 122.

his mother : " but you are forgiven ; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife ; and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up ; and putting money into her hands, he said, " There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength ; he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined, from that hour, never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch-bowl, was walking with her daughters to the tea-gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain ; and had become at least half drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness from all others near it. Its good-natured mistress and her two girls did all they could to dry and wipe away the rain-drops and mud-splashes from the ladies' fine silk gowns, all draggled and soiled, and to repair, as far as possible, every mischief done to their dresses and persons.

When all had been done that could be done, and, as Miss Lucy said, they " began to look themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was jolling in a large arm-chair, and amusing herself by a stare at every one and every thing in the room, suddenly started forward, and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose Bible and whose face had just caught her eye,—“ Why, my good man, we are old friends ! I know your face, I'm certain : still there is some change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

" I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health," said George Manly, smiling : " now, thank God, I am comfortably clad, and in excellent health."

" But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, " that we never catch a sight of you now ?"

" Madam," said he, " I'm sure I wish you well : nay, I have reason to thank you ; for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half-naked and half-starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now : for sweet, contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them

with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year,—'*'tis the FOOLS' PENCE that have done all this for us.* The Fools' pence !—I ought rather to say, the pence earned by honest industry ; and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

☞ The foregoing is abridged from a small pamphlet published in London.

BISHOPS.

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEAR SIR,—I recommend the following extract from a medical journal to the especial and attentive perusal of your fair readers. The subject of which it treats has for some time awakened the anxious curiosity of all who feel an interest in the health, and—what a woman is said to relinquish with the greatest reluctance—in the personal beauty of our females. If the hints and suggestions of this medical writer should prevail on these delicate creatures to adopt some means for the removal of the unseemly incumbrance to which he refers, I shall be amply repaid for the labor of transcription.

From the Medical Repository, published in the City of

A singular malady, which has recently made its appearance among the ladies, has excited much speculation in the medical world. As the victims of this complaint obstinately reject all advice, and delicacy forbids a close and accurate examination of the parts affected, we have been compelled to resort to conjecture, and to adopt such conclusions as external appearances would seem to indicate.

Judging by this imperfect mode of observation, we suppose that an enormous tumor, of the wart or wen species, has been produced by the operation of some unknown cause over the lower region of the spine. That it is a callous excrescence, may be inferred from the absence of all pain and inflammation, which could scarcely exist to any great extent without affecting seriously the general health ; and it is a remarkable feature in this disease, that the fair sufferers seem to be utterly insensible to the danger of their situation, and indulge, without restraint, in their usual amusements. We have had no means of ascertaining the exact superficial extent of this tumor ; but its apparent magnitude varies in different persons, and frequently fluctuates in the same individual. Neither have we been able to determine its consistency, or whether the cyst, which contains it, is connected with the body by a narrow neck ; or whether it adheres to

the surface through the whole extent of its apparent elongation. In shape, it resembles a cylinder stretching horizontally across the back, with its truncated extremities protruding somewhat on each side beyond the circumference of the waist.

This uncommon affection, like the goitre, is confined to the softer sex; and as, upon its first advent in this country, it raged principally in the cities, its origin was hastily ascribed to some floating miasm in the local atmosphere, or to the habits of diet and exercise peculiar to a crowded population. But before the truth of this hypothesis could be tested by experiment and observation, the hypothesis itself was completely exploded by the fact, that the malady had spread with unexampled rapidity into the most secluded districts of the country. Indeed, some of the most gigantic specimens of this portentous excrescence which we have ever encountered, were found in very retired situations; yet as the disease in the same vicinities was by no means universally diffused, the cases in question were probably sporadic.

Various conjectures have been hazarded as to the efficient cause of this phenomenon; but none have been sustained by a sufficient induction of physiological facts to command the assent of the faculty. It is scarcely necessary to notice the supposition, that it is an unnatural enlargement of the spleen, since it is evidently a superficial formation, and can have no connexion with the vital cavity. Some have imagined, that the muscles of the body, driven from their natural position by the excessive pressure of the corset, have swelled out immediately below the line of that stricture into unusual magnitude, and thus gave rise to this protuberance; but if this were so, the enlargement would be commensurate with the cause, and therefore would encircle the whole body. Others maintain, that the unnatural action of the dorsal muscles in the effort to produce that curvature of the spine, misnamed the Grecian bend, might have occasioned a partial dislocation of that main pillar of the human system, and that the morbid action, thus generated, terminated in the formation of this enormous fungus; but it were more rational to conclude, that this fashionable bend is an effect rather than a cause, and is assumed as a counterpoise to the preponderating weight of this unseemly hump, which would otherwise throw the line of gravity without the base, and thus destroy the equilibrium of the body. The most plausible hypothesis yet proposed as a solution of the difficulty is, that the tumor in question is analogous to the elephantiasis of the West-Indias, and is the work of some venomous insect burrowing beneath the cuticle in the region of the loins. If this be so, the cure may be both delicate and difficult; but the image of the soft and tender skin of a beautiful woman perforated, like some moth-eaten parchment, is so distasteful to our imaginations, that we must be per-

mitted to suspend our opinion on the subject, till some stronger proofs be adduced. And, indeed, to suppose that these amiable and innocent creatures could, from any cause, be so cruelly backbitten, we must regard, manre all the conclusions of science, as a most violent presumption.

The medical world has been much divided, as usual, on the question, whether this novel disease be epidemic or contagious. A vast amount of learning and ingenuity has been expended in the controversy, without throwing much light on the subject of debate; it has left the respective disputants more wedded than ever to their own opinions. The arguments are so equally balanced, that both parties may probably lay claim to some share of the truth. If this tumor be *insectiferous*, as some have conjectured, no reason can be assigned why it may not be propagated in the same way with many cutaneous diseases, which are believed to originate in similar causes.

On the other hand, the portentous rapidity with which this malady is disseminated, unparalleled in the annals of human calamity, except by the fearful progress of the cholera, must be produced by some cause of more general operation than mere contagion. But it is not our province *tantas componere lites*, and we shall pass on to more practical inquiries—to the peculiar symptoms and probable means of relieving a disease, which, from its application to the back, may emphatically be called a scourge.

The progress of this peculiar malady, like that of its great prototype, the Asiatic cholera, is altogether astonishing, and militates against every conclusion of analogy and experience. It has been known in a few hours to reach its utmost degree of tumefaction; and young ladies, whose sylph-like tenuity of form was the ornament and admiration of the evening entertainment, have emerged from their chambers in the morning accoutred with a pack of such prodigious dimensions, that, with little effort of imagination, they might be mistaken for gypsies on a march, bending beneath the weight of all their household goods. The morbid action indicated by this preternatural growth, would seem to demand the exhibition of the most speedy and decisive remedies. Leeching, cupping, and other topical applications might palliate, but could scarcely arrest the progress of this extraordinary swelling. The canter and the knife could alone be relied on for its effectual extirpation. The operation, however, would be hazardous; for the vitality indicated by its rapid development, betrays its connexion with the arterial system. The excision of so large a mass from the body, would, under any circumstances, be attended with a sense of exhaustion, and might seriously affect the nervous system, particularly when the unfortunate patient, from a delusive conception of the disease, is averse to the necessary measures of relief.

It is to be feared that our females will resist all efforts to disburthen them of this ungainly protuberance, since, from a strange hallucination, they suppose it to be ornamental, and to improve the natural symmetry of their figures. In Switzerland, goitre keeps goitre in countenance; and the belles of the Vallais, reconciled to this unavoidable calamity by its universal prevalence, are easily persuaded that it is a beauty rather than a defect. On the same principle our American ladies cherish, as their most graceful appendage, a hideous incumbrance, resembling for all the world a beggar's wallet in shape and appearance; for it cannot be doubted, that, if it were confined to a few individuals, it would be an object of derision or disgust. Such, indeed, is the perversity of taste produced by that tyrant custom, that they have actually dignified this deformity with the venerable name of bishop, from its imaginary resemblance, we presume, to the hump frequently superinduced on the incumbents of the episcopal office by age, infirmity and incessant toil. It was from a like depravity of perception that the courtiers of Alexander, because that celebrated conqueror was wry-necked, conceived that unnatural distortion to be the perfection of grace and elegance, and submitted to the painful effort of affecting a similar dislocation.

It is supposed, from the prevalence of goitres and idiocy in the same districts of Switzerland, that there is some inexplicable connexion between that excrescence and the brain. We are not prepared to deny the truth of this conjecture; and by parity of reasoning we think it much more probable, that the bishop, resting as it does on the spinal column, and thus communicating directly with the seat of perception, should exercise a still greater influence on the powers of the understanding. Is it altogether impossible, that the medullary substance, occupying the chambers of the cranium, should, from the power of gravitation, or an irregular circulation of the fluids, have abandoned, in a great measure, the cavity of the skull, and accumulated on the lower region of the spine, so as to form this extraordinary enlargement? We throw out this idea as a mere hypothesis, to be tested by future investigation. Certain it is, that the subjects of this strange disease are characterised by a levity and volatility, which increase in a ratio with the growth of the dorsal tumefaction. If this bump had made its appearance on the cranium, phrenology would have furnished a ready explanation of the phenomenon; but unluckily the disciples of that useful science have not extended their inquiries to the mental qualities indicated by the irregularities of the spine.

The ramifications of this swelling seem to be spreading horizontally, and it is apprehended, that it may ultimately encircle the slender waists of the ladies with a continuous ridge, which no illusion of the imagination can transform into the cestus of

Venus, or the girdle of Florimel. Not to speak of the unpleasant surmises to which such an unseemly protuberance must give rise, the most serious physical derangement may be anticipated from this enormous pressure on the diaphragm.

The unwillingness of the fair sufferers to submit to medical examination, renders it impossible to ascertain with precision all the symptoms of this disease; but so far as we have observed, the most prominent are, slight febrile action, nervous excitability, giddiness of the head, restlessness, excessive flightiness, and an inordinate proclivity to the intoxicating pleasures of fashionable life. These symptoms may vary in degree according to the character and constitution of the patient, but they are believed to be the usual concomitants of this singular affection. They proclaim that the nervous system is deeply implicated, and that every indulgence of an exciting nature must be pernicious. It is evident, therefore, that retirement, solitude and quiet, are essential to recovery. We should advise, as a preliminary to any course of treatment, a residence in some secluded mountain-valley, where pure air, rural occupations, romantic scenery, and an absence of the temptations and frivolities of the gay world, might gradually renovate the tone of the nervous system, and prepare the way for a radical expulsion of this hideous excrescence.

We have entered with the greater minuteness into the discussion of this subject, because the interest which we feel in the welfare of our fair countrywomen, no less than the sentiments of humanity, demand from the medical faculty the exertion of their utmost skill in the extirpation of such an alarming evil, and more especially in ridding the form of youthful beauty of so loathsome a deformity.

D.

Campbell County, Va, Dec. 1841.

CAN I FORGET?

BY L. J. CIST.

"I have treasured every look,
I have garnered every tone,
Till my heart is like a book
Filled with memories alone:
And I wonder oft if thou,
In thy far and happy home,
Ever think'st of him, who now
To thy presence may not come!"

W. D. Gallagher.

Can I forget?—

The bright, the blest, the golden-winged hours,
When, hand in hand, we roved the sunny howers
Of childhood's home; or up the mountain's side,
Or by the streamlet's gently murmuring tide,
Gathered young Spring's first flowers—the fair wild-rose
And the blue violet, sweetest flower that grows!
Nurturing the while, through each delightful hour,
Love's bud to bloom—itsself a fairer flower!

Ah me! not yet
Those days can I forget!



Can I forget?—
 blissful rapture of that hour, when first
 ripened bud to beauteous blossom burst;
 in the deep feeling of my spirit moved
 burning lips to tell thee that I loved!
 I forget the rapture of that kiss,—
 seal of mutual love and happiness?
 her dear image ever leave this heart,
 as quicker throbbings, thoughts of her thus start?
 Ah, no!—not yet,
 Sweet love, can I forget!

"LE MEME VASE."

young Sciote, who had returned to his native Isle, for
 first time after the Turkish invasion, entered his father's
 way, and found the dwelling of his childhood a deso-
 ruin. He wandered to the garden and strayed through
 orange and lemon groves in silence, until passing a large
 one, in which a beautiful plant was wildly growing, he mur-
 dered indistinctly, "*le même vase*."

Vide Stephens' Travels in Greece, &c.

The same white vase—the same rich plant
 I tended with such care,
 That I might gather from it buds
 To twine my sister's hair;
 How oft, with flowery coronal,
 I've decked her sunny brow!
 Alas! alas! she needeth not
 A fragrant chaplet now.

The same white vase!—the favorite spot
 She loved to call her own;
 Here in the moonlight she would sit,
 And list the billow's moan;
 And mingle in the symphony
 Her lute's most gentle strain,
 With sweet, aerial warblings—such
 I will not hear again.

The same, round which our evening hours
 Were passed in mirth and glee,
 In dancing to the soft guitar,
 Beneath this olive tree—
 Or, weaving from the dew-bright flowers
 A wreath for one fair head,
 Whose music-laughter now is hushed—
 Who dwells among the dead!

The same, round which my brother play'd,
 A guileless-hearted boy,
 And dreamed away his brief, bright hours
 Of happiness and joy.
 I thank thee, Heaven! that thou didst take
 That gentle spirit back,
 Ere sorrow's cloud had cast its shade
 Across his sunbeam track!

The same old vase my father loved—
 Where oft he lingered high,
 To hear the Egean humming low
 The sun-set's lullaby:
 Now, tangled rose and jasmine flower
 The marble seat o'erspread,
 And ivy vines creep wildly up,
 And bow the citron's head.

Among the lime-tree's 'silvery green'
 Entwines the cypress bough,
 And myrtle leaves are waving here,
 In strange confusion now—

Untasted hangs the clustering fruit
 From many an orange tree;
 And flowers stray wild, without a hand
 To check their luxury.

Oh! what a link in memory's chain
 Is this vine-cover'd vase;—
 It brings before me all I lov'd
 In brighter, earlier days—
 And then the anguish'd thought, that they,
 My cherish'd ones, have fled,
 And thou, my vase! the dearest link
 To bind me to the dead!

Oxford, Ohio.

M. J.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

FAMILY LIBRARY, Nos. 136 and 137. *Scandinavia, ancient and modern; being a history of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, with illustrations of their natural history.* By Andrew Crichton, L.L.D., author of the History of Arabia, etc.; and Henry Wheaton, L.L.D., author of the History of the Northmen, etc., and lately American Charge d'Affaires at Copenhagen. With a map and twelve engravings. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1841.

The object of the *Family Library* is the formation of a cheap and useful library. The Messrs. Harpers have been, and still are, pushing on the scheme with great enterprise and astonishing success. In the 'warrior ages,' the Scandinavians figured more largely than any other people of the North;—they extended their excursions over sea and land—ravaged, and then seized the Island of Great Britain—and obtained for their Sovereigns the patronymic of 'Sea Kings' of the North. They were a race of daring freebooters, who carried their conquests from the icy shores of Lapland to the sunny clime of Africa. To such a people are to be traced our remote ancestry, and the germ of many of our political institutions; and the Messrs. Harpers have judiciously incorporated their history into the *Family Library*. Messrs. Crichton and Wheaton are well known to the reading public as ripe and accomplished scholars. They have dipped freely into Runic literature and antiquities. Their well-earned reputation is fully sustained in the present volumes.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. 138. *Democracy.* By George Sydney Camp. New-York: Harpers & Brothers; 1841.

In these days of 'cat-o'-nine' and other long tail and painful flourishes on the backs of books and sailors, it is refreshing to behold the democratic simplicity with which Mr. Camp ushers forth his little volume—*DEMOCRACY*. Verily it is a pattern for brevity, by which windy authors may improve their long-tailed title pages. Mr. Camp's undertaking is a sublime one, being an attempt to demonstrate the fitness of a republican government for man every where in political being with his fellow-man. The author writes well, and has produced an agreeable and an entertaining little volume. He soars above party, and treats of the democracy of all parties,—of democracy in its widest sense. He aims at a true exposition of popular rights, and at reducing the principles upon which they are founded to a philosophical system, with the view of founding a true theory on which democracy may rest. Unfortunately for him, his science itself rests too much upon opinion; and however great his learning, and profound his arguments, he has not the basis of an exact science upon which to raise his superstructure. Two and two make four, is a mathematical truth which all will admit; but by what means the greatest good may be produced to the greatest number, and

whether this or that political dogma be consistent with democratic doctrines, are matters of opinion, and therefore of dispute. In this free-thinking age, there is no one who may speak *ex cathedra* in political science; nevertheless Mr. Camp has given the public a book which may be read with pleasure and profit.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. 139. *History of Michigan from its earliest colonization to the present.* By James H. Lanman. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1841.

Another work from this prolific press! This is an abridgement of a history by the same author, prepared under a law of the State. And as pleasantly as Mr. Lanman writes, we could have wished his volume for the Family Library had been still more abridged. A commercial acquaintance once wrote six or eight pages of fool's-cap, advising with his partner in Liverpool as to the shipment of a cargo of salt. "Salt won't do," was the laconic reply. And we would recommend to the Messrs. Harpers to impress upon their writers of State Histories the importance of some little attention to the *salty* style of the Liverpool merchant. We have less fault to find with Mr. Lanman's History of Michigan, or *Mitchi-saugyegan* as its Indian name runs, than we have, or than we expressed in a former No., against Dwight's History of Connecticut. The Catholic church planted her missionary stations in Michigan upwards of two centuries ago. There are many interesting incidents connected with the early history of this new State, and her historian makes the most of them. It is a well written and an agreeable little volume.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE for the year 1842. Boston: published by David H. Williams.

This is one of the most valuable publications any where to be found. It comprises upwards of 300 pages 12mo. of the most important statistical information, concerning the General and State Governments—exports and imports—agriculture and manufactures—civil and military establishments, etc. As a book of reference it is useful at all times, and to men of every pursuit in life. The present volume is particularly valuable on account of the statistics relating to the 'sixth census' of the United States; by which a greater amount of useful information has been collected than by any other. The work is to be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. Randolph & Co.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. George G. Cookman. A Poem, delivered at the Alexandria Lyceum, by Daniel Bryan: 1841.

This is a neat pamphlet of sixteen pages, published for the benefit of Mrs. Cookman, whose husband was among the passengers of the ill-fated President. The sale, we are happy to learn, has been very large; and the poem especially, as every thing from the pen of Mr. Bryan does, has met with great favor. It possesses decided merit.

The Maryland Medical and Surgical Journal and Official Organ of the Medical Department of the Army and Navy of the United States. Baltimore: John Murphy; 1841.

The second No. of the second volume of this journal lies on our table. It contains a list of chemical tests and agents, that is worth to the practical man many times the price of subscription. The present No. is a capital one. It contains several valuable papers: Among them we would notice especially the Memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, and the conclusion of a prize essay on 'Cutaneous and Mucous Exhalation.' No physician can keep pace with the improvements and discoveries that are daily being made in his art, without the assistance of medico-periodical literature. The most valuable discoveries in medicine are first announced

to the world, usually in the medical journals. And any physician may, with profit, add the one now before us, to his list of periodicals. The price is \$2 50, in advance.

POPULAR LECTURES ON ETHICS OR MORAL OBLIGATIONS, for the use of Schools. By Margaret Mercer. Petersburg: Edmund & Julian C. Ruffin.

The schoolmaster is indeed abroad in the land; the spirit of intellectual improvement is rife; and the cause of popular education is advancing. Some of the first talents of the country are enlisted under its banners. Miss Mercer is among them. She has performed well her part; and she performed a good work, when she addressed her little volume to the affections of the young, and cast it in the common school treasury. It is particularly suitable for young ladies and girls, though it may be perused with profit by the youth of either sex. The lectures of which it is comprised abound in practical good sense, and sound doctrines and instructions, both moral and religious. Miss Mercer is a devout Christian; and she has 'let her light so shine,' in the tone of earnest affection which she has imparted to these admirable essays. In setting forth so much that is good and excellent, it is to be regretted that our authoress did not pay as much attention to manner as to matter; for it is a pity that grammatical errors should be suffered to creep in, and mar, as they not unfrequently do, the beauty of her discourse. We have opened the book at random, and stumbled upon such blunders as these: "Economy is such a just restraint of one's inclinations, and such a regulation of *their* expenditures, as will turn *their* means to the best account:" p. 179. "Often the sight or the hearing *perish*:" p. 58.

This book is written for the instruction of the young, and for the use of schools; therefore we would hold the writer rigidly within the rules of grammar. The frequent use which she makes of *as*, as a pronoun, grates upon the ear; to say the least of it, it is an inelegance of style which should not be tolerated, more especially in such books as this. The '*as will*' in the first quotation is a case in point—and like cases abound. Such sentences ought to be recast. Expressed thus, the one above would have been faultless: "Economy is that just restraint of one's inclinations, and that regulation of one's expenditures, which will turn one's means," etc. But notwithstanding such faults, the book is sensibly written. It may be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. Randolph & Co.

THE POEMS OF JOHN G. C. BRAINARD. A new and authentic collection, with an original memoir of his life—Hartford: Edward Hopkins; 1842.

Brainard may justly be considered one of the most interesting of American poets. His personal popularity, though mingled playfulness and melancholy of his effusions, their patriotic tone, and the early death of the promising minstrel,—all tend to hallow and endear his memory. It is several years since the volume of his pieces, issued in his life-time, has been out of print. The edition published with Mr. Whittier's memoir, after the poet's decease, was very limited, and a large portion of it was destroyed by fire. It was also quite incorrect, and was shabbily executed. There was then, it seems, ample reason for the appearance of the present volume. We have examined it with care, and can assure our readers that the casket is, in every respect, worthy of the jewels it enshrines. For this beautiful volume, the public are indebted to the ardent interest with which the publisher cherishes the memory of Brainard. He has long wished to see something like justice done to the poet; and to this end, has labored to bring together a perfectly authentic and correct edition of his writings. This he has at length succeeded in doing; and the lovers of American poetry have now another handsome and charm-

g volume, to place beside those of Bryant and Percival, Longfellow and Drake. We have refreshed our memories with Brainard's verses; and we experienced no little gratification in so doing. There is a simplicity, a tenderness and a truth about his poetry, which explain the warm attachment he ever inspired. Many of his descriptions are remarkably American; his themes are generally national, founded on personal experience. Sometimes he is saint and playful; sometimes, graphic and earnest; and at infrequently, touching and pathetic. His muse is genuine, not tricked out for parade, but fresh with the hues of its own soul. Now and then there is a touch which indicates to what a height time and larger experience might have led him. For instance, in his lines on the Connecticut river, he says

The promontories love thee—and for this
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for a kiss.

When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
And daylight smiles on rock and slope and stream,
Are not glossy curls and sunny eyes,
As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies;
Voices as gentle as the echoed call,
And sweeter than the softened waterfall
That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
Leaping in sportive innocence away:—
And lovely forms as graceful and as gay
As wild-brier budding in an April day;
How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
Their sinless purposes and simple cares.

Stream of my sleeping Fathers! when the sound
Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
Snatching the musket where they left the spade!
How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
Their sisters tell them to defend the right!
How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
The earth their coffin, and the turf their pall!

And again, in that sad but sweet lyric "To the Dead."

How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sick'ning, sinking look which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

In speaking of that "silent, moonlight march to Bunker Hill," he says finely of that noble band—that they went forth with a

"Spartan step, without their flutes."

But we lack space to enumerate beauties. The poems entitled "The Fall of Niagara," "Epithalamium," "Maniac's Song," "The Sea Gull," "Indian Summer," "Eastern End of Long-Island" and many other gems, cannot but command the interest of the discerning reader, and awaken a feeling of sympathy and admiration for the memory of Brainard.

SPEECH FOR THE DEFENDANT, IN THE PROSECUTION OF
THE QUEEN v. MOXON, for the publication of Shelley's
Works. Delivered in the Court of the Queen's Bench,
June 23, 1841, and revised, by T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant-
at-Law. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-Street; 1841.

We are surprised that some enterprising publisher, or the sagacious editors of the large weekly papers, have not reprinted this beautiful production of the author of "Ion." We are induced to call the attention of our readers to the speech, partly from the intrinsic value of its arguments and the rhetorical elegance of its style, and partly because of

the coincidence between the views advanced by Mr. Talfourd and those of one of our correspondents, published in a number of the Messenger a year before the delivery of this address. Our space will not allow us to present a synopsis of the reasoning contained in this able defence.

"The book presents the entire intellectual history—true and faithful, because traced in the series of those works which were its events, of one of the most extraordinary persons ever gifted and doomed to illustrate the nobleness, the grandeur, the imperfections, and the progress of human genius—whom it pleased God to take from this world while the process of harmonising his stupendous powers was yet incomplete, but not before it had indicated its beneficent workings."

"Not only are they" (Shelley's works) "incapable of awakening any chords of evil in the soul, but they are ineffectual even to present to it an intelligible heresy."

"Are they" (the objectionable passages) "more than a tome of chaotic thought not yet subleided into harmony,—over which the Spirit of Love has not yet brooded, so as to make them pregnant with life and beauty and joy!"

"When it is found that this poem, (Queen Mab,) thus containing the doctrine of immortality, is presented with the distinct statement that Shelley himself in maturer life departed from its offensive dogmas—when it is accompanied by his own letter, in which he expresses his wish for its suppression—when, therefore, it is not given even as containing his deliberate assertions, but only as a feature in the development of his intellectual character—surely all sting is taken out of the rash and uncertain passages. Is it not antidote enough for the poison of a pretended atheism, that the poet who is supposed to deny Deity, finds Deity in all things?"

"What, indeed, does the publisher of Shelley's works virtually say, when he thus presents to his readers this record of the poet's life and death? He says—Behold! Here is a spectacle which angels might admire and weep over. Here is a poet of fancy the most ethereal—feelings the most devout—charity the most Christian—enthralled by opinions the most cold, hollow and debasing. Here is a youth, endowed with that sensibility to the beautiful and the grand, which peoples his minutes with the perceptions of years—who, with a spirit of self-sacrifice which the eldest Christianity might exult in, if found in one of its martyrs, is ready to lay down that intellectual being, to be lost in loss itself—if by annihilation he could multiply the enjoyments and hasten the progress of his species; and yet, with strange wilfulness, rejecting that religion to which in essence he is imperishably allied. Trace the inspired yet erring youth, poem after poem, month after month, year after year—how shall you see the icy fetters which encircle his genius gradually dissolve; the wreaths of mist ascend from his path; and the distance spread out before him peopled with human affections, and skirted by angel's wings. And thus he proceeds, with light shining 'more and more, unto the perfect day,' which he was not permitted to realize in this world."

"Talk of proofs of Divine existence in the wonders of the material universe—there is nothing in any, nor in all, compared to the proof which this indicted volume contains."

"Shelley fancies himself irreligious, and every where falters or trembles into piety."

"THE NEW WORLD." This literary journal, of which we do not speak too highly when we call it the best in the United States, has been established but a little more than two years, and yet it has reached a circulation of which we cannot find a parallel in the history of periodical literature. Twenty-Four Thousand copies, weekly, is certainly a magnificent number. Supposing that two thousand are given away to contemporaries, or kept on file for new subscribers, and computing that each copy has five readers, (rather beneath than above the fact,) "The New World" can boast

One Hundred and Ten Thousand readers! What a vehicle for the dissemination of instruction, entertainment and information! How powerful an engine with which to direct public opinion! The criticisms of so widely-disseminated a journal would be extremely effective, even were they not characterized by talent, tact and discrimination. As they are thus characterized, it is not perhaps too much to say that it lies within the power of the Editor to make or mar the fortune of any new work. That Editor is our true friend and valued correspondent, PARK BENJAMIN. His name has been long a terror to evil-doers in literature; he has commented with a caustic, but, as we believe, a just severity, and it is to be regretted that there are not more critics like him in our country. Their strictures could not fail to be productive of real benefit. Mr. Benjamin, however, is, in spite of what his enemies say, much more inclined to leniency than to harshness. As has already been observed concerning him, "his attacks are directed against the powerful, never against the powerless." When a work possesses real merits, no one more freely or generously points them out. We believe him to be utterly destitute of envy, for he is most liberal in his praises of those, whose rank in authorship is similar to his own. Of his genius as a poet, it is not requisite for us to speak; since the readers of the *Messenger* have had ample opportunity to judge for themselves.

The *New World*, under Mr. Benjamin's guardianship, has acquired a wide and well-won reputation. Besides many able articles on literary and kindred topics, it has contained many elevated and able political dissertations, written in a lofty spirit of candor and truth. Its independence has been strictly preserved; and, although it has sometimes been accused of leaning alternately to Whigism and to Democracy, it is not amenable to any serious charge of partizanship.

To the general reader, fond of light, popular and elegant writing, The *New World* has undoubtedly presented its greatest attraction, in having published with wonderful celerity the newest productions of Dickens, Bulwer, Knowles, Moore, and other favorite British novelists, poets and dramatists. We do not marvel at this; for the great mass of reading presented in this single newspaper, for the sum of three dollars a year, could not be procured in its original shape, for three hundred.

We learn from a recently published prospectus, that the new volume of the *Quarto Edition* (by far the best) commences at this time. It is our sincere advice to our friends that they subscribe without delay. They will find the paper all that we have described—and more; for it now occurs to us to mention, that, to other reasons for taking The *New World*, may be added that of its having a singularly excellent corps of Foreign Correspondents. Three gentlemen, of distinction and ability, who are now abroad, are, we are told, permanently engaged to contribute to its ample pages. Our readers cannot fail to recollect Brantz Mayer, of Baltimore—an author of exquisite wit and fancy, whose talents have received the finest polish of cultivation. Mr. Mayer is at present living in the city of Mexico, as United States Secretary of Legation. He will send frequent letters to Mr. Benjamin, descriptive of events as they transpire, (now uncommonly interesting in consequence of the movements of Santa Anna,) as well as of the country—its monuments, and all other objects of curiosity. Drawings of the latter are to be made by Mr. Mayer, which will be engraved similarly, we presume, to those in Stephens's great work on Central America, and be published in "The *New World*."

The names of the other permanent correspondents are Donald MacLeod, Esq., a native Virginian, attached to the American Embassy in London, and Francis J. Grund, U. S. Consul at Bremen. By those eminent writers all that is

interesting from Great Britain and continental Europe will be regularly transmitted.

Although this notice is somewhat extended, we could say many more things in favor of our favorite weekly periodical; but we surely have said enough to convey its just estimation to our readers.

MOTHERWELL'S POEMS. William D. Ticknor of Boston, has just published a very handsome edition of Motherwell's Poems. The volume corresponds in size and appearance with the "Rejected Addresses" and "Confessions of an Opium Eater," issued by the same house. Motherwell was a young Scotchman of great promise, who died at an early age, soon after giving to the world this memento of his mind and feelings. He was a student of Norse poetry—and in the volume before us, are several specimens of that wild, heroic song. One or two of his Scottish effusions are tinged with the pathetic melody that has so widely endeared the muse of Burns. There is a simplicity and truth of sentiment abounding in this little work, which cannot fail to win for it the favorable regard of all readers of poetic taste.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Cary & Hart, of Philadelphia, have just issued, in three neat duodecimo volumes, a selection from the fugitive writings of John Wilson. This admirable author is universally known as the able Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which he has conducted with marvellous spirit, for many years, under the name of Christopher North. His fine critical taste, warm literary sympathy, and hearty freedom of style and feeling, have rendered him a great favorite in the republic of letters. The enterprising firm, to whom we are indebted for these volumes, could not have presented to the public a more desirable collection of Miscellanies. They embrace sketches of natural scenery, domestic incident, poetical criticism; every variety, in short, of intellectual entertainment and instruction.

SKETCHES FROM A STUDENT'S WINDOW. Such is the title of a splendid duodecimo volume published by W. D. Ticknor of Boston. It is a select compendium of the belle-lettres productions of S. G. Goodrich, Esq. In a recent number of the *Messenger*, we treated at length of this gentleman's claims as a writer for the young. His present work will convince the most fastidious that he understands not only how to "teach the young idea how to shoot," but also the process, both in verse and prose, to charm and cheer those of adult years and fastidious taste.

Tales and Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe. By a Lady of Virginia.

We have not had time to finish the perusal of this interesting production of one of our fair countrywomen,—but we hope to present something like an extended sketch of it in our next. In the mean time, we know enough to recommend it warmly to our readers. We understand the profits are to be applied to the excellent purpose of erecting a House of Divine Worship.

WILD WESTERN SCENES: A Narrative of Adventures in the Wilderness, Forty Years Ago. No. 1. By J. B. Jones. N. York: S. Colman. Baltimore: N. Hickman. This is a neat pamphlet of forty-four pages, containing some very graphic and amusing sketches of hunting adventures, conflicts with the savages, &c. Daniel Boone, the American pioneer, figures to advantage in this work, and if it be carried on with the spirit in which it is conceived, we doubt not it will be very successful. The author is favorably known as the recent Editor of the *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, and the present Editor of the *Madisonian*.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1842.

NO. 2.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We might have been! how oft the thought
In hours of weakness, hovers o'er us:
We might have been! words deeply fraught
With that which was, not is, before us.
It comes when care, or wo, or blight,
Has chased afar each ray of gladness,
The Borealis of our night,
Too cold to cheat us of our sadness.

We might have been! ah, vainly we
Would lift the veil that doth surround us,
And read that other destiny,
Which might have been, not is, around us.
But oh, when Love and Truth are ours,
Unmixed with aught of Earth's cold leaven,
We ask not in these blissful hours,
What might have been!—what is, is Heaven.

POLITICAL AND INTELLECTUAL POWER.

I propose in the following pages, Mr. White, to submit a few reflections on the nature, importance and comparative Influence of Political and Intellectual Power, upon human destiny. Within the designation of Political Power, I include the ordinary functions of government, as well in a state of peace as of war—as well in relation to its own citizens or subjects as in reference to foreign nations. By Intellectual Power, I mean the influence which mind exercises upon society, through the medium of its uttered thoughts, unaided by the application of external force, and unconfirmed by the sanctions of legal authority.

The subject first in order, then, is Political Power. This power, though the most coveted by ambitious minds; though its exercise, in some shape, is essential to the existence of society; though its transactions, in all ages, have formed the staple of the world's history, is not, perhaps, entitled to the rank which it holds in the estimation of mankind. It is true, that the questions with which it has to deal are of great magnitude and importance; that they relate to Peace and War; that they momentously affect the welfare and prosperity of nations; that they connect themselves with legislation, with the administration of justice, with the execution of the laws, and with the entire relations of a state, both foreign and domestic.

Still, notwithstanding these claims to consideration, it must be conceded that its benefits are more properly negative than positive—its agencies rather conservative than creative. It neither adds to the

fertility of the soil, nor invents, nor furnishes the implements of its cultivation. Its proper function, rather, is to protect the laborer from molestation, and to secure to labor its appropriate avails—to fence around the rights of persons and of things, with punitive and prohibitory safeguards. It makes no discoveries in the arts and sciences; not in those branches of them which are susceptible of application to practical purposes—to improvements in education, in agricultural pursuits, in the power and speed of mechanism however applied: not in those agencies, even, which are part and parcel of itself—which are exerted in the structure and navigation of ships, in the erection and demolition of fortresses, and in the destruction of human life. Fond, as it ever has been, of applying to these latter purposes the inventions of others, it has rarely, if ever, been entitled to the merit of their discovery. If it stimulate Industry and Enterprise, it is not so much by bounties and rewards, as by protecting them in their respective pursuits, and by securing to them the peaceful possession and enjoyment of their acquisitions. It may, indeed, approximate distant points, by removing physical obstructions, and by opening new channels of communication, or enlarging old ones; but the means and objects of transportation must be furnished by individual or incorporated enterprise.

Its attempts, heretofore, to organize the labor of a country, have either terminated in abortion, or occasioned social inequalities, which produce, in the elevation and enrichment of the few, no adequate compensation for the depression and impoverishment of the many. It has ever been more ingenious in imposing and collecting its own arbitrary assessments upon property, than it has been felicitous in devising measures for its accumulation. Its authority has been more frequently exerted in extending its own privileges, enlarging its own prerogatives, multiplying the sources of its own enjoyments, than in guarding the rights, or redressing the wrongs, or augmenting the privileges of the people.

Government, indeed, has almost universally set itself in opposition to the reform of existing institutions. It is never in advance of the age; most commonly behind it. It struggles against the spirit of improvement, represses it when it can, and yields to it only when it must. In its view, all change, save that which favors itself, is an innovation on its rights—an unsettling of the established order of things—an imputation on the wisdom of the Past—a mildew upon the prospects of the Future. It venerates "the hoary head of

inveterate abuse," because it is hoary. Its ease, its indolent repose, its luxurious enjoyments, are too precious to be broken in upon by the senseless clamor of outraged millions. Its privilege to oppress, its exemption from restraint, its immunity from legal penalties, its independence of all extraneous control,—these are all too sacred to be yielded to the unreasonable demands of an insolent and encroaching rabble.

Political power, whether acquired by usurpation, founded on legitimacy, or, I had almost said, conferred by suffrage, never willingly surrenders any portion of its vested rights. If it ever innovate on precedent, or wander from the beaten paths of prescription, it is to gather to itself, not to scatter abroad among the people—it is to construct new defences against popular inroads, not to pull down those already erected. All the concessions to human rights, all the improvements in human institutions, have been reluctantly yielded by its fears, or forcibly wrung from its grasp, by the red hand of insurrection.

Such, and in so many important regards, being the inadequacy of government to the work of social advancement, and such its disposition not only to hold fast that which it already possesses, but to covet that which it does not possess, let us enquire if it derive any additional claims to respect from the nature and quality of the means which it employs in maintaining its authority.

Of these, the first in importance and usefulness is undoubtedly to be found in a well-regulated judiciary. Indeed, constituted as man is, without such an institution, society could not exist. Laws are so all-embracing in their range, come in contact with so many interests and passions, interweave themselves so inseparably with the very frame-work of society, that without some such tribunal of resort, no security for the rights of persons or of things could exist. This department acquires a peculiar claim to respect, from the circumstance that its power is chiefly moral; that its authority is founded on public opinion, on voluntary observance, on traditional respect, on an all-pervading sense of the beauty and utility of order and uniformity in the administration of the laws. The idea of Justice, calm, sedate, passionless, throned on her judgment-seat, deciding controversies, maintaining right, redressing wrong, denouncing punishment against guilt, encircling innocence in her protecting embrace; and all this without pomp, without parade, without arms or armies, but by the mere force of moral suasion, presents a spectacle to the imagination at once imposing and sublime. It is a faint type, a dim shadowing forth, of that other tribunal, inconceivably more imposing and more sublime, whose seat is in the Heavens. But even the robes of Justice have been soiled, her temples profaned, her altars desecrated, by the contaminating touch of Political Power. Her

ministers have not always been proof against the seductive influences of authority—its tempting lures of advancement—its minatory denunciations against non-conformity to its arbitrary will. The scales of Justice are balanced, only in proportion as those who hold them, are independent of political power; it is only when the tenure of the judge to office is based on the stable foundations of constitutional law, that he vindicates his claim to the exalted rank which attaches to the wise, upright and impartial administrators of the law.

Of those other means employed by government in effecting its designs, *the purse* is not the least efficient. Money constitutes the sinews of Power, whether exerted in peace or in war. It defrays the expenses of the civil list; raises and supports armies; equips and mans navies. These being all legitimate objects of expenditure, at least when applied to the attainment of rightful ends, I do not propose to do more than merely advert to them. My object is rather to enlarge upon the application of money to the purposes of corruption.

Avarice, or the love of wealth for itself alone, for the pleasure which it imparts to the senses of sight and feeling, for the gratification which the mere consciousness of possession affords, ranks, by universal consent, among the most ignoble passions of our nature. Its predominance, to that degree which causes the slave of its influence to regard acquisition as the end, rather than the means of existence, is comparatively of rare occurrence. It exists, however, almost universally in that modified form in which money is coveted for the uses to which it is applicable; for the number and variety of other passions, importunate in their exactions, to which it is subsidiary. As the medium of exchange, as the representative of value, it is held in constant requisition by all classes of society; and, to the extent that the desire of its possession expends itself in overt acts of honest industry, and is restrained within the limits of moderation, so far from being obnoxious to censure, it is worthy of all commendation. It ministers but too frequently, however, to the vices of our nature, as well as to those qualities, negative in their character, which, from the extremes to which they are carried, become aggravated vices. It pampers pride; caters to appetent palates; endues vanity in peacock plumes; furnishes the means and appliances of luxury; gilds the livery and caparisons the steeds of ostentation; pushes liberality to the verge of profusion, and incites profusion to acts of fraud and of extortion, for the means of continuing its onward career.

Pandering to so many appetites and passions, and ministering, besides, to a great diversity of interests dear to the human heart, our wonder lessens, that men, like the Syracusan tyrant in another pursuit, should be desirous of discovering *royal roads* to wealth. It is this desire, which, in

all ages, has prompted the impostures of the fortune-teller, and the marvellous absurdities of the mountebank; which has inspired the dreams of the alchemist in his search after the philosopher's stone; which has incited the astrologer to impose, on credulity and ambition, the pleasing, if not sublime fallacy, that human destiny is controlled and foreshadowed by the stars! It is the same inordinate passion, that packs the cards and loads the dice of the gambler. It is this hungry, greedy passion, that sharpens the ingenuity of the thief and the dagger of the assassin; that points the pistol of the more manly, if not less vicious, robber; that lights the torch of the midnight incendiary.

This love of money, either for itself or for its uses, is one of those weaknesses in human nature, of which government, in the prosecution of its designs, readily and dexterously avails itself. It opens a way into beleaguered fortresses, which have proved impervious to the most potent engines known to the science of attack. It subsidizes nations; cements and dissolves alliances; and binds discomfited ambition "in the shattered links of the world's broken chain." As a domestic appliance, it clothes patronage with all that is dangerous and alarming in its tendencies. It keeps the office-holder spell-bound in subjection to the removing power, while it heightens the devotion and deepens the subserviency of the office-seeker. The immense amount of money annually disbursed by government, in the number of agents which it employs, the demand for labor which it creates, and the increase in the circulating medium which it produces, operates as a sedative upon the virtue and patriotism of the people among whom it is expended. The very indebtedness of government to its own subjects, by rallying around it a formidable monetary power interested in its continued existence, strengthens and consolidates the institutions by which it is upheld. In short, the purse, or something kindred in its influences, is the agent most commonly resorted to by government when mere persuasion is ineffectual, and when an appeal to the sword is inexpedient or impracticable. In all times, it has been the vulgar instrument of tyranny, in winning to its support, or silencing, the voice of affected patriotism. Its approaches are not always made openly, in its own shape, with its eleven feet exposed to view. If conscience interpose scruples, and revolts at bribery, its opposition is oftentimes stifled in the serpent folds of a lucrative office. And here let me not be understood as imputing to mankind indiscriminate venality and corruption. There have been, it is admitted, many and bright and shining exceptions. There are, and have been, men, whose patriotism money could not purchase, nor patronage seduce, nor power intimidate: who stand out, in lustrous prominence, from the dark back-ground of human depravity. They

serve as exemplars for the imitation, not of their own times only, but of all posterity.

THE SWORD is another and a favorite instrument of the sovereign power of a state. Its edge is applied readily, and with alacrity, to the severance of those gordian knots in political affairs, which policy is incompetent to unbind. Nor are its uses confined to legitimate purposes—to the suppression of rebellion against lawful authority at home, or to the repulsion of wrongful invasions from abroad. It is the chosen instrument of the tyrant, in rivetting despotism more firmly on his own subjects; of the conqueror, in the execution of his designs on foreign nations. Government has been, in all ages, inordinately desirous of extending the limits of its sway. It has ever been prone to engage in wars; wars not enforced by necessity, not provoked by aggression, not waged for the restitution of a right, nor in reparation of a wrong; but wars of caprice, of vanity, of ambition; wars prompted by the *gauldia certaminis*, and incited by the lust of conquest, or the vain aspirations of renown.

With the military chieftain, too often, butchery is heroism; conquest glory; encroachment on the territorial possessions of another, a lawful accession to his own. The ear-piercing fife; the spirit-stirring drum; the richly-caparisoned war-horse, his neck clothed with thunder, "beautiful disdain and might and majesty" flashing from his eye, and breathing from his nostril; the plumed troop, its serried ranks "marshalled in battle's magnificently stern array;"—these are the sights and sounds which fill his soul with rapture most intense. What matters it, that hecatombs are sacrificed to the infernal moloch of his ambition? That cities are sacked and pillaged? That kingdoms are ravaged and laid waste? That carnage welters in his front; and famine and pestilence banquet in his rear, on what of life, carnage, in its hot haste to enter upon fresher fields, may have left behind? Still onward he proceeds, stalking from victory to victory; adding conquest to conquest, till perchance the habitable world is subjected to his sway. On his return from fields, misnamed of glory, he is greeted, every where, with shouts of acclamation. His path is strewn with flowers. His brows are decked with garlands. Poetry, in matchless strains, recites his deeds, and history graves them, with her stylus, on the tablets of immortality!

One might suppose that, with a world for his footstool, the military chieftain has attained the summit of his wishes; that the measure of his ambition is full; that his happiness is placed on foundations that cannot be shaken; that his title to universal empire would be vindicated, if not by the mildness of his sway, at least by the superior wisdom of his institutions. Vain supposition! fond, but false illusion! Interrogate history—invoke the shade of the mighty Alexander! Were such his feelings—such the requiting benefactions which he

conferred upon a hemisphere wantonly conquered and enslaved! Or, rather, when his last enemy was overcome, did he not feel, with foreboding sadness, that his occupation was gone? Did not the conviction knock dolefully at his heart, that, thenceforth, life had no claims for him—earth no sufficing object of pursuit—humanity no foeman worthy of his steel? That to him, as well as to the victim of despair, hope had no future on this side the grave! That amidst the wilderness of human beings by which he was encompassed, he stood unrivalled and unequalled in isolated grandeur; a solitary monument of ambition, blasted by the very possession of all its coveted objects of dominion upon earth!

Hence his drunken revels; his midnight orgies; his frantic outbursts of passion; his homicidal thrusts at expostulating but devoted loyalty; his tearful lamentations that other worlds, beyond this visible diurnal sphere, were not accessible to his victorious arms: all evidences of a perverted nature—manifestations of a mind diseased, which “fevers into false creation.” Had it been otherwise; had his ambition taken a right direction, he might, in the duties of the legislator, in healing the wounds which he had inflicted, in educing order out of the chaos which he had created, in new-moulding the institutions which he had overthrown, and in consolidating the fruits of the victories which he had achieved, have found occupation which would have overtaken the faculties even of Alexander the Great. He would have discovered, that it was a higher and more difficult exertion of sovereign power to create than to destroy. Or, if his ardor for contest had been unappeasable, he need not have sighed for other worlds as the theatre of its indulgence. If he had examined himself, if he had looked into his own bosom, he would have found an enemy whose conquest would have redounded more to his true fame, more to his lasting happiness, than the entire subjugation of the outward universe.

I would not, knowingly, disparage the military character. The pursuit of arms certainly requires faculties and endowments of no common order. Energy and decision; a comprehensive *coup-d’œil*; a large development of the perceptive organs: great powers of mathematical combination; the faculty of infusing into masses of men, one’s own spirit and enthusiasm; sagacity to anticipate the designs of the enemy, and promptitude to prevent their execution; capacity to concentrate on a given point “a complicated machinery of means, energies and arrangements;” self-possession, which no peril can discompose, and omni-percipient, which no incident of the fight can escape;—these are all high qualities, and must largely combine in the composition of an able general. The close alliance of valor, with other qualities still higher and more ennobling in their nature, is attested by the thrill

of admiration which deeds of daring, particularly of successful daring, instinctively and universally produce in the human mind. I say its *alliance* with other and more ennobling qualities; for, it is only as the ally of justice, it is only as the auxiliary of virtue, it is only as the champion of innocence, it is only as the exponent of a magnanimous spirit, devoting itself wholly and disinterestedly to the support and maintenance of a righteous cause, that it fairly challenges the respect and admiration of mankind. But still, as has been truly said, the military commander has chiefly to deal with physical obstacles; to remove physical obstructions; to perform forced marches; to pass deep and rapid rivers; to scale Alpine elevations; to storm fortified cities; to overpower opposing armies. Thus *force*, it seems, is a prime weapon of the warrior: Force, in which, individually, he is surpassed by the lordly lion, the half-reasoning elephant, and other animals of the brute creation: Force, in which, collectively, assisted by all the engines which human ingenuity has devised, he cannot approximate, even remotely, the uncalculating agencies of inanimate nature. The avalanche, the tornado, the earthquake carry more swift destruction in their course than an army with banners.

“The armaments, which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,”

are dissipated by a breath of the storm-spirit, and melt, like flakes of snow, in ocean’s “yeast of waves.”

But the purse and the sword are not the only agents employed by government in effecting its purposes. In its manifold transactions *diplomacy* performs an important part. Diplomacy! in whose code of ethics, falsehood is not only admissible, but is inculcated and refined into the consistency of a system. Diplomacy! which exonerates itself, by a species of mental casuistry, from the eternal obligations of morality: which implies in practice, if it do not avow in theory, that the moral sense should not be consulted in the administration of public affairs; that all is fair in politics; that the end justifies the means. Hence result dissimulation, perfidy, the arts of fraud and circumvention, infractions of international law, disregard of treaty stipulations, resummptions in the hour of strength of concessions made in moments of weakness, violations of faith plighted to its own citizens or subjects. Seriously to combat these unfounded pretensions on the part of Power, would be, I am persuaded, a work of supererogation. Government is, or assumes to be, the impersonation of the state. The state is but the aggregate of the individuals of which it is composed. To assume, therefore, that its members are amenable to the moral code in their individual, but not in their collective capacity, involves an absurdity as great as that would be, were we to affirm of gravitation, that it is true

in relation to atoms, but that its principles are not applicable to worlds.

But the doctrine is, if possible, more demoralizing in tendency, than defective or illogical in theory. Example is contagious, not only in proportion to eminence of station, but to publicity of action. And, in reference to notoriety, no comparison will hold between the public and private acts of a statesman. A knowledge of the latter, having relation, as they do, to but few individuals or interests, cannot be extensively diffused; while the former affect, often incalculably, the destinies of nations, extend their ramifications far into the present and the future, and are bruited abroad to the utmost limits of civilization. It is to the practical application of this obnoxious principle, that we are indebted for the prevalence of injustice and oppression—of war and bloodshed—of the innumerable evils attendant upon these, with which humanity, in all ages, has been afflicted. Under its pernicious influences, earth has been converted into one great slaughter house, and man debased at once into executioner and victim.

There is an intrinsic and an eternal beauty in moral rectitude. Its laws possess the same coherence and consistency, which exist in those that regulate the material universe of God. And yet, while discord is a prime agent in human affairs, the starry worlds revolve harmoniously in their orbits, chiming the praises and vindicating the wisdom of their Almighty Architect. It is true, that those glorious orbs are inanimate; that free agency, the precious attribute and chief distinction of man, is withheld from them; that they, from necessity, conform to the original laws of their creation. But we will suppose, for example, that they are suddenly endowed with consciousness, with volition; that, availing themselves of their novel privilege, they shoot from their spheres, and range at will through the illimitable realms of ether. What confusion would not presently ensue! What jostling of planet against planet! What impinging of sun upon sun; what running of system into system! What war of elements; what wreck of matter; and what crush of worlds! Chaos would, indeed, have come again, and the plastic hand of the Almighty be required to remould them into form, to place them in their original and appropriate positions, to re-attune the broken harmony, and to strike again the lost music of the spheres! Such is the order which exists among the heavenly bodies, and such the ruin which would be produced by a departure from the essential conditions of their existence. Striking examples, but alas! to be traced reversedly, of the actual and the possible relations which exist between the states and kingdoms of the earth.

Priestcraft is another of the agencies heretofore employed by government in strengthening and consolidating its power. The belief in a

future state of rewards and punishments, and in the superintending providence over human concerns of a deity or deities, whose wrath might be provoked by contumacy, and whose favor conciliated by obedience, has been co-existent with time, and co-extensive with the limits of inhabited space. The mythological absurdities superinduced upon these truths by superstition and ignorance conjoined, have been availed of, in all time, by the crafty, unprincipled and ambitious. They have affected to hold communion with the world of spirits; to interpret mysteries and omens; to deliver the oracles of the gods; to extract from the entrails of victims, the decrees of destiny; "to foresee as in vision, and to foretell as in prophecy," the fate of men and nations. They have even arrogated to themselves the stupendous prerogative of distributing rewards and punishments in the life to come. They have thus been enabled to hold the present in subjection, by the control which they assumed, and were believed to possess, over the future. The power acquired by these means, like all power surreptitiously obtained, was wielded to effect the purposes of self-aggrandizement—to gain and to confirm dominion over men. The secular arm could inflict temporal punishments only. It could circumscribe the actions, it could manacle the limbs, it could torture the body, it could sever the chords of terrestrial existence. But its power was limited to the duration of human life. "The soul, secure in her existence, could smile at the drawn dagger, and defy its point."

It was a subtle refinement of policy, then, to call in the aid of the ecclesiastical arm; to fetter the mind as well as the body; to control the will no less than the conduct; to superadd to the dread of temporal, the inconceivably more awful terrors of eternal punishment. Hence the alliance between church and state—between kingcraft and priestcraft—an alliance which, in times past, has had so important an agency in riveting the chains of despotism on mankind. And here let me not be misunderstood. Far be from me the attempt, at once vain and impious, to throw discredit on true and genuine religion—to question or disparage the benign influences of Christianity clothed in her native grace and beauty, as she is, and as she was when fresh from the hands of her divine original; her port erect, her limbs unmanacled, her motions free and unconstrained, her drapery such only as the Gospel throws around her, with the purity of Heaven in her eye, and its holy inspiration on her lips. An apology for the multifarious perversions of government from the purposes for which it was instituted, has been sought for in the nature of its functions—in the strength and importunity of the temptations to which it is exposed. These are supposed to operate with peculiar force on the minds of those who are born to dominion; who have not been disciplined in the school of ad-

versity; whose passions, fed by flattery, and nurtured by indulgence, are suffered to grow in rank luxuriance; and who, from their infancy, are taught to regard themselves as the chosen and irremovable vicegerents of God upon earth.

But their effects, likewise, are clearly perceptible in representative republics. A politician, to whom power is confided by his fellow-citizens, is but too apt to become unmindful of its nature and objects. He is but too prone to forget, that it is a trust to execute, and not a property to enjoy; that government was instituted, not that the ambition of an individual might be gratified, but that the condition of the species might be improved. As he successively attains the eminences of power, his feelings too often partake of the coldness of the circumambient regions. At each step of his ascension, the chain of sympathy which connects him with his kind, becomes lengthened and attenuated, till finally it dissolves in its own weakness. He acquires a distaste for old companionships, because they remind him of the humility of his origin, or because his pride revolts at continuing them on their primal footing of equality. He soon learns to look upon men only in the light of tools and instruments. Subserviency to his designs, and efficiency in their prosecution, are the elements of character which he chiefly regards in the selection of subordinate agents. The voice of flattery,—the more potential that it is the echo of a still small voice within,—nourishes a pernicious habit of self-exaggeration, which, while it swells the idea of his own importance, lessens, in the same proportion, his estimate of the importance of others. Thus, by degrees, he is brought to regard himself as a necessity of state; and government, in his view, becomes a cone, whose apex affords footing for himself alone. Such is the nature—so intensely egotising are the effects of ambition operating on the minds—of the vulgar-great, who become the depositories of power.

But there is another kind of power to which the statesman should ardently aspire. Power over himself. Power over his passions. Power, if not to repress and extinguish, at least to regulate and restrain, his own personal ambition. Power to merge the feelings of the man in the philanthropy of the patriot. Power to disregard his dearest interests, to resist his most cherished inclinations, when coming in contact with the public good. Power to carry with him into high stations that community of feeling, that sense of identity of interest, with his fellow-men, which glows in the bosom of the private citizen. Power, if necessary, to sacrifice himself and all that he possesses, on the altar of country. Power, in short, to resist the corrupting tendencies of power.

He should, moreover, cultivate those feelings of enlarged benevolence which regard the human race as one great family, held together by

the ties of a common origin, a common nature, and a common destiny. He should never forget the spirit of the classical precept, that he himself is man, and that therefore he cannot but be interested in whatever affects humanity. And inasmuch as a state of peace is highly conducive to the bettering of man's condition, to the prosperity of agricultural pursuits, to the cultivation of the mechanic arts, to the encouragement and extension of commerce, to the interchange and advancement of discoveries and improvements in the various branches of human knowledge, as well ornamental as profound, he should carefully establish, and inviolably maintain, relations of amity and intercourse with foreign nations.

But, while he should avoid war with all the efforts of a strenuous will, and all the preventive expedients of a wise forecast, he should be as "endued with a sense and faculty for storm and turbulence," that if it did come, as, reasoning from all the analogies of the past, come it must and will, he would be prepared to meet it; to repel it; to hurl back its thunders to the shores of the aggressor.

Such, and for the most part, so vile, despicable and tyrannous, are the means employed by government, in the acquisition, maintenance and enlargement of its authority. And when the philanthropist recalls the wrongs which humanity has endured at its hands; when he conjures up, in spectral array, the hecatombs of human victims remorselessly sacrificed on its unhallowed altars; and when he dwells upon the many thousand years that this state of things hath existed; upon the slow progress, nay, the occasional retrogression, of the principles which conduce to human regeneration; upon the stationary condition of much the larger portion of the globe—Asia and Africa for example—on whose population immobility seems to have been indelibly impressed, each generation being the exact copy, unimproved and apparently unimprovable, of the preceding; when he contemplates the equivocal destinies of Europe even, of whose component states and kingdoms agitation and vicissitude appear to be the ruling elements, the diversified theatres on which knowledge and ignorance, liberty and despotism, coexist and contend for mastery,—now exhibiting the brightest manifestations of human character, and now shadowing forth its most gloomy features,—his heart cannot but sicken at the retrospect, and his spirits subside into an almost hopeless despondency.

But when he turns from this picture to the improvements which the Intellect has made, is making, and will continue to make, in science, in literature, in social life, in human institutions, a brighter prospect dawns upon his vision. The influence, past, present and prospective, of the intellect on human destiny opens, indeed, a boundless field for discussion. Its performance, in a suitable

manner, would require a separate consideration, and faculties more vigorous and comprehensive, not to say learning more various and profound, than any to which I can lay claim. My task would be incomplete, however, without an attempt, at least, to explore the prospect which opens on the view.

And first, I would advert to the contrast which exists between the agents employed, and the nature of the results produced, by political and intellectual power. The institutions which force establishes, force only can maintain. The deceptions, which craft imposes on credulity, are dissipated by knowledge. But the victories of mind are all peaceful—its conquests all perennial. Its weapons are those of truth and reason only. It treats man not as a mere machine, composed of flesh and bone and muscle, but as a rational being; thereby conceding to him his proper rank in the scale of intelligences. It operates on his actions by enlightening his volition. It addresses itself to his conscience; to his understanding; to all that is immortal in his nature; to all that separates him from the earth below, and all that connects him, by ties indissoluble, with Heaven above. It strikes a chord which vibrates up to the throne of the Almighty himself.

It is to the intellect that we are indebted for those inventions and discoveries in industrial pursuits, in the arts and sciences, in the frame-work and structure of social institutions, which have ministered so largely to the necessities and enjoyments of man. To its creative power are we indebted for the rudiments of written language; those simple characters, by whose magical and almost infinite combinations, thought is communicated from mind to mind, through other channels than those of speech, and is enabled to address itself to other organs than those of hearing. The volatile conceptions of the brain, which previously evaporated in expression, became thereby arrested and condensed, and were made to assume a legible and permanent form. The art of printing, a kindred invention and of kindred origin, succeeded in process of time; and by the rapidity of its operations, superseded the labors of the amanuensis, and imparted to the productions of the mind a cheapness and multiplicity co-extensive with the demands of literature. These discoveries, at once the achievements and the instruments of the intellect, constitute the fulcrum to the lever of thought, which is fast lifting the world of mind to its destined elevation; which is accelerating its onward and upward march towards the utmost attainable limits of human perfection.

Nor does the intellect content itself with fashioning the robes in which to array its thoughts. It makes celestial observations, not, as was done of yore, with the vain hope of reading, in the bright eyes of those astral intelligences that live along the sky, the fate of men and nations; but for the

less selfish and more enlightened purpose of learning *their* history—of solving the mysteries of their being—of ascertaining the laws which govern, regulate and continue them in their manifold evolutions, through the boundless regions of space. The intellect, indeed, may point to the gems which it has plucked from the starry diadem, as among the brightest and most glorious trophies of its triumph over the material universe. Before the light of these celestial observations, the superstitions which accredited the vain lore of the astrologer—which believed in the casting of nativities, and in planetary influences on human destiny—which saw the wrath of the Almighty shadowed forth, in dim eclipse, on the darkened disk of sun and moon, have all faded into the nothingness from which they were evoked. But the stars, though they may not lift the veil which conceals futurity from human view; though they may not watch with protecting providence over the vagaries of human conduct, have, yet, through the favored votaries of astronomical science, made revelations of truths far more useful and important: truths, which applied to the practical purposes of life, have occasioned important meliorations in the social condition of man.

But the intellect not only pierces the blue depths of heaven, and unfolds the mysteries of the starry world,—it penetrates the bowels of the earth; not for the purpose, merely, of extracting its mineral and metallic wealth, but of examining its different stratifications and fossil remains; of reading, in the hieroglyphic characters thereon inscribed, a true history of the earth—of the various changes which its crust has undergone—of the order and gradations of animal life which it has maintained since chaos was first dethroned from his umirage over its promiscuous elements. In its geological researches on the surface of the earth, the intellect has been equally successful; it has made discoveries, which, if not so stupendous in their nature, are more profitable in their results, than those which it deduced from the remains of extinct animals and vegetable petrifications imbedded in the depths of the antediluvian world. The knowledge of geology, by enlightening the husbandman, tends greatly to the lightening of his labors. It instructs him in the nature and properties of soils; and, trenching somewhat on the province of a kindred science, teaches him the processes by which fertility may be reclaimed from exhaustion, and even superinduced upon original barrenness. As the minutest bone, even of an antediluvian skeleton, enabled the philosophic Cuvier to discern the species of the animal to which it appertained, so the enlightened geologist can discover in the aspect of a pebble, not only the quality of the soil to which it is indigenous, but even the secret treasures which may lie hidden in its bosom. Recent as is the date of geology as a science, its discoveries have already

been of incalculable benefit, and promise still greater usefulness to mankind.

The intellect has, likewise, in a great measure, subjected the elements to its sway. It has not only exorcised the storm-spirit from his home among the thunder-crags, but compelled him to become the slave and minister of man: to electrify paralytic limbs; to restore vitality to exanimate forms; to turn the wheel of the artizan; and, with the speed of light, to convey intelligence along the electric wire. To its inventive power, likewise, are we indebted for those Dedalian wings, which, dispensing with the slow and laborious agency of oar and oarsman, have made the winds of heaven tributary to the purposes of commerce. From the same source are derived those nautical instruments which delineate the dangers of inhospitable coasts: which direct the course of the mariner across the pathless deep: by which the navigator is enabled to question the moon of his whereabouts, and to compel true responses from that otherwise fickle, but to him constant, regent of the nocturnal skies. It is to the same power that we owe the subjection to human control of that fearful monster, at once hybrid and amphibious, the hissing emanation of incongruous elements, alike powerful on land and water, which is fast consigning to desuetude the old vehicles of traffic and of travel, substituting machinery for muscle in manufacture and transportation, and bringing remotest regions almost into contact by its space-devouring energies.

To specify, in detail, the achievements of the intellect in the various departments of science, even if I had the requisite learning and ability, would be to draw too largely on your pages and your patience. I shall merely advert, in passing, to its discoveries in the various branches of medicine, by which the healing art has been so greatly improved and perfected: in Botany and Zoology, by which plants and animals, aquatic and terrene, have been named and classified, their structures delineated, their habits described, their uses and properties made known: in Chemistry, which have conduced so much to the health, comfort and convenience of man; decomposing the forms, and disembodying the essences, of things; recombining them in different proportions, and thereby producing the most pleasing, useful and often brilliant results; eliciting the latent properties of substances; analyzing earths, minerals and plants, and extracting their sanative virtues; imbuing the products of the loom with perennial dyes; illuminating the night of cities with multitudinous brilliancy; supplying an unfailing light to the miner in his subterranean labors; moulding matter into insectile forms, and almost vitalizing the novel creations; distilling from its alembic, if not the elixir of life, at least the subtle essences which preserve from corruption and decay, bodies in which life has been. A familiar instance of the practical

benefits of chemistry may be drawn from the manufacture of glass; a body (to appropriate the thought and, for the most part, language of a celebrated writer), a body at once solid and transparent; which admits the light of the sun, and excludes the violence of the wind; which enables the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself; which supplies the decays of nature, and succors old age with subsidiary sight; which extends the view of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charms him, at one time, with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and, at another, with the endless subordination of animal life.

In the department of the fine arts, likewise, the intellect has achieved wonders. Its plastic power are no where more conspicuously displayed. In Music, it draws forth and appropriates the harmonies of nature, fixes and characters their volatile and evanescent properties, and associates them in those varied, new and exquisite combinations, which "take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium." It moulds the lifeless, inexpressive marble, callos from solidity, and ragged with excrescences, into polished, life-like, and almost breathing forms. It guides the pencil of the painter in producing the noblest specimens of the pictorial art; in arresting and perpetuating on canvass all that is beautiful and sublime and picturesque in nature; in transmitting to posterity the likenesses of eminent men who have illustrated the annals of their age; in portraying to the gaze of bereaved survivorship, a faithful resemblance of the loved and lost; and in embodying those conceptions of inspiration, those rays of immortality, which, star-like, beam upon his soul, till, by the concentrating powers of his genius, they "are gathered to a God!" As a trophy of its achievements in architecture, I would point to the Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the prince of architects. The beholder, deceived by its gigantic elegance, is at first betrayed into an under-estimate of its dimensions. Examining, however, its eloquent proportions, one by one, the idea of its vastness grows upon him by degrees, till at length the glory of the mighty whole, "all musical in its immensities," bursts upon his enraptured vision. He enters: its grandeur overwhelms him not; for his mind, "expanded by the genius of the spot, has grown colossal." He feels that it is a temple worthy of the Being whose service it is dedicated; that

"Majesty,
Power, glory, strength and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship, undefiled."

For the first time, perhaps, he fully appreciates the creative power of genius.

But, great as have been the achievements of the intellect in the fine arts, in inductive philosophy, in demonstrative science, in solving the mysteries and interpreting the laws of the material universe.

and in applying the principles thence deduced to purposes which have wrought such beneficial changes in the condition of society,—still its influences on man himself, on his moral nature, on his political destinies and prospects, have been yet more important and ennobling. In connexion with Christianity, it has given him the inappreciable power of self-control. It has enabled him to sound the depths of his own soul with the plummet of self-knowledge; to troll among the treasures there imbedded, and draw them to the surface from their most secret recesses. It has enabled him to awaken its dormant energies; to restrain its vagrant propensities; to disabuse it of its pernicious fallacies. It has endued him with power to bear, with equanimity, the vicissitudes of pain and pleasure, the alternations of joy and sorrow, to which his earthly condition is liable: to endure contumely, persecution, suffering, death itself, in a righteous cause.

The intellect has been the prime agent in elevating man from barbarism to civilization—in raising him from a condition only a little higher than the brutes, to a station but a little lower than the angels. It has enabled him to substitute mental enjoyments for sensual gratifications; the regulated labors of husbandry for the fitful and feverish excitements of the chase; the comforts of permanent habitation for the manifold privations and exposures of a wandering existence; the blessings of law and order, of regularly organized government, for the roving, plundering, homicidal life of the predatory bandit. The seminal principles of those great improvements which have taken place in political institutions have almost universally proceeded from literary men,—from men whose minds have been unremittingly devoted to the acquisition of knowledge,—who, by an earnest interrogation of the past, and a vigilant observation of the present, are enabled to anticipate and provide for the future,—whose passions are unengaged in pending controversies, and whose interests, except in so far as country or humanity is concerned, are unaffected by their issues,—whose positions, in short, placing them beyond the pale of those strifes and contests, between infliction on the one hand, and endurance on the other, enable them, from the loop-holes of retreat, to look on calmly, to scrutinize closely, to decide impartially, between the contending parties.

It is thus that improvements in the theory of human rights have originated in the closet of the student. A thought, elicited by the shock of opposing interests, is caught up by the solitary recluse, watchful for the discovery of truth. It is communicated to congenial minds. Each new recipient becomes, in his turn, an agent in its propagation; till, kindling as it goes, it imparts its cheering light and vivifying warmth to the eyes and bosoms of a whole people. The humble name

of him from whom it first emanated may be lost to his own times, much more to posterity. But the thought itself survives. It is kept alive, like vestal fire, in the temple of human hearts. It is a contribution to the great mass of human knowledge, and becomes the property of nations. It may, indeed, be repressed for a time. Political power may seek to immolate it on the scaffold; to confine it in dungeons; to drive it into exile; to compel it to seek shelter in caves and in mountain fastnesses. But it cannot be expelled from the hearts and understandings of men. It is unquenchable, inextinguishable, immortal. In its own good time it reappears, with new accessions of brilliancy, and lights the nations in their progress towards social regeneration.

These are some of the influences which the mind exercises on the world and the things therein. And yet, notwithstanding that they transcend, in quality and extent of operation, the agencies of government, the depositories of political power occupy, in general estimation, the vantage ground of the comparatively obscure and solitary student. Upon the former are fixed the regards of the world. Rumor reports of his deeds with her thousand tongues. His whereabouts is chronicled by the newspaper press throughout the land. His talents are lauded, and his services magnified, by interested partizans. His magnificence attracts the gaze, and his largesses call forth the acclamations, of the unlettered multitude. The dispenser of patronage, his levees are crowded by the mercenary and the ambitious, anxious for pensions, offices and honors. The power which he wields, and the influence for good or for evil which he exercises on human affairs, cause him to be regarded, even by the patriotism and intelligence of the land, with a watchfulness and interest extrinsic of his personal claims and qualities.

The man of letters, on the contrary, has no factitious claims on public notice. With no appointments of honor or profit to bestow; with no means at command to win the epicure through his palate, or the venal through their cupidity; with no party, or party press, interested in diffusing his fame, or extending his popularity; with no official insignia nor outward decoration, to blazon forth his rank or his importance to the masses, with whom the visible is ever more imposing than the intellectual, his prospects of renown are dependent on himself alone—on the opinion which his countrymen or the world at large may, from a perusal of his writings, entertain of his merits. These writings, unless ushered into the world under circumstances peculiarly auspicious, or deemed to have an important bearing on party politics, generally make their way slowly into the channels of circulation. Shakspeare and Milton even, those minds capable of comprehending the universe, and from which, figuratively speaking, a universe might be fashioned,

lived to enjoy but a small portion of that immeasurable renown, which after times have so liberally, but not less justly than liberally, accorded them.

It must be confessed, however, that a new era is dawning upon the world. The increased and increasing taste for reading, the rapid multiplication of literary productions, and the great facilities recently introduced for their transmission to the remotest bounds of civilization, are operating with great power on social and individual man. We live in the midst of what may be emphatically styled the age of free inquiry. Thought has roused itself from the lethargy and slumber of centuries. It is fast shaking off the trammels which had been imposed upon it by kingcraft in conjunction with priestcraft. From the lowly and bending posture in which it formerly crouched, it has sprung to its natural upright attitude, and, without embarrassment, nay, with a proud confidence, confronts the majesty of kings. It has taken rank by the side of the great powers of the earth. It will, ere long, rise above them, and put them beneath its feet. Already are the corrupt and time-worn institutions of despotism mouldering and crumbling at its touch. Already are new institutions, leavened more or less with the spirit of freedom, springing into existence, under its influence. It no longer speaks, as of yore, in timid undertones, fearful of calling down upon itself the avalanches of political power; but, swelling with the amplitude, and deepening with the profundity, of its vast conceptions, it emulates the blast of the trumpet, startling its thousands from repose, on the dawn of a world-winning battle! Let us trust that it is the pioneer of a more enlightened civilization than has yet been foreshadowed in the dreams of mere philosophy,—that it is destined by Providence to be the harbinger of a state of things as yet unprecedented upon earth—the morning star, burning in pensile beauty on the brow of the millennium,—that in the fulness of time, it will usher in the commencement of that era, when the war-announcing trumpet shall be heard no more,—when Peace shall gather the entire family of man under the shadow of her wing,—when, with individuals and communities, Rectitude, in thought and deed, shall not only be an aim, but an attainment—not only an abstract Reality, but an universal Presence.

Williamson County, Tenn.

MAURIEPEAR.

FLATTERY OF A POET LAUREATA.

The poet Waller, in the profusion of poetical decoration, makes Queen Henrietta, the consort of Charles I, so beautiful, that her beauty would affect every lover "more than his private loves." She was "the whole worlds mistress." A portrait, in crayon, of Henrietta, at Hampton court, however, sadly reduces all his poetry; for the miraculous was only in the fancy of the court poet.

TO EMILY.

Oh! ask not verse or song of one
With feelings chilled, with fancy slow,
Whose harp can echo but the tone
And voice of woe.

Fittier far were gayer themes—
Thy youth's strong spell—thy beauty's power—
Than those which fill my midnight dreams
And waking hour.

Behest like thine, few years ago,
Had caused Romance to plume his wings,
And made poetic language flow
Like sparkling springs.

My heart has ceased to own a chord
Responsive e'en to Love's own sound,
Save when at thy soft look or word
It fears a wound.

Then, lady, ask no verse of one
Whose song ne'er knows a cheerful strain;
Whose heart owns but the monotone
Of grief and pain.

Richmond, Nov. 8, 1841.

WINTON.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

Some years since we announced our determination to discontinue the publication of Lectures and Addresses in the Messenger. To this resolution we were driven by numerous complaints from our readers, elicited by the great number of papers of this description,—the least attractive form of literary contributions,—which had crowded our pages, and by the fact that our table was then loaded with many others, of a like character. We have since uniformly rejected them, although in doing so we have excluded many articles of signal ability, and in some instances incurred the displeasure of our earliest and staunchest friends.

We have been reluctantly persuaded to depart from that rule, however; and we hope that the theme and the occasion will be an ample justification in the eyes of our readers. The Address of James M. Garnett, Esq., delivered before the Education Convention assembled in this place, on the 9th of December last, which we have consented to publish, discusses a subject,—Popular Education,—to which, at this moment, the attention of the People as well as of the Legislature of Virginia is directed, with unwonted and intense solicitude; and nothing can more forcibly illustrate this assertion than the fact that this Address was delivered before the members of a numerous and enlightened body of citizens, convened at the Metropolis, from almost every quarter of the Commonwealth,—leaving the quiet and the comfort of their firesides, to contribute their mite in this holy and patriotic effort to diffuse knowledge among the people, and thereby to make them happier men as well as better

citizens. A copy of this Address was, by an unanimous vote of that Convention, solicited of its venerable and distinguished author for publication, and by the same vote the Messenger was specially selected as the medium of communicating it to the public. We could not resist such an application, proceeding from such a body of men, convened for such a purpose,—and more especially when we saw the ability with which the sound views and just opinions of the orator are illustrated and enforced.

We may add, in conclusion, that we do not intend hereafter to relax a rule, which was originally approved by our most deliberate judgment, and the necessity of which subsequent experience has most satisfactorily demonstrated.—[*Ed. Mess.*

Friends and Brother Members of the Education Convention :

It is with feelings such as I have no language to express, that I am about to address you on that most deeply interesting of all subjects—*Popular Education*. And although I have been most kindly invited to do so by yourselves, it requires a bolder heart than I can boast of, not to feel some fears of failing to do what may be expected of me. These fears are not a little augmented by seeing before me many of the sons of Virginia, who are most distinguished for their talents, their literary attainments, and their great moral worth—men, whose minds must be quite as deeply impressed as my own, with the vast importance of the object which has drawn us together; and, who are much more capable than I am of advocating the great, the vital cause which we are here assembled to promote. But I have been taught to believe, that there is often more of false pride than true modesty in such apprehensions; and that it is every man's sacred duty to contribute, to the utmost of his power, towards the advancement of every good word and work in which he may be called on to assist. The moral courage requisite to enable us to make such efforts by public addresses, I believe, might always be commanded, if we would only keep our thoughts intently fixed upon the cause which we are about to maintain, rather than on the praise or dispraise that may be bestowed on ourselves for our exertions in its behalf. This shall be my earnest endeavor on the present occasion; and relying, as I confidently hope that I may, on your goodness to excuse all my shortcomings in this labor of love for the rising generation, I will proceed to offer such opinions on the subject of education as I have entertained, for the last thirty or forty years of my life.

It is a circumstance, much to the discredit of the citizens of Virginia, and deeply to be deplored, that we have so long neglected to regard the subject of popular education as requiring, in a far greater degree than all others, that sedulous care and constant attention, both of the government and the people themselves, without which it never can reach that degree of improvement to which it may be brought, when it is made the constant object of national as well as individual concern. This is of the utmost importance in all governments. But it is indispensable in ours, where all political power emanates immediately from the people, who must be themselves both intelligent and virtuous, or it will rarely happen that their public functionaries will be any better than themselves. Indeed, the probability will always be, that they will have among their rulers a much greater proportion of cunning, unprincipled demagogues, than of wise, capable and honest men.

Long before the present year, as some files of our old

newspapers could prove, a few isolated individuals had most earnestly invited the friends of popular education to hold a convention for the same purpose that the present one has been formed to promote. But these efforts, few and far between, fell still-born from the press, and, if my recollection fail me not, obtained no friendly response from any quarter whatever. This, I verily believe, would still be the case, had it not been for the startling fact, disclosed by our late census, that there are nearly sixty thousand of our white population, over twenty years of age, who can neither read nor write. The publication of such a fact throughout the United States—a fact so replete with reproach, degradation and disgrace to Virginia—has effectually shamed and alarmed us all. It is, in truth, the primary cause of this convention. And since it is among the wise and beneficent dispensations of Providence that some good should grow out of all evil, we have much cause to rejoice at it, however humiliating it may be to our State pride. This besetting sin, I most earnestly hope, has been punished enough of late years, to awaken us all to such a thorough and abiding sense of our real moral and political condition, as will rouse every member of this community to do his uttermost towards its improvement and exaltation, so far as that can possibly be done by a wise and efficient system of popular education. Let us all do our parts, as parents, as guardians, as private citizens; and never cease, until we succeed in urging our legislators to do *theirs*, towards the accomplishment of this vital work. Not only the present generation, but thousands upon thousands yet unborn would bless us for the heavenly deed; while we ourselves should partake, in full measure, of that most delightful of all mental enjoyments—the consciousness of having contributed to the happiness of our fellow-creatures. Education, as it *should* be, not only increases in a great degree the desire of those who have obtained it, to find opportunities of enjoying this highest of all intellectual gratifications, but it augments their power of exciting a similar desire in others, and thereby multiplies the means of doing good in every direction.

The excitement which has resulted in producing the present convention, has given rise to many suggestions in our public journals, which evince how sincerely and deeply their authors feel the political, as well as moral evils, that are the necessary consequences of the totally unlettered state in which so large a portion of our people have been found. But few of these writers, if any, seem to me to strike at the true cause of the evil. This—if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, without being thought too presumptuous—consists of certain radical defects and errors in our whole system of education, which may be traced through all its ramifications, from the humblest of our primary schools, up to our academies, colleges, and universities. In all these, with scarcely an exception, so far as I know and believe, the great end of education is the advancement of the *worldly interests* of the students. Riches, literary fame, political honors, or general celebrity; in other words, the gratification of *avarice*, pride or ambition, in some one or more of their infinite variety of forms, is made to be, either by direct or indirect means, the sole aim of all the pupils; and the methods adopted to urge them on in these ever-restless, insatiate pursuits, are such as to cherish some of the worst passions of the human heart—envy, jealousy, hatred, and unalloyed selfishness. Do any of you doubt it? Then examine for yourselves, the whole of what is called (but falsely, as I think,) the well educated portion of our fellow-citizens; and what will you find a very great portion of them to be? Why, as an admirable writer well observes of the effects of the system of education in another country—"a restless, anxious generation; tortured by the cravings of inordinate ambition; maddened by rare examples of individual, occa-

sional success; panting, wrestling, elbowing each other with a wrathful emulation;—most apt, no doubt, to give the whole social order a rapid, onward impulse, but no less tending to drive contentment from the face of the civilized world."

This is, undeniably, the effect (with far too few exceptions) of education as it is, and long has been, in our own country. In this respect, indeed, it seems to be no better than it was in the days of that witty satirist, Horace; although we live in a christian country, and his was one of idolatry. For in one of his celebrated satires, addressed to his friend Mæcenas, he complains that nobody lived content with his situation, whether it was one of choice or chance; but that every one coveted some other than that which he himself occupied. This melancholy fact, which Horace, with all his learning and sagacity, was incapable of explaining, every christian can make clear to the commonest understanding. It is neither more nor less than because *our systems of education are not founded on religion*; but primarily, on merely knowing how to read, write and cypher; and, as you ascend higher up the ladder of worldly ambition, on scientific and literary acquirements, together with a knowledge of ancient and modern languages. Against the superstructure I have no complaints whatever to utter; on the contrary, I would be for giving it a greater diversity of embellishment than it has yet had in our country. But I must again and again repeat, that unless the basis be religion, there cannot possibly be (according to my understanding of the term) any such thing as *true education*. "Its main object should be," as the same writer already quoted most justly remarks, "to fit man for life. It ought to instil into the youthful mind that there is a society already in existence, in which he is to fill a place—in which he will have duties to perform, and hardships and storms to endure. It ought to teach man to know himself—to resign and reconcile him to his lot—to recognize and adore the hand of Providence, even in those social arrangements which might perhaps strike him as unjust and arbitrary, and to lift him above the petty miseries of life, not only by a firm, but by an active belief in another and a better world." Education should do all this and more, or it will be little better than "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

With us, however, it has done scarcely any thing, indeed, I believe I might say nothing of the kind, so far as the laws of the land have undertaken to direct or control it. For the modicum of good which has been accomplished, society is indebted almost solely to early parental instruction; although *this*, in thousands of instances, has been either criminally neglected, or so miserably perverted as to administer mental poison to the poor unfortunate children, rather than the true bread of life. In our primary public schools, they very rarely acquire any thing more than I have already stated; whilst in schools of a higher grade, a youth is said to be well educated who has gone through a certain college course, with which neither religion nor morality has had any thing to do, unless it be that sort of worldly morality which substitutes a fair, showy, but often variable exterior, for real, internal, incorruptible religious principle. Without *this indestructible foundation* for every thing that bears the name of education, there can be no lasting peace, no security, no happiness, either for individuals, states or nations. But *with it*, there is nothing within the power of human agency to effect, which our beloved country might not rationally hope to accomplish: for every man in it would feel it to be his indispensable and most sacred duty to cultivate, to the full extent of his ability, every faculty of his soul—every power of his intellect.

This is only my own opinion. Permit me here to sustain it by proofs, taken from a very able writer on this subject, which most conclusively, as I think, establish the

fact, that no system of education ever yet tried, unless religion were the foundation, has done more than to change the form of crime, without lessening, even in the smallest degree, its amount.

"In France," according to the celebrated statistical tables of M. Guerry, "out of 7,147 crimes, 1,865 were against the person, and 5,282 against property; that is as 1 : 3, nearly.

The same peculiarity obtains in comparing the different provinces of France, as may be seen from the tables referred to. It is well known that civilization is far more advanced in the north of France than in the south. In the north of France in 1829, there was one male pupil to every 16 inhabitants; in the south, only 1 to 43. In the same year, of 69 crimes in the north, 25 were against the person, and 44 against property.

In England, out of 121,888, a total number of crimes reported from 1810 to 1826, 2,539 were crimes against the person, and 119,349 against property. In Norway, the per centum in 1826, is 10 crimes against the person, and 90 against property; as 1 : 9.

In Spain in 1826, the per centum is 37 crimes against the person, and 63 against property; as 1 : 2, nearly.

In Massachusetts, the per centum is 635 crimes against the person, and 9,364 against property; as 1 : 16, nearly.

From this statement we see that crime changes its form with the advance of civilization, and the general diffusion of knowledge; crimes against the person decreasing, and crimes against property increasing, with the increase of the means of education. This fact—the simple change of the form of vice, as the effect of civilization—has had not a little influence in leading many to the erroneous conclusion, that the mere diffusion of human knowledge, unaided by christianity, is sufficient for the promotion of a sound morality.

According to these statements we see that the form of crime changes with the advance of knowledge and civilization. I now proceed to show that education, unaided by christianity, may give a new phasis to crime; it has no power to expel it.

The statements I am about to present, though collated from the most authentic sources with great care, can claim to be only an approximation to the exact result. But still they are so uniform, so broad and palpable, that they appear to my mind as satisfactory for the purpose for which I now introduce them, as the most complete data could make them. First then let us compare, in different countries, the proportion of crimes committed, to the means of education enjoyed:

1. France, in the north and the south, is widely distinguished in civilization and the means of education. In the north of France, there is one male pupil to about fourteen inhabitants. In the south, there is one to about forty-five. And allowing an equal provision for an equal number of females, it would make the proportion one pupil to about seven inhabitants in the north, and one to about twenty-three in the south: and this would make, of the whole population, not more than one in three who could read and write, and one in fourteen of the inhabitants receiving education. Now if education has a tendency to expel crime, we shall see a difference in the criminal statistics of the north and south of France, favorable to the latter. Is it so! Exactly the reverse, according to Mr. Guerry. For though he makes it appear, as was before shown, that there were more crimes against the person in the south and west of France than in the north and east, yet the total amount of crime shows a greater proportion in the north than in the south. From the tables he has so carefully prepared, exhibiting the precise amount of instruction and crime in each department of France, I should think the average would be about one hundred crimes in the north to eighty in the south. In the whole of France the number of ac-

cused were in the proportion of one in 4,195 of the population.

2. Let us now compare England and Wales with France. In England and Wales, out of a population of about fourteen millions, it is supposed that about seven millions can read and write; that is, about one in two, and one in seven, in the whole population, are supposed to be receiving education. The total number of crimes brought before courts of justice in England in 1828, was 16,564; in the proportion of one to 721 inhabitants.

3. Let us now compare Spain with England. I have no means of ascertaining the proportion of those who can read and write, to the whole number of inhabitants in Spain; but we are very safe in supposing it to be far less than in England or France.

In 1826, according to official reports, the number of criminals in Spain amounted to 12,937; which, if the population be 11,447,629, would give one crime, *not accusation*, for 885 persons—a proportion much less than the *accused* were in England."

The author gives references to other countries to establish the same facts, but the foregoing are deemed sufficient. Let us examine his references to prove that education, founded on religion, changes not only the form of crime, but greatly lessens the aggregate amount:

"Scotland, compared with England, gives a different result. Of convicted criminals there were in Scotland in 1823, one to 9,849 inhabitants; in England in 1826, there was one to 1,082.

Scotland is distinguished from all the countries named in this article, for its having the christian religion as the basis of its whole system of national education: and this it is that gives it such a disparity, in its criminal statistics, with other countries."

The writer goes on to cite various acts of the government, to show that, by the laws establishing the schools in Scotland, religion was made the basis; and that the means of education provided were far more ample than in any of the countries heretofore mentioned:

"The power to read and write and an acquaintance with the elements of arithmetic were placed within the reach of almost every individual, while all classes of the people were enabled to read the Bible from their earliest years, and, with the assistance of the catechism, (which was regularly taught in every school,) have received the rudiments of a religious education, such as they could not have had the same means of attaining in any other country of Europe." It is supposed that about one-ninth part of the population are in the process of education.

Let us now look at Prussia, and inquire into the effects of the school system upon the morals of that community. I shall take occasion hereafter to speak more fully of the Prussian system of education, and shall content myself now with simply presenting, in a few words, the deep religious sentiment that pervades it, and the effect of it in diminishing crime.

In the first place, the teachers in their schools are required to be religious men, and their examination, previous to their admission to office, is as particular in regard to their religious character, as it is in regard to their intellectual

In the examination of Dr. Julius before the education committee of the British House of Commons, July, 1834, he was asked whether the teachers in the Prussian schools were persons of a religious turn of mind? Answer: "The whole teaching of the seminaries is directed to instil into them a deep feeling of religion."

In the law of 1819, relating to the "training of primary teachers," we find it declared—"A schoolmaster, to be worthy of his vocation, should be pious, discreet, and deeply impressed with the dignity and sacredness of his calling."

"The principal aim of primary schools should be to form men, sound both in body and mind, and to imbue the pupils with the *sentiment of religion*, and with that zeal and love for the duties of a schoolmaster which is so closely allied to religion."

In the ordinance regulating the appointment of teachers it is declared—"As a general rule, any man of mature age, of irreproachable morals and *sincere piety*, who understands the duties of the office he aspires to fill, and gives satisfactory proofs that he does, is fit for the post of public teacher."

Without fatiguing your attention with a detail of the statistics given by our author, I will merely add that fourteen years after the establishment of this system of education in Prussia, the total amount of crime in the kingdom had decreased thirty-eight per cent.

Do any here present want the proofs of what, and how, a people can do without religion? Then ask yourselves what was France, when the whole nation committed the shocking impiety of decreeing that *there was no God*? Was she not a scene of such universal bloodshed, misery and horror, as the world had never before witnessed? Were not all the laws of both God and man openly violated—deeds and crimes of unparalleled atrocity publicly perpetrated, and even gloried in; while the whole country, throughout all its borders, was convulsed and torn to pieces, as if all justice, virtue and humanity had been banished forever from the face of the earth? All Europe still feels some of the effects of this truly dreadful moral earthquake; and even the land of France itself has hardly ceased to reek with the blood of the countless multitudes who fell victims to this most appalling destitution of all morals and religion in a whole nation.

The preliminary steps which led to this most awful catastrophe, are thus described by a late truly eloquent writer: "Such men as Voltaire, Mirabeau, Diderot, Helvetius, d'Alambert, Condorcet and Rousseau entered into the grand scheme of mental disenfranchisement, with all the ardor of Frenchmen, united with great learning, genius and wit. The press was subsidized, and speedily the whole literature of the nation was steeped in the philosophy that was to prove a panacea for all their social and political disorders. The schools, the books, the weekly gazettes, and heavier reviews,—all, all were laid under tribute, and converted into vehicles of truth and light for heralding the dawn of this new millennium. *It came.* But not like

'Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;'

but 'cloud instead and ever-during night,' it came on them. It rose—a little cloud at first,—the gathered exhalations of a few noxious hearts: but it spread, and possessed an attractive power, that drew up those dark materials to its bosom, which, when it broke, was as if an avenging Deity, in one awful cataract of woe, had poured upon them all the vials of the apocalypse. The living God they had voted out of existence;—his written code they had burned in sacrifice to the gods of their own creation;—his temples they had converted into scenic exhibitions of licentious enticement: and prostitution personified became the 'god of their idolatry.' They had written upon their gravestones that 'death was an eternal sleep; which was at once the record of their blasphemy, and the epitaph of their wisdom. Thus they 'cursed all human, and insulted all divine; until righteous Heaven, wearied out with their impiety, drew the avenging sword; and the Divine Nemesis, thundering the maledictions of an incensed God, swept them to the grave they had mocked, and to the retributions they had defied." "The miseries," says President Dwight, "which were suffered by that single nation in the course of a few years, have changed all the histories of the preceding sufferings of mankind into idle tales. They were enhanced

and multiplied, without a precedent, and without end. It seemed, for a season, as if the funeral knell of the nation were tolled, and the world summoned to its execution and burial."

But one of the happy consequences of this awful visitation of Divine Providence on a people who had dared to deny even its existence, has been, that the people themselves have become so thoroughly convinced of the utter impossibility of enjoying any thing like national prosperity and happiness, without religion to guide and govern them, that they have lately made the Bible a text-book in all the schools of the empire. This wonderful and most astonishing revolution in public sentiment, throughout a whole civilized country, of such extent and population, has nothing like it in the annals of the world: and to what else can any rational man ascribe it, but to the Almighty power of the Creator of this world, whenever he chooses to exert it?

But if the example of France be insufficient to convince you all of the truth for which I am contending, let all history be diligently searched; and I will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the most prosperous and happy countries will always be found to be those in which the true principles of morality and religion most predominate. Nay, we may extend our scrutiny into all the ranks and conditions of private life, and the same most conclusive, irrefutable results will assuredly follow every such examination. The best ordered and happiest families, no matter whether they be poor or rich, unlearned or learned, (according to the common acceptance of the term,) will always be found amongst the moral and religious portion of every community. If the members of these families possess scholastic and literary acquirements, so much the better; but they themselves will assure you, that it is something very different, something infinitely more precious, to which they owe their happiness: in a word, that it is an abiding, ever-active sense of their accountability to the Divine Author of their existence, for every feeling of their hearts—every thought of their minds—every act of their will. What then do these facts prove? Do they not demonstrate, with the irresistible force of thorough conviction, that all the knowledge of sciences, arts, literature and languages, which schools and colleges can impart, are utterly insufficient, without morals and religion, to make man what he ought to be?

What is commonly called education is certainly much more diffused over our State than it formerly was, notwithstanding the lamentable deficiency of it, made known by our recent census, in every part of Virginia. Consequently, if such education alone were sufficient to render man the useful, happy being his Creator designed him to be, we should find in our community a corresponding, proportionate increase of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. But do we find them? I appeal to our criminal statistics to answer the question. These—unless I have greatly misunderstood them—exhibit a most alarming and increasing catalogue of swindling, theft, robbery, murders and assassinations, both public and private, besides many other crimes and atrocities, which are too shocking to mention, that are frequently perpetrated in almost every part of our country. Many of them are not committed by such men only as can neither read nor write, but by vast numbers of those who have enjoyed all the advantages of what is commonly styled "*the best education*," and have gone through the usual course of studies generally followed in all our schools and colleges. Can this system then be perfect? Nay, is it not radically defective? And ought not the strong arm of the law to interpose for its correction—at least so far as law can effect this most desirable end? Surely it might do much for our primary schools, if it could exert its influence no farther; for

many of them are in a truly deplorable situation, even where there is a pretence of carrying them on. So little regard is sometimes paid to the qualifications of their teachers, that persons are not unfrequently permitted to conduct them, who can produce no other evidence of their fitness than their own declarations, nor any other recommendation than the pittance for which they agree to take upon themselves the all-important office of a teacher of youth. In these cases the schools often go on for months, without any examination, either by the school commissioners, or by the parents of the poor helpless children, who suffer irreparable injury, not only from the entire loss of their time, but from the bad treatment and corrupt examples of the worthless men to whose care they have been entirely surrendered. The money appropriated by the State, or applied from other sources, to such schools, is thus totally wasted—nay, infinitely worse than wasted,—for it goes to feed either some of the drones or moths of the social hive, or a portion of the poisoners of the public morals.

In making these remarks, I beg to be distinctly understood as not intending to censure the whole class of common school-teachers or the commissioners;—far from it—for many of these persons are worthy men, and do their duty, I believe, faithfully. But the fact should not be concealed, that a large portion of the teachers are utterly incompetent, even if they were willing to render the services expected of them. The wonder is that any should be found fit, when we consider that their annual wages hardly amount to as much as we give to a common day-laborer;—thus evidently showing that we attach a far higher value to the bodily labor exerted for our benefit, than to that of the mind!

But the time has come—the hour is at hand, when we must all do something towards changing this fearful state of things for the better, or an awful responsibility awaits us if we much longer neglect to do it. I have often—very often—contemplated the signs of the times in regard to popular education, with the deepest sorrow, the most melancholy anticipations; and scarcely a solitary ray of hope has dawned on my mind, until the voice of the people themselves began to cry out for reform,—aye, radical, efficient, permanent reform. This cry, thank heaven, has been too loud and too general for their legislators any longer to disobey its imperative requirements. Why their own good sense and patriotism should not have impelled them long ago to make the necessary changes in our present system, it is by no means easy to explain. The increasing disregard and frequent violation of their laws; the growing licentiousness of the public press, and various other strong indications of a morbid public sentiment, might have taught them a lesson, one would think, which would force upon the minds of the least observant—the most insensible amongst them—a thorough conviction of the absolute necessity for doing something to arrest the downward course of our commonwealth. And it seems to me equally manifest, that every reflecting man will discern, at a single glance, that *this something* must be *Popular Education as it should be*. Rest assured, my dear hearers, perfectly assured, that nothing else under heaven will do. Some palliatives possibly might be found, which, like the nostrums of certain quack doctors, would give temporary relief; but this would be all. The fatal moral maladies, which, like deadly cancers, are eating into the very heart's core of our body politic, require physicians of the soul, and those of the very first order, effectually to cure them. To employ any empirics will only be to make that which is already bad, still worse.

Should any of you desire to know what I mean by *Popular Education as it should be*, I will most respectfully endeavor to explain it somewhat more fully than I have yet done. One reason alone appears to me sufficient to convince any

man who will listen dispassionately to its dictates, that such education should always be founded (as I have already said) on religion and morality,—that kind of it, I mean, which certainly results from true religious faith. But should there be any unwilling to trust to abstract reason only as their guide, I will most confidently refer them for practical, aye and undeniable proofs, to our Sunday-schools,—those truly admirable educational nurseries, not only for the children of the poor and destitute who have no means wherewith to purchase instruction for them, but for the offspring of all the wealthy who feel the necessity of giving to them such kind of instruction as these schools are calculated to impart. There the teachers all act upon the principle, that since children begin to feel long before they learn to think, or at least to think to any good practical purpose, their little innocent hearts and their affections must be the first objects of special regard and most assiduous culture. This culture is an indispensable preliminary to instructing them in the knowledge of their various duties, to themselves, to society, and to God; as such knowledge would avail but little towards the fulfilment of these duties, unless their hearts were first prepared to love them. Acting upon these principles, Sunday-schools become—what all others might be—fruitful sources of pure, unalloyed good to all that portion of the community by whom they are maintained. This I can assert from long personal experience, having acted for twelve years as superintendent of a very large one, in which there were many adults, besides children of every age and condition; and I can truly say, that never, since I was capable of reflection, did I enjoy the approbation of my own conscience so fully, so much without reproach, as whilst I was thus engaged. These schools, in fact, render incalculable service, not only to the children, but to many of their parents; and though last, not least, to the teachers themselves. The first are taught to know and to love their duty, which is intrinsically worth all other knowledge put together. The parents become ashamed of being so ignorant as to be incapable of answering the numerous questions which their children ask them whilst they are preparing for the next Sunday; and are thus impelled to make efforts, often effectual, for their own instruction. As for the teachers, they are constantly improving their own hearts and understandings by such employments, and at the same time treasuring up for themselves an exhaustless fund of pure self-approval, in reflecting on the good they have rendered to numbers of the most destitute and helpless of their fellow-creatures. All schools, I believe, if properly conducted, would produce the same salutary effects on all the parties concerned. The pupils would be prepared, so far as the well-directed efforts of their teachers could prepare them, not only to enjoy, as they should do, every blessing of life, but courageously to encounter all its insuperable ills; to endure, with true christian fortitude, its unavoidable calamities; and to make the best of every situation in which they might be placed. But this kind of preparation is never received in any of our public schools, from the lowest to the highest, so far as I know any thing about them. On the contrary, in the primary schools, the children are taught only to read, write, and cypher; whilst the matriculates of our colleges and universities have their heads crammed with much of what is called *learning*, which they never afterwards use, whilst their hearts and affections have been left to take care of themselves; and they are turned loose into a world of which they know next to nothing, although destined to live and act a part in it, for which they have still to make the necessary preparation. This often costs them much loss of time, many miscarriages, and great suffering, from which they might have been saved, had the right course of instruction been pursued with them. In these cases there is none of that reaction on the parents which Sunday-schools pro-

duce; nor can the teachers find their employment much else than a source of great annoyance both to body and soul.

In the Sunday-school with which I was connected, there were not a few of the poor children who had previously been so utterly destitute of all moral and religious instruction as not to have the least idea of a Supreme Being, and had never so much as heard the name of Christ. Yet several of them have since grown up to be united to some christian church, and to become useful, worthy members of society. Is there the least probability that so beneficent a change could have been wrought in them, had they received no other instruction than that which is required to be given in our primary schools? None, I believe, are so prejudiced, none so totally blind to truth, as to answer yes. On the contrary, all may understand, if they will, that the magic influence, the almighty power, which produced this heavenly work—was neither more nor less than the Bible itself, which was made their text-book, and the divine gospel of the Saviour of the world. These taught them why it is that “we live and move and have our being;” why we have a rational and immortal soul, accountable to Him who gave it, for the use or abuse of all its God-like faculties. It taught them also to know what constituted the proper use, and what the abuse of these faculties; how to exercise them for good, and how to avoid using them for evil purposes. In a word, it taught them how they must all live in this world, if they would ever hope for happiness in the world to come.

Such is my experience, and such my firm belief, in regard to the influence and beneficent effects of Sunday-schools. But having had much to do with other schools of a higher grade for both sexes, I beg leave now to offer a few remarks on them, as they may perhaps contribute something towards the great object of devising a proper system of education for every class, which we all have so much at heart. In these schools I always found the pupils obedient, docile, studious and praiseworthy, just in proportion as they had become susceptible of moral suasion and religious impressions. And this susceptibility was invariably greatest in those children who had received most of that ever-tender, affectionate, indefatigable and pious maternal instruction, for which no perfect substitute has ever yet been found. I fear indeed it never can be; for woman's love for her offspring, is a thing *vis generis*. Nothing on earth can compare with it but the love of a pious father; but even that falls short of it in several of the means of its manifestation. Neither agony of body nor anguish of mind can abate or extinguish it, for it survives all the changes and chances of this mortal life; and never, never dies until the poor mother herself sinks into her grave. The first and great aim of such mothers in teaching their children, is to cultivate their hearts and affections; and such instruction prepares them, in a way that nothing else can, for receiving all the learning of the schools. In this, however, their progress will not depend merely on such previous culture; for many who have least of it, acquire most learning. But all other things being equal, there surely can be no comparison between learned men with well cultivated hearts and affections, and learned men without them. The former owe *their* gains in scientific and literary acquirements to the thorough conviction, that he who seeks for true glory and honor and immortality, must do it “*by patient continuance in well doing*,” and that his inestimable reward will then be “*eternal life*.” Whereas the latter are indebted for *their* acquirements to superior genius and memory, stimulated by pride, ambition, and that soul-corroding quality, *emulation*, which parents and teachers in general are so fond of exciting in children, but which I have never found entirely dissociated from those malevolent, detestable passions—envy and jealousy. The advocates of emulation deceive themselves in regard

to the true nature of this all-powerful stimulus to human effort, by constantly coupling it with the attractive terms—"noble and generous." But in my humble opinion, it would be quite as proper to call fire a freezing substance, or to style poison wholesome food. That emulation will impel young persons to acquire learning, I admit to be certain, if it can be sufficiently excited; but I deem it equally certain that it makes them *selfish*, just in proportion as they become emulous. This opinion is the result of very long experience and close observation, in watching, most anxiously, the various effects of this grand panacea of the schools, upon all the young people, of both sexes, to the amount of some two or three hundred, who, from first to last, have come partially under my care.

Let me entreat you not to infer from any thing I have said, that I am an enemy to the learning of the schools, even in the greatest extent to which it can be carried. All I contend for is, that it should always be represented and sought, merely as *the means*, and not *the end* of education; that it should be made the great object of pursuit—not for the various worldly distinctions which it may possibly procure for its possessors—not for literary fame, nor for political power, nor princely wealth,—but for the greater ability which it confers of promoting their own and others' happiness, both in time and in eternity. "It should be cultivated" (by all who seek it) "for the soothing, cheering, humanizing influence that it is calculated to exercise over the mind and heart; until they study principally, if not exclusively, in order better to understand their mission upon earth; better to enable themselves to fulfil their duties, and to vindicate their true rights; until they derive from their knowledge the means of ennobling their nature, and approaching, as near as can be, by mortal means, that future state of perfection to which Divine clemency entitles them to aspire—until, in fine, education is essentially moral and religious."

What a truly noble, glorious being is man, when thus indoctrinated! Even though he be in the lowliest, most humble walks of life, still he is made after God's own image;—he knows and loves to fulfil all his duties; he is an ever-active, illustrious example of all that is great and good in human nature; and derives a title to the only true nobility from God himself. On the other hand, how base, how abject, how utterly despicable a creature is he, who, though possessed of all the learning of the schools, of all the wealth and distinctions which the world can bestow, has become the willing slave of his own beastly appetites; the self-devoted victim of his own inordinate lusts and criminal passions! Should he be in private life, he is the constant object of scorn, contempt, loathing or pity to all who know him; if a monarch on his throne, he is the dreaded scourge, the abhorred curse of the whole people whom he governs.

Although most of the foregoing remarks relate chiefly to schools of a higher order than those which are the first objects of our concern on the present occasion, I hope it is needless for me to point out to so intelligent an audience as I now have the honor to address, in what way they apply and may be made available towards the preparation of any new system for our common schools. The details of this all-important work, I doubt not, will be confided to such a committee as you yourselves may deem competent to so arduous a task. I will not therefore presume to do more, before I conclude, than to add a few general remarks to what I have already said, in special reference to our schools of the lowest grade.

The late census reports the enormous amount of 58,462 persons, over twenty years of age, who cannot read! But however deep may be our alarm and mortification at seeing this disclosure, we may feel perfectly sure that it falls short of the truth. My reason for thinking so is, that no

returns whatever of such persons have been made, in the statement which I have seen, from either of the counties of Charles City, Frederick, Marshall or Stafford, although their aggregate population amounts to 24,133. Again, Rock-bridge and Ohio, with an aggregate population of 23,290, are reported to have only eight such persons in each; whilst the number given for Powhatan is sixteen—for Fairfax, twenty-eight—for James City, twenty-nine—for Goochland, thirty-nine—for Warwick, forty-three—for Wood, forty-eight—and for Lancaster, fifty-one. Now a very moderate allowance for these obvious errors would certainly swell the amount of our white adults who cannot read, to at least 60,000. If to this we add the probable number, under twenty and over twelve or thirteen, who are thus ignorant, we shall find the whole number of our youth that are in this deplorable condition, not less probably than 120,000! Is not such a fact, my friends, enough to strike the heart of every true patriot in the land with the deepest shame and grief? Is it not enough to rouse even the most insensible, the least public-spirited amongst us, to a thorough conviction that something must speedily be done, to save our State from the numerous evils, both moral and political, which must inevitably befall her, if so vast a portion of her young citizens be suffered to remain much longer so utterly destitute even of the first elements of learning? What though it be an Herculean task that lies before us? Who is there in this numerous assembly—nay, who is there any where, in our whole community, that calls himself a Virginian, so lost to shame, so dead to all those fraternal and patriotic feelings which should animate the hearts of all who are members of the same political family, as not to join in the cry—now almost universal—of "hasten to the rescue?" Law may do much for us: but public sentiment must do more. Upon this we must depend for the accomplishment of all which the law is powerless to effect. In our government, for instance, it has no power, as many foreign governments have, to force people to go to school. If therefore those amongst us, who have never had that advantage, are ever to enjoy it all, it must be brought about by the arguments, persuasions and entreaties of all who take any interest in the matter. Public meetings must be held in all our counties where any reluctance is manifested to receive such instruction as the schools can give; and at such meetings lectures and addresses should be delivered on the subject, by all who can obtain an audience. The ministers of the Gospel too, of every denomination, should frequently exhort their respective congregations in regard to the sacred duty of educating their children by sending them to school, if they themselves cannot teach them. Then indeed, but not until then, may we hope for much effectual change—even though our legislature should devise the best system for common schools which has ever yet been devised.

This subject is one of the few—the very few—which our fiend-like party strifes and contentions have left us, (and thanks be to God for it,) in regard to which our fellow-citizens of all political parties, and of every religious creed, may most cordially coöperate. Most heartily then, and from my inmost soul, do I say to all—come, dear friends, come, let us unite, like a band of brothers, to take "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," that we may drag into some bottomless pit, there to lie forever, all the obstacles, of every nature and kind, to *Popular Education as it should be*. It will prove the restorative balsam, the grand elixir vitae, to our languishing body-politic; restoring it to sound and vigorous health, and preserving that health unimpaired as long as time shall last. Let all then, assist in such soul-cheering ministrations. Let husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters—every one, give their aid. Let the heavenly work commence in the nursery; to be followed up, and continued by "line upon line, and precept upon precept," before parents confide to others the sacred

instructing their beloved children—aye, and ever
is, as long as the parental voice has any influence
hearts or understandings. Let this be faithfully
all; and many of you here present may yet live to
good old mother Virginia rise, as it were, from the
her fallen fortunes, and once more resume that ex-
alt which she formerly held, with so much true glory
or to herself, and such real, substantial, lasting
every portion of our beloved country.

the old man who is now about to bid you farewell,
office for him, if he may enjoy, before he sinks into
e, even the slightest glimpse or foretaste of the
s blessings which a sound and efficient system of
education, founded on religion, will insure to his
ive State, and will continue to insure to each suc-
cession of her children, until time shall be no

Jas. M. Garnett
Oliver Oldschool

THE SINLESS CHILD.

A POEM, IN SEVEN PARTS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

PART III.

pace of the soul is sure to impart expressiveness
ity to the face. It must beam through its external
daily, as the material becomes subordinate to the
it, will its transparency increase. Eva was lovely,
spirit of love folded its wings upon her breast. All
administered to her beauty; and angelic teachings
thence came the power that winneth all hearts.
She is aware of the spell resting upon her daughter,
that which seemed a spell to her, but which in
nothing more than fidelity to the rights of the
adience to the voice uttered in that holy of holies.
to comprehend the truthfulness of her character,
not recoils from its gentle revelations. Alas! that
state to the good and the beautiful should debar us
mean sympathy. Eva walked in an atmosphere of
all images of surpassing sweetness were ever pre-
sent to her eye. The dark and distorted shapes that
be vision of the unenlightened and the erring, dared
touch her. She wept over the blindness of her
and tenderly revealed to her the great truths press-
ed her own mind, and the freedom and the light in
the soul might be preserved. She blamed not the
into which weak humanity is prone to be betrayed,
loved that it should thus blind its own spiritual vi-
sion; impress dark and ineffaceable characters upon
it; thus sink, where it should soar.

As years passed on, no wonder, each
An inward grace revealed;
For where the soul is peace and love,
It may not be concealed.
They stamp a beauty on the brow,
A softness on the face,
And give to every wavy line
A tenderness and grace.

Long golden hair in many curls
Waved o'er young Eva's brow;
Imparted depth to her soft eye,
And pressed her neck of snow:
Her cheek was pale with lofty thought,
And calm her maiden air;
And all who heard her birdlike voice,
Felt harmony was there.

And winning were her household ways,
Her step was prompt and light,
To save her mother's weary tread
Till came the welcome night;
And though the toil might useless be,
The housewife's busy skill,
Enough for Eva that it bore
Inscribed a mother's will;

For humble things exalted grow
By sentiment impressed;
The love that bathes the way-worn feet,
Or leans upon the breast.
For love, whate'er its offering be,
Lives in a hallowed air,
And holy hearts before its shrine,
Alone may worship there.

Young Eva's cheek was lily pale,
Her look was scarce of earth,
And doubtfully the mother spoke,
Who gave to Eva birth—
"O Eva, leave thy thoughtful ways,
And dance and sing, my child;
For thy pallid cheek is tinged with blue—
Thy words are strange and wild.

Thy father died, a widow left,
An orphan birth was thine,
I longed to see thy baby eyes
Look upward into mine.
I hoped upon thy infant face,
Thy father's look to see—
But Eva, Eva, sadly strange
Are all thy ways to me.

E'en when a child, thy look did hold
Communion with the sky,
Too tranquil are thy maiden ways;
The glances of thine eye
Are such as make me turn away,
E'en with a shuddering dread,
As if my very soul might be
By thy pure spirit read."

Slow swelled a tear from Eva's lid,—
She kissed her mother's cheek—
She answered with an earnest look,
And accents low and meek:—
"Dear mother, why should mortals seek
Emotions to conceal?
As if to be revealed were worse
Than inwardly to feel.

The human eye I may not fear—
It is the light within,
That traces on the growing soul
All thought, and every sin.
That mystic book, the human soul,
Where every trace remains,—
The record of all thoughts and deeds—
The record of all stains.

Dear mother! in ourselves is hid
The holy spirit-land,
And thought, the flaming cherub, stands
With its recording hand.
We feel the pang when that dread sword
Inscribes the hidden sin,
And turneth every where to guard
The paradise within."

"Nay, Eva, leave these solemn words,
Fit for a churchman's tongue,

And let me see thee deck thy hair,
A maiden blithe and young.
When others win admiring eyes,
And looks that speak of love,
Why dost thou stand in thoughtful guise?
So cold and tranquil move?

Thy beauty sure should win for thee
Full many a lover's sigh,
But on thy brow there is no pride,
Nor in thy placid eye.
Dear Eva! learn to look and love,
And claim a lover's prayer,
Thou art too cold for one so young,
So gentle and so fair."

"Nay, mother! I must be alone,
With no companion here,
None, none to joy when I am glad,
With me to shed a tear;
For who would clasp a maiden's hand
In grot or sheltering grove,
If one unearthly gift should bar
All sympathy and love!

Such gift is mine, the gift of thought,
Whence all will shrink away—
E'en thou from thy poor child dost turn,
With doubting and dismay.
And who shall love, and who shall trust,
Since she who gave me birth,
Knows not the child that prattled once
Beside her lonely hearth?

I would I were, for thy dear sake,
What thou would'st have me be;
Thou dost not comprehend the bliss
That's given unto me;
That union of the thought and soul
With all that's good and bright,
The blessedness of earth and sky,
The growing truth and light.

That reading of all hidden thought—
All mystery of life—
Its many hopes, its many fears,
Its sorrow and its strife.
A spirit to behold in all,
To guide, admonish, cheer—
Forever in all time and place,
To feel an angel near."

"Dear Eva! lean upon my breast,
And let me press thy hand,
That I may hear thee talk awhile
Of thy own spirit-land.
And yet I would the pleasant sun
Here shining in the sky,
The blithe birds singing through the air,
And busy life, were by.

For when in converse, like to this,
Thy low, sweet voice I hear,
Strange shudderings o'er my senses creep,
Like touch of spirits near—
And fearful grow familiar things,
In silence and the night—
The cricket piping in the hearth,
Half fills me with affright.

I hear the old trees creak and sway,
And shiver in the blast;
I hear the wailing of the wind,
As if the dead swept past.

Dear Eva! 'tis a world of gloom,
The grave is dark and drear,
We scarce begin to taste of life
Ere death is standing near."

Then Eva kissed her mother's cheek,
And look'd with saddened smile
Upon her terror-stricken face,
And talked with her the while—
And Oh! her face was pale and sweet
Though deep, deep thought was there;
And sadly calm her low-toned voice
For one so young and fair.

"Nay mother, everywhere is hid
A beauty and delight—
The shadow lies upon the heart—
The gloom upon the sight—
Send but the spirit on its way
Communion high to hold,
And bursting from the earth and sky,
A glory we behold.

And did we but our primal state
Of purity retain,
We might as in our Eden days,
With angels walk again.
And memories strange of other times
Would break upon the mind,
The linkings, that the present join
To what is left behind.

The little child in its first state
A holy impress bears—
The signet mark by heaven affixed
Upon his forehead wears—
And nought that impress can efface,
Save his own wilful sin,
Which first begins to draw the veil
That shuts the spirit in.

And one by one its lights decay,
Its visions tend to earth,
Till all those holy forms have fled
That gathered round his birth;
Or dim and faintly may they come
Like memories of a dream—
Or come to blanch his cheek with fear:
So shadow-like they seem.

And thus all doubtfully he lives
Amid his gloomy fears,
And feels within his inmost soul,
Earth is a vale of tears:
And scarce his darkened thoughts may
The mystery within;
For darkly gleams the spirit forth
When shadowed o'er by sin.

Unrobed, majestic, should the soul
Before its God appear,
Undim'd the image He affix'd,
Unknowing doubt or fear—
And open converse should he hold,
With meek and trusting brow;
Such as man was in Paradise
He may be even now.

But when the deathless soul is sunk
To depths of guilt and woe,
It then a dark communion holds
With spirits from below."
And Eva shuddered as she told
How every heaven-born trace

Of goodness in the human soul
Might wickedness efface.

Alas! unknowing what he doth,
A judgment-seat man rears,
A stern tribunal throned within,
Before which he appears;
And conscience, minister of wrath,
Approves him or condemns,
He knoweth not the fearful risk,
Who inward light contemns.

"O veil thy face, pure child of God,"
With solemn tone she said,
"And judge not thou, but lowly weep,
That virtue should be dead.
Weep thou with prayer and holy fear,
That o'er thy brother's soul,
Effacing life, and light and love,
Polluting waves should roll.

Weep for the fettered slave of sense,
For passion's minion weep—
For him who nurtured the worm,
In death that may not sleep;
And tears of blood, if it may be,
For him, who plunged in guilt,
Perils his own and victim's soul,
When human blood is spilt.

For him no glory may abide
In earth or tranquil sky—
Fearful to him the human face,
The searching human eye.
A light beams on him everywhere;
Revealing in its ray,
An erring, terror-stricken soul,
Lanced from its orb away.

Turn where he will, all day he meets
That cold and leaden stare;
His victim pale, and bathed in blood,
Is with him everywhere;
He sees that shape upon the cloud,
It glares from up the brook—
The mist upon the mountain side,
Assumes that fearful look.

He sees, in every simple flower,
Those dying eyes gleam out;
And starts to hear that dying groan,
Amid some merry shout.
The phantom comes to chill the warmth
Of every sunlight ray,
He feels it slowly glide along,
Where forest shadows play.

And when the solemn night comes down,
With silence dark and drear,
His curdling blood and crawling hair
Attest the victim near.
With hideous dreams and terrors wild,
His brain from sleep is kept—
For on his pillow, side by side,
That gory form hath slept."

"O Eva, Eva, say no more,
For I am filled with fear;
Dim shadows move along the wall;
Dost thou not see them here?—
Dost thou not mark the gleams of light,
The shadowy forms move by?"
"Yes, mother, beautiful to see!
And they are always nigh.

Oh, would the veil for thee were raised
That hides the spirit-land—
For we are spirits draped in flesh,
Communing with that band;
And it were weariness to me,
Were only human eyes
To meet my own with tenderness,
In earth or pleasant skies."

PART IV.

The widow, awe-struck at the revelations of her daughter, is desirous to learn more; for it is the nature of the soul to search into its own mysteries: however dim may be its spiritual perception, it still earnestly seeks to look into the deep and the hidden. The light is within itself, and it becomes more and more clear at every step of its progress, in search of the true and the beautiful. The widow, hardly discerning this light, which is to grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day, calls for the material lights that minister to the external eye; that thus she may be hid from those other lights that delight the vision of her child. Eva tells of that mystic book—the human soul—upon which, thoughts, shaped into deeds, whether externally or only in its own secret chambers, inscribes a character that must be eternal. But it is not every character that is thus clearly defined as good or evil. Few indeed seize upon thought, and bring its properties palpably before them. Impressions come and go with a sort of lethargic indifference, leaving no definite lines behind, but only a moral haziness. The widow recollects the story of old Richard, and Eva supplies portions unknown to her mother, and enlarges upon the power of conscience, that fearful judge placed by the Infinite within the soul, with the two-fold power of decision, and punishment.

"Then trim the lights, my strange, strange child,
And let the faggots glow;
For more of these mysterious things
I fear, yet long, to know.
I glory in thy lofty thought,
Thy beauty and thy worth,
But, Eva, I should love thee more,
Did'st thou seem more like earth."

A pang her words poor Eva gave,
And tears were in her eye—
She kissed her mother's anxious brow,
And answered with a sigh:—
"Alas! I may not hope on earth
Companionship to find,
Alone must be the pure in heart,
Alone the great in mind.

We toil for earth, its shadowy veil
Envelops soul and thought,
And hides that discipline and life,
Within our being wrought.
We chain the thought, we shroud the soul,
And backward turn our glance,
When onward should its vision be,
And upward its advance.

I may not scorn the spirit's rights,
For I have seen it rise,
All written o'er with thought, thought, thought—
As with a thousand eyes—
The records dark of other years,
All uneffaced remain;
Unchecked desire, forgotten long,
With its eternal stain.

Recorded thoughts, recorded deeds,
 Its character attest—
 No garment hides the startling truth,
 Nor screens the naked breast.
 The thought, fore-shaping evil deeds,
 The spirit may not hide—
 It stands amid that searching light,
 Which sin may not abide.

And never may the spirit turn
 From that effulgent ray,
 It lives forever in the glare
 Of an eternal day;
 Lives in that penetrating light,
 A kindred glow to raise,
 Or every withering sin to trace
 Within its searching blaze.

Few, few the shapely temple rear,
 For God's abiding place—
 That mystic temple, where no sound
 Within the hallowed space
 Reveals the skill of builder's hand—
 Yet with a silent care
 That holy temple riseth up,
 And God is dwelling there.

Then never weep when the infant lies
 In its small grave to rest,
 With the scented flowerets springing up
 From out its baby breast;
 A pure, pure soul to earth was given,
 Yet may not thus remain;
 Rejoice that it is rendered back,
 Without a single stain.

Bright cherubs bear the babe away
 With many a fond embrace,
 And beauty, all unknown to earth,
 Upon its features trace.
 They teach it knowledge from the fount,
 And holy truth and love;
 The songs of praise the infant learns,
 As angels sing above."

The widow rose, and on the blaze
 The crackling faggots threw—
 And then to her maternal breast
 Her gentle daughter drew.
 "Dear Eva! when old Richard died,
 In madness fierce and wild,
 Why did he in his phrenzy rave
 About a murdered child!

He died in beggary and rage,
 Friendless and grey, and old;
 Yet he was once a thriving man,
 Light-hearted, too, I'm told.
 Dark deeds were whispered years ago,
 But nothing came to light;
 He seemed the victim of a spell,
 That nothing would go right.

His young wife died, and her last words
 Were breathed to him alone,
 But 'twas a piteous sound to hear
 Her faint, heart-rending moan.
 Some thought, in dreams he had divulged
 A secret hidden crime,
 Which she concealed with breaking heart,
 Unto her dying time.

From that day forth he never smiled;
 Morose and silent grown,

He wandered unfrequented ways,
 A moody man and lone.
 The schoolboy shuddered in the wood,
 When he old Richard passed,
 And hurried on, while fearful looks
 He o'er his shoulder cast.

And nought could lure him from his mood,
 Save his own trusting child,
 Who climb'd the silent father's neck,
 And kissed his cheek and smiled.
 That gentle boy, unlike a child,
 Companions never sought—
 Content to share his father's crust,
 His father's gloomy lot.

With weary foot and tattered robe,
 Beside him, day by day,
 He roamed the forest and the hill,
 And o'er the rough highway;
 And he would prattle all the time
 Of things to childhood sweet;
 Of singing bird, of lovely flower,
 That sprang beneath their feet.

Sometimes he chid the moody man,
 With childhood's fond appeal:—
 'Dear father, talk to me awhile—
 How very lone I feel!
 My mother used to smile so sad,
 And talk and kiss my cheek,
 And sing to me such pretty songs;
 So low and gently speak:'

Then Richard took him in his arms
 With passionate embrace,
 And with an aching tenderness
 He gazed upon his face;—
 Tears rushed unto his glazed eyes,
 He murmured soft and wild,
 And kissed with more than woman's love,
 The fond but frightened child.

He died, that worn and weary boy;
 And those that saw him die,
 Said, on his father's rigid brow,
 Was fixed his fading eye.
 His little stiffening hand was laid
 Within poor Richard's grasp;—
 And when he stooped for one last kiss,
 He took his dying gasp.

It crazed his brain, poor Richard rose
 A maniac fierce and wild,
 Who mouthed, and muttered every where,
 About a murdered child."
 "And well he might," young Eva said,
 "For conscience, day by day,
 Commenced that retribution here,
 That filled him with dismay.

Unwedded, but a mother grown,
 Poor Lucy pressed her child,
 With blushing cheek and drooping lid,
 And lip that never smiled.
 Their wants were few; but Richard's purse
 Must buy them daily bread,
 And fain would Lucy have been laid
 In silence with the dead.

For want, and scorn, and blighted fame
 Had done the work of years,
 And oft she knelt in lowly prayer
 In penitence and tears—

That undesired child of shame,
Brought comfort to her heart,
A childlike smile to her pale lip,
By its sweet baby art.

And yet, as years their passage told,
Faint shadows slowly crept
Upon the blighted maiden's mind,
That oft she knelt and wept
Unknowing why, her wavy form
So thin and reed-like grew,
And so appealing her blue eyes,
They tears from others drew.

Years passed away, and, Lucy's child
A noble stripling grown;
A daring boy with chestnut hair,
And eyes of changing brown,
Had won the love of every heart,
So gentle was his air—
All felt, whate'er might be his birth,
A stainless heart was there.

The boy was missing, none could tell
Where last he had been seen;—
They searched the river many a day,
And every forest screen—
But never more his filial voice
Poor Lucy's heart might cheer;
Pale in her grief, and dull with woe,
She never shed a tear.

And every day, whate'er the sky,
With head upon her knees,
And hair neglected, streaming out
Upon the passing breeze,
She sat beneath a slender tree
That near the river grew,
And on the stream its pendent limbs
Their penciled shadows threw.

The matron left her busy toil,
And called the child from play,
And gifts for that lone mourner there
She sent with him away.
The boy with nuts and fruit returned,
He sought in forest deep,
A portion of his little store
Would for poor Lucy keep.

That tree with wonder, all beheld,
Its growth was strange and rare;
The wintry winds, that wailing passed,
Scarce left its branches bare,
And round its roots a verdant spot
Knew neither change nor blight,
And so poor Lucy's resting place
Was always green and bright.

Some said its bole more rapid grew
From Lucy's bleeding heart,
For, sighs from out the heart, 'tis said,
A drop of blood will start.*

* It is a common belief amongst the vulgar, that a sigh always forces a drop of blood from the heart, and many curious stories are told to that effect; as, for instance: a man wishing to be rid of his wife, in order to marry one more seductive, promised her the gift of six new dresses, and sundry other articles of female finery, provided she would sigh three times every morning before breakfast, for three months. She complied, and before the time had expired, was in her grave. Many others of a like import might be recorded.

It was an instinct deep and high
That led that mother there,
And that tall tree aspiring grew,
By more than dew or air.

The winds were hushed, the little bird
Scarce gave a nestling sound,
The warm air slept along the hill,
The blossoms drooped around;
The shrill-toned insect scarcely stirred
The dry and crisped leaf—
The laborer laid his sickle down
Beside the bending sheaf.

A dark, portentous cloud is seen
To mount the eastern sky,
The deep-toned thunder rolling on,
Proclaims the tempest nigh.
And now it breaks with deafening crash,
And lightnings livid glow;
The torrents leap from mountain crags
And wildly dash below.

Behold the tree! its strength is bowed,
A shattered mass it lies.
What brings old Richard to the spot,
With wild and blood-shot eyes?
Poor Lucy's form is lifeless there,
And yet he turns away,
To where a heap of mouldering bones
Beneath the strong roots lay.

Why takes he up, with shrivelled hands,
The riven root and stone,
And spreads them with a trembling haste
Upon each damp, grey bone?
It may not be, the whirlwind's rage
Again hath left them bare—
Earth hides no more the horrid truth,
A murdered child lies there.

Of wife, and child, and friends bereft—
And all that inward light,
Which calmly guides the white-haired man,
Who listens to the right;
Old Richard laid him down to die,
Himself his only foe,—
His wronged nature groaning out
Its weight of inward woe."

PART V.

The storm is raging without the dwelling of the widow, but all is tranquil within. Eva hath gone forth in spiritual vision, and beheld the cruelty engendered by wealth and luxury—the cruelty of a selfish and unsympathizing heart. She relates what she has seen to her mother. Certain qualities of the heart are of such a nature, that, when in excess, they shape themselves into appropriate forms, and thus haunt the vision. The injurer is always fearful of the injured. No wrong is ever done with a sense of security; far less wrong to the innocent and unoffending. The little child is a mystery of gentleness and love, while it is preserved in its own atmosphere; and it is a fearful thing to turn its young heart to bitterness; to infuse sorrow and fear, where the elements should be only joy and faith.

The loud winds rattled at the door—
The shutters creaked and shook,
While Eva, by the cottage hearth,
Sat with abstracted look.
With every gust, the big rain-drops
Upon the casement beat,—

How doubly, on a night like this,
Are home and comfort sweet !

The maiden slowly raised her eyes,
And pressed her pallid brow :—
“ Dear mother ! I have been far hence ;
My sight is absent now.—
O mother ! 'tis a fearful thing,
A human heart to wrong—
To plant a sadness on the lip,
Where smiles and peace belong.

In selfishness or callous pride,
The sacred tear to start—
Or lightest finger dare to press
Upon the burdened heart.
And doubly fearful, when a child
Lifts its imploring eye,
And deprecates the cruel wrath
With childhood's pleading cry.

The child is made for smiles and joy,
Sweet emigrant from heaven—
The sinless brow and trusting heart,
To lure us there, were given.
Then who shall dare its simple faith
And loving heart to chill—
Or its meek, upward, beaming eye
With sorrowing tears to fill !

I look within a gorgeous room—
A lofty dame behold—
A lady with forbidding air,
And forehead, high and cold—
I hear an infant's plaintive voice,
For grief hath brought it fears—
None soothe it with a kind caress,
Nor wipe away its tears.

His sister hears with pitying heart
Her brother's wailing cry,
And to the stately matron turns
Her earnest, tearful eye.
“ O mother, chilling is the air,
And fearful is the night—
Dear brother fears to be alone—
I'll bring him to the light.

On our dead mother hear him call ;
I hear him weeping say,
Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
And wipe his tears away.
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,
And yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too,
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
The watch-dog howls with fear—
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:
What form is gliding near ?
No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom glides within,—
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With a cold and leaden skin.

What boots it that no other eye
Beheld the shade appear !
The guilty lady's guilty soul
Beheld it plain and clear,—
It slowly glides within the room,
And sadly looks around—
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek,
With lips that gave no sound.

Then softly on the lady's arm
She laid a death-cold hand—
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
Like to a burning brand.
And gliding on with noiseless foot,
O'er winding stair and hall,
She nears the chamber where is heard
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
She warmly tucked the bed—
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls
That clustered round his head.
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,
Hath nestled him to rest ;
The mother folds her wings beside—
The mother from the blest.

Fast by the eternal throne of God
Celestial beings stand,—
Beings, who guide the little child
With kind and loving band—
And woe to him who dares to turn
The infant foot aside,—
Or shroud the light that ever should
Within his soul abide.”

PART VI.

It is the noon of summer, and the noonday of Eva's earthly existence. She hath held communion with all that is great and beautiful in nature, till it hath become a part of her being ; till her spirit hath acquired strength and maturity, and been reared to a beautiful and harmonious temple, in which the true and the good delight to dwell. Then cometh the mystery of womanhood ; its gentle going forth of the affections seeking for that holiest of companion ship, a kindred spirit, responding to all its finer essences, and yet lifting it above itself. Eva had listened to this voice of her woman's nature ; and sweet visions had visited her pillow. Unknown to the external vision, there was one ever present to the soul ; and when he erred, she had felt a lowly sorrow that, while it still more perfected her own nature, went forth to swell likewise the amount of good in the great universe of God. At length Albert Linne, a gay youth, whose errors are those of an ardent and inexperienced nature, rather than of an assenting will, meets Eva sleeping under the canopy of the great woods, and he is at once awed by the purity that enshrouds her. He is lifted to the contemplation of the good—to a sense of the wants of his better nature. Eva awakes and recognizes the spirit that forever and ever is to be one with hers ; that is to complete that mystic marriage, known in the Paradise of God ; that marriage of soul with soul, that demandeth no external right. Eva the pure minded, the lofty in thought, and great in soul, recoiled not from the errors of him who was to be made mete for the kingdom of Heaven, through her gentle agency ; for the mission of the good and the lovely, is not to the good, but to the sinful. The mission of woman, is to the erring of man.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum
Beneath the sleeping skies :
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go ;
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood where the soil is thin,
And the bursting rocks appear,

Hath a dry and rusty colored bark,
And its leaves are curled and sear.
But the dog-wood and the hazel bush,
Have clustered round the brook—
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,
And he gnaws it like a file—
The naked stalks are withering by,
Where he has been erewhile.
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,
Or pipes in the faded moss—
From the forest shade the voice is heard
Of the locust shrill and hoarse.

The widow donn'd her russet robe,
Her cap of snowy hue,
And o'er her staid maternal form
A sober mantle threw ;
And she, while fresh the morning light,
Hath gone to pass the day,
And ease an ailing neighbor's pain
Across the meadow way.

Young Eva closed the cottage door ;
And wooed by bird and flower,
She loitered on beneath the wood,
Till came the noon-tide hour.
The sloping bank is cool and green,
Beside the tinkling rill ;
The cloud that slumbers in the sky,
Is painted on the hill.

The angels poised their purple wings
O'er blossom, brook and dell,
And loitered in the quiet nook
As if they loved it well.
Young Eva laid one snowy arm
Upon a violet bank,
And pillow'd there her downy cheek
While she to slumber sank.

A smile is on her gentle lip,
For she the angels saw,
And felt their wings a covert make
As round her head they draw.
A maiden's sleep, how pure it is !
The soul's inwrought repose—
It enters to its chamber in,
Then onward stronger goes.

A huntsman's whistle, and anon
The dogs come fawning round—
And now they raise the pendent ear,
And crouch along the ground.
The hunter leapt the shrunken brook,
The dogs hold back with awe,
For they upon the violet bank
The slumbering maiden saw.

A reckless youth was Albert Linne,
With licensed oath and jest,
Who little cared for woman's fame,
Or peaceful maiden's rest.
Light things to him, were broken vows—
The blush, the sigh, the tear ;
What hinders he should steal a kiss,
From sleeping damsel here ?

He looks, yet stays his eager foot ;
For, on that spotless brow,
And that closed lid, a something rests
He never saw till now ;

He gazes, yet he shrinks with awe
From that fair wondrous face,
Those limbs so quietly disposed,
With more than maiden grace.

He seats himself upon the bank
And turns his face away—
And Albert Linne, the hair-brained youth,
Wished in his heart to pray.
But throging came his former life,
What once he called delight—
The goblet, oath, and stolen joy,
How palled they on the sight.

He looked within his very soul,
Its hidden chamber saw,
Inscribed with records dark and deep
Of many a broken law.
No more he thinks of maiden fair,
No more of ravished kiss—
Forgets he that pure sleeper nigh
Hath brought his thoughts to this.

Now Eva opes her childlike eyes
And lifts her tranquil head,
And Albert, like a guilty thing,
Had from her presence fled.
But Eva held her kindly hand
And bade him stay awhile ;—
He dared not look upon her eyes,
He only marked her smile ;

And that, so pure and winning beamed,
So calm and holy too,
That o'er his troubled thoughts at once
A quiet charm it threw.
Light thoughts, light words were all forgot—
He breathed a holier air—
He felt the power of womanhood—
Its purity was there.

And soft beneath their silken fringe
Beamed Eva's dovelike eyes—
In hue and softness made to hold
Communion with the skies.
Her gentle voice a part did seem,
Of air, and brook, and bird—
And Albert listened, as if he
Such music only heard.

O Eva ! thou the pure in heart,
Why falls thy trembling voice ?
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,
And yet thine eyes rejoice.
Another glory wakes for thee
Where'er thine eyes may rest ;
And deeper, holier thoughts arise
Within thy peaceful breast.

Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,
New smiles thy lips combine,
For thou dost feel another soul
Is blending into thine.
Thou upward raisest thy meek eyes,
And it is sweet to thee ;
To feel the weakness of thy sex,
Is more than majesty.

To feel thy shrinking nature claim
The stronger arm and brow—
Thy weapons, smiles, and tears, and prayers,
And blushes such as now.
A woman, gentle Eva thou,
Thy lot were incomplete,

Did not all sympathies of soul
Within thy being meet.

Those deep dark eyes, that open brow,
That proud and manly air,
How have they mingled with thy dreams
And with thine earnest prayer!
And how hast thou, all timidly,
Cast down thy maiden eye,
When visions have revealed to thee
That figure standing nigh!

Two spirits launched companionless,
A kindred essence sought—
And one in all its wanderings
Of such as Eva thought.
The good, the beautiful, the true,
Should nestle in his heart—
Should lure him by her gentle voice,
To choose the better part.

Her trusting hand, young Eva laid
In that of Albert Linne,
And for one trembling moment turned
Her gentle thoughts within.
Deep tenderness was in the glance
That rested on his face,
As if her woman-heart had found
Its own abiding place.

And when she turned her to depart
Her voice more liquid fell—
"Dear youth, thy thoughts and mine are one;
When I have said farewell!
Our souls must mingle evermore;—
Thy thoughts of love and me,
Will, as a light, thy footsteps guide
To life and mystery."

And then she bent her timid eyes,
And as beside she knelt,
The pressure of her sinless lips
Upon his brow he felt.
Low, heart-breathed words she uttered then:
For him she breathed a prayer;—
He turned to look upon her face,—
The maiden was not there.

PART VII.

Eva hath fulfilled her destiny. Material things can no further minister to the growth of her spirit. That waking of the soul to its own deep mysteries—its oneness with another, has been accomplished. A human soul is perfected. Sorrow and pain—hope, with its kin-spirit fear, are not for the sinless. She hath walked in an atmosphere of light, and her faith hath looked within the veil. The true woman, with woman's love and gentleness, and trust and childlike simplicity, yet with all her noble aspirations and spiritual discernments, she hath known them all without sin, and sorrow may not visit such. She ceased to be present—she passed away like the petal that hath dropped from the rose—like the last sweet note of the singing-bird, or the dying close of the wind harp. Eva is the lost pleiad in the sky of womanhood. Has her spirit ceased to be upon the earth? Does it not still brood over our woman hearts?—and doth not her voice blend ever with the sweet voices of Nature? Eva, mine own, my beautiful, I may not say farewell.

"Twas night—bright beamed the silver moon,
And all the stars were out;
The widow heard within the dell
Sweet voices all about.

The loitering winds were made to sound
Her sinless daughter's name,
While to the roof a rare toned-bird
With wondrous music came.

And long it sat upon the roof
And poured its mellow song,
That rose upon the stilly air,
And swelled the vales along.
It was no earthly thing she deemed,
That, in the clear moonlight,
Sat on the lowy cottage roof,
And charmed the ear of night.*

The sun is up, the flowrets raise
Their folded leaves from rest;
The bird is singing in the branch
Hard by its dewy nest.
The spider's thread, from twig to twig,
Is glittering in the light—
With dew-drops has the web been hung
Through all the starry night.

Why tarries Eva long in bed,
For she is wont to be
The first to greet the early bird,
The waking bud to see?
Why stoops her mother o'er the couch
With half suppressed breath,
And lifts the deep-fringed eyelid up?—
That frozen orb is death.

Why raises she the small pale hand,
And holds it to the light?
There is no clear transparent hue
To meet her dizzy sight.
She holds the mirror to her lips
To catch the moistened air:—
The widowed mother stands alone
With her dead daughter there.

And yet so placid is the face,
So sweet its lingering smile,
That one might deem the sleep to be
The maiden's playful wile.
No pain the quiet limbs had racked,
No sorrow dimm'd the brow—
So tranquil had the life gone forth,
She seemed but slumbering now.

They laid her down beside the brook
Upon the sloping hill,

* We are indebted to the Aborigines for this beautiful superstition. The Indian believes that if the wekolis or whippoorwill alights upon the roof of his cabin and sings its sweet plaintive song, it portends death to one of its inmates. The omen is almost universally regarded in New-England. The author recollects once hearing an elderly lady relate with singular pathos an incident of the kind. She was blest with a son of rare endowments and great piety. In the absence of his father he was wont to minister at the family altar; and unlike the stern practices of the Pilgrims, from whose stock he was lineally descended, he prostrated himself in prayer in the lowliest humility. It was touching to hear his clear low voice, and see his spiritual face while kneeling at this holy duty.

One quiet moonlight night while thus engaged, the mother's heart sank within her to hear the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill blending with the voice of prayer. It sat upon the roof and continued its song long after the devotions had ceased. The tears rushed to her eyes, and she embraced her son in a transport of grief. She felt it must be ominous. In one week he was borne away, and the daisies grew, and the birds sang over his grave.

And that strange bird with its rare note,
Is singing o'er her still.
The sunlight warmer loves to rest
Upon the heaving mound,
And those unearthly blossoms spring,
Uncultured from the ground.

There Albert Linne, an altered man,
Of bowed in lowly prayer,
And pondered o'er those mystic words
Which Eva uttered there.
That pure compassion, angel-like,
Which touched her soul when he,
A guilty and heart-stricken man,
Would from her presence flee.

Her sinless lips from earthly love,
So tranquil and so free;
And that low fervent prayer for him,
She breathed on bended knee.
As Eva's words and spirit sank
More deeply in his heart,
Young Albert Linne went forth to act
The better human part.

Nor yet alone did Albert strive;—
For, blending with his own,
In every voice of prayer or praise
Was heard young Eva's tone.
He felt her lips upon his brow,
Her angel form beside;
And nestling nearest to his heart,
Was she, THE SPIRIT-BRIDE.

The Sinless Child, with mission high,
Awhile to earth was given,
To show us that our world should be
The vestibule of Heaven.
Did we but in the holy light
Of truth and goodness rise,
We might communion hold with God
And spirits from the skies.

THE 'WHISKER' ORDER.

Beards, the nearer that they tend
To the earth, become more reverend:
As cannons shoot the longer stretches,
The lower you let down their breeches.—*Butler.*

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR,—A history of the various transformations, to which the human hair has been subjected by the capricious edicts of fashion, would compose a very amusing book; nor would the kindred subject of beards be less fruitful of interest to the curious antiquary. This venerable appendage has, indeed, been the sport of some singular revolutions. A world of learning might be displayed in tracing its "decline and fall"—its origin, its progress—the numberless persecutions it has endured from the prejudices and the tyranny of man—its temporary obscuration for nearly a century past—and its wonderful resurrection at the present time, when it has sprouted forth with a vigor augmented by the severe pruning, to which it has been so long unjustly exposed. I have not opportunity to explore a field

so varied and extensive; nor, to confess the truth, is my erudition (as the learned Dominie Sampson would say) adequate to the arduous task; but the arbitrary attempt, which, I understand, was lately made by a high dignitary of our land, to curtail and cripple this ancient ornament of the human face, by consigning one moiety of its spreading honors to the tender mercies of the razor, induces me, in default of an abler advocate, to stand forth in its defence, and to vindicate its present dimensions by an appeal to the uniform practice of former ages, through every successive phasis of society.

A certain clergyman, not indeed the most enlightened of his calling, having been sworn to testify in a court of justice, premised the delivery of his evidence with the following formal exordium. "I shall," said he, as if he were about to analyze a text, "divide my testimony into three heads: in the first place, I shall not pretend to repeat the exact words of the parties; in the second place, I shall endeavor to come as near them as I can; and third and lastly, I shall be lengthy."

Now, like this methodical divine, I am a great friend to logical order and arrangement; and I shall, therefore, consider the subject proposed, historically, analytically and politically; politics being, now-a-days, a condiment as essential to give pungency in the productions of the literary caterer, as pepper and salt, are to impart a relish to the *chef-d'œuvres* of cookery. Indeed, such, I believe is the condition of the public palate from over-doses of this agreeable stimulant, that

Its relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppers the highest is surest to please.

I shall not, at present, disclose the extent, to which I mean to carry the principle contained in the third branch of our worthy clergyman's testimony; but I shall imitate in this respect, the policy of other prudent hucksters, who cautiously conceal an approaching glut of the market, lest they impair the value of their own wares. It were, indeed, impossible to foresee into what vagaries imagination may be seduced on a theme so fruitful in sportive fancies, or what collateral disquisitions may become necessary to illustrate the main subject of inquiry. To impose a limit on my speculations were to surrender the freedom, so essential to the unfettered exercise of the faculties—to put gyves upon the mind—to convert its elastic bound, its natural and graceful curvetings, into the "forced gait of a shuffling nag."

I cannot conceive a "more lame and impotent conclusion" than the *finale* of an orator trammelled by the famous one hour rule—compelled to "check his thunder in mid volley," by the chilling announcement that the brief hour has expired—struck down "with his arm aloft, extended like eternal Jove when guilt brings down the thunder"—his lips suddenly sealed up with the shout of victory

thrilling on his tongue—cut off in *one* of his most brilliant ebullitions of rhetoric, perhaps in the midst of a sentence, with the "burning words" congealed, as it were, in his mouth—brought "plumb down" from his empyrean height, by the iron tongue of the clock tolling the knell of his new-fledged speech, while yet "instinct with life," and pruning its pinions for a still loftier flight. I thank my stars, that you have not yet sanctioned, by your practice, this modern enormity; and, that I may speak out my speech in your pages, without fear of interruption from either the clock or the chairman. But in order to do so, I must begin; for, if I waste more time in these preliminaries, I may share the fate of the boy, who, to make sure of leaping a ditch, took the run of a mile, and fainted before reaching the point, from which he was to spring. Let us proceed then, without further preamble, to the discussion of those weighty matters, which I have, perhaps too rashly, undertaken to handle.

I lay it down as a fundamental proposition, that man was originally a bearded animal—that he came into existence, full-fledged; as it were, accoutred with his entire complement of hair—and that, though, from an ungrateful caprice, he may sometimes have denied the value of this great bounty of nature, yet there lurks in his heart, an innate veneration, an instinctive attachment to it; which, in spite of artificial restraints and casual fashions, must ultimately reestablish its former ascendancy.

Whenever the human face emerges from that thick cloud, which envelopes the early transactions of the world, we find it clothed with this primitive, and honorable covering. If we consult the remotest records of authentic history, whether sacred or profane, we discover that the beard was cherished and revered by all nations; and, that its bushy ringlets, in those unsophisticated times, were suffered to descend in all their native luxuriance, untouched by *tonsorial* scissors, or deceitful razor. It was countenanced alike by the ancient patriarchs, the superstitious Egyptian, the ingenuous Greek, and the austere Roman.

To swear by one's beard was the deepest pledge of veracity; and no higher indignity could be offered than to pluck, or disarrange it. Beards saved the Roman Senate, until some whiskerless barbarian, in sacrelegious admiration stroked down the sacred appendage. The mere touch of this *barbarous* hand was a mortal offence to the assembled wisdom of that enlightened nation. Aaron gloried in his beard; and Samson in his hair. Samuel, and all the razor-hating sect of Nazarites, wore their unshorn locks as the outward and visible sign of the Divine favor. Even to this day, Mr. Peterkin, and many an 'old salt' of the sea, wear their queues—unless 'out off by the previous question,' or the order of the late secretary, as an appendage of peculiar veneration. And, in such esteem, has the beard been held, that it was univer-

sally regarded as the appropriate emblem of wisdom, and all who preferred the slightest pretensions to learning or philosophy, claimed it as their peculiar appendage.

The benighted pagans imagined, that no sacrifice more acceptable could be offered on the altars of their idolatry, than the first fruits of the chin; and, even in more modern times, christian churches have deemed the shape and appearance of the beard, a matter of the most vital importance. Councils were held to determine whether it should be peaked, or round, or forked, or square, or whether it should be abolished altogether as a sinful indulgence; and thus it became the badge of parties, and a source of the most bitter and implacable dissensions. Though religious zeal in the nineteenth century expends its energies on subjects less frivolous, and more appropriate than the sacerdotal tonsure, and justly regards the minutia of personal decoration as beneath the dignity of its notice; yet, such is the instinctive passion of men for these vanities, that we sometimes see, even at this day, Ministers of the Gospel of Peace whiskered like Austrian Pandours, and whistling the word of God through the overshadowing bristles with a shrillness and ferocity quite terrifying to the more nervous part of their congregations. Were we to judge from the formidable aspect of these reverend gentlemen, we should conclude that they came "to murder, not to heal"—to wield the sword of flesh—to "cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war," instead of breathing the soft accents of peace and consolation. Now, though I look upon this parasitical growth of the human chin with a veneration almost as superstitious as that cherished by our ancestors for the sacred mistletoe; yet, I insist that there should be some congruity, at least, between a man's costume and his profession; else there must be a total confusion of ranks and occupations.

The predominance of beards at an era so remote, demonstrates the fact, that they were coeval with the first feeble beginnings of society; and hence it is a reasonable conclusion, that they were designed by nature for the comfort and ornament of man. It is clear, that they impart dignity to the human countenance; and, even with respect to brute animals, it may be observed, that those, whose muzzles are invested with this imposing excrescence, are distinguished by the sedate and imperturbable gravity of their demeanor.

A learned Scotch philosopher has written an elaborate treatise to prove, that man is nothing but a reclaimed monkey gradually improved in character and appearance by the refining touch of civilization; and, in support of his theory, he analyzes with much minuteness the manners and customs of some of our supposed kindred, who are still cracking cocoa-nuts in the woods of Sumatra, unconscious of their slumbering capacities. Now, I acknow-

ledge the justice of that noble sentiment of the ancient poet, *homo sum, et nil humanum alienum a me puto*; and I am therefore surprised, that some of our benevolent societies, in their anxious solicitude for the welfare of distant nations, have not, on the faith of these sagacious speculations, engaged in some enterprise to civilize and instruct this parent stock of the human race. Surely the natural man, yet untainted by the usages and superstitions of artificial society, would be far more docile than the fierce Indian, the depraved Hindoo, or the dissolute Polynesian.

From a careful investigation of comparative anatomy, the ingenious philosopher above mentioned, has inferred, with great semblance of reason, that the human form was once garnished with a tail, which, in process of time, has been worn off by our sedentary habits; but this argument *a posteriori* (as Dr. Johnson, with all his horror of a pun, was tempted to call it) is scarcely more cogent to establish our affinity to the monkey tribe, than that to be derived from our innate predilection for whiskers. Pug, though he may sometimes make experiments on others for his private amusement, has an invincible repugnance to the use of the razor on his own jaws; and the only instance, in which he has been known to attempt such an operation on himself, had, if legends speak truth, a most tragic termination. It may be argued, therefore, with great plausibility, that our immemorial devotion to the beard strongly corroborates the hypothesis of Lord Monboddo; for, as puss, metamorphosed into a young lady, could not resist the impulse of her original nature when she saw a mouse run across the floor; on the same principle, it may be affirmed, the inborn propensities of the monkey manifest themselves in the care, with which, for so many ages, men have cultivated the hairy covering of the face.

But this is not all. Evidence seems to thicken, the farther we push our inquiries. It is an undoubted fact, that when the human skin has been exposed for a length of time to the action of the elements, nature beneficently supplies the deficiency of covering by a luxuriant coat of hair; an indubitable proof, that all artificial clothing, from Adam's vine-leaves to our modern inexpressibles, is a superfluous and flagrant innovation on the original laws of creation. It is true, that this native and homely vesture has mouldered away insensibly under the enervating integuments of human invention; and fashion now forbids us to appear in these *puris naturalibus* of the primitive ages,

When wild in woods the noble savage ran;
but it cannot be doubted, that were our beards debarred from the genial influences of light and air, they would vanish, in like manner, from the human visage. Is it not plain then, that, before the introduction of dress, man, in his external appearance, must have been nearly assimilated to the monkey?

And this inference, from reasoning *a priori*, finds abundant confirmation in the traditional accounts* of satyrs and foresters, with whom, it is said, the earth was formerly infested. These creatures were not altogether fabulous, but were, doubtless, monkeys in the transition, or chrysalis state.

It has been well said, that the various departments of human knowledge are always found, when thoroughly explored, to furnish mutual support and illustration. This account of the origin of man, accordingly, gives unexpected verisimilitude to the supposition of a learned commentator on the Bible, that Satan did not appear to our first mother in the disgusting form of a serpent, but in the more engaging guise of an ourang outang. On the principles of Lord Monboddo, nothing seems more probable than that, in the prosecution of a plan to seduce Eve from the path of duty, the father of sin should assume the figure of a kindred race in order to pursue his machinations with the greater prospect of success. So far from rejecting his Lordship's speculations as the offspring of skepticism, Doct. Clark, mindful of their remarkable coincidence with his own views, would have embraced them, I doubt not, as in perfect harmony with the Mosaic account of creation.

After all that has been said of the vaunted dignity of human nature, it must be confessed, that man, divested of the adventitious advantages of dress, is a poor shivering creature, a sprawling featherless biped, not much more comely and imposing in his appearance than those wild denizens of the forest, from whom our Scotch philosopher so confidently derives his extraction. When we consider his uncouth figure, his imperfect speech, and his disgusting habits in the ruder stages of society, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive, that he might have once gathered nuts, swung from tree to tree, and chattered unintelligible gibberish, like his supposed prototype. Yet however cogent the reasoning, and striking the analogies by which it is sustained, my pride revolts at the idea of admitting a theory so degrading to mankind. I cannot recognize, as my ancestor, a long-tailed animal, whose greatest performances could scarcely entitle him to preferment among a company of dancers on the slack-rope. The author of this new genealogical tree, where the *propositus* is a long-armed ape, is, in truth, a crazy metaphysician, derailed by too much learning, and fond of groping in the crepuscular obscurity of those immense regions, that lie beyond the extreme boundaries of human knowledge. He is not entitled even to the merit of originality; for the germ of his hypothesis is evidently discernible in the Yahoos of that vera-

* *Traditional accounts.*—In support of this hypothesis, may be mentioned a tradition, to this day common, among a certain numerous class. It is, that "Monkeys are old time people, dat wont talk 'cauz dey fraid white folks make um work."—*Printer's Devil.*

cious traveller, Capt. Lemuel Gulliver. As to those coincidences in the aspect and usages of men and monkeys, on which he lays so much stress, they are easily susceptible of another explanation. It is an old adage, that "evil communication corrupts good manners;" and, as man is an imitative animal, it may well be supposed, that, in his early association with the beasts of the field and the forest, he adopted some of their habits and practices.

Discarding then all far-fetched speculations and conjectures derogatory to human nature, I conceive that the beard was bestowed as an appropriate and friendly skreen to the more insignificant part of the human countenance, giving breadth and dignity to its sharp outlines and inexpressive features; and that the care lavished upon it in the early ages of the world, was the impulse of an original principle implanted, at his first creation, in the character of man. It is no new opinion, that a man's sagacity is commensurate to the longitude of his beard; and, indeed, when it is considered that, where nature has either sparingly imparted, or altogether withheld her bounty in this particular, men have exhibited an incorrigible fierceness, or incurable stupidity, it may well be affirmed, that the potentiality, if not the actual possession of that appendage, is uniformly conjoined to that constitution of mind, which has given rise to all the inventions, discoveries, and improvements of civilized society. Is it not strange then, that this venerable adjunct of the human chin should wane and dwindle with the advance of refinement, when, in truth, it should be honored by the civilized man as his distinguishing feature, and peculiar attribute?

But beards are, also, the outward and visible sign of hilarity and good cheer, and one of their most enlivening accompaniments; for it was well said and sung in the olden time that

It is merry in hall
When beards wag all.

Hence we plainly derive the name as well as the practice of *waggery*; since nothing gives such point to a jest or facetious tale as to repeat it with an unmoved and solemn aspect; and mirth is never half so uproarious, as when the Momus of the company, by the gentle agitation of his beard, announces, that the mask of pretended gravity may be thrown aside, and that his bursting hearers may, without further resistance, abandon themselves to the full tide of suppressed risibility. Now here is an etymology as palpable as any in the *Diversions of Purley*, which demonstrates the early and intimate association between beards and the display of wit and humor, and that they are worn with equal propriety by the laughing, as by the weeping philosopher. The figure of one of these whiskered wags, equipped with a cigar whose burning extremity is buried in the clustering hair, while ever and anon he emits, from some hidden aperture, vol-

umes of smoke, like the shaft of a deserted coal-mine in full conflagration, or the crater of a half-extinguished volcano, is the very picture of good-fellowship, and sufficient of itself to set the table in a roar. How true is the remark of Bonaparte, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Possessed of such multiplied claims to the gratitude and the countenance of man, the beard, in various forms, continued to maintain a fluctuating authority in modern Europe, till the Reformation, which overthrew all old opinions and usages, threatened to uproot even this precious heritage of antiquity from the human visage. From that time it languished and shrank in all protestant countries. On the continent, indeed, it still retained some faint relics of its former grandeur; but in England and its dependencies, the encroaching razor had, by the middle of the last century, nearly denuded the human physiognomy of its last remaining hair. Still the ghost of a whisker, thin and shadowy, might sometimes be seen to haunt the withered cheek of some superannuated beau, like a disembodied spirit yet lingering in the scenes of its earthly enjoyment. A face of desolation then succeeded, unchecked by a solitary tuft of hair to relieve the dreary waste; and the diminished beard, driven from its last foothold, and shorn of its former glories, found a partial refuge from the fury of its enemies, in the casual protection of the rude soldier, the despised mendicant, and unbelieving Jew. Yet even in this lowest state of depression and contempt, it was preparing, with a power of renovation which nothing could subdue,

To repair its drooping head,
And trick its beams, and with new-spangl'd ore
Flame on the visage of ungrateful men.

The revival of letters was preceded by a long period of intellectual darkness, and the restoration of the beard to its ancient honors was foreshadowed by a similar eclipse. Some years since, the expounders of signs and portents were greatly at a loss to decypher the meaning of that surprising shower of meteors, which "with fear of change" dismayed the inhabitants of this continent; but it is now evident, without the aid of an interpreter, that this singular phenomenon only prefigured the approaching descent of our banished beards from the "lunar sphere."

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

Thus announced by prodigies, this imperishable fungus, within the last fifteen years, has suddenly shot forth, both in this country and Europe, with astonishing exuberance, and, by a strange inversion of the order of nature, overspread the faces of the young and middle-aged, leaving the cheek of stubborn age to wither in comfortless and barren nakedness.

"I was born," said Sir John Falstaff, "about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white

beard, and something of a round belly." Judging from the enormous masses of hair sported by some of our youth, who to all appearance have just chipped the shell, I should imagine, that they had been equally precocious in the development of their whiskers with the jovial knight. When I behold one of these youthful Esaus garnished on either cheek with a coat of bristles, whose thick shadow threatens almost to extinguish the light of his countenance, and groaning like Issachar between two burthens, I am compelled to believe that this portentous growth was coeval with his birth—that it sprung into existence, like Minerva, complete and perfect in all its proportions, *totus, teres atque rotundus*. Here then, if it were before doubtful, is conclusive proof of the march of mind; since the type of wisdom has, by a retrograde movement, disappeared from its accustomed seat on the cheek of age, and migrated to the chin of boyhood. Who can question, that a youth of twenty, with a beard, which Aristotle might have envied, is gifted with higher capacities, and entitled to more reverence and respect, than the smooth-shaved ancient, the meagre covering of whose shrivelled lip furnishes a scanty harvest to the exploded razor! And yet there are some so blinded by prejudice as to controvert this self-evident proposition!

A gentleman of the past age, who has unhappily survived the obsolete customs of his contemporaries, was dilating to an acquaintance on the liberality of a friend of his, who had furnished a son with a generous advancement to enable him to push his fortune in the South-west. This young man, after remaining some years in the El-Dorado of the United States, returned to Virginia. Did he bring back much money? was the natural inquiry. Nothing but his whiskers was the sneering reply. Now had this gentleman put a proper estimate on the value of this derided acquisition, he would have known, that the expansion of mind, of which it was the symbol, was well purchased by this young man with the expenditure of his patrimony.

In resuming its rightful dominion among our contemporaries, the beard has not been compelled, like other deposed sovereigns, to submit to any abridgement of its prerogatives. What with whiskers, imperials, and mustachios, *aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent*, the office of the razor has become a sinecure, and the neglected mouth, as Hood would say, has been *hair-metrically* sealed.

Comæ steterunt et vox faucibus hæsit.

As extremes beget each other, there is now manifest danger that the tongue will fall into desuetude, and that the disciples of this new school of philosophy, like the hermit of the Arabian tale, can only be restored to the use of speech by a timely application of the scissors. It must be an amusing spectacle to behold a circle of these modern wise men sitting with mute solemnity, like an assem-

blage of Quakers, or Indian magi, till the "glittering forfex" has broken the spell of silence, and opened a vent to their imprisoned eloquence. To facilitate the removal of such untoward impediments, the modern exquisite will find the simple implement of female industry, above-mentioned, as essential an article in his dressing apparatus, as his watch-guard, his quizzing glass, or his perfume box. Now this curb upon the *cacoethes loquendi*, will impose a very slight inconvenience on the military part of our community, since it is their province to deal in action rather than words; but it would be a most woful catastrophe, if one of our great debaters, big with a speech of three days, should have his lips inextricably entangled at the very moment when the *furor* of disputation had descended upon him. Some facetious writer, (Rabelais, I believe,) gives an account of a city, which was blown up by sneezing, and there are not a few, who believe that our Republic will be overthrown by the insatiable rage of discussion. These prophets of evil suppose, that the people, wearied with perpetual wrangling where nothing is done or decided, will at length take refuge from this tempest of unprofitable debate in a government of energy and action. I am not willing to anticipate an end so inglorious to our institutions; yet, I confess, the hypothesis wears an air of plausibility. To guard against the worst, I propose that our orators adopt the present fashion of beards, and thus close up effectually the *channel*, through which this flood of evils may burst into the body politic. Let it be an established rule, that ultraism in this particular shall be an indispensable qualification for a seat in our deliberative assemblies, and there may be some hope of a peaceful, orderly, and expeditious administration of public affairs.

If there be a heretic so obstinate as to question, after this review, the utility and antiquity of beards, I might well abandon him to his own devices, as a creature equally impassive to fact or argument. But I have yet another consideration to urge, which must carry conviction to the most prejudiced understanding. I shall insist, that beards are not only a comfortable and dignified appendage, but that they have been planted on the human face in obedience to the clear dictates of moral duty. In defining the principle of virtue, some able writers on ethics allege, that it consists in living according to nature. Now it is evident, that, in a state of nature, the beard is suffered to vegetate and expand without restraint, or curbsilment, and that the inroads made upon it, have all been the result of artificial customs and inventions. Does it not follow, then, that whether we capriciously impair its native proportions, or wantonly abolish it, we depart from nature, and, to that extent, infringe the principle of virtue! Let it not be forgotten, that all the great teachers of morals in ancient times from Zoroaster to Aristotle, acknowledged, in prac-

tice, their sense of this paramount obligation; and shall a degenerate smockfaced modern, with his stunted starveling whiskers, venture to deride it? I disdain to reply to those captious objectors, who insinuate that, if we live according to nature, we must discard all the "means and appliances" of dress—all the inventions and refinements of civilization; but could I stoop to refute such frivolous sophistry, I might maintain, on the authority of some ingenious and eloquent writers, that the savage is vastly superior to the civilized man in every moral qualification, and that all our boasted improvements have served only to aggravate our toils by the unnecessary multiplication of our wants. The progress of society, therefore, has plainly corrupted our native simplicity, and, as the price of knowledge, robbed us of our innocence.

I might write volumes on this fruitful theme. I might show how largely poetry is indebted to the human beard for its finest epithets and allusions; even the golden tresses of woman, have scarcely furnished to the muse more copious materials of embellishment. I might enlarge on its convenience in designating individuals, and insist on the superior elegance of distinguishing men by the size, shape, and color of the beard, when compared to the vulgar cognomens of *big foot*, *long nose*, *cross-eye*, and such like coarse appellatives, by which we are so frequently offended. But I forbear, and, in mercy to your readers, shall pass on to a kindred subject.

The flowing locks, which, after a long interregnum, have, of late, reasserted their supremacy on the human temples, lay claim to a lineage not less ancient and honorable. Without entering deeply into their history, it is evident, that they were universally esteemed by all ancient nations—that as far back as the luxuriant tresses of Absalom, which proved so fatal to that aspiring youth, they were worn by the princely and the noble—and that, in the middle ages, they were deemed the peculiar ornament of a freeman and a gentleman; while a shaven crown, except among the clergy, was the distinguishing characteristic of servitude. Even in more modern times, the love-locks of the cavalier were carried to such excess as to provoke the unsparing animadversion of the self-denying puritans. At length the combined influence of fashion and fanaticism stripped the human head of its waving tresses; and, for nearly a century, our ancestors were content to expose their bare polls, shaven like that of a malefactor, or sheltered under the adventitious covering of an enormous peruke. The wigs and huge artificial queues of that age of baldness, serve to prove how deep a hold our natural locks had taken on the human heart, and how necessary they are, like ballast in a balloon, to preserve the equilibrium of the system. Indeed, it would seem as if a certain quantum of hair were *indispensable to us*; for, it is a remarkable fact,

that its increase or decline, in any direction, is always counterbalanced by a corresponding diminution or extension in the opposite hemisphere of the cranium.

From whatever cause this strange propensity, which prevailed during the last century, to substitute a load of artificial hair for our native tresses, proceeded, it gave rise occasionally to some very ludicrous mischances. A gentleman of that time, who harbored some matrimonial projects, paid a visit to a family where there were several handsome young ladies; and, to render his person the more comely and acceptable to the object of his devoirs, he engrafted on his own short hair, according to the fashion of the day, a queue of prodigious dimensions. At night, he neglected the precaution of removing this unaccustomed incumbrance, and, being somewhat restless after he retired to bed, the ligaments, which secured it, unluckily gave way. In tossing about, he happened to lay his hand on this formidable bundle of hair nicely wrapped with black ribbon, and, in the confusion of the moment, imagined, that he had come in contact with a serpent. Springing up in the utmost consternation, he summoned the family to aid in the destruction of the tremendous reptile, which had so strangely thrust itself into his bed; his chamber was instantly filled with a throng of half-clad menials armed with such implements as they could snatch up in the hurry of their alarm. While one held a light, and another, with trembling caution, drew down the bed-clothes, the residue of the combined forces stood around, with uplifted weapons, ready to pounce down on the first glimpse of the intruder; when lo! there was revealed to their astonished vision, no boa constrictor, nor rattlesnake, but the veritable queue lying quiet and unoffending on the very spot where its master had left it. The gentleman could not stand the ridicule of such a discovery, and silently evacuated Flanders the next morning.

But it is a most important inquiry how these fashions are relished by the fair sex. It might be thought, at first view, that such delicate creatures would as soon "kiss a bunch of thistles," as one of these hairy prodigies—that it would be "out of all reasonable match" to betray a tender maiden of sixteen, with her breath redolent of sweets, and the fresh down of the peach just blushing on her cheek, into the arms of a satyr loaded on each temple with huge masses of hair, that reduce his visage to a mere profile—bearded up to the very snout—with bristles standing out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and reeking with their own grease.

Faugh! "give me a little civet to sweeten my imagination." The civet, however, would be more germane to the whiskers. If any one, unpractised in the mysteries of womankind, should imagine, that female taste would revolt at the approach of a

lover of this description, I fear he will find himself egregiously mistaken. Indeed, it is remarkable, that, though these hideous accessories to the human face often strike terror into the ranks of an enemy, they have never been known to shake the nerves of the most timorous maiden with the slightest alarm. Whether it be, that the ladies suppose these hairy constellations, like an assemblage of asterisks, significant of some hidden meaning, which, with characteristic curiosity, they are eager to penetrate; or, that they are the outward tokens of courage, a quality peculiarly fascinating to woman; it is certain, that they have always found the most flattering acception with the fair sex.

"Having now," said a Kentucky orator, "got through the argument, I shall proceed to the pathetic." In like manner, having disposed of these preliminary matters, I shall now consider my subject in its political aspects, which I have reserved as a dessert to regale my readers after the fatigues of so dry a dissertation.

To begin methodically, and according to the most approved precedents in political discussion—I hold it to be the imprescriptible, unalienable, indefeasible, and constitutional right, of every citizen, to train his natural ringlets, in such fashion, and to mould his beard into such figure, as may suit his own humor, without let, molestation, or hindrance either from rulers, or individuals. I maintain, that any attempt to add or subtract a single hair from the human head by *sheer* authority, is a palpable and dangerous infraction of our organic law; and that, consequently, when our late Secretary of the Navy, by his simple *ipse dixit*, condemned to the razor "at one fell swoop," a moiety of the whiskers, which embellish the faces of our gallant Naval officers, (*hiatus maxime deflendus*) he aimed a deadly blow at our institutions; and, to that extent, has he shorn us of our liberties. The executive, it is said, has already usurped the control of the purse and the sword; and, if that of the razor be superadded, I know not how we can resist its future encroachments on our persons and pockets.

I have always admired the firmness of that stout old officer, who, when Gen. Wilkinson, with a tyranny like that of Procrustes, commanded the excision of his queue, not only resisted, with the spirit of a Hambden, this *curious* application of military discipline during his life, but resolved not to acquiesce in such a palpable invasion of his rights even in death; he directed, with his last breath, that he should be buried face downward, that a hole should be bored in the top of his coffin, through which this cherished excrescence should be drawn, uncropped and unconfined, waving defiance to his persecutor, and standing forth as a beacon to the oppressed.

It cannot be doubted that our Navy will furnish many prepared to imitate this noble example, and equally determined to maintain the integrity of

their whiskers, neither curtailed by the fiat of a pragmatistical martinet, nor "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" even by the narrow limits of their last mansion. There is not one, I should suppose, so poor-spirited as to yield without a struggle, the fruit of so much care and cultivation, or who, with the simplicity of the lamb,

Pleas'd to the last, would tend the admiring fair,
And kiss the hand just rais'd to sheer his hair.

Our late Secretary may rely on it, that, by this bare-faced regulation, he had brought himself into hot water; and, that his resignation was a timely and prudent retreat from the gathering storm. I know but one precedent in history of such a *barbarous* and indiscriminate invasion of the privileges of the face, and that is furnished by the annals of a despotism. The czar Peter, when he undertook to remodel the institutions of his empire, resolved, among other reforms, to unbeard his subjects. For that purpose, he appointed officers in each city, town, and village, with instructions to bring every chin in his dominions to the standard of his imperial taste; and, if any were so rash as to resist the mandate, to submit the struggling recusant to the compulsory operations of the barber. Never was there such a sudden revolution in the physiognomy of a whole people; and one, formerly conversant in Russia, might have travelled from Petersburg to Kamakaska without recognizing the face of a single acquaintance. Never did the brethren of the pole ply their trade with such unwearied assiduity, nor reap such a rich and abundant harvest. The unfortunate boor, who unthinkingly went to market with a beard, which "seemed a shoebrush stuck beneath his nose," was forthwith transformed, by force of this imperial alchymy, into a new creature, and sent back to his wondering family with a chin as bare and smooth, as that which graces, or rather disgraces, the visage of a youth of fifteen. No matter how deeply the refractory peasant might deplore in secret the loss of this shaggy excrescence, he could not dispute an edict enforced by half a million of bayonets; and thus, the imperial reformer achieved a conquest over his subjects, as difficult, if not so glorious, as his victory in the plains of Pultowa over the Northern Alexander.

In this country we have, happily, no such means of coercion, and our rulers may rest assured, that the officers of the Navy will as soon submit to the severing of their whiskers, as the Jewish mother, by the judgment of Solomon, to the division of her infant. Indeed, such a privation would be as flagrant an infraction of the principle of *meum* and *tuum*, as the so much dreaded doctrine of agrarianism. If we cannot claim an exclusive property in our whiskers, I can conceive no solid security for any human possession. I have never heard, that the wildest advocate of an equal partition of property, ever coveted, or proposed a division of beards; nor, can the most inordinate cu-

pidity discern the slightest profit to be derived from the perpetration of such an outrage. Yet our late Secretary goes a bowshot beyond these disorganizers, and, shears in hand, threatens to deprive our gallant officers of that, "which not enriches him, but makes them poor indeed." Aye, leaves them naked.

It is surprising, that some of our politicians, whose vulture-like olfactories snuff the approach of tyranny at the greatest distance, have not noticed this dangerous stretch of authority, and sounded the tocsin of alarm throughout the country. For is it not evident, that this unconstitutional amputation of beards, has an "awful squinting" at decapitation? What citizen can feel his head safe upon his shoulders, when the razor of arbitrary power is thus brandished in his eyes, and at his very throat? When our prime minister, like another *Oliver le diable*, seizes his reluctant nose, and cuts off, at the same fell stroke, the clustering ringlets, that curl around his chin, and his brightest hopes of matrimonial success? Will our injured officers cry craven under such treatment? and be ready to exclaim in the language of Hamlet,

Who

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? Who does me this?

Why I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter.

Shade of the martyred Butler, forbid such humiliation! The bankrupt bill, distribution, and the bank, which follow, like the three degrees of comparison, in a terrific climax, are bugbears all, when contrasted with this gigantic stride of usurpation. Those measures propose to put money in our purses; which, according to honest Iago, is an infallible passport to success; while this threatens to strip us by force, the *ultima ratio* of tyrants, of one of our mostly valuable possessions, without the shadow of an equivalent.

But the worst of the matter is, that, when this deed of oppression has been consummated; and the unconstitutional razor has mowed down the better half of their whiskers from the faces of our gallant officers, the marred and mutilated remnant will remain a thing without a name—a *caput mortuum*—a non-descript; which, like some of our leading politicians, will be neither fish nor flesh.

By the way, if any "villainous misleader of youth," like Sir John Falstaff, should presume to assert of the politicians aforesaid, that they are amphibious like an otter, and that "no man knows where to have them;" they could reply, I doubt not, with as much truth as Dame Quickly, that "he was an unjust man in saying so," and that "any man knows where to have them."

But to return to the case of our officers; can it be supposed, that they, who have been as distinguished in the fields of Venus as in those of Mars,

would venture to exhibit this miserable caricature—this stump of a whisker, too scanty even to hide their blushes, to the derision of the fair sex! This blow,* then, will wound them in the tenderest point; and, if they tamely submit to such an indignity, they must hereafter hide their "diminished heads," in shame and obscurity.

Let not our rulers hug themselves in the fallacious belief, that "the head and front of their offending hath this extent, no more." Let me tell them, that this onslaught on maritime whiskers, is not only an unconstitutional assumption of power, but a most atrocious felony according to the principles of the common law. One of the most heinous offences known to that system of jurisprudence, is denominated Mayhem, which consists in wilfully depriving a citizen of any limb, or member, necessary, or useful in flight. Now I know nothing better calculated to strike an enemy with panic than those prodigious masses of hair, with which military men delight to clothe the nether part of their physiognomy. An Indian warrior, begrimed with paint, is a mild and amiable personage, when you contrast his expression with the truculent and ferocious scowl, that gleams through the thicket of bristles, in which the visage of an American soldier is embosomed. An apparition of "anthropophagi, or men who wear their heads beneath their shoulders," could scarcely be more appalling to men of ordinary mould. Of such a formidable champion it would hardly be extravagant to say,

His whiskered muzzle looks so wondrous grim,
His very shadow is afraid of him.

When, therefore, you disrobe the sailor of these uncouth and terrific appendages, you disarm him of his most potent weapon—you reduce him like Samson shorn of his locks, to the strength and prowess of ordinary men. Is not such a mutilation, therefore, a palpable maiming, according to the strictest definition of the law?

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with feet;

exclaimed old Lear in one of those rants, where sense and madness have been so artfully blended by the great master of tragedy. Now an American army, accoutred according to this fashion, might almost realize all the advantages of this insane device: for when the face is enveloped in such an accumulation of hair, the enemy, at a short distance, would be unable to distinguish the *inciput* from the *occiput*—the rear from the front; and, consequently, would be at a loss how to make his approaches. Conceive the amazement of a hostile army when, reversing the usual process, our Janus-faced forces, instead of backing out,

* This blow. The severest ever known, for it literally took off the hair and whiskers too, of every captain that came within its influence.—*Printer's Devil*.

should, without a single evolution, back right into their line of battle. Such troops would be deemed invincible, because the usual manœuvre of outflanking, and attacking in the rear, would be utterly unavailing against men, who fought with the same facility, whether their backs, or faces were turned to the foe.

It is an established doctrine with military men, that all stratagems are justifiable in war. Now, though an army *incog.* has not been heard of since Bayes' rehearsal; yet, if this fashion continue to prevail, such a thing will be by no means absurd, or impossible. I have seen some of these hairy gentlemen, whose physiognomy was so completely mystified with beard and mustachios, as to defy the recognition of their most intimate acquaintance. An army, composed of such quaint maskers as these, might elude the scrutiny of the most vigilant enemy, and penetrate into the heart of a hostile country without the slightest suspicion of their character, or designs. The suitability of such a body of men for secret enterprizes, or sudden incursions, must be obvious to the most superficial observer; nor is it necessary to suggest to the practical politician, whose morality never obstructs his designs, how much these disguises facilitate the policy of recognizing acts of aggression when crowned with success, or disavowing them when baffled or defeated. This convenient "coat of darkness," recommends itself especially to that head of disinterested philanthropists, who, without the slightest prospect of personal profit or advantage, are secretly organizing an army for the invasion of Canada, and preparing to carry fire and sword into a peaceful country, in order to force liberty down the throats of the reluctant inhabitants. They have only to prosecute their schemes *sub barba*, and they possess at once all the privileges of invisibility. When the whiskered offender is enabled, by the sorcery of the barber, to affect, so easily, a metamorphosis as complete as any recorded in the Arabian Nights, or the fables of Ovid, there can be little difficulty in proving an *alibi*, that never-failing resource for eluding the penalties of the law, or involving the strongest evidence of personal identity in the mists of uncertainty.

Nor are the advantages of the beard, so much vilified and derided by some, who, like the fox with his tail cut off, have not wherewithal to avail themselves of its immunities, confined to military operations. The treacherous politician, the public speculator, the defaulting bank officer, the absconding bankrupt, will find it equally expedient to shelter their disgrace under this friendly disguise, whose broad mantle will not only cover, like charity, the multitude of their sins, but shield them, at the same time, from the clutches of offended justice.

When such are the manifold benefits derived from this ancient covering of the human face, the wonder is, not that it has enjoyed a temporary revival

of its popularity, but that any combination of circumstances should have undermined its rightful domination.

PHILORHAPS.

Campbell County, Va., Dec. 1841.

J. B. Dabney

THE LONELY PICTURE.

"Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra."

***** Decay had laid its "effacing fingers" upon the once stately mansion. The long, rank grass pent up the doorway—where were the steps that had once gambolled before it?—The branches of many rose trees, drooping under their fragrant burden, yet bloomed in tangled masses around the casements—where was the hand that had once twined and trained them? The rooms were silent; empty and deserted—where were the merry voices that had once rang in all their joy through the old halls—where the lithe forms that had once graced them? I paused in one, which, perchance, had been "The Lady's Bower." Here the voice of song had perhaps been breathed—"the heart's hushed secret" had been whispered—the dearer vow had been plighted—the first trembling caress had been exchanged—all, all passed away forever!—Against the bare wall there still hung a portrait, ever and anon, swinging to and fro, as the capricious zephyr did toy with it. No gilded frame clasped it, no silken curtain o'ershadowed it—and over its surface the spider had woven its frail, fantastic drapery, which indeed did "break at every breeze;" but nought could dim the beauty, the sad, touching loveliness of that countenance, limned upon the time-worn canvass. Looking upon it, Imagination went back to the hours when the beauteous lady had been the living and moving Divinity of the Temple which, now, her speechless image hallowed—and dwelling upon the faded lineaments, pausing upon each wild fancy which arose before me, my heart sickened, as I thought of the falling away of Hope and Affection—the Genii who only can dispel the murky shadows of this transient existence. Thus I sighed, in response to the dirge-like wind which swept fitfully through the empty apartment. I turned away from the sunlight which streamed through the casement, and, as I bent my steps from the beautiful picture, the echo of my footfall awoke upon my heart like a knell.—*****

Where mouldering lies the wreck of long past years;
Where Time with heavy step hath roughly past;
Where Desolation stalks, and silence broods;
Why lingerest thou, fair Child of Beauty's self?
Why mak'st thou *here* thine home? Still doth thine eye
Gleam bright and soft, as in the cloudless years!
And yet were't not a slumbering smile doth hang
Upon thy full rich lip, and stir the dimple
Of thy roseate cheek, a starry shower
Of tears might seem to lurk unshed, and bright,
Beneath the fringed lid! So tremulous;
The dewy ray doth quiver on its orb!

Anon the sunbeam, with its golden hand,
Doth toy and dally with thy features fair;
But yet no mild reproof its shadow casts,
Upon the still calm beauty of thy brow.
As if thou chid old Sol, for impious sport.
And now, on viewless wing, comes Zephyrus—
With soft caress he lolls upon thy cheek,
He basks him on thy lip, or strives to stir
One sunny ringlet, 'mid the burnished mass,
That on thy veined temple richly sleeps!
But to his whispered bidding, to his touch,
No answer comes in flush, or brighter ray

Upon thy cheek, or in the shadowy depths
Of thine eye's blue Heaven—nor yet doth move,
Responsive to his wooings, one bright tress
Upon thy forehead fair!—Sunset's rich flush,
And Twilight's shadow—Midnight's mystery,
And the fair Mother of the Winds and Stars,
The Goddess of the Dawn, all, all do come
In train successive to thy lonely home—
With one fixed smile, thou greet'st them ever,
Keeping alway thy vigil o'er the graves
Of household memories—Watcher untiring!

What may thy fate have been? The question springs
Unbidden to my lip. I picture thee
Rich in all blessings, with the wealth of Hope
Winding its glittering coils about thy home,
While Love, the master-spirit of them all,
Reposes 'mid its bowers—and thus, I quench
The truth so dark—Life's story all too sad,
That Grief doth ever seek the rose's heart
To riot on—that summers brightest day
Too often weeps its golden hours to rest—
That tempest's searing breath doth always blight
The flower, that bloomed where sunlight longest laughed!

But now, I open the Volume of thy Life,
And scan its records. Fancy lends her light,
Her rainbow-tinted light, to gild the page—
I greet thee in the morning of thy days,
Pausing upon the green and gentle hill,
Which rears itself 'twixt Youth and Womanhood.
The Past, so beautiful which thou hast trod,
Claims from thine eye no tear—brings to thine heart
No sigh. Fair, soft and still, as thine own dreams,
The realm of Memory smiles behind thee—
But softer, and more fair, doth beam the Land,
The Land of Promise, which a Future paints,
Stretching its glittering length before thee!—
Not one silvery, summer cloud or shadow,
Upon the deep blue sky doth sail, or throw
Fantastic veil upon the flow'ry earth
It canopies! Nor yet one bud of hope,
But token gives of glorious blossoming!

And dost thou pause *alone* upon the height,
Viewing Futurity? Sweet Ladye, no!
One stands beside thee, who with softened gaze
Doth feast him ever with thy beauty'sness—
So lovingly doth wander o'er thy face
His dark clear eye—as if he had no power
To turn its glance away!—He speaketh now,
And pointeth thee to many a shaded glen
Or sunbright bower, with the Future's land,
Where ye shall wander free, ne'er severing!
Dost thou not list his words? Ah yes! The flush
Of crimson on thy cheek, the dawning smiles
That revel on thy lip, the downcast eye,
Anon half-raised, anon the liquid orb
Drooping beneath the curtained lid, these,
These I mark, and well I ween, thereby
Learneth the youth a tale he joys to read!
I farther yet the scroll of Fate unfurl!
The bridal flower doth kiss thy forehead pale,
The silvery veil doth shade thy changeful cheek,
Thy hand doth hide its tremblings in the clasp
Of his who stands beside thee! The same glance
Of passionate idolatry doth sleep
Within his dark eye's tenderness, as when
Together, ye did linger on the Mount,
Which parted a Maturity from Youth.

Years long, but happy, fall into the past—
Young, shining heads do cluster round thy hearth,

A ring of beaming faces ever turn
Their bright and earnest looks of love on thee.
Sweet childhood's group doth gird thee with new ties,
Gilding thy noon of life, and to its eve
Bringing a roscate dye, like morning's ray.
What marvel then, that guarded, circled thus
Thou should'st descend into the vale of years,
Unknowing of regret? The Lover's faith,
The Lover's vow ne'er chilled, nor broken,
Since the Altar's holy rite did bind ye
With ties indissoluble!—Around thee
"Daughters and Sons of Beauty"—a fair band—
A precious boon,—the picture of thy life,
Begun anew!

But o'er my heart
A sadd'ning thought has come, and swept away
The hues with which I decked thy destiny!—
Another leaf I turn in thy Life's Book,
And dwell in tearful thought upon its truths.
Sorrow thou'st known, e'en in thine early day;
Thy youth hath spent itself in tears. Its hopes,
So dearly garnered in their treasure-house,
Have, one by one, drooped, but to die! What power
Had *they* to wrestle with the mighty host
Of Grief, or stay its dark and rushing tide!
Love's soft and golden dream hath passed away,
And thou hast bent thee o'er the early bier,
Dropping thy heart's-blood in each tear that rained
Upon the damp brow of the Dead!—the face,
Which had been all thy sunlight, in Life's gloom!—
Around thy knee, pillowed upon thy breast,
The lip of childhood has grown pale and cold;
The light of gladness has gone from the eye,
The bloom stol'n from the cheek, the young bright head
Has sunk into the grave! Thus link by link,
Has dropped away the chain of Infancy,—
And now, as 'twere, the only living thing
Amid Death's ravages—a breathing wail
Around the holy silence of the Dead,
Thou stands't alone! another Niobe!—

But still a darker grief thou may'st have known—
The cold world's scorn—its scoff—its heartless taunt—
With all thy purity unseared, undimmed,
Fresh in thine innocence, no thought of guile
Thy scraph life e'er sullying,—still, still
The hot breath of the storm hath scorched thee,
And made for thee this earth, a naked waste!
Then too the task to learn, the heart to school!
Alas! alas! a lesson all too sad!
To hang upon the lip a sparkling smile—
Care's touch to banish from the brow, the eye
To laugh with joy and hope, while thick tears gush
Unbidden to its lid—light, careless words
To breathe, while pent-up sighs forever spring
From the heart's bitterness, and bubble forth
From 'neath its dark, and deep, and turbid waves!
Is 't not wise? For who would cast the sorrows
Of his soul, before the light tribunal
Of the world? there to be toyed with—judged of—
Ne'er felt—forgotten, soon as heard—haply
If e'er remembered, thought of, but to taunt!
Forgive, sweet Ladye, if I blend with thine
My own life's agony! What now to me
Doth seem this fair and smiling earth? Its wealth
Of sun and flowers doth mock my wretchedness—
With youth scarce parted, all its store of hopes
Death or the World hath rifled, and Mem'ry,
Dark Mem'ry, o'er-mantles my lone fate
With clouds, I erst, at morning, recked not of.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART III.

Charles, finding many of his soldiers falling ill from their exposure to the sun, and from the impurity of the water which they were compelled to drink, determined, at the advice of Muleasses, from whom he had received much valuable information of the position of Tunis, of the strength of its walls, and of the number of his enemies, immediately to advance, and lay siege to the city. When his resolution was made known, there were found many among his advisers who were strongly opposed to the measure. They stated that the Emperor had obtained glory enough, by taking the castle of Goletta, and destroying the fleet of Barbarossa, without exposing his life, in attempting to get possession of Tunis, which at last he must leave under the dominion of an Infidel, who, only to serve his own ends, had been found to recommend so dangerous and impolitic a movement. Charles having listened to these remarks, and given them that attention which, coming from such wise men, he said they so justly deserved, jestingly observed, that the gun was not yet cast by which an Emperor was to be killed; and that even if it were, he would rather be buried under the sands on which his tent was pitched, than leave his work in Africa half finished, and his enemy in quiet possession of his usurped power.

When a garrison had been left in Goletta, and every preparation made for battle, the Christian army began to move in the following order: On the right, where the road was bordered for its whole extent by groves of olive trees, the Spaniards, under their leader Alarco, were posted; on the left, resting on the lake, were the Italians, under the Prince of Salern; and in the centre, the Germans, under Maxamilian Ebustein. Vastius, who for the day had the chief command, was in the vanguard; while at the rear was the Duke of Alba, who had several companies of choice horsemen with him, to skirmish with the barbarians, who might advance to trouble the army. The Emperor, accompanied by his brother-in-law of Portugal, was at all times riding from one corps to another, and telling his soldiers that he expected them to act as valiant men, determined to conquer the naked Arabs, who were alike the enemies of their God, their religion, and themselves.

For several hours the march of the Christians was conducted with the utmost good order; and it was not until the troops came in sight of some fountains, that they, wholly regardless of the orders of their officers, and the presence of their Emperor, left their ranks, and deserted their standards to quench their parching thirst. So eagerly did they drink, that many fell down and perished while attempting to swallow the water which was yet in

their mouths. Tullius Cicero, a distinguished captain, in this way lost his life. When order was restored, which was with much difficulty effected, Vastius again advanced, until he came within three miles of Tunis, when he was met by immense bodies of Moors, Turks, Numidians and Arabs, who were approaching with their flags flying; and who, at the command of Barbarossa, with horrible cries, quickly rushed upon their enemies, and caused a general fight.

The impetuosity of the barbarians could effect nothing against the discipline of the Christians.

Barbarossa perceiving his soldiers were wavering, exposed himself in all parts where the danger was most imminent; and by his example, tried to encourage his friends to remain firm, and continue the battle.

His exertions were vain. A panic had seized his troops; and they, with the loss of a few hundred men, who were mostly slain by the artillery and arquebuses of the Spanish army, were easily routed.

When Barbarossa retreated upon Tunis, he found the gates of the city open, the people flying in all directions, and the citadel in the hands of his Christian enemies, who, by the assistance of two of their jailers, both of whom were renegade Corsicans, had been freed from their chains, and armed for their defence. Finding his affairs thus desperate, he fled to Bona with a few thousand Turkish soldiers; intending, should that place also be besieged, to embark on some few gallees which he had left in port; and once more, with his old motto flying, "here sails one who is a friend to the sea, but an enemy to all who sail upon it," murder and plunder all who might come in his way. Bitterly did Barbarossa repent his not having destroyed the Christian slaves; and often did he curse his friends for their advice to save them, and himself for listening to their suggestion.

The Emperor was slowly advancing towards the city, and using those precautions which are so absolutely necessary while marching in an enemy's country. Fearing an attack from the Moors, who might be lying in ambush awaiting his approach, he was met by the Christians, under the command of Paul Simeoni, a Maltese Knight, who had, years before, behaved very gallantly against the Turks; he had been long confined; and for his liberation, his captor would name no price. Charles V, when made aware of this good fortune—no obstacle whatever existing to oppose his entering into Tunis—called for Simeoni, and said, "Courteous Knight, blessed forever be the resolute valor which has enabled you to break your chains, to facilitate my victory, and to increase the glory of your Order."

We could wish that the little which remains for us to say respecting the siege of Tunis, would tell as much to the credit of the Emperor as that

which we have already written. But this conquest is sullied by the fiend-like deeds of the soldiers, who, on entering the city, indiscriminately murdered thirty-four thousand of its innocent inhabitants—people who had taken no part in the conflict, and were more inimical than friendly to Barbarossa, who, they said, had obtained his throne by treachery, and governed his conquered subjects like condemned slaves. The aged who walked with their crutches, and the infants in their mothers' arms, alike suffered; so general was the slaughter of the inoffensive Arabs.

Some historians have asserted, that these rigorous measures were necessary for the purpose of intimidating the Infidels.

The Germans were particularly noted for the part they took in these atrocities, while the Italians and Spaniards turned their attention more to plunder, rioting, and debauchery. Charles, it is said, tried to prevent the excesses of his army; but the soldiers would give no heed to his commands, until their sanguinary dispositions had been satiated by the blood of their foes. Too often is the history of Christian warfare disgraced by the enacting of such like deeds. Ten thousand slaves were embarked on board of the different galleys to gratify the lust of the soldiers, during their homeward voyage—the most of whom were orphans, and selected for their distinguished beauty.

The Turks, on their retreat, were pursued by some Numidian horse; but they suffered but little, as their enemies dared not approach sufficiently near to do much execution among them. The greatest loss which Barbarossa met with was the decease of Hanim; who, overcome with heat, and coming to the banks of a river, drank so freely, that he immediately expired.

The Spanish Admiral, wishing to destroy the galleys of his enemy, sent Adam, (a Genoese Captain, who was more distinguished for his wealth, and as a kinsman of Auria, than for his experience or bravery,) with a portion of his fleet, to carry his wishes into execution. When Adam arrived at Hippona, he found, much to his disappointment, that Barbarossa had got there before him, and put the harbor in such a good state of defence, that it would be impossible to attack him with any chance of success. At the suggestion of his officers, he returned to Tunis. The Turks soon after set sail, coasted along the African shore, and safely arrived at Algiers.

Charles reinstated Muleasses on the throne. A treaty was concluded, in which, among other regulations, it was stipulated, that the Tunisian King should support one thousand Spanish soldiers, who were to be left in the castle of Galotta; should yearly send to the Emperor, two falcons, and two Arab horses, as tribute; and should ever be friendly to the Christians, and an enemy to the Turks. The Emperor then embarked his army and sailed for

Massina, where he safely landed, and was received with the utmost distinction. Charles, who repeatedly honored Aurelio Botigella, the Maltese commander, with his presence at dinner, on the day of his departure, gave him a letter directed to the Grand-Master, in which he informed him of the result of his expedition to Tunis, and of the pleasure he had in passing the highest encomiums on the character and conduct of the Knights of his Order—adding, that so mindful was he of the services they had rendered in this siege, that from that time he would remit the duty on corn, which they had always before been accustomed to pay when taking it from Sicily; and would order that no monk should enjoy any revenues in his kingdom, unless by the consent of the council at Malta. Pierino del Ponte was deceased on the 17th of November, 1535, some few days before his galleys returned from this expedition.

Five days after the death of the Grand-Master, the Prior of Tolosa, Didier de St. Jaille, who so singularly distinguished himself at Rhodes, was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy. During the brief time this Prince reigned, it being only ten months and four days, a daring corsair, who, for his ferocity of disposition, and recklessness of character, was called "drive devil," landed in Barbary; and, at midnight, made an attack on Tripoli. Failing in his attempt to take the place by surprise, and being severely wounded by a musket shot, he hastily retired, leaving many of those who landed with him, dead on the beach, which lined the walls of the fortress.

The Knight who commanded at Tripoli, fearing a second visit from this Infidel, sent a felucca to Malta, asking of the Grand-Master, reinforcements for his garrison, and engineers to repair his fortifications. These requests were speedily granted. Botigella being despatched on this service, after landing some troops for the protection of the city, advanced with a small body of men and some Arab cavalry to attack the tower of Alcaid, from which the Turks made their predatory excursions. The Maltese Admiral was so anxious to take the place, that he did not wait to erect batteries; but, having his artillery drawn up, immediately commenced his attack. Haysaddin, who was at a short distance with a Turkish force, fearing that the place would be captured, advanced to relieve it; but in this movement he was foiled by the Knights, who, sallying out of Tripoli, joined battle, and compelled him to retreat;—he left those who were in the tower to defend it as best they could: it being out of his power, in their extremity, to afford them the least assistance.

Botigella, under cover of his galleys, succeeded in springing a mine, which not only razed a portion of the fortifications, but killed many of the corsairs who were defending it. The few who were left, seeing that further resistance would be

useless, as the Maltese were approaching, hauled down the flag, and surrendered at discretion.

The Admiral, then marching on to the small town of Adabas, easily took it; and, allowing the Arabs who were in his employ to pillage, they did their work so thoroughly, as to leave nothing which they could carry away. On his homeward voyage, Botigella fell in with, and after a hard fight, captured a large Egyptian galleon, valued at one hundred and sixty thousand crowns, and with a crew of two hundred men, which he safely took into port much to the joy of the Order.

St. Jaille, when making preparations for his departure for Malta, having from the time of his election always remained in France, was taken suddenly ill, at Montpellier, and died much regretted, on the 26th of September, 1536.

On the 20th of October following, at a General Chapter, and after various ballottings, John d'Omedes of the language of Arragon, and Bailiff of Caspe, was appointed to succeed him. This Prince owed his election only to his being a Spaniard; to the intrigues of Garcia Corter; and to the protection which Charles gave to his subjects, who then enjoyed the chief influence in the Order. The King of France was so displeased at his election, that he inquired of a French Knight, Trevoux, what motives the monks could have had in electing such a person to command them?

One of the first acts which Omedes, as Grand-Master, was called upon to perform, was to condemn an English Knight to death, who was accused of having, in a fit of jealousy, killed his mistress. The crime being proved, the monk was sewn in a sack and tossed into the sea.

This stain on the language of England, was soon forgotten by the intrepid conduct of a British commander, who was one of the most esteemed members of the Chapter. Dragut Raïses, who had long cruised in the Mediterranean, and made many prizes, was induced, in his temerity, to land on Malta, and attempt to ravage the island. But in this he was prevented; Upton, with thirty monks and four hundred men, issued out upon him, and, after a severe conflict of several hours, routed the Infidels, and drove them to take refuge in their ships. The English Knight died of his wounds.

Omedes, who was naturally of a mean, suspicious and revengeful disposition, soon rendered himself so unpopular by his government, as to cause many of those who had given him their votes, publicly to declare, that he was indebted to his election only to their ignorance of his character. One action in particular (the removal of Botigella from the command of the Maltese squadron) made him many bitter enemies. For his known merit, and important services, the Maltese Admiral was singularly distinguished; so much so, that even the Spaniards regretted his removal from a station, which he had so long and so honorably

filled. Leo de Strozai, the young Knight who was named to succeed him, was a nephew of Pope Clement VII, by whom he had been made Grand-Prior of Capua, and a monk of St. John. This officer receiving the command of four galleys, was instructed to join the fleet of the celebrated Andrew Doria, who was cruising for the purpose of meeting the Turkish ships of Ali Zelif—as warlike a Turk, and commanding as desperate a set of Janizaries as ever infested the sea.

In the channel of Corfu the hostile squadrons met; and, although Doria had flattered himself that he should obtain an easy conquest, yet he, in the onset, was discomfited, and met with a grievous repulse. Strozzi, fearing for the event of the day, in a gallant manner, carried his galley into the midst of the enemy; and laying it alongside the flag-ship of the Turks, boarded her, sword in hand, with all his crew. The Maltese were victorious; and the crescent came down, when not a Janizary was left to defend it.

This service being finished, the Admiral shaped his course for Malta. On his way thither, and while sailing along the Calabrian coast, he fell in with two large corsairs and a galley; he captured them all; and released four hundred slaves, whom, with his prizes and prisoners, he brought safely in port. Although the Knights rejoiced at the success of the Prior of Capua, yet they did not treat him with that respect which he so well deserved. They were ever mindful of his youth, and of the unjust manner in which he received his appointment by the removal of his worthy predecessor. This treatment so operated on the honorable feelings of Strozzi, that he soon after resigned his command and entered into a foreign service.

The inhabitants of Lusa, a small town distant some thirty miles from Tunis, refusing to acknowledge the authority of Muleases to govern them, Charles V. instructed the Sicilian, Marquis de Terra Nova, to proceed thither and reduce them to subjection. Omedes, anxious to take part in any expedition in which the Emperor was interested, despatched Simeoni, with a few galleys, to assist the Italians at the siege of the city. After various assaults, in which many brave monks were killed, and after the ammunition of the army had been uselessly expended against a part of the fortress, which the Marquis had been informed by a renegade, was the weakest; but which, when too late, he learnt was in the best state of defence, the siege was raised, and the Christians retired. The Maltese commander, when making a report to the Grand-Master, of the unfortunate result of this cruise, remarked, that its failure was wholly owing to the ignorance and cowardice of the one who commanded.

Botigella, who about this time returned to Malta from the governorship of Tripoli, in which command he had been succeeded by two experienced Knights,

remarked in full council, that it would be far better to raze the fortifications in Barbary and recall the soldiers, than leave them to perish by the Moors and Arabs, who were at all times threatening to attack them;—urging also, that the Emperor should be informed of the defenceless state of the fortifications, and of the necessity which existed, that something should be quickly done for the protection of those who had been left to defend them. Charles receiving this information, would not consent to the destruction of the forts, but promised the monks a speedy relief.

So troubled were the Spaniards at the audacity of the Turks, who not only swept the sea of their ships, but landed on their shores, plundered their villages, and carried their people in exile, that Charles, in 1541, resolved to raise a large force and proceed to Algiers, from whence these pirates came, and whither they carried their prizes. So determined was the Emperor to carry his project into execution, that he would not listen to the advice of his councillors—all of whom were strenuously opposed to the measure. Hardly was his army in Italy and Germany collected, ere he heard of the defeat of his brother Ferdinand by the Turks, and of himself, being threatened with a declaration of war from Francis of France. The Pope suggested that it might be more prudent for Charles to remain at home and take care of his own kingdom; and if he had soldiers to spare, that he should send them to the aid of his brother, so hardly pressed was he by Solyman; to Auria, his Admiral, who made mention, with tears, of the advanced state of the season, and of the danger in approaching Barbary, when liable to heavy gales, and to be driven on an iron-bound shore, where, in the event of shipwreck, all must perish;—to Vastius, his General, who remarked that it would be much more popular with his army if told they were to fight the Turks, who were advancing in Germany. But Charles argued as follows: the opinions of his friends, wise and valiant men, were not without weight; yet he had pledged his word to his subjects to punish their enemies; and the fulfilment of this promise, let the result be for weal or wo, was, with him, his first and only consideration.

When Omedes made known to the Knights the call which he had received from the Emperor to assist him in this war with the Algerines, the monks, who were weary of an idle life, and desirous of signalizing themselves, answered unanimously, that they were not only ready but anxious to join in an expedition against a common enemy, who had too long been permitted to annoy the Christians with impunity; when he might, for his audacity, have been so easily punished. Four hundred Knights, each with two attendants, embarked in their galleys, and united themselves with the squadron of Auria, at Sardinia, the place which was designated for a general rendezvous.

When the Spanish Admiral was at sea, and was steering for the Balearic islands, he met with such boisterous weather, as to compel him to bear away and enter the port of Bonifacium, in Corsica. Repairing his vessels, he sailed again; but meeting on his passage with another westerly gale, and suffering severely, he, with much difficulty, got his scattered fleet together at Mago—a small and unsafe anchorage of Minorca. While detained here with a head wind, news was received of the arrival of Gonzaga, the Viceroy of Sicily, at the neighboring island of Majorca, having under his command one hundred and fifty sail of Italian and Sicilian ships, laden with every kind of provisions, and sufficiently large for all their wants for many months.

Two days after the arrival of Gonzaga, the weather being fine and the sea calm, orders were given to loose the sails of the Christian fleet, and make for the coast of Barbary. After a pleasant passage of fifty hours, having for the whole time sailed before a light northerly wind, the Emperor, with a portion of his ships, entered the port of Algiers, and anchored near the town.

While Charles was awaiting the arrival of the Spanish galleys, which were becalmed off the Cape of Casineus, being desirous that his countrymen should take part in the operations against the Turks, he sent a boat on shore with a messenger to Assan Aga, promising that should he deliver the keys of the castle, and submit to his authority, the Turks would be permitted to depart whither they would; and the Moors might remain, enjoying their religion, and having their goods untouched.

It is singular that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the most distinguished naval commanders in the service of the Infidels were Christian born; people, who either in their manhood became renegades, or being made captives in their infancy, were brought up in the Mahomedan creed.

Assan Aga was a Sardinian by birth, and a prisoner from his youth. Barbarossa, by whose order he was made an eunuch, took him on board his galley, and obliged him to perform the most menial offices; but observing in the boy a cruel disposition and great courage, he had promoted him through all the different grades of the service; and left him, in his absence, to govern Algiers.

The messenger was instructed to offer to Hassan the favor of the Emperor, to remind him of his being born a Christian; and that he had a good opportunity presented him, to return to the faith of his fathers, and punish Barbarossa for the cruel mutilation of his body. To these arguments he only answered, that a brave man could not be a traitor; and that, even if his situation was as desperate as his enemy imagined, but which he could not believe, all that remained for him to do, was to die defending the city which he had been left to command.

Had the army of the Emperor been immediately landed on its arrival, there can be no doubt but that Algiers would have soon been captured: but the delay for the Spaniards of only two or three days, caused its total defeat. On the second attempt, some three and twenty thousand soldiers were put on shore, with three thousand cavalry, the most of whom were veterans, and commanded by the most distinguished warriors of Italy, Spain, and Germany. The Moors observing this large force, became alarmed. But a noted witch, who dwelt in Algiers, laughed at their fears, and predicted that God would punish the rashness of the Emperor, and destroy his fleet. Hassan pretended to believe this prediction, and confidence was soon restored.

When the Christians took their position, the same order was observed as that at the siege of Tunis some years before. The Spaniards had the right, the Italians the left, and in the centre, were the Germans with the Emperor. While the soldiers were forming, and the seamen were getting their ordnance and horses on shore, the Numidians made repeated attacks upon them; but at such a distance, that their shot and darts had but little effect.

At six o'clock on the evening of the second day after the troops had left their ships, the sky became overcast; the dense clouds gathered with thunder and lightning, and discharged torrents of rain upon the soldiers, who had neither tents nor any thing else to shelter them from exposure. Hassan, like a watchful enemy, made a sally upon the Italians, who were in advance; and who, from their sufferings during the night after being so long cold and wet, were weary, and could make but little resistance. The Turks, advancing as their enemies retreated, came upon a small but determined body of Maltese Knights, who were conspicuous from their wearing on their breasts a covering of "crimson damask or velvet, upon which shone a white cross." These men, inured to hardships and accustomed to war, made a brave defence, bearing the whole brunt of the fight, until the main body of the army advanced to relieve the few, who were alive, from meeting with certain death. Two French monks were particularly conspicuous for their daring deeds of courage; the one, Villegagnon, finding himself in the midst of the enemy, and wounded in the left arm by a Moorish chief, parried a second blow which was made by the same person; and, jumping on the horse of his assailant, stabbed him to the heart, pitching him out of his saddle, and riding off in safety. The other, Savignac, the standard-bearer of the Order, pursued the Algerines to the very gates of the city; in one of which he left his poignard, to show where he had been in advance of all his friends.

Charles was so pleased with the conduct of the Knights—seventy-five of whom in this action were

numbered with the dead—that he publicly declared they had sacrificed themselves to save his army; and that it was a deed of heroism which he would never forget.

Well would it have been had this defeat been all which the Emperor was doomed to witness. But as the day advanced, the wind increased to a perfect hurricane; and many of the vessels, parting their cables and losing their anchors, were cast on shore. Those of the crews who escaped from being drowned, only lived to get on the rocks, and die by the lances of the Numidians.

While there was such a general destruction of the Christian fleet, fifteen galleys and eighty-six other vessels having foundered, still it was singular that among this large number not one belonging to the Order was included. Charles entertained so high an opinion of the naval tactics and courage of the Knights, that when he observed some ships safely riding out the storm, he remarked that they must belong to his Maltese friends; as he was sure they would rather perish at sea, than attempt to save their lives by cowardly running their ships on shore, as some of their allies had so unwisely and fatally done. During the height of the gale, a galley, which was commanded by a nephew of the Admiral, was shipwrecked. The Emperor perceiving this, and desirous of saving the life of this young officer, sent Antonius, of Arragon, with a few companies, down to the beach to skirmish with the Moors while the Christians were landing. This service was so well executed, that the lives of all on board were saved. By this trifling circumstance the spirits of the soldiers were in a measure revived; though their situation could have hardly been worse than it was. The ships which brought them to Africa were the greater part lost, with all their crews; while they were exposed to a continual rain; were in an enemy's country; and seriously threatened with starvation.

The Christians, however, had but little time given to them to think of their sufferings, as Hassan made a second sally out of Algiers; and quickly overthrew the Italians, who still held the post nearest to the city, and could make but a trifling opposition. The Maltese Knights, who were next, and a small band of noblemen, formed themselves on a bridge, over which it was necessary the Turks should pass; and there maintained the unequal fight with such desperation, that the Infidels retired to Algiers, admiring the courage of their enemies—which no privations could overcome, no mortal prowess subdue.

Augustine Spinula, a celebrated officer, at this time, by his exertions, won the praise of the Emperor, and all his troops. With him originated the idea of taking this dangerous position, that his friends who were retreating might be enabled to recover from their fright, and form in their rear.

By this courageous deed alone, the army was

saved. On the evening of this day, though the wind was more moderate and the rain had ceased, yet the earthquakes were so incessant and the lightnings so frequent, as to prevent the soldiers from getting the least repose. The Christians passed the night resting on their arms, and standing where they were ankle deep in miry clay.

Early in the following morning, a note was received by Charles from the Admiral, in which he stated, that during his long term of fifty years' service, he never before had been doomed to witness so dreadful a storm; and that to save the remnant of his fleet, he should bear away for Cape Metafur; whither he would advise his coming, as being the only means by which to preserve himself and his army. The Emperor, who had caused all his misfortunes and those of his subjects only by his own stubbornness, immediately saw the wisdom of the advice contained in Ausia's note, and as quickly acted upon it. Leaving his artillery and baggage to the enemy, he ordered the weak and wounded to be conveyed to the centre, where they would be the least exposed; and in no little disorder commenced his march, without tents to shelter, or provisions of any kind, save the horses of his cavalry, which were daily killed for the subsistence of his soldiers. During the retreat, which lasted for three days, so many Christians were taken prisoners by Hassan, that he is said, in derision, to have sold them for an onion a head. Those whose slavery could not be turned to their master's account, were inhumanly slain.

When the weary soldiers arrived at the beach, which bounded the bay, where the fleet in which they were to embark was at anchor, the weather was beautifully fine, and the sea perfectly calm. Being encamped among the ruins of the ancient Tipisara, the men had permission from the Emperor to regale themselves with the provisions which had been landed from the squadron, and to refresh themselves with several hours of uninterrupted sleep. The naked Arabs frequently showed themselves in the distance, but dared not approach to molest the Christians—who, with their spirits revived, and their fatigues forgotten, even proposed to return to Algiers, and conquer the Turks, or make the sands around Hassan's city, their common grave.

Charles, well knowing that the weather could not be trusted, would not listen to these suggestions; he instructed the Captains of the ships and galleys to prepare for the reception of his troops. When the Italians and Germans had embarked, and it was found that there was not room in the vessels for the Spaniards and Maltese, who were still in camp, the Emperor commanded that the horses which were on board should be thrown into the sea—saying, that however valuable they might be for their breed, yet far dearer to him was the life of the meanest boy in his camp. It was a

grievous sight for all, to witness these fine animals vainly swimming around, and pawing against the sides of the ships from which they had been cast; and at last when wearied out and sinking, cast their eyes upon their masters, as if to chide them for their cruelty.

Though the Christians had left the African shore, yet their trials were not finished. After being a few hours at sea, the weather changed; and from a calm, it blew a gale. One vessel went down with seven hundred souls, and not a single man was saved; two others were, by a singular misfortune, driven into Algiers, where the Spaniards, observing their enemies hovering on the beach, and expecting no quarter from the barbarians, resolutely formed on their landing, and fought their way to the city. Hassan, who from the walls observed their prowess, listened as a brave man to their cries of mercy; and sending the Turks to drive away the Arabs, thus saved their lives, though he made them slaves.

By the violence of the tempest, the ships were scattered; and the Captains, fearing for their safety, made for those ports which they could the soonest and most easily reach. Thus in a brief time, the sad termination of this expedition was known in all parts of Europe; and much to the sorrow of all Christian powers, save the French King;—he was, with just reasons, preparing to declare war against the Emperor; and hoped that his haughty enemy had been so much crippled in his forces by this recent defeat, as would compel him, either to make such favorable concessions as he might desire; or insure to him a greater chance of success, in event of an open rupture between them.

Auria, with a few ships in company, putting before the wind, quickly arrived at Buria, where there was a small Spanish fortress; and where, until the wind moderated, he could anchor in safety. Much to the joy of the seamen and soldiers while the squadron was here detained, a large Genoese ship, laden with provisions, was driven in port by stress of weather; and though run on shore and her cargo damaged, yet it afforded them who had been, for a length of time, on limited allowance, a temporary and fortunate relief.

The wind, after blowing heavily many days, came round at last to the north-west. The Emperor gave orders to Gonzaga, to leave with his own and the Maltese galleys. This order was necessary; for had the ships been much longer detained, there would not have been food for their crews. The Viceroy, on his homeward voyage, putting into Utica, was kindly relieved by Muleas, not only with the necessaries, but many of the luxuries of life.

With his men refreshed, and the weather good, Gonzaga went in safety to Drepanum, a good seaport town on the southern coast of Sicily.

Charles V. on the 10th of November, left Buria

with an easterly gale; and after a pleasant passage of ten days, arrived at Carthagena.

Thus terminated this unfortunate expedition, in which one hundred and twenty-five ships and gallees were lost, and ten thousand seamen and soldiers perished.

During all his trials, the Emperor was conspicuous "for firmness and constancy of spirit—for magnanimity, fortitude, humanity and compassion. He endured as great hardships as the meanest of his soldiers; he exposed his own person whenever danger threatened; he encouraged the desponding; visited the sick and wounded; and animated all by his words and example. When the army embarked, he was amongst the last who left the shore; although a body of Arabs hovered at no great distance to fall on the rear. Charles thus atoned, in some degree, for his obstinacy and presumption in undertaking an expedition so fatal to his subjects."

Though the Knights, in this disastrous attempt on Algiers, suffered severely, yet their prowess on all occasions, was manifest to their friends, and felt by their enemies. The few who survived, returned in three shattered vessels to Malta about the close of November, A. D., 1548.

SCENES IN THE WEST:

OR, A NIGHT ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

NO. III.

"There!" ejaculated my comrade, with a smack of the lips which made all crack again, as he shoved from before him the tin cup and pewter platter which had held his hot bacon and coffee, "a child might play with me now with perfect impunity."

The individual who gave such gracious proofs of the condescending nature of his disposition, was a man of fair and goodly proportions, whose years had not yet numbered thirty, and whose broad and humorous face was ever lighted by a frank and generous smile. We were in a wilderness.

Far out in the vast prairie, two hundred miles from the haunts of enlightened man, exists a tract of forest land, well known to the sojourners in those regions as the "Council Grove." There again those vast and mysterious mounds, those monuments of uncounted centuries, arrest the eye of the passing traveller; while their gigantic dimensions, and the military skill with which their directions are arranged, convince him at once that he stands on the ruined site of a once powerful city. Even now this spot is deemed a kind of Mecca of the West; for here, within the memory of those living, the delegates of the Nomade tribes of the prairie, were annually wont to meet and smoke the pipe of peace; and the corpses of brave men and

chiefs are frequently conveyed hither, at this day, for interment, as to one of the sacred groves of the ancients.

Here also commences the famous highway, used by the American traders, stretching two thousand miles across the desert to the Western Spanish Provinces; and from various points of our long frontier, the minor trails converge to the "Council Grove," where the various caravans usually rendezvous preparatory to setting forth on their stated marches.

It was here, in the early part of autumn, that my friend and myself were seated at night in front of a crackling fire, enjoying to the full that measure of unmixed and heartfelt satisfaction, which one never fails to experience when a hearty meal and a cheerful fire have succeeded a long and chilly ride. The men of the detachment were grouped in various attitudes around their respective fires, the bright flames of which, shooting upwards, made the trunks of the huge trees seem like living giants; while the forms of the picketted horses in the back ground, looked, by the quivering light, like the demons of another world. The pencil of Salvator Rosa would have delighted in delineating such a scene. The bandit-looking groups scattered about the fires; their carbines and pistols piled in careless confusion, or hung with the belts and sabres on the drooping branch of some neighboring tree. But it would require the flexible pen of the author of Charles O'Malley, to write out the merry songs with which the arches of the forest were made to ring, or to tell again the thrilling tales of former scout and battle, which made so many circles of attentive listeners. As I intimated before, my comrade was a good-tempered and companionable messmate; but as agreeable as those attributes were, he was better distinguished for qualities of more sterling worth. Born in the West, he had been an adventurer from childhood; and, having spent some of the earlier years of his youth in the Midshipman's berth of a man-of-war, he joined to the polished deportment of a soldier, the quaint simplicity of the hunter, with the frank and frolicsome humor of the sailor; gallant and dashing in the discharge of his duty, reckless of danger, and fond of fun: such is a feeble outline of the character of my friend.

"The nights are getting a little chilly," he added, after he had delivered the ejaculation we have already recorded; "and before we turn our faces homeward again, my boy, the north-west wind will be keen enough to blow off the horns of a buffalo bull. You Pedro!" he cried to a mulatto servant, who was finishing the culinary operations of the evening at a little distance, "just creep through the thicket yonder to the road, and see if there are any fresh tracks leading in either direction; and be lively, boy, like a double and twisted streak of forked lightning," he added, as the black

sluggishly lingered, with the customary indolence of his race. "Those feather-bed legs of yours will shrink up with the cold, younker, if we do not meet the fall traders, and increase our stock of Spanish blankets, before we march to the North, when winter sets in."

I thanked my comrade for the rather equivocal compliment he was pleased to bestow upon the enduring properties of my nether limbs; in truth, he felt himself privileged to quiz me, for I was very "green," having but a few months before relinquished books and black boards at my *alma mater* among the hills of the Hudson; and being then, for the first time, initiated in the vicissitudes of a prairie campaign. A novice, in his eagerness to acquire knowledge in a field where all is new, is generally willing to risk the sly jests which his ignorance may elicit, for the sake of the information he is sure, in the end, to gain. My friend (who by-the-by was commonly known among his equals by the familiar soubriquet of "Roaring Tom") was just the person calculated to supply my demand for this particular kind of lore; for he was an old rover in these regions, and his dashing bravery had frequently led him into rough encounters with the denizens of the desert.

"Did you ever go on a march to the Spanish provinces?" inquired I.

"Did I?" said Roaring Tom, as he ground in the palm of his hand some fibres of the fragrant Kinnik-in-nick, "aye did I; and just pass me the big pipe while I fill it, and then I will tell you how my first trip was near being my last."

Having lighted the pipe, he drew into his lungs the mild and care-dispelling vapor, and uttering the usual Indian ejaculation of supreme delight, he exhaled a huge cloud from his mouth and nostrils; and passing the implement courteously to me, commenced his relation:

"From time immemorial (that is to me) the frontier traders have been in the habit of collecting in large caravans, and traversing what is sometimes called the great American desert, to the Mexican town of Santa Fe. The usual point where the caravans rendezvous, in order to take advantage of any accession of their numbers, is the spot where we now lie. Beyond this, with the exception of grass and flowers, the whole route runs for hundreds of miles, through a region destitute of vegetation. Day after day you may travel onwards in the rays of a burning sun, without the glimpse of a tree or shrub to vary the monotonous expanse of sky and grass. This immense tract constitutes the hunting grounds of the Camanches, the Caddoes, the Pawnee Picts, and many other wild tribes, who subsist by following the buffalo in their range north and south, varied occasionally by the plunder of some weak or unwary party. The traders, though often leagued in formidable numbers, suffered frequently from their attacks, until

at length they were in the habit of applying to government for escorts of troops, which were granted upon the same principle that secures armed protection to convoys of merchantmen in case of necessity. Now this soon became a service which our fellows did not admire; but pleasant or not, the lot soon fell upon me, and I was detailed to convoy a party. This was four or five years ago, younker, when you were sleeping on a soft pine plank, or taking lessons at roosting upon one leg, in a ten acre lot, with a shouldered musket.

"It was early in the spring when we set out, and then my troubles commenced. The men composing the caravan, seemed each independent of the other; and strove continually to set at defiance the wholesome restrictions of military discipline. Sometimes a wagon would break down and require repair, and the whole mass would move on, equally careless whether a guard were left to protect it, or whether it fell without defence into the hands of an enemy. And then at night, with their trampoosing through the woods, and their "fire hunts," and turkey shooting, and coon catching, and what not, it would have taken a regiment of sentinels to check the stragglers. Most of our march was performed after this militia fashion; though from the very commencement I had warned the principal men that the Indians would yet make a dash upon them, and cause a late repentance for their heedlessness.

"We had nearly finished the journey, the desert country was already passed, patches of woodland became more and more frequent, and a few spurs of the Rocky Mountains loomed gloomily up in the distance. We had been many days in the habit of seeing buffalo; and on the particular morning to which I allude, I left my troop in charge of the subaltern, and galloped away to seek some sport among a herd which I espied grazing in the distance. I soon overtook them, and had the satisfaction of bringing several to the ground. At length I had selected a fat young cow, who had separated herself from the rest of the gang, and eagerly gave chase. The animal, by her activity, proved too fast for me, and succeeded in frustrating all my endeavors to lay my horse along side in close quarters; for that is the only method by which one can bring them to. I do not know how long or how far I pursued my chase, but when I at length ranged up along side, I found myself entirely alone, having been so perfectly engrossed with the excitement of the chase as to have taken no note of time, course or distance. As the sun was now near the western horizon, I concluded in my mind as to the probable direction to the spot where the traders would pitch their camp; and securing the tongue as a trophy, (intending to send for the carcass afterward,) I threw the bridle over my arm, and, leading my tired and panting horse, walked briskly homeward. I had thus walked, I

presume, half an hour; and was slowly ascending the gentle slope of a hill, whose ridge was at no great distance. Suddenly a cloud of dust rose over its crest, and I heard a rushing noise as of a mighty whirlwind, or the charging tramp of ten thousand horse. I had not time to divine its cause, when a herd of buffalo arose over the summit, and a dense mass, thousand upon thousand, galloped, with headlong speed, directly upon the spot where I stood. There seemed no possible escape for me; the vast inundations extended far to the right and left, backed by huge squadrons, who pressed forward in their panic, shoulder to shoulder; and the black surface of the mass, heaved and subsided like the waves of a raging ocean. I will not say that my heart grew faint; but a strange chill crept through my blood, and half-forgotten recollections of other days rushed like magic through my mind, as I placed myself, as a last resort, behind the body of my restless and frightened horse. Still onward they came—Heaven protect me! it was a fearful sight. Tramp, tramp! onward they came, with their shapeless humps and ungainly gait; and so near did they approach, that I could see their little red eyes glowing, like coals of living fire, from out their shaggy beds of matted hair. Suddenly the two files directly opposite to me shouldered their comrades away to the right and left, and I breathed once more when I saw the head of the column had passed me, leaving myself and horse in a narrow lane between them.

"I know not how long I stood in this position of suspense; for I heeded not the passage of time; but the mass of the gang had already passed, and the less crowded stragglers were closing up in the rear, when a wounded and maddened buffalo bull suddenly leaped from the crowd and made towards the place where I stood. Gallantly he came on, with his tail erect and quivering, his head inclined, his left horn pointed to its mark, with the red blood and white foam gathering upon his lips. I shut my teeth tight together, in anticipation of the shock which I could not prevent, and in a moment it was over. I felt myself thrown violently down by the weight of my horse; I indistinctly saw the dark form of the animal, like a passing cloud, as he cleared me in the leap, then I closed my eyes and awaited till the tumult was over. Upon arising, I found that I had received only a few slight bruises; but my poor horse had been gored to death, and the short carbine I carried had been broken by his fall.

"Without losing more time, I threw my valise upon my shoulder, and struggling between the impressions of gratitude for my own escape, and sorrow for the loss of my horse, I again resumed my walk. The sun was just setting, yet I little thought, with the share I had already had, that my troubles were just commencing. I had not passed over an hundred yards from the spot

where I had left the carcass of my horse, when my ear caught the sound of distant firing. 'The Camanches are teaching those fellows to keep closed up at last,' said I to myself. The firing increased, though by the dull sound of the reports I knew it to be very distant. Pop, whiz, spang! went the carbines, rifles and pistols; then a volley fired at intervals, which I knew to come from my own steady fellows, and at length a loud report, followed by a space of silence. 'There speaks Betsy Baker,' (a four pounder,) I cried, as I quickened my pace: 'if there is no howling to-night in the camp of the red skins, it is because grape shot don't hurt.'

"In less than five minutes, I was made rather unpleasantly aware of the effect of this last discharge; for directly over the hill where the buffalo had passed, came a troop of at least thirty flying Camanches, yelling like incarnate demons, and urging their horses to their fullest speed. As their direction lay nearly towards me, I did not escape their notice. One huge and grim-looking barbarian, leading by a *lariat* a horse which I recognized as belonging to my own troop, galloped to where I stood, and, springing from his saddle, made a motion to assist me in mounting the led horse. As I saw no way easily of declining the proffered civility, I sprang to my seat, and in an instant we were in motion; the rest of the troop closed up in front and rear, and I found myself a close prisoner, with my horse's halter in the hands of the big warrior who had taken me. I know not how far we had travelled, but my companions kept their horses at their speed by a continual drumming with their heels; and more than an hour after I commenced the unwelcome ride, the fiery little '*mustangs*'* were still panting and laboring onwards with their eager burdens. At length we entered a piece of woodland, and, descending into a sequestered ravine, soon reached the fires of the temporary camp.

"Here, for a few moments, all was bustle and confusion. The camp was large, probably arranged to contain a hundred persons or more; and upon the arrival of our party, the women and children crowded forward, to learn the success of the foray, and inquire the news of the day. The intelligence they acquired, I concluded, was of no flattering import; for there followed a great deal of wailing and loud talking, frantic expressions of grief, and tearing of hair. The men seemed to take it more coolly; and as large parties frequently went out, and stragglers as frequently came in, I concluded they were sending back to recover, if possible, their dead and wounded. Often, in the course of the evening, a loud and melancholy howl would arise on the night air, followed by a monotonous chant, which I could recognize as a dirge for some departed spirit. It was late at night, I presume near midnight, when this unwonted commo-

* Mustang. The wild horse of the southern prairies.

tion began to subside. They had placed me, on my arrival, by a separate fire, and I sat with my back to a tree, my hands and feet secured by thongs of buckskin, watching the curious scenes which transpired—sometimes even with a feeling of merriment, notwithstanding the forlorn situation I was in. I had no reason to fear either death or torture, for these savages are more mercenary than cruel in their disposition, and generally reserve their prisoners for slaves, or for runners. Amid the convulsions which had agitated the little community this evening, I had escaped any very marked attention. Sometimes a boy, as he passed me, would salute me with an impudent grimace; or some withered old beldame, whose eye happened to rest upon me, would scowl from beneath her brows and mutter out a curse.

"At length the camp became quiet; the different groups at the fire gradually sunk upon the ground, and a few stealthily moving figures were all that betokened life. One old Indian, who had apparently been entrusted with my safe keeping, sat on the opposite side of the fire; but he seemed nodding and dozing; and I watched the effect of the flickering light of the dying fire, as it threw into alternate light and shade the hideous paint and deep seams and furrows of his visage.

"I was thus amusing myself, when the gigantic warrior, who had first secured me, advanced from a distant fire, and gravely seated himself near me. For some moments he maintained silence, diligently puffing from his pipe, and anon kicking into their proper places, the smouldering brands as they rolled aside. I thought, however, I could perceive by his grave yet uneasy manner, that he had some communication to make, or some information to elicit, which would require diplomatic tact, and that he was now busily cogitating in what way to address me. At length, he laid his pipe from his mouth, and made advances to a conversation, though in extremely defective English.

"‘The white traders are very many,’ said he, ‘and the young *long knives* from the forts have good rifles.’

"I made no reply to this truism, and he proceeded: ‘When the white traders fight the Camanches with their rifles only, our hearts are not sick with fear; but when the big wagons are made to fire like a hundred rifles, the young men of the Camanches are astonished and run away. Is it true,’ he added inquiringly, ‘that the white traders can shoot with their wagons like a gun?’

"I could not but smile at the odd conceit with which the chief had been impressed by the unexpected discharge of the four-pounder, and the ludicrous mixture of doubt and curiosity with which he made his statement and inquiry.

"‘Aye, aye, red skin,’ said I, ‘they can fire any thing on wheels, from a stage-coach to a baby’s wagon; and it’s lucky for you and your howling

gang, old fellow, that the big ox-carts were not unlimbered and wheeled into battery.’

"I never learned exactly how much my friend understood of this frank exposition, but he looked at me steadfastly for a few moments and then rose and left the fire.

"Thus again left to myself, I resumed my former occupation of watching my rather stupid looking companion with a painted face. No change had taken place in his position, except that he had moved a little nearer; but he sat perfectly upright, with his eyes closed, like one in sleep, or engaged in deep meditation. A deep bright coat of vermillion was laid in a circle around each eye, parallel lines of blue pigment adorned his cheeks, and I observed that the single scalp lock which depended from his crown was trimmed and painted in a somewhat different style from those of his companions. I sat for more than an hour with my eye fixed upon the stiff figure of this grim barbarian, until the lights grew dim and wavering, when my eyelids fell heavily down, and I unconsciously, though but partially, slumbered.

"I know not how long this sleep lasted; but indistinct visions, connected with past recollections, were fitting through my brain, varied by hideous forms and painted spectres, when suddenly I started from my rest, impressed with the idea that I heard my own name pronounced in a clear and distinct whisper. Did I dream it? It could not be. I peered anxiously around for a few moments, until my eyes again fell upon the old savage; stiff and upright as before he still sat, but his eye was open, and the black and glittering iris sparkled with the rays of a diamond as he fixed it upon me. That old fellow, thought I, as I settled again into my former posture, has either heard the call, or been aroused by my sudden starting. I watched the old man for a few moments, and then, conscious that his eye was fixed upon me, closed my own, and feigned repose again.

This time my faculties were all awake, and I heard the same clear whispered pronunciation of my name. Cautiously did I open my eyes and fix them again upon the old man; he had moved himself to within a few feet of where I sat; his head was slightly inclined towards me; his eye was still on me; but I thought I detected about his mouth, a smile which betokened some better emotion than savage malignity.

"At length he moved himself cautiously still nearer, and then spoke in the same subdued tone in which my name had been uttered before, but otherwise in a manner which spake only of utter indifference.

"‘The Noyatunga* is very sleepy to-night,’ he said in English almost perfect.

"I nodded a simple assent. ‘But when he

* Long knife. The Osage term for white man.

closes his eyes a spirit calls him by name, and bids him come back to his wigwam.'

"Who and what are you? and why did you call me by name?" said I, now thoroughly acquainted with the mystery of my late summons.

"The memory of my brother is very short," said my cautious companion. 'He does not remember my face, though he has seen it within ten summers; he does not remember that I have slept in his barrack; he does not remember that I have eaten of his bread, and been warmed by his blanket. I am now a Camanche, and my squaw is at their village in the wigwam of her father; but my brother, the white men once called me the 'Leaping Back, a kahega* of the Kansas.'

"As he concluded, he gently drew his knife across the thongs which bound me, and slipping my hand quietly into his, I recognized my old friend with a hearty greeting.

"The Noyatunga must be fleet of foot, while his enemies are sleeping, if he wishes to find the camp of the Spanish traders. I will go by-and-by: let my brother follow; let him keep his eye upon yonder star until he strikes a trail, then he will see me!"

"He glided from my side as he spoke, and I watched his snake-like form as he crept through the underbrush and disappeared; though I listened with painful acuteness, I could not hear the rustling of a leaf, nor the crackling of a twig. After a few minutes of painful suspense, finding that all were still, and apparently buried in sleep, I ventured to commence my operations. Creeping through the thicket without any serious noise, I found the trail, and after a brisk walk, soon found my friend; he held in his hand the bridle of the troop-horse which had brought me in the evening before, and pointing out the course I was to pursue, motioned me to mount. I sprang to my seat, and putting spurs to my horse, ere the sun had fairly risen, I found myself safe in the camp of the traders."

"You, Pedro!" shouted Roaring Tom as he finished his story, "bring in Pomp and picket him to yonder sapling. If some outlying Osage," he muttered, "chanced to be skulking on our trail, he would cut his *lariat* so quick it would make his head swim.

"What! ho! younker, asleep?"

"No, no! I'm not asleep; but I would thank you not to slap me so hard on the shoulder, and to tell me why you called our little field-piece, 'Betsey Baker.'"

"That's Jack Tar's name for his flying artillery which is carried in the Launch, or Long-boat, as you lubbers call it. But, come! it's time to turn in; and give me a punch in the ribs if you hear the call sound for the reveillé and I do not awake, or Fisher will be down upon me at guard-mounting like a thousand of brick!" Whereupon we gathered our blankets around us and fell asleep. D. R. G. N.

* Kahega. A sub chief.

THE OLD FRIAR.

BY SPENCER WALLACE CONE.

I.

Who is there but is sad at times,
And full of thronging fears;
So sad, the solemn vesper chimes
Oft fill their eyes with tears?
Who hath not sighed as those deep peals
On the shadowed eve retire,
And twilight through the window steals
Like an old gray headed Friar?

II.

A Friar old, a Friar gray,
A solemn man is he,
And, just ere night, upon his way
He wendeth noiselessly.
He cometh to the sad at heart,
The merry mind also,
And well he knows to play his part
With pleasure, and with woe.

III.

There are many wrinkles on his brow,
And his hair is nearly white,
And his step is slow and fearful now
For the failing of his sight.
His form is dim, and undefined.
Yet though I little see,
I know, by that within my mind,
He comes, and sits by me.

IV.

He asks no word of courtesy,
Though a man of ancient birth,
But without a sound, so quietly
He seats him by the hearth;
And there he sits, and seems to pray,
Beside the flickering fire;
And we think of things long passed away,
I, and that gray old Friar!

V.

I wot not what his thoughts may be,
So busy are mine own
That in a while I scarcely see
That now I am alone.
My left hand resting on my knee,
My head upon my right,
And mine eyes fixed ever musingly
On the dancing fire light.

VI.

Then comes to me a sister dear,
Who sleeps in my native south,
And she draweth to me very near,
And presses her ruby mouth,
With a gentle kiss, upon my cheek,—
Alice, my sister! Art thou there?
Come to my arms, my own—I speak
To cold, and formless air.

VII.

Anon there comes to me another;
Sweet lights about him shine,
And he my own beloved brother
Lays his soft hand in mine.
But when to that dear touch I start
Feature and form are gone,
And when I'd clasp him to my heart
I am again alone.

VIII.

And then that Friar old and gray,
As he my thoughts could see,
When these have vanished all away
Speaks comfort unto me;
And bids me think how happier far,
Holy, and pure, and fair,
My sister, and my brother are
Than here on earth they were.

IX.

He preaches too that dull despair
But cowards should appal;
That flowers in spring-time bloom as fair,
Though leaves in Autumn fall;
That sorrow is a blessed ill;
And life half shade, half light:—
Then the gray old Friar's voice is still
And he goes forth through the night.

OUR POETS.

NO. I.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It must be admitted that, we Americans, are rather a prosaic than a poetical people. This arises, as much from the peculiar nature of our institutions, as from any other cause; for, in a country, where the road to political preferment is open to all, it is but natural, that youthful ambition should be directed to it, in preference to the slower, but more enduring trophies of literary distinction. Mingling in the practical business of life, at a much earlier period than is customary in Europe, the American youth is but too apt to entertain a contempt for pursuits, which do not realize any immediate advantage, but require a long and painful probation of sedentary study before any benefit can be derived from them; and hence, it is rare to find among us a man, whose whole life has been dedicated to letters. Nor are the rewards here, of authorship, sufficient to tempt any one to devote himself to these pursuits; for we have been informed, that nothing but the private fortune of Mr. Prescott, enabled him successfully to prosecute that great work, which will endure as long as the literature of our country; and which will always be identified with the memory of that daughter, whose zeal, inspired by love, supplied the failing sight of her gifted father.

Literature with us then, is looked upon rather as an amusement, than as an occupation. Denied the learned leisure requisite to undertaking works of magnitude, the works of our authors are usually hastily written in some moments of leisure snatched from their ordinary occupations, and want that elaborate finish and careful revision which characterize the master-pieces of English genius.

The hard and practical nature of their pursuits tends to strengthen the judgment at the expense of

the imagination, and hence our writers excel far more in prose than in poetry; for, while in history, politics, and science, we have writers fully on a par with those of Britain, we must confess, (that in our humble judgment,) we have but little poetry worthy of the name. It is true, that we have had many writers of verses; but a mere mastery over the mechanism of verse, is as far from constituting a true poet, as a sanctimonious visage, a religious man. Many have the knack of composing easy verses, who possess neither fancy nor feeling. The most ordinary penny-a-liner, may, with the assistance of Byshe's Rhyming Dictionary, construct any given number of verses, containing the proper number of feet; and hence, arises the distinction between the poets, whose overflowing fancy pours forth its treasures in prodigal profusion; and the dull scribbler, who cudgels his brain for a rhyme to his second couplet.

It has been the misfortune of our country to be overrun by these pseudo-poets, who mistake their own folly for inspiration; encouraged by the indiscriminate eulogy passed on every American work by our critics, who, exasperated by the unfair and unjust censure of the British press, run to the other extreme; and thus encouraged many—"in spite of nature and their stars, to write." We verily believe that injudicious praise has done more to lower the character of our literature, than all the slashing censure of the British critics.

Yet, in spite of these numerous disadvantages, we have had some noble poetry. "Marco Bozzaris" and "Thanatopsis" of themselves, would be sufficient to establish the character of any poet. How delightful is it, after wading through volumes which you judge to be verse only by the capitals prefixed to each line, to turn to some genuine flow of true poetry, as refreshing to the wearied reader, as the sight of the cool and gushing spring to the wayworn pilgrim. Of these, some have already gained their full meed of fame; but others, who deserve it equally, have not been equally fortunate. Thus, Halleck and Bryant enjoy a merited celebrity with the whole reading public, while Longfellow finds "audience fit, though few:" his reputation being very high in some portions of the Union, while in others, he is comparatively unknown. And, as we believe that he is not at all known and appreciated at the South in proportion to his merits, we propose dedicating the remainder of this paper to a brief notice of his works; in the hope that some one more worthy of the task, may thereby be induced to do justice to one who deserves so well of his country. For if, as Dr. Channing nobly expresses it, "one great and kindling thought can do much to elevate the character of a nation," what must he deserve, who, scorning the vulgar path to distinction, has dedicated his life to literature, and proved that America could produce a poet, who, for smoothness of verse, splendor of imagery and gush-

ing thought, may challenge comparison with some of the proudest names of England! This is not the language of exaggerated encomium. We have no reason to be prejudiced in his favor. On the contrary, our local prejudices were at first arrayed against him; but these all faded away on the perusal of his works, which bear the impress of a soul "smit with the love of sacred song," and a mind rich in the lore of the present and the past.

Nor is it on paper alone that Longfellow is a poet. Poetry enters into the very nature of the man, and forms a portion of his being. Unlike those "who coin their brain for daily bread," and whose inspiration only lasts with the occasion which calls it forth, Longfellow is a poet by nature, to whose gifted eye the humble clod of the valley bears the impress of its great Creator. His melodious words, gushing forth full of tenderness and melody, are but the outpourings of a soul, as responsive to each touch of human sympathy, as the fabled lyre of Memnon to the rays of the morning sun. The selfish man cannot be a poet. To charm the eye, and fascinate the ear, of those who know him not; to cause the selfish and indifferent to forget the reality, and to regard the phantoms of his imagination as living and breathing beings; to touch the hearts of the cold, the callous and the vain; and to transfer to them, the light of that inspiration, which kindled his own soul,—this is the province of the poet. And to do this, it requires that he should himself possess the most boundless sympathy with human weakness and human suffering. Some few matchless spirits there have been, who seemed to soar above human weakness and human folly; who, enthroned in a majestic serenity of soul, sit like monarchs of the intellectual world. But these, though they command our admiration, cannot win our sympathy and love.

Such was Milton; such was Dante, monarchs of the wide domain of thought, and, like earthly rulers, isolated from communion with their kind, by the very loftiness of their position; we gaze with admiration on the triumphs of their genius; but neither the English bard who painted the primeval innocence of man, nor the gloomy Florentine, who sang of hell, can be brought home to the business and bosoms of ordinary men; for, each of them created a world of his own, into which none but himself might enter.

The very themes they selected are removed beyond the ordinary sphere of human sympathy. In Milton, the grand conception is the character of the fallen archangel; the most powerful descriptions are those where he paints the tortures of a being originally pure, who, with a perfect knowledge of good and evil, has dared to say "Evil, be thou my good," and whose invincible will, conquers agony, torture and shame. Adam and Eve are but subordinate characters; and the great interest

of the piece is made to centre on the hopeless struggles of the baffled fiend.

Far more stern and gloomy was the spirit of Dante; to him, life had been but one long scene of sorrow and suffering, and mankind his bitterest enemies; with them, he knew no brotherhood, but that of *hate*; deep, enduring, inveterate hate; his gloomy spirit seems to revel in picturing the tortures of suffering sinners; he takes a gloomy joy in depicting the endless tortures of a future hell, without relief and without hope; the farther we proceed, the more do images of pain and terror thicken around us, until we reach the climax of them all,—Ugolino wiping his bloody lips on the scalp of his tortured enemy.

While then, we listen with fascinated eagerness to themes like these, we are sensible that nothing but the genius of the author can render them attractive; we know that our reason revolts at the pictures they have drawn; and that pain, not pleasure, is produced by their perusal. Yet we recur to them with a morbid eagerness, again and again, to be disgusted and fascinated as before. And why is this? Because there are two sources to which the poet may appeal, the imagination and the heart; they often act in concert, but are touched by different and independent causes. And, it is to the imagination, that these great poets appeal; while our pity for human suffering is often merged in our admiration at the beauty of the description.

The "Manfred" of Byron and "Prometheus" of Shelley belong to this school. For beauty of diction and splendor of imagery, they cannot be surpassed. Yet these have never been popular for the very cause we have stated. The taste of the age demands that poetry, to be successful, should be brought home to ourselves; that it should treat of man and the visible world, and that Imagination, who has heretofore circled heaven and hell in her rapid flights, should for a time, furl her wings, and abide within the limits of this world. Hence a style of poetry has arisen, which we may well term the poetry of the affections.

We repeat then, that the poet should sympathize with his reader if he wish to touch his heart; and, that the highest triumph of poetry, is, when it enlists our feelings in the cause of virtue and humanity, and ripens into maturity, the germs of goodness and beauty, which lurk in every human heart; for, to the gifted eye of the poet, much is revealed which escapes the ordinary observer. Thus, to the practical eye of common sense, the Scotch would appear to be a keen, calculating, matter-of-fact people; shrewd, hardy and commonplace. But the gifted eye of the peasant-bard saw them in their true light; he detected the latent vein of sentiment lurking in their minds; and his sweet and simple songs, full of pathos and tenderness, have become household words with every peasant throughout broad Scotland.

The poetry of Professor Longfellow, however, differs much from that of Burns; the subjects of which it treats, are not so popular in their nature, nor of as universal interest; but, if it lack the fire and humor of Burns, it possesses more softness and a deeper vein of thought. He is a man whose whole life has been dedicated to literature, but who has not slavishly followed any master; whose natural bent has been improved and enlarged by foreign travel, and who never permits a composition to pass from his hand, until polished and perfected with his utmost skill. Contemporary critics often labor under the difficulty of separating the man from the author, which sometimes must be done to insure a just criticism; for, in some instances, the man and the author are totally different persons. Thus, the writings of Bacon contain much sound morality and lofty principle. Yet Bacon was a timeserver and an unjust magistrate; the writings of Machiavel have made his name a by-word of infamy; yet, he spent a long life of unblemished integrity, and died a martyr to the cause of liberty; hence a book should generally rest on its own intrinsic merits alone for its success or failure. But there are some cases in which this rule does not apply, where the book and the author mutually explain one another; this is peculiarly the case with men exclusively literary, whose books are often the true transcripts of their own thoughts and feelings.

Professor Longfellow has written more prose than poetry. "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion," are, however, steeped in the poetry of the writer's thoughts; and the latter may well be regarded as a *Poem* in every thing except the metre, for it bears about the same analogy to the ordinary novel, that Spenser's *Fairy Queen* does to the "Columbiad" of Dwight. In these volumes much of the inner life of the student is unconsciously revealed, embodying as they do, the thoughts and feelings of the scholar, who visits for the first time, the land so rich in historic recollections, and who wanders with rapt enthusiasm among the castled ruins of the glorious Rhine.

An abler hand than ours has already done justice to the merits of "Hyperion." But there is one thought which struck us as peculiarly true and beautiful, and which seems to have escaped the notice of the reviewer. It is this: speaking of the troubles which beset the path of life, the author thus concludes: "The shadows of the mind are like those of the body: in the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us. But the morning shadows soon fade away; while those of evening, stretch forward into night, and mingle with the coming darkness." The depth and beauty of this thought must strike the most careless observer.

The principal defect in his poetry as we be-

fore remarked, is, its small quantity. One small volume containing all his pieces both original and translated; and we are not certain that the author, who is thus chary of his intellectual wealth, should any more be pardoned than the miser, who clings to his glittering hoard; the loss of the public in the first case being much greater than in the last, since the hoard of the miser must be left behind him; but the riches of the poet perish with his own existence.

The pieces contained in this little volume are of a three-fold character: "The Voices of the Night," Earlier Pieces, and Translations principally from the Spanish and German. Our space is so limited that we will only be enabled to give a few extracts from the former of these, which contain the most finished and perfect of his original pieces, although some of the translations possess a very high order of merit; the "Coplas de Maurique" being one of the most beautiful and touching productions in any language.

"The Voices of the Night" are introduced by a poetical "Prelude," which is as fair a specimen of the author's style, as any thing he has written; of course it will lose much by being given in fragments; but the reader must make allowances for this. After an exordium of considerable power, he thus continues—

1.

"And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions came to me,
As, lapped in thought, I used to lie
And gaze into the Summer sky
When the sailing clouds went by
Like ships upon the sea.

2.

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled—
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the Saint and Sage,
Tales that have all the rhyme of age
And chronicles of eld.

3.

And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again;
Low lisps of the Summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

4.

Visions of childhood, stay, O stay;
Ye were so sweet and wild,
And distant voices seemed to say
"It cannot be they pass away,
Other themes demand thy lay,
Thou art no more a child.

5.

Learn that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

G.

Look then into thy heart, and write ;
 Yes, into Life's deep stream,
 All forms of sorrow and delight—
 All solemn Voices of the Night,
 That can soothe thee or affright ;
 Be these, henceforth, thy theme.' "

Is not the true poetic inspiration stamped upon these verses, deeply and indelibly ! Do they not steal into our minds like "the memory of a dream which now is sad, because it hath been sweet !" And is not the prelude of itself sufficient to stamp him as a poet, even had he written no other line ! Unlike many poets who sacrifice sense to sound, and whose only object is to write verses, our author makes poetry a means, and not an end ; makes it the vehicle of thoughts too subtle or refined for prose, and for a philosophy noble and exalting ; where can a nobler philosophy be found than that contained in the "Psalm of Life," or "what the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist !"

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an idle dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers ;
 And things are not what they seem."

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not written of the soul."

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave."

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead-past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !"

We only wish that our space permitted us to give the whole ; since it is one of the richest legacies of advice that genius ever bequeathed to those seeking to follow in its footsteps ; teaching that man has only to perform his duties fully and faithfully, to insure his reward. Of a similar character is the piece bearing the title, the "Light of the Stars." We can only give the concluding stanzas :

"And thou, too, whoso'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm."

O fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong."

One striking characteristic of our author is the vein of sadness which runs through all his writings ; even those speaking hope and comfort to the weary bear the same impress of melancholy tenderness. And this arises, if we judge him aright, not from the sickly sentiment of a morbid mind, but from the peculiar nature of the scholar and poet, who, shunning the noise and glare of this "working-day

world," holds communion with the gifted spirits of the Present and the Past, and delves with them into the hidden mines of thought and action, over which sweeps, with its mighty roar, the current of life.

Such is the spirit which pervades the song of the "Reaper and the Flowers," which we doubt not is familiar to many of our readers. It seeks to rob Death of its terrors, and strews the flowers of poesy even upon the grave. But we find that our space admonishes us to be brief. Passing by with regret the "Footsteps of the Angels," which is as beautiful as its title, and many others equally imbued with feeling and true poetry, we can merely give a parting extract from the "Beleaguered City," embodying a German legend, and affixing a moral of his own :

"I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
 A legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of spectres pale
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague."

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon over head,
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 An army of the dead."

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 The river flowed between."

I have read in the marvellous heart of man—
 That strange and mystic scroll—
 That an army of phantoms vast and wan,
 Beleaguers the human soul."

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
 In Fancy's misty light—
 Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
 Portentous through the night."

Upon its midnight battle ground
 The spectral host is seen,
 And with a sorrowful deep sound,
 Flows the river of Life between."

And when the solemn and deep church bell
 Entreats the soul to pray,
 The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
 The shadows sweep away."

Down the broad vale of tears afar
 The spectral host is fled ;
 Faith shineth as a morning star,
 Our ghastly fears are dead."

We feel sensibly that these extracts do not convey a full impression of the merits of the poet ; since, in pieces as perfectly constructed as his, the omission even of one line often breaks the arrangement, and destroys the impression, which the connected whole would produce. We would therefore advise all those who wish to enjoy true poetry, to procure the "Voices of the Night," and read and judge for themselves. If our hurried and imperfect review shall accomplish this end, our object will be effected, since we only desire to introduce him to the Southern public. His own merits will accomplish the rest. Genius never yet failed to

reap the harvest it has sown. The seeds may fall unnoticed and for a space be forgotten; but in the fulness of time, they will germinate in darkness, and produce fruit of which future generations will make their repast. Let us then recognize the poet while he abides among us. Let us award him our meed of sympathy and admiration, and not hoard it up, to be inscribed on the tablet which records his departure from among us; and, as the waters gushed from the rock, when smitten by the rod of the Hebrew prophet, so will his spirit, gladdened by the approval of his race, pour forth its hidden treasures of thought and feeling to enrich the literature of our common country.

Columbia, S. C.

E. D.
Edwin DeLeon?

TO T. W. WHITE, ESQ.

Editor Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR: The following tale I cut from a country newspaper a great many years ago; considering it at that time, as I do now, very interesting, and particularly worth preserving. My object in sending it to you, is to ask if you will not republish it in your Messenger.

COROLINN: A PERSIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Here," said I, "here once flourished an opulent city; here was once the seat of a powerful empire."—*Volney.*

The sun had passed the meridian; and the shadows of the rocky peaks of the Hetzerdera, or the summit of the thousand mountains, as they have been called in the glowing poetical language of Ferdosi, had begun to stretch themselves over one of the most rich and beautiful districts in Persia—the plains of Persepolis and Schiras. The clouds which in rude masses were piled above the Hetzerdera, were touched, on their margin, with crimson, and purple, and gold; and while they showed, in bold relief, against the spotless, blue sky, they were, in all their brilliancy and magnificence, reflected from the smooth, lilly-sprinkled Bendemir. The fragrance of the orange groves came over the senses, in all their sweetness; and the ripe, tempting blush of the delicious peach of Persia, was mingled in the same garden with the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate.

The towering and majestic columns of ruined Persepolis raised their proud heads in the midst of silence and desolation. What a place for moralizing! Persia's proud monarchs,—where were they? Cyrus, the man destined by Heaven to humble Babylon—Cambyses, who closed the long line of the Pharaohs, and caused the sun of Egyptian glory to set in desolation and blood, had here marshalled their legions—here displayed their unbounded magnificence and power:—but now per-

haps the very whirlwind, which is sweeping through the columns of that stupendous temple, is sporting with their dust, and mingling it with that of their meanest and veriest slaves. Here, too, Schiras lifts its towers, spreads its beautiful gardens, and from its minaret is heard the follower of Ali, calling the faithful to prayer. But the bustle of Schiras is hushed; its streets are deserted; its crowds have poured forth from its gates; and the prancing of Persian steeds, the glancing of scimitars, and the clouds of smoke, plainly designate the course pursued by the immense cavalcade. Schiras was indeed that day empty. All who could possibly join the throng, had willingly assisted to swell the tide of human beings that Schiras had that day poured forth to greet the triumphant entry of Abbas Mirza, the son of the reigning Shah, who had been appointed governor of the province, and who, in addition to the usual parade on such occasions, had resolved to make a magnificent entry, graced with the splendor and renown he acquired by his successful termination of the Afghanistan war. The immense crowd had slowly made their way near the foot of the first range of the Hetzerdera; and, within view of that sublime and terrific pass, which forms almost the only opening through the mountains, whence the eye catches the first glimpse of the beautiful plain of Schiras, were waiting under a burning sun, with breathless impatience, the approach of the prince. In the throng, and jostled by soldiers, and moolah, Emir and Saracen, mingled with Armenian merchants and dancing girls from Ispahan,—was to be seen a solitary Englishman, mounted on a spirited Persian charger, and accompanied by a single attendant, whose turban and attaghan sufficiently showed his Asiatic origin. Murmurs of impatience and dissatisfaction had begun to buzz through the multitude, when a band of Persian cavalry approached, descending the pathway, and instantly hushed all symptoms of disapprobation. These heralds of the approach of the prince were far more richly and splendidly dressed than any thing which Francis Everington had seen, accustomed, as he in some measure had been, to the displays of oriental magnificence.

Francis Everington was a young Englishman, who had accompanied Mr. Morlei, in his embassy to Persia; but who had been left sick at Ispahan, when the embassy left that country, and was now with his faithful attendant, Hamors, on his way to Bassorah on the Persian gulf, with the intention of obtaining a passage to India, and thence to Europe. He had taken a position beneath a cluster of orange trees, which served, in some measure, to shade him from the intense heat of the sun, on a small eminence, whence he had a fine view of the mountain pass, the descending cavalry and the multitude by which he was surrounded. He had stationed himself too, fortunately, at the point where the prince was to pass, at whose feet, with the

ready submission of Eastern slaves, all were now anxiously waiting to prostrate themselves.

The attention of the living mass of human beings had been so much engrossed by the party which were considered as the harbingers of the prince, that Everington and his servant were scarcely noticed. They were alone, when a Circassian merchant, having a young woman in his company, was seen making his way through the crowd, and approaching the orange trees. The dress of the man sufficiently indicated to the eye of Everington his rank and wealth; had either been doubtful, a single glance at his companion would have instantly satisfied him. The rich embroidered velvet pantaloons, worn by the Persian ladies—the splendid muslin robe—the shelega, or girdle, by which it was confined—the turban, fastened over a profusion of the finest locks, by diamond buttons—and the rich Cashmerian shawl, which was thrown carelessly over her head, and served, when necessary, the purpose of a veil,—all demonstrated that a person of no ordinary rank was before him.

"That is the rich merchant, Herman; and that female is his daughter, Corolinn, the most beautiful girl ever seen in Persia," said Hamors to Everington, as the strangers came up.

With the instinctive politeness which characterized Everington, he removed from his station beneath the orange trees, that the young lady and her father might have the benefit of the shade. The young lady accepted the offer, but the father declined, and motioned to Everington to resume his station, which thus brought him in immediate contact with the fair Circassian.

A glance at the young lady showed that she was tall and elegantly formed; and the exact symmetry of her person, was shown by the dress which Persian ladies know so well how to arrange. Partly overcome by the fatigue of the ride, and partly by the excessive heat of the day, she no sooner found herself screened from the sun by the orange bower, than she proceeded to divest herself of her head dress. Everington had the happiness of seeing the beautiful creature unveiled, and in all her loveliness. Never had our young Englishman beheld such a vision of beauty; and while he inwardly admitted the truth of Hamors' assertion, he cursed the custom and the fate that doomed such a lovely creature to be offered in the market to minister to Persian vanity and lust. It was evident, as had been hinted by Hamors, that she was intended by her father for the harem of the prince, should she be fortunate enough to attract his notice. No sooner was her splendid turban removed, than her curling tresses, thickly sprinkled with pearls and gems, and unconfined, except by a single clasp of brilliants, flowed around her neck and bosom in all their unrestrained luxuriance. She had not alighted from her high spirited and snow white steed, which, with proudly arching neck, and point-

ed ears, seemed justly proud of his burden; but with a countenance in which lofty feeling was mingled with conscious purity and virgin innocence, she sat, hardly sensible of the interest she excited, and, like the goddess of beauty, an object worthy of the involuntary homage paid by all around her.

The troop of cavalry had now reached the foot of the mountain, where they were received with shouts by the assembled multitude. They announced that the prince might be expected in half an hour, and they, as harbingers of his approach, were ordered to make the necessary arrangements for his reception. They therefore speedily commenced dividing the multitude into two divisions, which lined the road for a great distance on both sides. In spite of some grumbling and menaces on the part of the soldiers, at the obstinacy of the infidel, as they termed Everington, he refused to quit his station, and maintained his position beneath the orange trees; and by the side of the enchanting Corolinn, who had been joined on the advance of the troops by her father. Scarce had these preparatory measures been taken, when a discharge of artillery from the mountain announced that Abbas Mirza was at hand. Soon the advance guard appeared winding over the rocky crest of the pass, and in martial order slowly descending to the plain. They were splendidly attired, and mounted on black horses; the long horse tails of their caps streaming in the wind, and their scimitars flashing like lightning in the bright rays of the sun. Then came twenty elephants, the first of the trophies of his victories over the rebellious Afghans. These moved in single file down the pass, caparisoned as they were when the fortune of war placed them in the possession of the Persian prince.

Following these came a train of two thousand captives, the flower of the Afghanistan army, men who had escaped the hard-fought but decisive battle which had sealed their fate. They were separated into divisions, by detachments of the cavalry; and though bound, and bare headed, they showed no marks of cowardly dejection, but bore the undaunted air of men, brave and robust, but unfortunate indeed, and conscious that the cause in which they were suffering was just. One hundred of the bravest of their number had been selected and put to death, as examples to those who might hereafter engage in such projects; and those were reserved to serve as slaves of the victor in carrying on those works of improvement he had already projected. Then came a train of two hundred Afghan maidens, who had been torn from the happy hills and valleys of their native homes, to swell the train of the conquerors, and in all the budding beauty of youth, destined to increase the captor's wealth by their sale, or minister to the licentious appetites of their mussulmen, and inhuman masters. They were unveiled, and as the beautiful train passed the place

where young Corolinn was sitting, a sigh swelled her gentle bosom, and Everington saw a tear trembling on the silken lashes of her dark eyes, as she gazed with interest on their saddened features.

"Alas!" thought Everington, as he looked with admiration on the lovely girl, "how little difference is there between their doom and that to which you are destined."

Next came a train of five hundred led horses attended by a slave, and their rich caparisons, their long waving manes and tails, their proud walk and curving necks, were a full proof of their value, and of the estimation in which they were held. Then came the imperial flag of the empire, borne by the king's standard bearer, its broad folds of silk decorated with the arms of Nadi Shah. This splendid memento of Persian greatness was always guarded by a chosen body of nobles, who had sworn on the Koran to preserve it or perish. The prince's band of music next followed in the procession, and over the sweet notes of flute and tabor, were heard, at intervals, the spirit-stirring notes of the Abyssinian trumpet.

Amidst the discharge of cannon, and shouts of the multitude, next appeared the Prince Abbas Mirza himself, dressed in the most rich and splendid manner,—his apparel glittering with gold and diamonds—his beautiful milk-white steed richly caparisoned, and impatiently spurning the ground, over which the pace of the procession compelled him to move at so slow a rate. The prince appeared to be not far from thirty; of fine and commanding figure, and an exterior which denoted the successor to the crown of Persia. He managed his horse without the least effort—and exhibited in every movement that grace and ease for which the Persian in Asia, like the Frenchman in Europe, is distinguished. Then came, borne in closely covered palanquins, on the shoulders of black eunuchs, and surrounded by a guard of the same unfortunate race, the favorite wives and concubines of the prince, those that constituted his harem, but were now, as always, effectually secluded from the gaze of those around. Then came another detachment of guards, and the procession was closed by an immense rabble of all classes.

CHAPTER II.

— This, my mean task, would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures.—*Shakespeare.*

Two hours had already elapsed since the signal which announced the appearance of the prince was given, yet he had scarcely reached the plain, and to the eye of the observer there was no end to the throng that continued to pour down the defile. When Abbas Mirza appeared among his new subjects, loud and repeated shouts rent the air—the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were ex-

hibited as he passed along the avenue which had been kept clear for the procession; the moolahs invoked the blessing of Ali and the Prophet upon him, not forgetting a few imprecations upon the followers of Omar, and the accursed infidels.

As the prince slowly passed, the multitude fell on their faces. Not so with Everington; he had dismounted from his horse as a proper tribute of respect to the prince, but when he saw the crowd prostrating themselves, and ready to lick the dust, he flung his arms over the neck of his steed, and remained standing, notwithstanding the entreaties of Hamors, who pulled his master's coat and requested him at least to comply so far as to kneel. With a feeling which partly belonged to his spirit as an Englishman, and partly to his curiosity to see as much of the proceedings as possible, he replied, "that no orders had been issued to that effect, and therefore he should act his pleasure."

At this moment, Everington cast his eyes on the fair Circassian, and saw with surprise that she had imitated his example, and was standing by the side of her horse, from which her father assisted her to alight. Accustomed however to pay obedience to her father's command, she knecled, but it was not until the position of Everington had drawn the eyes of the prince and his guard upon them.

"You are lost forever," said the terrified Hamors, in an under-tone, when he heard one of the officers whisper to the Cadi, "see that infidel dog; shall I not give his carcass to the ravens?"

The Cadi hesitated a moment, then in an answer which was inaudible to Hamors, appeared to postpone the punishment of the temerity which had dared to offer such an insult to the prince. Perhaps Everington was the more insensible to the danger that threatened himself, from the circumstance of his attention being drawn at that moment to his fair companion.

She was in the act of kneeling, at the moment that the boldness of Everington had attracted the notice of Abbas Mirza, but by some accident the veil which she had resumed, occasioned by her haste to obey the orders of her parent, fell off, and exhibited to the charmed and fascinated eyes of the prince, all that blushing beauty which had enraptured Everington. He involuntarily paused for a moment, while she hastened to replace the veil, and escape from the gaze to which she saw she was subjected. The prince ordered her father to approach. Hardly understanding the nature of the command, he arose and advanced a few steps, and seeing the eye of Mirza was still fixed upon him, again dropped on his knees.

"Rise," said the prince, in a gracious manner, "I wish to speak with you."

Herman obeyed.

"Is that beautiful maiden your daughter?"

Herman answered in the affirmative. The prince spoke a few words to a young and gallant looking

officer near him; and then, directing an attendant to bestow a purse of gold on Herman, passed on. During the interview, every nerve of Everington trembled with agitation; and ere his heart had acknowledged the interest he felt in the lovely girl near him, he found himself cursing the ill luck which had thus given him so powerful a rival. The procession moved on towards Schiras, and the multitude followed in the rear, in the same tumultuous and irregular manner which characterized their march from the city. Everington assisted Corolinn in mounting her horse, and as he did so, pressed one of the fairest, softest hands he had ever seen to his lips, and the slight tremor of her hand convinced him that she understood the language it was intended to convey.

It was with considerable difficulty that Everington and his attendant managed to keep near the merchant and his fair daughter; although she seemed evidently to wish to remain near them. When they reached the gate of the city where they were to separate, Everington, who was at her side, saw her lift the veil unnoticed by her father, and the sweet smile which accompanied her motioned farewell caused his blood to flash over him quick as the electric stream. He bowed—she reached forth her hand, and pressed his with ardor; he hastily obeyed the signal of Hamors to retire.

"By heavens," said Everington to Hamors, as they left the procession, "that young Corolinn is one of the most charming creatures I ever saw; she is one of your Peris descended from paradise to enchant and bless mankind."

"So thinks Abbas Mirza," answered Hamors, with as much coolness as if he had not mentioned a subject nearest to the heart of Everington; "and unless I am much mistaken, she is soon to add another to the beauties he has already collected in the harem."

"Against her will, she shall never become his," said Everington with vehemence; "I would tear her from him by force, rather than see that beautiful girl become his victim."

"Hush, for Ali's sake!" said Hamors; "if you are overheard, it will be death to us both. You may depend on being closely watched; your offence at the foot of the Hetzerdera will be sufficient to condemn you if you should be guilty of the smallest action here that could be construed into a crime."

"Hamors," replied Everington, "I fear not for myself; I defy the power of Mirza; but I cannot rest easy until I learn the destination of Corolinn: we are now at the gate of our mansion, do you return to the town, and if possible learn the residence of Herman and his daughter. Get near her if you can;" and taking a fine brilliant from his finger, he added—"give her this ring; the motto, 'I will never forsake,' will announce to her my determination."

"My dear master," said Hamors as he took the

ring, "if you value your liberty, if you value your life, listen for once to me—forget that Corolinn exists; give up all hopes of her becoming yours, if you have for a moment entertained that idea. I heard the prince give orders to the Cadi to provide for Herman and his daughter, and to attempt to gain her from him will be certain destruction."

"She shall be taken from him," answered Everington firmly, "unless she chooses to remain with him; and much am I mistaken if she would not prefer the desert and liberty, to being the slave or wife of Abbas Mirza."

Hamors departed, and Everington, highly displeased with that rule of Persian etiquette, which prevents a lady from allowing herself to be addressed in public, and had thus prevented an explanation he so much desired, threw himself upon the carpet to await, with the anxiety and impatience of a lover, the return of his servant.

He came at last, but had been unsuccessful. He had indeed learned from a friend, that by direction of the prince, Herman and his daughter had been conducted to a palace, though what one he could not learn, and that the prince had openly avowed his admiration of the beautiful Corolinn, and his intention, at no distant day, to make her his bride.

"You have indeed been unfortunate," said Everington, striving to restrain his impatience, "but she must be found."

"She *shall* be found," was the reply of Hamors.

"Hamors, I do not question your fidelity," said Everington, who thought he discovered in his servant's voice, a fear that he was deemed unfaithful.

"While life remains I will serve you," said the attached and faithful Hamors; "and perhaps I may this night be able to aid you in your wishes. The prince gives to night a splendid entertainment at the palace of the king; I have some skill on the kanoon, I will endeavor to obtain admittance as a musician, and see if I cannot discover the object of your anxiety."

"Stay," said Everington, "we will change situations; I will be your servant, and accompany you; and trust to my skill to make me welcome."

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed Hamors, "you will certainly be discovered, and then your fate will be inevitable."

"You remonstrate in vain," said Everington, "my resolution is taken, and we have not a moment to lose in making our preparations."

These were soon completed, and in the guise of Persian wandering minstrels, they soon left their mansion, and mingled with the crowd that were hastening to catch a glimpse of the imposing and gorgeous spectacle. Everington had spent so much of his life in the East, that he was familiar with the Persian language and music; and he trusted to the tact and experience of Hamors to extricate himself from difficulty, should any occur. They were not long in reaching the palace; and

passing the double line of guards, were admitted into the splendid apartment. The scene which now burst upon him had the overwhelming effect of enchantment. The gilded colonnades—the glittering lamps—the numberless mirrors, that threw back, in redoubled brilliancy, sparkling lights and beautiful forms that were mingling in the endless maze—and the crowd of moolahs and Emirs, with their waving plumes and glittering cimeters, attendants upon the prince, together with the uncertainty he felt in regard to his success, and the certainty of death, should he, the infidel, be detected in that retreat of the faithful, almost made Everington's head dizzy, and he half repented his hazardous undertaking. With as much confidence, however, as he could assume, he and his servant mingled with the throng, and slowly made their way through the first to the second room of state, where the prince was receiving the homage of the new dignitaries of his government, and the salutations of all those whose situations or wealth entitled them to enter the palace. Everington arrived at the moment these ceremonies closed, and the assembled multitude had begun to indulge in the sports and festivities which the prince had prepared for the occasion. The wide folding doors which opened on the gardens of the palace, were, as they entered, thrown wide open.

Soft strains of music were heard, and the lute and syrinda broke the spell which seemed to enchain the faculties of all present. Roses were strewn over the rich Persian carpets, and the very air was perfume—hundreds of the most bright and beautiful of Schiras were gliding to and fro—parties of beautiful dancing girls from India, brought to swell the train of the prince, their swelling bosoms scarcely veiled, their white feet glancing in the brilliant light of the lamps, and their robes hung round with small silver bells, were mingling in the voluptuous dance—around, reclined on sofas, splendidly dressed in the robes and shawls of the Cashmere, their turbans sparkling with diamonds and pearls, were to be seen the loveliest of women, and at their feet their adorers, busy in pointing out the most striking parts of the animated scene. The musicians moved through the apartments, as fancy or inclination prompted; now called to strike the lively kitar, or tabor, to a company, whose feet were moving in the gay mazes of the dance; in another part, the soft kanoon might be heard, as some impassioned lover poured forth his soul in his song, and drew tears from the breathless listeners. But while the talents of Everington and his attendant were frequently put in requisition, he in vain sought among the sparkling eyes and periforms which made the palace seem a second paradise of the faithful, the object of his wishes. The superior tones of his lute made him welcome wherever he presented himself; but his wanderings were frequently checked to breathe forth some of

those melting airs, which never fail to enchant the soul, and 'lap it in elysium.' The throne, which had been placed at one extremity of the apartment, had been vacated; the cushions made of the richest silks, and filled with down from the cygnet of the Ganges, were not now pressed by their princely owner; he had left his marble steps and ivory chair, to mingle in the sweet confusion, to catch at a less distance the bright glance of beauty, and in the thoughtless pleasure and hilarity of a subject, forget, for a moment, the cares of government.

Everington passed on to the doors which led to the gardens of the prince. The cool evening air was freighted with fragrance from groves of myrtle and acacia, and perfumes from the cedar, the pomegranate and the orange. The musk-rose of the Bendemir too, lent its blossoms and its fragrance, and the soft south wind came over the fevered brow and anxious spirit of Everington with balmy effect. The moon was shining bright on kiosk and minaret; martial music was heard from the camp; and nearer the undefined bustle of the city and palace were mingled with the tripping of light feet—the melting strains of music—and the light hearted laughter of beings that seemed to have never known care.

Wearied with the fatigues of the day and the exertions of the evening, and a prey to a feverish anxiety, Everington and his attendant Hamors, after enjoying the beauties of the evening for a short time, entered an acacia bower, and seated themselves on one of the raised and moss-covered banks. Hamors took his kitar and touched the strings to so sweet and lively a prelude that a number was soon collected around them. Soon came a party of three or four, whose unconstrained and graceful movements, the richness of their robes, and the precious stones which glittered in their turbans, plainly denoted to be individuals of no ordinary rank. Attracted by the music, they approached; they paused; and pleased, they seated themselves. There was one young lady, who, after listening some time to the praises bestowed upon the gay and lively serenade of Hamors, inquired if there was not one who could strike the strings to a sadder note, some tale of hopeless, helpless love; and her voice had something in it which showed that such a theme would be far more congenial to her feelings.

The lady who made this request was seated on a rich Indian shawl which her attendants had spread for her, and at her feet was the person evidently her lover. The ends of the silver-woven turban which encircled his head, hung gracefully behind his shoulders; a cimeter, the handle of which was studded with gems, was suspended at his side; and, as the dancing moonlight fell upon his head, the diamond crescent which ornamented the front of his turban, revealed to Everington, the Prince, Abbas Mirza, and the person of the fa-

male could no longer be doubtful. Everington did not wait a second invitation from the lady to perform that which lay nearest to his heart; but removing himself nearer to her feet, touched the strings of the lute to a sweet and simple air which he learned at Delhi. His voice slightly faltered as he sung the last stanza, in which this noble youth replies to the command of the weeping maiden, to forget her for ever, as heaven had forbid their union:

Forget thee!—bid the white wing'd dove
Forsake the lov'd one's nest,—
Roll back the sun, as slow he sinks
To grace the gorgeous west.
Bid spring's sweet flowers and golden fruit
To gem the leafless grove—
All may be done, ere my fond heart
Shall once forget thee, love.

There was a deep and breathless silence, as with a voice that trembled with emotion, he sung the air; and when he closed, there was a general murmur of approbation.

"By the head of Ali, that musician must have felt what he has described, and should be rewarded by us," said the Prince, as he flung Everington a piece of gold.

The lady said nothing, but as it was a custom for them to reward the minstrel, she took out some gold, and as Everington kneeled before her, placed it in his hand, repeating at the same time, in a low but emphatic manner, the last words which had just fallen from his lips.

There was a slight agitation of her hand as he touched it; there was that same witching melody in her voice which accompanied the farewell at the gate, which was enough; and Everington felt as though the sun had suddenly burst forth from the midst of clouds and storms. Danger, indeed, there was: difficulties to be overcome; yet who, such bright eyes beaming, and such sweet tones encouraging, would have thought of dangers and difficulties! Everington could not, while the delicious tone, that the beautiful Corolinn was faithful, was sounding in his ears. Hamors now struck up a sprightly lay, and the prince and his companions, with their attendants, left the bower; and as they did so, a light breeze wafted aside the veil, and in the moonlight, Everington saw that the eyes of the maiden were turned upon him with such an appealing glance of tenderness, that had a doubt of her feelings existed before, that look would have removed them all. Everington replied by placing his hand on his heart; and after the prince had departed, soon followed to the palace. Here, after indulging a little longer in the mirth and festivities, he listened to the music, which, from the gardens, the banks of the Bendemir, and the city, rose as if by magic, and mingled in the stillness of the night, like strains of the houris, in the mussulman paradise. Everington and Hamors left the palace in

the same way they had entered it, passed the guards without being discovered, and reached their lodgings in safety.

CHAPTER III.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

Shakespeare.

The next day, and the next, passed away without Everington's being able to hear any thing from a person, in whose fate he was so deeply interested. The merchant too was invisible; and though Hamors faithfully watched all comers and goers to the palace, nothing of them was to be seen. He indeed learned from some, in the train of the prince, that in order more strongly to cement the friendship which existed between the prince and his new subjects of Schiras, he had declared to select from the most beautiful of their women another one to add to his harem; and report, now as before, fixed upon the daughter of the Circassian merchant as the happy individual who was to be thus honored. It was further stated that the marriage ceremony would be performed in a few days, and with all imaginable splendor.

To Everington, who had strong reason for believing that rumor was not in this instance the liar which it so often is, and with so much justice represented to be, this intelligence, though not unexpected, was gall and wormwood. If it was what he had feared, still until now hope had whispered that the fears he felt arose from the dread of a rival, and the intensity of his affections for the beautiful Corolinn. He spent the day in a thousand wild and useless projects. In disguise, during the moonlight evenings, he examined, as he dared, the pile of buildings in which fancy pictured his loved one to be a prisoner. He gazed on the high walls which surrounded the palace and gardens of the prince, but was unable to catch a glimpse of her he so much wished to see. Everington recollected that the garden in which the entertainment had been given reached to the walls of the city, and that they were washed by the Bendemir. Love is fruitful in expedients. The thought occurred to him that some spot might be found where he could, from the river, enter the gardens, and though the enterprise might be fraught with hazard, he determined on making the attempt. Hamors procured a light boat, and in it, when night came on, disguised as they were on the evening of the entertainment, they mingled with the numerous parties, which in their fanciful water craft, were enjoying all the glories of an oriental evening. The air was balmy, music came over the waters—the light dipping of the numerous oars fell upon the ear with measured and soothing effect—crowds were clustered on the covered banks of the river—nightingales were emulating the sweet tones of the Persian lute and sy-rinda; the fire-fly was darting amidst the thick-woven and deep green foliage of the pomegranate

and Indian fig tree; and from the garden of the prince came the rich odors of the jessamine, citron and rose.

Everington and Hamors floated along through the delightful scene, the former too deeply intent on another object to enjoy fully the witcheries of the present. The walls next the water were carefully and anxiously examined; but even the searching eye of Everington could discover no place where access appeared within the limits of possibility. Sometimes, mingled with the fragrance which the light evening breeze wafted from the gardens, came the melting sounds of distant music—gay and laughing voices—and once Everington started, as tones, which he was willing to swear were those of the charming Corolinn, and which sent the blood thrilling to his fingers' ends, were heard warbling one of those sweet and pathetic airs, for which the maidens of her own country were so celebrated. They were about to relinquish their attempt as hopeless; the river was washing the last angle of the wall; the gay company had begun to disperse, and Everington was about to give orders for their return, when he happened to see that from the branches of a pomegranate which rose above the wall on the inner side, a vine, of that kind which produces the rich wine of Schiras, had spread its tendrils upon the wall, and loaded with fruit, had descended till its clusters hung at the very water's edge.

"What think you," said Everington, as he turned the light machine in which they were floating, so as to bring them close to the wall; "what think you Hamors, of making a ladder of these vines, with which to scale the wall! Is it practicable?"

"Perfectly so," answered the slave, as he grasped one of the vines and drew the boat to the wall; "but would it not be advisable to wait until the moon has set, as at this time we shall be more likely to be observed in our attempt than then?"

"True," replied Everington, "but you will remember, that by waiting we shall diminish the chance of meeting those we wish to see. Now is the hour, but it will soon be past."

"It is enough," said Hamors; and in a moment the light skiff was secured to one of the vines; thus, should it be necessary, affording the means of escape. An angle of the wall screened them, in some measure, by intercepting the light of the moon, and in a few moments, Everington, followed by Hamors, stood in safety, on the top of the wall, a distance of thirty feet from the water. On the inside, the descent was attended with little or no difficulty, and carefully reconnoitering the ground, Everington advanced. It was not long before he found himself in the vicinity of the very bower where he had met the young Corolinn and the prince on the night of the festival. Everington had already passed several groups of gay and

laughing hours, but she whom he most wished to encounter, was not, he was confident, among them.

As he and his servant cautiously and silently approached the secluded and beautiful retreat, they suddenly heard voices, and listening a moment, perceived they were females conversing lowly but earnestly. The quicker ear of Everington instantly detected the silver-toned voice of Corolinn, and his heart fluttered to think he was so near the lovely object of his adoration. In a whisper to Hamors, he directed him to remain where he was, while he ventured to approach near enough to discover how many, and what persons were there, and how employed.

If danger was approaching, Hamors was to communicate the intelligence by a shrill whistle. Everington then, with noiseless step, approached the bower, and to his joy saw that the beautiful Corolinn was reclining on the very couch which she had occupied when he performed the part of a minstrel at her feet; a place now filled by a young woman who was evidently her attendant. Near her was one of the richest sofas of Ispahan, which the prince, on her happening to mention the pleasure she took in visiting that place, had ordered, without her knowledge, to be placed there, and certainly it could not have been destined to support a lovelier burden. Her hair was loosened from the diamond clasp, and flowing in rich curling tresses around her beautiful and polished neck. She held in her hand a cluster of the fragrant white roses, brought from the banks of the Nerbuddah; and was, while conversing, slowly scattering the pure leaves on the earth around her.

"So perish our sweetest, dearest hopes," said she with a sigh; "to-morrow, Myrtilda, you say the prince has determined this hateful ceremony shall be performed, and the sacrifice completed!"

"Not to-morrow, madam, but the day after," replied the attendant.

"One more day of happy freedom is then mine," said Corolinn; "if I must become the victim, let the sacrifice be delayed to the latest hour possible."

"It can be delayed no longer," said the servant; "you remember the last words of Abbas Mirza, this morning?"

"I remember them too well," replied the young Circassian; "O that I could see the Frank once more before I am lost to all hope of happiness!"

Everington was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, but prudence prevented and he listened.

"Alas, my dear mistress!" was the answer of the attendant, "if you should, he could not help you; and he might, instead of saving you, only involve himself in ruin."

"Allah forbid that I should bring destruction upon him," said the beautiful girl, adding in a voice that trembled with deep emotion, "perhaps he thinks not of me; I will perish rather than be to

him the cause of evil, or the source of one moment's misery."

Everington waited no longer, he left his retreat, and presenting himself before them, pronounced the name of Corolinn. The beautiful girl sprang from her seat and exclaimed—"Allah be praised!" and in an instant was clasped to Everington's bosom.

When the first wild and unchecked gush of transport was over, the danger to which the person she so tenderly loved was exposed, rushed upon her mind, and throwing herself on her knees before him, she bathed his hand with tears.

"Fly, fly!" said the lovely creature, in the low, deep tones of passionate agitation; "fly before ruin overtakes you; before it overtakes us both—fly and be happy beyond the reach of a tyrant!"

"When I have seen you safe—when I have seen you freed from the bondage which has been imposed on you—when I have heard my destiny from your own lips, and know whether you will fly with me, and not before," said Everington, as he raised Corolinn from the earth, and with her seated himself upon the sofa.

The beautiful Corolinn was before him; his arm was around her slender waist; he felt the deep, quick throbbings of her heart as she reclined upon his bosom; it was a moment of almost delirious ecstasy; and the fervent kiss that he imprinted on her unpolluted lip, was coined in the mint of pure and hallowed affection.

"I fly with you!" replied the blushing girl; "Oh, no, I cannot; would to heaven I could; but the attempt would be the destruction of us both: go and leave me to my fate, and may the blessing of the Prophet attend you!"

"With you, but not without," replied Everington firmly.

At that moment the whistle of Hamors was heard, and the ear of Everington detected voices of men at a distance.

"The guards are on their rounds—fly, or we are lost for ever—fly, and leave me to my fate!" exclaimed the agitated girl, as she flung her white arms around his neck.

"Will you meet me at this place to-morrow evening?" inquired Everington, who was warned by the repeated summons of his servant that he had not a moment to lose.

"I will meet you," was the hurried answer of the maiden; "I will meet you, though it can avail nothing."

The young lady who was in attendance, and who, on perceiving that it was Everington, had retired to a little distance from the lovers, now approached.

"My dear mistress, we must be gone," she said, as she threw the Cashmere around Corolinn; and as the young Circassian, leaning on the arm of her maid, left the bower in one direction, Everington

darted into a thicket of shrubbery by another. Here he remained until the guards had passed, when he joined Hamors, and together they reached their boat in safety.

CHAPTER IV.

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,

So light to the saddle before her he sprung;

"She's won! we are gone, over bank, bush and seaur,
They will have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch-
invar. Scott.

The next day was spent by Everington in making the necessary preparations for flight. Horses were procured, and every thing was arranged long before the evening came on. It was the intention of Everington to gain, if possible, the passes of the Hetzerdera before morning with his prize, and then secrete themselves or proceed as circumstances should dictate. Among the rude but hospitable natives of these mountains, he knew he could have time to determine on his further course. He was the more confirmed in his plan, because Hamors had spent some years in that region when young, and was well acquainted, not only with the Kurdistan dialect spoken there, but was familiar with the localities of that mountain region; and because from that point he could, with equal ease, pursue his route to Bag-dat or Tefish.

Evening came and found every thing prepared for flight. As the last rays of the setting sun gilded the peaks of the Hetzerdera, Everington and Hamors placed their steeds in a thick grove of mangoes, at a considerable distance from the city, and but a short space from the river—down which, should they succeed in escaping from the gardens, they knew it would be necessary to float. They procured the little skiff which they had used the evening previous, and as the moon began to decline and mark the hour appointed, Everington and his servant found themselves at the place of ascent. The boat was again secured, and again they successfully ascended the wall. Every thing around them bore the same appearance of festivity and joyousness which it had done the evening before. The palace was illuminated—lamps glittered in every recess to which the moonbeams could not penetrate—gay and beautiful forms, the tenants of the harem, were gliding about; their steps followed at a distance by the black eunuchs, who had them in charge—music lent its witchery; and while the adventurer carefully threaded his way through the most unfrequented walks, and at intervals caught glimpses of the majestic domes of the palace—while he listened to the sweet notes of music, the air freighted with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, he felt that the splendid scenes of oriental romance were not altogether fabulous.

Silently they approached the bower, and Everington breathed more freely, when he saw two female forms, the airy gracefulness of one of which he could not mistake, enter beneath the shadows of

the orange and acacias, whose branches met and mingled over the opposite entrance. He was not mistaken, for in a moment the beautiful Corolinn was in his arms and clasped to his bosom.

"Thank Heaven! we have met, I trust, never again to separate," said Everington, as he affectionately kissed the blushing girl.

"We have met," said the lovely maiden in a voice which trembled with deep feeling; "we have met, but it is that I may warn you of your danger, bid you farewell, and be miserable."

"Corolinn," said Everington, "if you love me, think not that any danger threatens me; think of the fate that awaits you, if you remain where you are."

"Gracious Allah protect me!" exclaimed the beautiful girl, as a sense of her helpless situation flashed over her mind, and she instinctively clung to the arm of the person she loved, and from whom—she scarcely knew how—she looked for protection and safety.

"We are losing the precious time," said Everington, taking the fearful and half-reluctant Corolinn in his arms; with his lovely burden he led the way to the wall, followed by their two attendants. Without difficulty they ascended to the summit, whence, without delay, Everington descended to the boat, into which Hamors lowered the girls, and having witnessed their safety, followed himself.

Loosing the boat from its grape-vine fastenings, they floated down the river, passing numbers both on the waters and on the shores, who were enjoying the beautiful evening; and Hamors, to prevent notice, mingled the music of his flute with that, which from the shores echoed over the waters, on which the last rays of the moonbeams were lingering. Gradually the music died away; the sweet song of the nightingale from the rose-bordered margin of the river, seemed to swell higher and clearer; and when the moon sunk behind the western mountains, and the stars began to glitter in the deep blue sky, the boats sought the shores; and though many spent the night in the gardens that bordered the river, yet that was soon deserted, and Everington and his fair Corolinn, with their attendants, were soon floating on in silence and alone.

Corolinn reclined on the bosom of Everington; her hand was clasped in his, and he saw that tears were trembling in her dark eye.

"My dear girl," said he, "come, cheer up your spirits; the danger is past, heaven will bless us, and we shall be happy."

"Allah grant that the danger may be passed," replied Corolinn; "but I tremble when I think what awaits us if we are overtaken in our flight—for myself I care not, I can die, and will die sooner than submit to the fate to which I am destined by the prince—but for you—"

"O think not of me," replied Everington, interrupting her; "I do not intend to be overtaken;

and if we are, do not think that I shall forsake you; I can at least die for you."

"This morning," said the blushing maiden, "the prince came to me, took my hand, and requested me to walk with him in the garden. I could not do otherwise than comply. 'Why so dejected?' said he, as we turned into a walk that led us from the observation of the attendants; 'why so dejected on the eve of an event which I had reason to believe would have filled you with pleasure?' 'Gracious prince,' I answered, 'I am unworthy of the honor you design me; forgive me when I say that splendor and royalty have no charms for me. Let me entreat you to forget me, and in some of these noble Persian families, seek a bride worthy of yourself, and your destiny.' The prince looked at me sternly and fixedly for a moment, and I trembled beneath his glance. 'By the sword of Ali, I see how it is,' he exclaimed fiercely; 'that rascally Frank, that accursed infidel, has been beforehand with me in the winning of your affection; but know that Abbas Mirza is not thus to be thwarted in his wishes, and were it not that I have promised to delay until to-morrow, the ceremony that makes you mine, should take place within an hour.' As he pronounced these words, he laid his hand on his cimeter, and swore by the prophet, should he discover any thing on your part to justify the act, no punishment should be too severe for the presumption of an accursed infidel. I threw myself on my knees before him, and with tears begged him not to drive me to desperation—told him that I could never give him my heart, could never love him, and entreated him to forget me. 'Sweet girl,' said he, 'talk not to me of forgetfulness. I shall not try to forget you; these feelings of yours, you must forget; this reluctance you must overcome, and consent in the splendor of my court, to shine the brightest star in the heaven of India, the most brilliant gem in the diadem of Persia's prince.' I perceived that it was in vain to remonstrate; and as at that moment he was called by a slave, I was left to reflect on the ominous manner in which he repeated, as he left me, the words—'remember to-morrow!'"

The boat had now floated down the current to the place where the horses were secreted; and, running the little bark on the shore, they ascended the bank and soon found themselves seated on spirited chargers, and while Hamors led the way across the plain of Schiras, Everington rode by the side of the fair Circassian; who had, as the distance between them and the city increased, gradually recovered her spirits. With the fleetness of the wind, they were lessening the distance that separated them from the mountains; and as they approached the long sweeping range which bounded the plain on the west, the hope, that in its almost inaccessible gorges and defiles, they should be able to elude the pursuit which they feared, filled them with joy.

They had reached the mountains, and ascended the first range of hills, as the day broke, and revealed to them, in all its beauty, the city and plain they had left. The rising sun threw its glories over the ruins of Persepolis, and the dark shows of the massive columns that still remained standing, stretched like giants over the plain. Beyond, the smooth flowing Bendimir, glittered, like a silver thread, amidst gardens, and mosques, and groves, and palaces. The minarets of Schiras were visible, and the blue mountains which bounded the plain to the east, had their uneven outlines marked in the first gush of the sunbeams. Seated on a velvet moss-covered bank, beneath a huge mango tree, in a little dell, overshadowed with fragrant myrtle, the party reposed themselves; while Hamors produced some wine and fruits which he had provided, and thus formed that refreshment which their rapid ride had rendered so desirable, particularly to the ladies.

After they had finished their repast, they were congratulating themselves on the success which had attended their efforts to escape, when Everington observed the attention of Hamors fixed with anxiety on some object barely visible on the plain, in the direction of Schiras. Everington waited a moment, until he caught the eye of Hamors, when beckoning him to follow, he rose and walked a short distance, to a place where the opportunity for observation would be fairer, and where no alarm would be given to Corolinn.

"What see you that has thus rivetted your attention?" asked Everington when they were alone.

"That which, if it were possible my suspicions could be correct, would bode us no good," answered Hamors; "unless I am much deceived, there is a party of horsemen yonder; that cloud of dust indicates a rapid movement, and it is, I think, in this direction."

"Your eyes are better than mine, if you can make a party of horsemen out of that speck," said Everington; "but be it what it may, perhaps we had better be moving, as our horses by this time must be sufficiently breathed."

Corolinn and her attendant were now busily engaged in picking some of the wild berries of the mountain, and admiring the beautiful scenery below and above them; but they immediately obeyed the summons of Hamors, and the whole party were under way towards the second and loftier range of the mountain. After a ride of an hour, through a ravine that shut from their view the plain, they emerged on a kind of table land, from which they were able to view the course they had traversed, and they now found that the conjectures of Hamors were correct, as a dozen horsemen at least were plainly to be seen rapidly following the same track over the plain that had been pursued by themselves. Corolinn was not yet apprised of the apprehended danger; but to add to the fears of Everington, he

saw from the signs of fatigue that she exhibited, although she complained not, that her delicate frame was unequal to the exertion which would, in all probability, be required to make their escape. It was impossible to conceal the danger longer from her, for her quick glance over the plain, at once saw the party, and comprehended their object.

"Everington," said she, while her blanched cheek told the agony of her feelings, "we are pursued; it is not yet too late for you to save yourself—leave me, and hasten to place that barrier of mountains between you and certain destruction."

"I regret, my dear Corolinn," replied Everington, "that you should have such a despicable opinion of me, as to suppose that I would forsake you now; no, my love, Abbas Mirza cannot make me shrink from my purposes of saving you, or perishing in the attempt."

"Let us not despair," said Hamors, "we are not as yet certain that these men are in pursuit of us; and if they are, I trust we shall find some way to evade them."

The horsemen were so near that they could be distinctly counted; and their polished arms glittering in the sun, and the long white horse-hair that waved from their caps, indicated that they belonged to the household troops of the prince, thus dispersing every doubt as to their object and destination. The fugitives now pressed forward with all the speed possible, but it was evident that Corolinn's strength was unequal to the task before them. Although she used every exertion to keep up her spirits, it was in vain; and the fatigue of another hour's riding, made it necessary that they should again halt.

"What can be done?" said Everington to Hamors; "can we not find some place where we may deviate from the usual route, and thus shun our pursuers, or be enabled to choose our own ground for our defence?"

"I have thought of such a plan myself," replied the faithful Hamors; "there is such a spot a little before us, but if we choose it and are overtaken, we must die or be captured: there is no leaving it."

"Do not hesitate," said the half fainting Corolinn; "in this course we *must* be overtaken; in that we *may* escape."

(To be continued.)

ACCIDENTS OF AUTHORSHIP.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is a remarkable instance of an author nearly lost to the world. She is only known to posterity (says D'Israeli) by a chance publication, for such were her famous Turkish letters; the manuscript of which her family once purchased with an intention to suppress, but they were frustrated by a transcript. The more recent letters were reluctantly extracted out of the family trunks, and surrendered in exchange for certain family documents which had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relatives, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

BY JAMES CRANE, M. D.

Twilight again! Its wavy shadows are descending around me, like the mountain mists in lowly vales. They are gathering thickly; and methinks I see them rolling hither and thither with an undulating motion. How noiseless! Those gleamings which but now were shooting up the West, are fainter and more dim; and day is lapsing into night. See how the light and the shadows meet and mingle! There they shoot again, those rays, glancing far away into the dark immensity. How wonderful!

This is the hour for reflection; for all is hushed and silent as the movements of pleasing thoughts within the soul. All is still, save the beatings of the human heart. That throbs wildly, and we hope it ever will, at this hour, until the Master calleth us away to the splendors of a better world. These moments are happy resting-places for the troubled spirit. When a deadly quiet settles around us—and the tumult of the world is hushed—and the passions are lulled to their silent rest—'tis sweet to commit the soul to its own way,—to its contemplative wanderings. Unencumbered with this mortal vestment, and powerful in its own capacities, it holds high converse with the spirits of the invisible world—with beings palpable to its own perceptions. How tender are its musings! how beautiful its reveries! how delightful its communings with those "spiritual creatures," who "keep watch over the elements, and preside over the destinies of men!" How sublime are its aspirations, when, beyond the clouds—beyond the stars—beyond the limits of this mortal vision, onward it pursues its flight, and would fain pierce into the mysteries of the Eternity to come—of the Eternity which hath gone by! Oh! for a language—a power wherewith to embody these workings of the spirit, which are an ecstasy of delight—an excess of life. But the reflecting and imaginative mind well comprehends, and can with congenial sympathy, enter into these mysterious musings. There is a language comprehended by the spiritual senses, although it baffles all mortal power of expression. It requires not the tongue to give intelligibility to its meaning. There is a language of the stars—a language of the flowers: there is a voice in the night-wind—and in the "trumpet-blowing cataract:" there is a breathing poetry throughout this beautiful world—and in the mighty silence of the limitless space.

At this hour, such have been my reveries, these threescore years. Up to this old age, have I "reverenced the dreams of my youth." All its fair visions have gone with me through life, and now they bless me. Time has dealt kindly with me, and has gently besprinkled my brow with his frosts. *Come with me then, and give one hour to idleness.*

Let us wander far up the stream of Time again, and look upon the innocence—the simplicity—the purity of our departed childhood: for to the old, this power is specially given. This earth was made for youth, and was fashioned for its spirit to revel in, and in its splendors ever to delight. The spirit of beauty haunts the young soul like a presence—therefore, is creation fair. Mysterious musings hang about the spirit of our childhood—therefore, is creation wondrous. Come, and away with me then to the childhood's land, and let us take upon ourselves once more its tender sensibilities to Nature—its simple affection for her charms.

Nature was our mother there, and under her guidance, like children, we were led away from the world of man. Free as the air of heaven, she conducted us in our roving, and poured fresh beauties on the soul. Into our ears there glided most tender instruction, and all around our daily paths, she strewed the emblems of virtue and of wisdom. She was ever speaking to us; and her language was understood. We wandered often in the groves and in the quiet woods. These were her temples; and she held therein continual worship. A majestic presence was brooding there—a viewless being: and we stood in amazement—and fear came upon us, like an oppression—and we listened to deep sounds "manifold and wondrous." Solemnly they came from out the silence and the gloom, shedding a reverence and a sanctity upon the soul. Spirits were passing us in our wonderment, speaking in voices of the winds, and in murmurings of the waters—and sweet incense rose around us, and this was the breath of flowers. We stood upon holy ground, and while we worshipped, our young "hearts burned with us." This was Nature's lesson—and thus was the spirit taught to know there was a Power on high, wonderful to create and keep all things in love.

In the evening time, she also led us forth—at the blessed, quiet hour, when all the world is going to its rest. The vales were sleeping in repose—the birds and beasts were moving to their homes—the sun was sinking behind the West—and all the sounds of earth were hushed in reverence for the coming hour. The winds were quiet in their caves, and the gorgeous clouds, which hastened to the mountain tops, stopped suddenly—and there around the West they hung, bound by the solemn spell. Even man was rested from his troublous cares, and was still awhile, and came up with us in company to know yet once again, under what tender influences his childhood passed away. 'Twas quiet there—a Sabbath quiet, which moved far in and brooded on the soul, stirring all its depths to solemn musings. All our thoughts were holy thoughts, coming up from purest fountains; and, though unwhispered here, were heard in heaven. We wept, and tears, fast tears, came from their resting-places—and on the bended knee, we breathed out

thanks and prayers: for 'twas too much beauty for simple hearts to stand and gaze upon, unmoved. The adoration of that childhood's hour was worship most acceptable, and went forth up to the throne of God. And this was Nature's teaching too: and thus the spirit early learned to worship the Most High.

It was not at the twilight hour alone, nor in the quiet woods, that enchantments grew upon us, and "truths awoke to perish never." There too were solemn sounds when darkness came abroad—sounds coming to us from the far-off depths of space: and moving in upon us through the silence, with a grandeur all their own; they spoke to us of the majesty of God. And there were gentler sounds than these—sweet murmurings poured out upon the bosom of the night; and coming to us on the moonlight's ray, the word they spoke was "peace." At all time—in all seasons: from the green fields, and from the flowing streams: in the blushing morn, and in the deep blue ocean of the sky: from humble flowers—from every thing—their came a voice, "strong in its sweetness, the spirit to enthral."

Thus did Nature lead us with her maternal smiles: and under such influences did we sojourn in that bright and happy land. Our spirits were purer there. They were not tainted by any unhallowed influence coming from the world. We worshipped the ideal; and the beauty of our being was ever lingering near us. It was enough to gaze upon the brightness which shone everywhere around us, and to pry into the very life of things.

Happy those early days when I
Shrined in my angel infancy!
Ere I understood this place
Appointed for my second race:
Or taught my soul to fancy aught,
But a white celestial thought,
When on some gilded cloud or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories, spy
Some shadows of Eternity—
Ere I had taught myself to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound:
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense:
But felt through all this fleshly dress,
Bright shouts of Everlastingness.

Henry Vaughan.

And happy that one, who has preserved these feelings in his heart, beautiful in all their simplicity and freshness! Such a man lives in a charmed existence. He is not chained down to things of time and sense. In his soul are mirrored the semblances of beauty in the world without. He turns to the world within, and makes his dwelling-place with the images of the true, the beautiful, the sublime. His ear is always sensitive to the silent lessons which all things communicate. His eye is always open to behold the perfection of this creation, and to look upon the evidences of a spirit

of power and benevolence and love, which pervade it. A religion is ever around him and within him. The world is the temple of his worship, and in its silent places, he bends and gives the homage of a grateful heart to the great Architect of the universe—to the Dispenser of bounties which are ever varying and ever numerous. His devotions know no method or fixed seasons, but are ever fervent, and lively, and constant. In the volume of Nature, he beholds the perfections and attributes of the Deity; and through Nature, he beholds her God. His life is a continual worship of God in his attributes, and his pleasures are but foreshadowings of a more perfect happiness in another and a better world.

With this twilight hour are associated also the home of my infancy, and the companions of my boyhood. They come before me with a thousand delicious reminiscences. In those seasons of quiet which then attend me: when the silence seems a solemnity too holy to be broken, the gentle waters of the soul are stirred—fondest memories are again awakened—and sweet sounds of happy voices vibrate tremblingly on my ear again.

Listen to the shouts of those happy children! They are there in the far-off past, gamboling and frolics in the gladness of their hearts, over the sunny fields which stretch around the homestead. How beautiful those bright-eyed creatures in their playful innocence!

There is the mother too—her heart beating with joy and love—gazing on their sports and happiness. As that shadow is crossing her brow, what hopes and fears is she telling for their coming years? A mother's heart can only know.

The sun has gone down, and "all the home-faces are met by the blaze." Those merry shouts are hushed. Those wild, joyous creatures, who seemed as if restless forever—with the loved and cherished mother, and venerated father—are circled together in solemnity to worship God. Those bright, fair beings are clustered around the sire, as he repeats

"Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide."

Surely some angels were hovering over that blessed scene. But where is now that praying father—that tender mother? They are gone to the "spirit-land." And those merry children, where are they? Gone too—

They are all gone into a world of light,

And I, alone, sit lingering here:

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth cheer.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,

Like stars upon some gloomy grove:

Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest,

After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in air of glory!

Whose light doth trample on my days:

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,

Were glimmerings and decays.

Oh! holy hope and high humility!

High as the heavens above!

These are your walks, and you 've showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.—*Henry Vaughan.*

Twilight reminds me of the feebleness and dimness of my old age. The circle of human life will be soon completed. Its two extremes—the first and second childhood—will soon glide into each other.

Far down the vale of years, on the desolate shores of Time, behold a bending form, venerable in its infirmity. In the misty twilight of his existence, he is wandering there, awaiting the summons, which shall call him to the boundless Ocean before him—the Ocean of Eternity. In the infancy of his years, life to him stretched itself far away into the coming future. In his manhood, he stood upon an elevated midway, between the extremes of life; while, behind him, lay the path of years in which he had strayed; and before, was expanded a part of that same future, beautified and brilliant with the illusive enchantments of Hope. But the future has now become the past—the proud strength of manhood has passed into the trembling feebleness of age—and he stands on that solemn shore, the dim shadow of his former self; while, in his ear, is ever sounding the murmuring of the ocean-wave, as it comes gliding and rippling at his feet.

And now, reader, farewell! And when death comes slowly on, may good spirits attend us, with power "to rob the spectre of its terror, and the grave of its sting: So that, all gently and unconscious to ourselves, life may glide into the great ocean where the shadows lie; and our spirits, without guile, may be severed from their mansions, without pain."

New-York City.

Notices of New Works.

ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS, by *Charles Lanman*. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. London: Wiley and Putnam. 12 mo. pp 250.

This well printed, and handsome little volume, embraces a series of eighteen essays; the most of them founded in American scenery and associations. Some of the topics are furnished by the West, the native place of the young author; he has certainly done justice to the fresh scenes that are spread out in that interesting portion of the country. The talent of the writer is descriptive; he has painted, with remarkable fidelity and beauty, some of the most striking points of Western life. His language is chaste and well selected; and many of the moral reflections, growing out of the several subjects which he has selected for his essays, are expressed in an exceedingly interesting and even touching manner. We would especially commend to the attention of the reader, the essay, entitled 'the Old Indian,' and 'Thoughts on Literature.' Upon this latter topic, the author speaks boldly, and records sentiments

which will find a response in the hearts of many. We cannot forbear alluding to the field which is spread out for the exercise of literary ability in the actual condition of our own country. In our national scenery, in our forests and lakes, our rivers and mountains, all impressed with the seal of magnitude, as well as in the peculiar circumstances connected with the aboriginal population of the country; and the causes which have marked its advance, there are ample materials for the richest productions of genius; and it only requires the right mind to work them up into splendid and lasting fabrics. We fain would hope that some genius of that sort might arise, who could impress upon our own country the same influence that has been stamped upon the soil of Europe by its master minds in this department of literature. We hope the author of the *Essays* may realize his fondest wishes by its publication.

MAMMALOGY: Second Book of Natural History. Prepared for the use of Schools and Colleges, by W. S. W. Ruschenberger, Surgeon U. S. Navy. From the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comte, Professors of Natural History in the Colleges of Henry IV and Charlemagne. Philadelphia: Turner & Fisher.

The high commendations which we passed upon Dr. Ruschenberger's *Physiology*, or his *First Book of Natural History*, have been more than sustained by the schoolmaster. Though published but two or three months ago, such has been the demand for it in the school room, that it has already reached the 4th edition. The public have now the second number of Ruschenberger's series, which when completed will reach seven. This, owing to the subject, is less interesting to the general student, than the *First Book* is; though the subjects are well treated and clearly illustrated, and the author has acquitted himself with great credit. They are both excellent and useful school books. We commend them to all teachers in general—and in particular to Mr. Garnett, the Hercules of Education in Virginia.

BARNABY RUDGE, by *Charles Dickens*. (*Box*) author of the "*Old Curiosity Shop*," "*Pickwick*," "*Oliver Twist*," &c., &c., with numerous illustrations by *Cattermole, Brown, and Gibson*. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard, 1842.

Barnaby Rudge is an idiot boy who figured in the Gordon riots—alias, the 'no popery riots,' as they are sometimes called, of 1790. The object of the author in writing this book is to be discovered, he tells the reader, by perusal, which can by no means be said of all books. This is too often a secret which authors treasure up in their own hearts. But as 'Box' has indicated the mode by which his secret may be discovered, we do not feel inclined to 'peach,' but rather to let all enjoy the pleasure of reading and finding out for themselves. The illustrations are excellent—not so good though as those of its predecessors—one can almost read the book through, and get the gist of the story from them alone. Dickens is the most popular writer of the day—and Barnaby Rudge helps to sustain this character. The work is to be had at the bookstore of Messrs. Randolph & Co.

DEVOTIONAL MELODIES, by *Charles M. F. Deems*, A. B. Raleigh, N. C. Published by Thomas Jefferson Lemoy, 1841.

The Raleigh publishers have carried to its utmost stretch, the art of printing books, with 'rivers of margin and streams of matter'—the present volume, a duodecimo, being equal to less than four pages of the Messenger. The object of the author is to give devotional words to the most popular airs; and, in this he has succeeded. Nor is the idea, a bad one. He has given twenty hymns, breathing the spirit of true devotion, and set to such airs as 'Bonnie Doon'—

'Woodman, Spare that Tree'—'Oft in the Stilly Night'—'Angel's Whisper,' and the like. We should be glad to see the collection extended.

NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA, by *Comte de Segur*, in two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1841.

These two make volumes 141-2 of the Family Library. The horrors of war were never exhibited in such a light and to such an extent as they were in this campaign. The 'Grand Army' amounted to nearly half a million of men—among whom were the *élite* of chivalry, and the most veteran-like soldiers of Europe. These volumes recount with great minuteness the glorious pomp and circumstance of this mighty host—its marches—its prowess—its entry with gloomy triumph into Moscow—the conflagration—its struggles against the violence of enemies, and the fury of the elements. They draw the most vivid picture of privations and suffering that the world ever saw. The two volumes compressed to half their present size, would have been a more valuable and useful publication. They may be bought at the bookstore of Messrs. Randolph & Co.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS, by *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*: Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," &c., Second Edition. Cambridge: published by John Owen—1842.

Among the auspicious signs of the times in regard to American literature, is the popularity of Professor Longfellow's poetry. It has been so long a matter of course to regard poems as unsaleable in this country, and the poet's audience as a mere straggling band upon the outskirts of the reading world, that it is truly delightful to be able to point to the sixth edition of a volume of American verse, demanded in the course of a few months, by the eager application of the public. It is cheering to hail the efforts of a bard, whose every production interests a large class of the community and whose poems are no sooner published than they are called for at the bookstores as frequently, and with as little delay, as the new number of a popular story. Such was the case when the "Voices of the Night" appeared; and the beautiful volume before us has, thus far, met with equal, if not greater success. It consists of a delightful preface, in which there is no little poetry, delineating in a graphic and glowing manner, some of the phases of life in Sweden. This is an admirable introduction to the longest poem in the volume, which is a translation of a celebrated work of Bishop Tegnér, the greatest of Swedish poets. It is entitled the "Children of the Lord's Supper," and abounds with holy sentiment and fine imagery. The rest of the volume is made up of Ballads, Translations from the German and Danish, and several original poems. Our readers are doubtless familiar with "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." We consider these alone sufficient to refute the charge of an English writer, that our literature can boast no good ballads. The subjects and style of these poems are such as to insure them a long life and countless readers. The metre and metaphors are alike felicitous.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
*Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave, that night,
Her nest unguarded!*

* * *
There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother:

Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!
Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen,
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful;
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!"

The description of the wreck in the next ballad is vivid and touching in the highest degree. How striking are the comparisons in this verse;

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

"To the River Charles," is as sweet and pleasant a string of verses as we have read for many a day. They breathe a heartfelt tone that wins sympathy at once. Here is a noble stanza:

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

The concluding poem, we consider as one of the author's happiest efforts. It is impressive both in thought and manner, and awakens those deep feelings which spring only at the call of the true poet.

Longfellow understands better than any American poet the force of genuine simplicity. There is nothing obscure in the language he employs, no confusion in his images: the sentiment is imparted with perfect clearness; and yet, how completely the ear and mind are satisfied. There is a concentration about these poems in which lies one great cause of their attractiveness. The artistical form, the polished manner in which they are presented, highly gratifies every reader of refined taste. They linger in the memory, while more elaborate poetry is forgotten. Few recent poems are more frequently quoted in conversation, than the *Psalms of Life*. We are under no small obligations to Longfellow for embodying so many cheering views of existence in such musical numbers. They rise to the lips in moments of despondency like the encouraging words of a friend; and we are confident have endeared the author to thousands of the good and fair, who will unite with us in cordially welcoming these new gems, and bidding the poet "God speed" in his every future effort.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BOOK. It is about six years since the first volume of the "Boston Book" appeared. The idea of thus presenting specimens of local literature soon became popular. The "New-York Book," was published and succeeded by the "Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rhode Island, and Portland Books." "The New Hampshire Book" is an honorable addition to the number. That state gave birth among others, to Daniel Webster, Buckminster, the Peabodies, and other distinguished men, who figure to advantage in this elegant compilation. Our friend James T. Fields, too, we are happy to see appearing among the poets of the Granite State. The editors of the New Hampshire Book have performed their duty with taste and ability.

KRUMMACHER'S FABLES. This celebrated work has been ably translated by Professor Agnew, and published by Hooker and Agnew, of Philadelphia, in very neat style. It inculcates moral and religious truth in a very pleasing form, and like "Pilgrim's Progress" is calculated to charm and instruct both the youth and adult.

LOCKHART'S SPANISH BALLADS. Messrs. Wiley and Putnam of New-York have just published, in elegant style, this celebrated work. The volume before us is a reprint from the last London edition; and contains in addition to the quaint poems themselves, an Introductory Essay on the Ancient Ballads of Spain, and an Analytical Account, with Specimens of the Romance of the Cid. This work revives, in a way pleasing many, the chivalrous associations connected with Spanish history, and particularly all that relates to the occupation and subjugation of the Moors. As to the ballads themselves, it has been truly said that all is truth, nature and simplicity in the Spanish Romances. They are in fact little more than simple metrical narrations of events. These antique, racy effusions are nature's genuine offspring. They may be said to "form a connecting link between poetry and prose; scarcely rising above the latter in the display of fancy and imagination, and yet retaining the form, and in some respects the distinctive character of the former." The period commemorated in these poems, the knightly adventures they celebrate, and a certain antiquated simplicity, render them attractive in their English dress. Now and then occurs a touch of description which is quite graphic, for instance:

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull, like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curled, ye see.

The petition of a mother about to be murdered is expressed with the directness that marks all the speeches of the characters who figure in these poems:

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose,—
Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose;
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink before my breast be cold.

There are some bloody tales chronicled in these ballads, but here also, no attempt is made to add to the effect by exaggerated comment. The narration has an air of truth in the midst of the horrors so quietly unfolded. As an example, take the conduct of a father whose sons have been beheaded by his enemy:

He took their heads up one by one, he kissed them o'er and o'er,
And aye he saw the tears run down,—I wot that grief was sore.
He closed the lids of their dead eyes all with his fingers frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kissed their lips so pale.

There is a primitive beauty in these translations which will interest the curious reader; and the handsome style in which the work is executed will make an ornament to the library.

FAMILY LIBRARY. No. 140. This work will add to the value and interest of the admirable series of which it forms a part. It is a translation of Fenelon's *Lives of the Ancient Philosophers*. Every reader of *Telemachus* needs not be told of the agreeable style and pure morality which distinguishes the writings of the Archbishop of Cambray. In the work, we have finely drawn sketches of the principal philosophers of antiquity, the events of their lives, their personal characteristics, and the leading traits of their several systems. A great amount of valuable information is conveyed in a limited space.

THE JACQUIRE. Such is the title of James' new novel just published by the Harpers. It partakes of the qualities which characterize this prolific author. Many a graphic picture of manners and historical events, many a stirring scene and quiet sentiment, diversify these pages. The scene of the story is France; the time, the fourteenth century. The lovers of fine historical fiction will greet these neat volumes with pleasure.

WEALTH AND WORTH. Harper & Brothers. To every American mind that has not fallen into the lamentably prevalent error of nurturing a distaste for the productions, the beauties, and superiorities of our own young land, the very first lines of the prefatory advertisement of this spirited little work, will command for it, attention. The author remarks, in alluding to the fact of our current literature being principally of English origin, that "To infuse an earnest, independent American spirit, uncontaminated by intolerance towards other governments and nations—to encourage a taste for gratifications of the intellect in preference to those of the senses, without forgetting the superior importance of the inculcation of those principles of action, which a reverential faith in the divine origin of the christian code of morals enforces—such will be the paramount objects regarded in the preparation of this series of tales." Should it not be a subject of sincere regret to the lovers of native talent, that while Great Britain, France and Germany, are deluging America with a flood of literature, etc. with as noble materials, and possessing elements of greatness as rich and varied, (though unfortunately inactive) closes her cornucopia of knowledge, and, like an unassuming mother, who forsakes her own offspring, leaves the graces to which she has given birth, to perish through her chilling neglect? In promoting the perusal of such works as *Wealth and Worth*, this blemishing cloud will gradually disappear, and be succeeded by that enlightening halo which as appreciating love for native scenes, associations and productions, throws around the heart; and the existence of which is necessary to nurture the dormant or unmatured abilities of our authors.

The truthfulness and delicacy with which every character in *Wealth and Worth* is delineated—the perfect purity of style that characterizes the whole work—the spirit of quiet patriotism by which it is pervaded—and the holy and winning tone of piety that speaks from every page, prove how well the mental and moral qualities of the author are adapted to the task he has undertaken. While the tale abounds in stirring scenes and thrilling incidents, the bright thoughts of the poet are interwoven with the philosopher's calm view of life, and the sage reflections of the moralist. In spite of the deep interest of the plot, its healthy tone is calculated to correct that morbid appetite for highly wrought fictions which is almost inseparable from youth and enthusiasm; this alone should render the work invaluable; for the pernicious influence of this fascinating species of productions, resembles the effects of the honey gathered from the flowers of the rhododendron; it creates a madness in those who taste it, and causes them to look upon nature through a distorted medium, and to behold surrounding objects in a false and meretricious light. When such works are withdrawn from the hands of the young, to substitute a volume like *Wealth and Worth*, is to perform what the author of Philip Van Artevelde calls the "hard task of moulding denial to a pleasing shape."

WREATHS AND BRANCHES, for the Church, by a young lady. Boston: James B. Dow, publisher, 1842.

This is a neat little volume, readable enough, without any thing remarkable about it. It is a suitable present of the season for Christians to their young friends.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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RICHMOND, MARCH, 1842.

NO. 3.

SONNET.

TO THE RIVER NIAGARA.

River of emerald, world-attractive stream !
Brightest of links in that eternal chain
Which binds the West to the far distant main ;
Did ever poet, in his wildest dream,
See, hear or fancy aught more soft, more fair,
More grand or terrible, than found in thee ?
First, gently moving, full, majestic, free,
Girdling broad islands with maternal care—
Then sweeping onward with increasing tide—
Next, madly plunging, in rough, headlong race—
And lo, the cataracts ! On either side,
"A bell of waters" which no pen can trace !
Thence, raging, whirling, till, "with sweet delay,"
On old Ontario's breast, thou dy'st away.

S. F. BUTLER.

Niagara Falls, August, 1841.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

The subject of eloquence is one of peculiar interest to the American citizen. In a Republic, popular eloquence is a powerful engine by which the political aspirant works his way to office and distinction. Cicero, in his notice of the distinguished orators who preceded him in the Roman Republic, says, there was not one who did not rise to the highest stations in the government. Recent events too, have conspired to throw a peculiar interest around this subject. We have but lately seen the whole length and breadth of our land, one great arena for the conflicts of oratory. The presidential campaign of 1840 will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. It is not saying too much to affirm, that it has fixed a new era in our country's annals, and perhaps turned over a new leaf even in the world's history. Henceforth, when the public mind shall be deeply agitated and parties not geographically divided, we may calculate on the recurrence of similar scenes. Eloquence will probably exercise a greater influence hereafter than it has hitherto done. Our country seems fast approaching to that peculiar state which called forth the unrivalled efforts of Grecian oratory. We seem destined to *enact Greece*, if I may so say, on a gigantic scale ; and therefore without further introduction, I shall proceed at once to an investigation of my subject.

The eloquence of the Greeks is one of the most curious subjects connected with their interesting history. It has generally been considered far superior to that of modern times. Mr. Hume has deliberately pronounced the orations of Demosthenes as the models, which, of all human productions,

approach nearest to perfection. Others have asserted that the mighty eloquence which once shook whole democracies, can no more return than the shout of Stentor, or the blast of the dread horn of Fontarabia. We are told by Cicero, that when Demosthenes was to speak, men flocked to Athens from the remote parts of Greece, as if to witness the most splendid spectacle which could be exhibited ; whereas, in London, says Hume, men saunter in the court of requests, whilst the most important debates are going on in the two houses ; that the eloquence of the best speaker does not compensate for the loss of a dinner ; and that even when old Cibber was to act, more curiosity was excited, than when the prime minister was to defend himself against a motion for removal or impeachment. Mr. Hume thinks, that both Demosthenes and Cicero attempted flights successfully, which would be ridiculous in modern speakers, because they could not sustain them. He instances the Apostrophe of Demosthenes, to the manes of the heroes who fought at Marathon, Platea, &c., whilst justifying the battle of Cheronæa ;* and the bold figure of Cicero, when he represents the rocks and mountains as moved with horror at the bare recital of the enormities of Verres.† Suitable too, to this

* This splendid passage, which, for more than two thousand years, has been deemed the greatest effort of oratorical power, was suggested by a stroke of eloquence scarcely less grand and beautiful, and almost as bold, from his antagonist, Æschines, who, in his speech against Ctesæphon, calls up the illustrious dead of Athens, and placing them around him, bids his hearers listen to the groans that the crowning of the man (Demosthenes), who had conspired with barbarians, draws from the tombs of those who fell at Marathon and Platea.

† Perhaps after all, Mr. Hume himself has given a specimen of Whitfield's pulpit eloquence, fully as bold as any thing which is to be found in ancient oratory, and which coming at the close of the sermon, accompanied with the most animated and perfect action, he assures us surpassed any thing he ever saw or heard in the pulpit. Whitfield after a solemn pause thus exclaimed—"The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven ; and shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways ?" Then he lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, stamped with his foot, and with gushing tears, cried aloud—"Stop Gabriel !—stop Gabriel !—stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the tidings of one sinner converted to God !" Then turning to his hearers in the most simple but energetic language, he described a Saviour's dying love. The effect was electrical ; the assembly melted into tears.

Similar to the above specimen, but not so bold, is the celebrated passage from Massillon, which Voltaire, in the article on Eloquence in the *Encyclopédie Française*, pronounces a chef d'œuvre, equal to any thing which ancient or modern times can boast. He says, that in the delivery

vehemence of thought and expression, was the vehemence of action. The *Supplisio pedis*, the stamping of the foot; *Percussio frontis et pectoris*, striking of the forehead and chest, were all usual, and considered but moderate gestures; whereas, at present they are almost banished, except from the theatre.

Some critics, in view of these facts, have maintained that a superior genius and energy characterized the ancient republics. Others maintain, that the genius of the moderns is fully equal to that of the ancients; that we are physically and mentally equal to both the Greeks and Romans; and that all the difference between ancient and modern eloquence can be explained by reference to the difference of circumstances under which they have been respectively developed.

Many who maintain this latter opinion, say, that of it, the whole assembly involuntarily started from their seats, with such murmurs of surprise and acclamation, as, for a moment, to disconcert the speaker. The subject of the sermon was the small number of the elect. He suddenly paused, said that he would no longer speak of the rest of mankind, but would confine his attention to those who were before him. He then imagined that the *last* hour had come—that the end of the universe was at hand, and that the heavens were opening over their heads. He then represents Christ as appearing in their midst in all His glory, and they assembled around Him as trembling criminals about to receive the final sentence of condemnation or approval, &c.

When Patrick Henry, in the Virginia Convention, on the final question of adoption or rejection of the Federal Constitution, looking, as he said, "beyond that horizon which binds mortal eyes," pointed to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of more than half the human race, those beings to whom he had just addressed an invocation that made every nerve shudder with horror—he achieved with most complete success, according to universal testimony, an oratorical feat almost as perilous as that attempted by the eloquent Greek; and in the case of Henry, the grandeur of the effort was prolonged by the fact, that the spirits whom he had invoked, seemed to come at his bidding; for a storm at that moment broke over the building, which shook it to its foundation. Availing himself of the incident, says his historian, with a master's art, he seemed to mix in the fight of his ethereal auxiliaries, and, "rising on the wings of the tempest, to seize upon the artillery of heaven, and direct its fiercest thunders against the heads of his adversaries."

The scene became insupportable; and the house rose without the formality of adjournment, the members rushing from their seats with precipitation and confusion.

Before closing this note, it may be proper to add, that however pertinent Mr. Hume's remarks may be on ancient eloquence, he cannot be considered as authority in regard to modern oratory. Parliamentary speaking, before his day, had been very little more than the debating of a committee room;—the style in the House of Commons was that of earnest conversation—the smallness of the hall, and the fact that speeches were not even permitted to be reported, contributed to this result. Forensic eloquence, likewise, in his time, was greatly below that of the present day. In criminal cases the defendant was not allowed counsel till a late period.

it is difficult to adjudge the palm to either, for each is suitable to the circumstances which called it forth—the difference being rather in *kind* than *degree*.

There are five prominent causes which have perhaps mainly contributed to this difference. Let us advert to them. They are—1st. The difference of theatre for the display of oratory. 2d. Paucity of laws anciently, and the character of the pleadings. 3d. Exciting topics discussed; such as revolutions, oppression of provinces, &c. 4th. Invention of the printing press. 5th. Superiority of the Greek and Latin languages.

I. Almost all the tribunals before which the Grecian orator appeared, were of a popular character. The popular assembly, before which all political matters were discussed, afforded the principal theatre for oratorical display. The *panegyris* or great festival meeting, such as the olympic games, furnished occasionally another. The Heliastic courts too were so numerous and promiscuous, as to be fairly entitled to the appellation of popular tribunals, much more so than the Roman courts, composed of the Prætors and Judges Selecti. When Socrates was condemned, we are told that no fewer than two hundred and eighty voted against him. Even in the Areopagus, the least popular of all the courts, never fewer than fifty were present. In the palmy days of Grecian eloquence, this court had lost nearly all its influence and power; and the more popular tribunals, numbering sometimes more than one thousand *dicastis*, or jurors, judged all the cases of importance.

The *ecclesia* (*ecclesia*), or popular assembly of the Grecian states, was sovereign; there was no appeal from its decisions. It was not even divided into two branches, like modern deliberative assemblies. Its decisions were prompt, and generally under the influence of excited feelings. Hence it became the finest imaginable theatre for the display of impassioned eloquence. The orator felt a deep responsibility, and most laboriously prepared himself to meet a powerful, but at the same time, tumultuous and excitable multitude—"wayward, fitful and refractory"—alternately slave and tyrant; now the passive instrument in the hands of the demagogue; then, like a "devilish engine, back recoiling" on the rash hand that aspired to direct it. In modern deliberative bodies, questions of great importance are debated for weeks, and sometimes months; and it rarely happens that much can be achieved by one speech, however eloquent. Speeches have very little more effect in a protracted congressional debate than to spin out the time, and give to the parties an opportunity to arrange and compromise the matter. Thus, in 1832, the celebrated tariff compromise, adopted after weeks of discussion, seemed to be almost wholly irrespective of the long speaking which

had preceded it.* Not so in Greece. The orator there knew full well, that if a powerful impression could be made on his audience, his cause would be gained—the impetuous democracy would suffer no delay—the decree went forth immediately. Hence, not only was the judgment to be convinced, but the passions were to be aroused—the triumph of the moment was final victory. There was no waiting for another tribunal to pass upon the measure; for an executive to give his sanction, or interpose his veto; nor for voters to communicate with their constituents; for here, the sovereign people themselves were present in primary assembly.

It has been supposed, however, that the popular assemblies of Greece must have been deficient in that critical taste necessary to form the accomplished orator. Mr. Hume thinks that an Athenian assembly, composed often of the lowest vulgar, must have been inferior to a Roman senate, or a British parliament; and consequently, that the great orators of Greece were rather formed *in spite of*, than *by means of*, such an audience. That the orator in a measure formed the taste of his audience in Greece, there can be no doubt. Diodorus, for example, tells us that Gorgias of Leontium was very captivating with his figures of speech, his antitheses, &c., until the introduction of a better style taught the people to despise his. But that this taste, when once formed, reacted powerfully on the orator, there can be little doubt. The Athenian assembly, though composed of many of the *beggarly ragamuffins*, so admirably burlesqued by Aristophanes, was nevertheless one of

the most critical audiences which the orator, in any age, has ever been called on to address. Its taste, strange as it may appear, was fastidious to a fault. Demosthenes himself, several times, failed before such an audience, and that too from defects which would not have been objected to by any but an Athenian assembly. At every failure, however, he returned with more vigor to his studies; and, even after his fame had ultimately been established by his untiring perseverance, he was once hooted off the *Bema*, for laying the acute accent on the δ in *ασκληπιος*. This extraordinary tact in regard to language, pervaded the whole Athenian people; it is well illustrated by the anecdote of the elegant Theophrastus, who had lived many years at Athens, and prided himself for speaking with all the purity of the Attic style. He was greatly mortified by an old woman, whom he was attempting to beat down in the sale of some articles, finding out from his language his foreign accent, and addressing him *ω ζευε*. In both Greece and Rome, the passages in the orations which seem to have produced the most magic effect, were those of most exquisite finish in thought and words, and such as the most refined taste of after ages has uniformly admired.

Attic taste was no doubt the result of the intense interest which the Athenians took in political matters, and of the constant practice of hearing the best speakers. The meanest citizen had a *nice ear for eloquence*, which the most intelligent of other countries did not possess. We meet now with something similar to this in the taste of the modern Italians for music. You may collect together the most refined assemblies of Americans, Englishmen, or Frenchmen; and bring before them Catalini, or Pasta, or Paganini; and although they may discourse well, yet they cannot feel like the Italians, nor display that *sense of music*, that acute discrimination and accurate nicety of ear, which even a company of Lazzaroni in Italy will exhibit. Bad music to an Italian is worse than unpleasant; it is painful. Hence the exclamation of the poor Italian at the French opera, when almost agonized by the bad music, *Il Francesi hanno le orecchia di corno*. The French have ears of horn!

It is generally supposed, that popular assemblies give rise to loose and diffuse speaking on account of the ignorance of the multitude, which requires that the speaker should dwell on each point in order to make himself understood. Facts, however, militate against this supposition. The speeches of Demosthenes are the most condensed on record—so much so, that we are almost constrained to believe that the speeches, as spoken, must have been more dilated. With him, as has been well observed, there is no coming back on the same ground, or lingering over it. All is done at once. There is nothing superfluous, nothing for mere effect. He is never scattered, never stagnant, never

* It is not to be inferred, that we consider the long speeches delivered in Congress of no use: on the contrary, they serve a most beneficial purpose. They impose a barrier to overaction, which most deliberative bodies are prone to—they thus have a conservative influence upon the rights of a minority, which are but too often exposed under the action of democratic institutions. They have too, a most sedative influence on the house, on the nation, and on the individuals who deliver them. The member who is pregnant with a *six hours' speech*, however irascible he may be, disagreeable to his friends, and insulting to his enemies, during his pregnancy—is, nevertheless, sure by the delivery, to cool down himself, and Congress too, almost to zero; and he feels afterwards, during the period of preparing it for the press, the most delightful satisfaction in the reflection that if the nation could be saved, that speech would have done it. It is not perhaps saying too much, when we assert, that in all probability, this Union would have been dissolved during the days of South Carolina nullification, if the *one hour rule* had prevailed in the two houses of Congress. A long talk at a dangerous crisis, when all the angry feelings of our nature are aroused, has a marvellous influence in staying the torrent of excitement, and bringing the parties to that temper which will admit of adjustment, although it must be confessed to be not so favorable to genuine eloquence. They are the short pithy speeches, sped, to use the happy metaphor of Lord Bacon, from the quiver of the intentions, that are the most inflammable. When enemies can talk it out, they are not so apt to fight it out. In every crisis of angry excitement, the gaining of time is a desideratum of incalculable value.

sluggish; nor can the hearer ever stop for an instant to admire or throw away a thought on the great artist, till all is over, and he has time to recover his breath. This is the effect of true eloquence, and not of argument alone. Demosthenes combined the two. In Rome, the speeches before the Comitia, or popular assemblies, were much more condensed, than those before the Senate and Prætors. It has been well said that three or four of the philippics of Demosthenes put together, would hardly equal in length an average congressional harangue, *de lana caprina*.

Thus, the facts seem to prove that the popular assembly is highly favorable to the production of energetic and condensed speaking, which is really the only kind that can command the attention of a promiscuous audience. When there are first rate speakers to be heard, the multitude will not tolerate one that is tedious and prolix. In the senate, the order and decorum of their body insures patient attention to even the worst speakers. The Roman senate, for example, was a patient audience, and would tolerate speeches of the greatest length. Not so with the Athenians: they often restricted their orators in time. The pregnant brevity of Lysias is attributed by Dionysius to the necessity of conforming his speeches to the scanty contents of the *Clepsydra*. Sometimes they would not listen to the speaker at all; at others, they compelled him to omit what was disagreeable, and sometimes forced him to begin where they chose. Even Demosthenes himself, in all his speeches, particularly his forensic speeches, shows the utmost anxiety about being heard, begs them not to disturb him till they have heard all. Æschines, in his oration against Ctesiphon, charges the people not to let Demosthenes have his way, for if they did, he would infallibly hurry their feelings off by a torrent of irrelevant declamation. Any speaker, who has ever addressed a multitude, knows full well the difficulty of the task; he must speak so as to produce an impression on his audience, or an utter failure will be the consequence.

No wonder then that the orator of Greece prepared himself with the most minute care before appearing in public. The exquisite structure of the sentences, the balanced periods, the apt and perfect antithesis, the neat and epigrammatic turn, the finished collocation, says Lord Brougham—all indicate an extreme elaboration that could hardly be the suggestion of the moment. The orations of the ancients were eminently *artistic*; every word seemed selected with skill, and in its proper place. Dionysius, speaking of the exquisite finish given by Socrates and Plato to their style, compares their works to pieces of fine *chasing* or *sculpture*.

II. We proceed to the second cause of difference between ancient and modern eloquence. It is well known that the legislation of modern times is much more complete than that of the former. There

were then comparatively few laws. Cicero says that he could make himself acquainted with the laws of Rome in three months.* The beautiful science of pleading too, which occupies so important a place in the common law of England, was comparatively unknown to the ancients, particularly the Greeks.

In proportion as the laws are few in number, so does the judicial power, wherever vested, become more and more important; for, in the absence of law, the judge is left to decide the case according to his notions of natural equity. In such a state of things, the orator will have a much finer field for display. He may not only address himself to the understanding of his judges, but arouse their feelings. When, however, there is a law which will fit every case, the advocate is then reduced to the necessity of showing the application of the law. Every effort to arouse the passions is viewed with distrust—it is regarded as a species of trick to divert the mind from the true issue.

Not only, however, in the ancient republics did they have few laws in comparison with modern nations, but the few which they had were not so scrupulously observed, particularly when the sovereign people were the judges. When the six commanders were brought to trial after the battle of Arginusæ, according to the law of Canopus, each case should have been decided separately. But the people voted on all together; and when the law was urged, they exclaimed that it would be monstrous, if the demos could not do what they liked. Something of the same kind occurred in the trial of Socrates. And, it is notorious, that in the case of the conspirators, for whose death Cicero pleaded, he succeeded in palpable violation of a well known law of the Roman commonwealth.

The ancient orators, particularly the Athenian, were then in truth scarcely ever trammelled by laws. The judges were consequently exposed to all the influences of oratory. How different in modern times! We are comparatively a law-

* It is because of the little attention paid to law and pleading, that the Roman barrister often attained to great celebrity at a very early age. Cicero thought at 20, that he was sufficiently acquainted with the mysteries of the law, to discuss a mere *legal* question with the greatest lawyers of the age. Caius Gracchus established his reputation at the bar before 20; Crassus acquired great reputation at 19, by his prosecution of Carbo; Hortensius, second only to Cicero, appeared for one of the Roman provinces of Africa, against its governors, at 19; and his excellence was instantly acknowledged, says Cicero, like that of a statue by Phidias. Now, we know of no one in our country who has ever attained any great celebrity at the bar before the age of 21, unless it be that extraordinarily precocious genius, John Thompson of Virginia—author of the letter signed "*Curtius*;" and his was a reputation, rather for splendid speaking and fine thought, than for real knowledge of the law. The successful study of modern jurisprudence requires the labor of years, no matter how transcendent may be the genius of the individual.

making, law-loving, and law-obeying people. Let the most splendid orator now make the finest appeals to the passions, and prove too by the most ingenious logic that what he urges is consonant with reason, and built on natural justice; still the most clumsy debater will demolish him at a blow, if he can only prove that the law and the constitution are against him. It has been well observed that the administration of public justice is now a strict syllogism; the written law is the *major*, the verdict of the jury the *minor* proposition, and the sentence of the judge is the *conclusion*. The law says he who commits murder shall be hanged. The jury says, A. B., prisoner at the bar, has committed murder. Therefore, says the judge, let A. B. be hanged.

Again; in early ages, all powers were blended, and judicial and executive were concentrated in the same hands. King David sat in the gate and dealt out justice. St. Louis and Louis XII. administered justice under an oak. The German emperors travelled from place to place to hold courts, &c. In Greece and Rome, these different powers of government were blended, and never could be separated. And hence, whilst in modern times, all civilized nations vest the dispensing or pardoning power in the executive, in Greece and Rome it remained with the judicial power whenever exercised. The effect of the separation has been to confine the courts exclusively to the law. A merciful judge is now a criminal judge; and a jury, who would save the guilty prisoner by their verdict, must be perjured. The whole scene in which Sir Walter Scott has so touchingly described the intercession of Jeannie Deans to save the life of her sister Effie, would have been wholly out of place in a modern court. It is inimitable, however, when brought to bear on the king, who has the pardoning power.

In ancient times, all these influences might be exerted on the court; for, first, there might be no law to govern the case, and the judges would be left to follow their inclinations; or, if there were law, it might be dispensed with. When a charge of peculation was brought against Scipio, the only answer he returned was, "This day last year, I won the battle of Zama." And we must agree with the Edinburgh Reviewers, that such reply would not only be wholly inadmissible in court, but that Mr. Tierney would look a little awry at even the chancellor of the exchequer, who would make such a reply to his calculations. But such a consideration might well have great weight with a king, who had the pardoning power, if such a man as Scipio had been previously condemned.

From all that has been said, we can see that formerly the orator had full range in his discourse. He looked to the whole nature of man, to all his passions, prejudices and emotions, as well as to the reasoning faculty. He endeavored to operate

on all. Man is like a many-stringed instrument, upon which he alone can play with success, who can touch with skill *all* the cords. And Hume, with all the ancient critics, has pronounced in favor of the orator, who can produce the most powerful effect on the passions. Quintilian says logicians can be found every where. An able argument is not rare; but seldom has that orator appeared, whose eloquence could carry the judge out of his depth; who could throw him into what disposition of mind he pleased, fire him into resentment, or soften him into tears. Many have constructed arguments as logical as those of Demosthenes and Cicero, but none ever arrayed them before their audiences with such magic power. The greatest men of the age acknowledged the resistless force of such oratory. Even Julius Cæsar once confessed himself subdued by the eloquence of Cicero, and absolved a criminal contrary to his settled purposes.*

Under these circumstances we see at once why orators anciently paid so much attention to gesture. We all know the persevering efforts of Demosthenes to cure all his physical defects. He studied rhetoric under Iseus, delivery under the comedian Satyrus, and afterwards under the actor Andronicus, and was in the habit of constant declamation. It is well known, that, besides paying such attention to delivery, Demosthenes arranged his dress with studied care. Cicero studied under Molo, the rhetorician. Even after coming out at the bar, he went into Greece, attended the schools of oratory, and afterwards, when in full practice, continued the habit of declamation by way of exercise, frequented the school of Gniphos, and studied delivery under two great actors, Roscius and Æsop, (B. 4,422.) Cicero tells us, that Gracchus kept a man behind him with a pitch pipe to regulate his voice before the people. Hortensius, the celebrated rival of Cicero, prepared all his attitudes before a mirror. When about to go into the forum, like Demosthenes, he chose and put on his dress with a view to oratorical effect; and Macrobius says, he once instituted a suit against a man for ruffling his toga after being elaborately adjusted. Quintilian, who was one of the best speakers of his day, gives particular directions for the dress of the orator, how to manage the folds of his gown, and rings upon his fingers. The orator in Quintilian's time had large space to move in. This travelling oratory was carried to such an extent on a particular occasion, that the orator was asked by his antagonist, how many miles he had spoken?

Ancient orators practised every art which could operate on the feelings or on the prejudices. Antonius, when pleading for old Aquilius, tore open his tunic and exposed his wounds, and then made a pathetic appeal to Marius, which brought tears

* Acquitted Ligarius after the decree for his death had actually been made out.

even from that stern chieftain, with whom Aquilius had served. Hyperides saved the beautiful Phryne from just condemnation, by laying bare her bosom before the judges. When Cicero was about to be impeached by Clodius, he went in mourning, with the whole equestrian order. The accused party, says Quintilian, may sometimes appear in worn and tattered garments, indicative of wretchedness and despair. He may even prostrate himself before his judge, and embrace his knees. His wife and children may be brought into court, and appeals made in their behalf.*

The difference between the ancient and modern systems of pleading is very great. By the genius of the common law, a great proportion of every trial, civil or criminal, consists of the pleadings. Every charge must be precise, specific, single; every fact must be related with the minutest accuracy of time, place, and circumstance. The answer must be drawn with the same logical acuteness. Every fact charged in violation of the law, must be met by direct denial in terms adapted to the nature of the charge. Every accusation in vague or general terms, must be repelled by an appeal to the judge, whether the party is bound to answer. In this manner, the declaration or allegation, on the one side, and the answer on the other, lead to an issue involving generally a single question, either of fact to be decided by the jury, or of law to be decided by the judge. This beautiful science of pleading has been somewhat altered in England by some little abatement from its original strictness; and in this country, still more. It nevertheless yet remains in sufficient force to make it one of the most important branches of the law, and it has produced an essential difference between ancient and modern judicial oratory. The pleadings among the ancients were very loose. The forms of process, both civil and criminal, were very simple and general. Cicero speaks of the whole system of pleadings with contempt, de-

rides it as a compilation of verbose and unmeaning pedantry, and asserts, with all the pressure of his business, that he could make himself master of the science in three days.

Owing to this difference in the pleadings, the modern advocate is hedged in and prevented from taking that wide range in the discussion, which a loose system would allow—e. g., Cicero *vs.* Verres, makes apology for passing over the licentious debaucheries of his youth, because too shocking for his modesty; then he proceeds, "fourteen years have elapsed, since you, Verres, held the office of quæstor. From that day to this, I put in judgment every thing you have done. Not an hour of your life will be found unpolluted by some theft, some baseness, some cruelty, some villainy. During those years you successively disgraced the office of quæstor, of delegate in Asia, of prætor in the city, and prætor in Sicily. From the functions of these several stations, will arise the four-fold distribution of my whole accusation." This celebrated oration could never have been delivered before an English or American judge; for, although in criminal cases, the defendant is allowed the fullest latitude, it is not so with the prosecutor. His pleadings must be of the strictest character. He must have a written declaration of charges penned with the most technical accuracy. A sweeping accusation against fourteen years of a man's life would be totally inadmissible. He could not rake up the undefined crimes of a dissolute youth for the purpose of increasing the measure of his guilt—not a witness could he call to prove a single offence, not specified in the bill of indictment—not one word could he utter unconnected with the allegations and the proofs. Had he lifted his torch on the midnight revels of his adversary's boyish days, the judge would have told him that he must not proceed. Had he attempted that beautiful apostrophe to the Alban groves, and lakes, and fountains, which has immortalized Cicero, he would have been reminded that he was travelling out of the record. The various specified misdemeanors too, would have been cognizable before different tribunals;—official misdemeanors would have been tried by one, private wrongs by another, and perhaps thefts and acts of cruelty by a third; and before each, every offence charged must have been drawn up in the most precise language by an article of impeachment, a writ of trespass, or an indictment; and these, like the stakes and floating buoys of an expansive but shallow river, would have continually reminded him, that he could not proceed a foot beyond them without stranding. (A. 1,288.)

When Cicero defends Publius Sextius from the charge of riot, grounded on a special law, not one-tenth of his long oration is at all to the point in issue; and that most exquisitely composed speech of Archias, the poet, could never have been de-

* Hence the effort of opposing counsel to counteract—e. g., Quintilian was counsel for a young man, of whom a large estate was claimed for a young girl, on the plea of being his sister. The lawyer of the girl directed her at a certain part of his pleadings, to go over to her supposed brother and clasp him around the neck. This move was understood, as soon as made, by Quintilian; and the young man, by getting out of the way, totally disconcerted the advocate for the girl. When Glycon brought a child into court that he might excite compassion by his crying, he asked in his speech why he wept? The child answered, because my schoolmaster pinches me. On another occasion, when a number of boys were brought into court, the opposing lawyer threw a handful of marbles among them, which set them all to scrambling. (Q. 1,394.) In Greece it is certain that the same arts were practised, as we learn from Aristophanes, who in one of his plays ridicules the courts by introducing the mock trial of a dog for stealing cheese. He brings in a litter of puppies, whose yelping is urged by counsel as the wailing of helpless orphans over the fate which is to befall their parent.

livered before an American court. Arohias was on his defence against the charge of being an alien. Not one-sixth part of his speech has any bearing on the real question involving the construction of the Roman law of naturalization; it is mainly taken up with the literary merits of his client. If an American barrister, says Mr. Adams, should undertake, by an elaborate argument, to prove that the Abbe Delille was an American citizen, because he was an excellent French poet, if all the muses should combine to compose his oration, not five sentences of it would he be suffered to deliver; the judges would stop him in his oratorical career, by asking for the certificate of naturalization.

Cicero's notions of pleading are exemplified by remarks which, in one of his dialogues, he puts in the mouth of the old orator, Anthony. Pontius had a son supposed to be killed in the war with the Cimbri. Under this belief the father left his property to another son. The soldier returned after the death of his father. "Had you been employed," says Anthony, "to defend his cause, you would not have discussed the doctrine as to priority or validity of testaments; you would have raised his father from the grave, made him embrace his child, and recommend him, with many tears, to the protection of the centumviri." (D. 2,140.)

In a British or American court, nothing would have been discussed but the validity or priority of the wills; all the rest would have been cut off by the rigor of the pleadings. In our own country, in different states, and even in different courts of the same state, the rules of pleading are enforced with different degrees of rigor; and it is uniformly observed, that where the pleading is most strict, there is least declamation on the part of the lawyer—strict pleadings always rein up the counsel to the stern logic of the law.

III. The third cause of difference between ancient and modern eloquence, is the character of the topics discussed. It is evident that, all other things being equal, the more agitating and important the subjects are, which call forth the orator, the more grand and imposing will be his oratory. He will be stimulated by the responsibility which devolves on him, to the utmost exertion of all his powers, whilst the importance and grandeur of his subjects will impart force to his eloquence, and an impressive interest to his counsels.

Political events of ancient times were more agitating than those of modern. Governments of modern nations are much more settled and stable than those of ancient times. Revolutions are much more rare than formerly. The invention of gunpowder has rendered wars more expensive; and therefore, it has given a decided advantage to civilized over barbarous nations. Power now depends on wealth; and barbarous nations are unable to support the expense of war. Hence, conquest moves now in an opposite direction. The civil-

ized man conquers the savage every where; whilst in ancient times, when the sword, javelin, bows, arrows, &c. were the instruments of war, the hardy barbarians could easily supply themselves with those cheap weapons, and thus were enabled often to overthrow the wealthy but more effeminate nations. Conquests generally were much more easily achieved in ancient than in modern times. Amongst equally civilized nations, since the invention of gunpowder, and the perfection of the modern system of the *political balance*, it is almost impossible for any nation to achieve the conquest of its neighbors—e. g. since the days of Charles V. of Germany, the nations of Europe have been engaged in almost constant wars, and yet scarcely any of the large states have been blotted out from the political system; nor has the territorial integrity of even the smaller been materially impaired. The nation on the defensive has a decided advantage over her on the offensive. Hence it is very rarely the case that one can be surprised by the other. War now is a matter of science, of deliberate calculation. Not so anciently. There is no conquest now by a *coup-de-main*.

There were circumstances which rendered the political events of Greece particularly interesting and imposing. First, the little states of Greece formed a sort of confederacy against the barbarian powers, particularly the great empire of Persia. Secondly, there were rivalry, negotiation, and frequent wars among the Grecian states themselves—e. g., the Peloponnesian war of twenty-seven years' duration. Thirdly, after the Persian war, Athens obtained the *Hegemony* of the democratic states, and she soon usurped the right of coercing the refractory members, and of deciding all the great questions of political importance in her courts. This brought the great and agitating questions of all her allies to Athens, and thus opened the finest field for the display of oratory. Fourthly, there was that important class of subjects growing out of the relation of the conquering states of Greece to their subject islands and provinces, including cases of malversation in office, and oppression on the part of governors, &c.* Now, we must remember, that all these agitating topics, whether tried before the assembly or in the courts, were in fact discussed before a popular tribunal; for in Athens, the Heliastic courts were all of the popular character; and thus the orator enjoyed full range for the display of his powers.

Demosthenes appeared at a time particularly favorable to oratory. 1st. In the formation of great orators it is necessary to have the *trade* of the ad-

* In these great state trials, where provinces and towns were often the plaintiffs, we see at once that the advocate might devote his entire time to them and thoroughly prepare himself, for his compensation was sure to be, in the highest degree, liberal.

vocate separate and distinct, so that the orator may confine himself to his profession alone; and 2d, not only must the topics be great and agitating, but the country must be in the condition to make the orator the most important character. Both of these circumstances concurred in favor of Demosthenes.

1st. It is easy to trace in Greece, the relative importance of eloquence and statesmanship on one hand, and military skill on the other. At the time of the Persian war, military skill was the most important—e. g., Miltiades, Themistocles, &c., rose to power, more by military skill than by eloquence or statesmanship. There was a great change at the time of Pericles: he was both statesman and orator, and likewise general. In the first named capacity he acquired more power than in the last.

In the time of Demosthenes we find the orator and statesman rising to great influence without military skill. The cause of this seems to be, that Athens, by drawing to herself after the Persian war all the principal lawsuits from the democratic states, gave rise at once to the profession of the lawyer; and the Peloponnesian war, during the time of Pericles, and afterwards, brought so many great political causes before the courts, and gave rise to so many state trials, that the labors of the advocate and statesman became united. The effect of this was to give to the orator a power of speech, which is rarely acquired except by practice. A proper training is requisite for the full display of the mental powers in debate—e. g., Dumont tells us that in the national assembly of France, the only orators who possessed any talent for improvisation were Maury, Clermont Tonnère, Barnave, and Thouret. Of these, Barnave was the only one who could extemporize a speech of any length. Mirabeau could not. Most of his great passages are laboriously prepared. It was the want of training which produced this anomaly—one that would never occur in England or the United States, where we are so much accustomed to public speaking.

2d. A state of peace, with great and agitating questions, with imminent dangers threatening the state, is most favorable to the orator. The reason is evident—in war, events are great and agitating; but force is there more important than persuasion—the military chieftain is greater than the orator. Not so in time of peace, with dangers impending. Then the orator is the great man of the age—he nerves his countrymen for the coming contest—he inspires fortitude under trials; e. g., when the children of Israel were about to leave Egypt, Moses was afraid to take the command, because he felt the want of eloquence at such a time; and Jehovah acknowledged its importance when he answered, "Is not Aaron, the Levite, thy brother? I know that he can *speake* well, and he shall be thy spokesman unto the people."

When the great and agitating questions of the crusades were preached up, such men as Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard were the great men of the age; but when Peter joined the army, he soon sunk into utter contempt, because the *general* was here more important than the *orator*; and, the man who had shaken all Europe by his preaching, lost his reputation in the camp.

In the national assembly of France, just before the commencement of the continental war, in spite of all the disadvantages resulting from want of training among the speakers, there were occasionally great displays of oratory; and perhaps Mirabeau has hardly been excelled in modern times. But when force became predominant, eloquence ceased: such men as Pichegru, Moreau, and Bonaparte became the men of the age. And in our own country, we had a fine theatre for eloquence in those provincial assemblies which heralded our revolution, when the orators of the day were arming the people intellectually for the great battle of Independence—it was then that the eloquence of Henry was called forth. But when *action* commenced, his influence declined.

Now what condition can we imagine more favorable to eloquence than the age of Demosthenes? Every thing conspired to produce the great orator. The form of government had long made public speaking customary; political and forensic eloquence were united, as before explained; and, in the north of Greece there had risen up a power, with the most wily statesman and able general at its head, who bade fair to conquer the liberties of Greece. Philip, it has been said, formed Demosthenes. The dangers which he created, inspired the eloquent warning of the orator—e. g., what speaker ever had a more agitating theme than Demosthenes, when he made the great speech that brought about the alliance between Thebes and Athens, and led to the fatal battle of Chæronea? He had warned his countrymen against Philip; but hiring orators had calmed the popular excitement. At length, late one evening, news arrived that Philip had seized Elatea, the key of Phœcia and Bœotia, and might soon be expected before the walls of Athens. On the morrow, at dawn of day, the senate met, and the people crowded into the assembly. The Prytanes reported the news. The herald himself was produced and made to recite from his own lips. Then the crier called aloud to the assembly, "Does any one wish to speak?" None answered to the call; and it was repeated over and over again, until Demosthenes mounted the bema, and delivered that soul-stirring speech, which made the assembly cry out, with one voice, Let us march against Philip! Such a case could not occur in modern times, nor even in the Roman republic.

Let us now examine for a moment the character of the subjects which called forth the Roman

oratory. Mr. Dunlop says, that Cicero had a wider and perhaps a more beautiful field than Demosthenes. The wide extent of the Roman empire, the striking vices and virtues of its citizens, the memorable events of its history, supplied an endless variety of great and interesting topics; whereas, many of the orations of Demosthenes are on subjects unworthy of his talents. (Q. 193.)

We can scarcely imagine more glorious opportunities for the display of oratory, than those afforded by the complaints of oppressed and plundered provinces against their governors. Take, for example, the impeachment of Verres; here, the clients of Cicero were the injured people of a great province. When he pleaded their cause, not the Sicilians only, but persons of distinction from all Italy, flocked around him in the forum—the glaring guilt of Verres, and the nature of his crimes, made the subject most copious, interesting and various. “Such a wonderful assemblage of circumstances,” says Mr. Dunlop, “never yet prepared the course for the triumphs of oratory. So great an opportunity for the exhibition of forensic art will, in all probability, never again occur.” (160.) From the extensive ramifications of Roman power, numerous cases arose, of a description rarely to be met with in modern times. There is but one case in all British history at all comparable to the case of Verres—the impeachment of Warren Hastings—and that called forth perhaps as great a display of oratory as has been witnessed in modern times.

It is true, that the subjects of forensic eloquence in Rome may have excelled in importance and interest those of Greece, or of any other nation, which has ever appeared; and hence most of Cicero's master-pieces were delivered in the forum. But great as those subjects were, they could not compare in interest with the important subjects debated before the assemblies of Greece. The bar does not admit the most sublime eloquence. The highest order can only arise “on occasions calculated to strike and agitate the human soul.” When consternation prevails,—whenever the brave are met with astonishment, then, the man, who can stand forth undismayed, and point out the means of deliverance, or lead the way to a noble self-devotion, like Patrick Henry, when he exclaimed, “whatever others do, I'll fight,” is the truly eloquent man. Such situations as these oftener existed among the Grecian democracies than in the Roman empire. The extent of the latter, its power, the mixed character of its government, with the predominance of the senate—all conspired to prevent the occurrence of those crises, in which the very existence of the commonwealth was threatened. Great state matters too were not always debated before a tribunal so favorable to eloquence as the popular assemblies of Greece. The Roman senate materially modified Roman oratory.

IV. We now proceed to the fourth cause of dif-

ference between ancient and modern eloquence. The invention of the printing press, without doubt, is the most important of modern events—it has fixed an era in the history of mankind—has given to government, to literature, to civilization, a new aspect; and we are not to wonder, therefore, that it has powerfully contributed to change the character of eloquence.

Formerly, books were necessarily so dear, that few could be produced; and consequently few persons could purchase or read them. In the time of Louis XI., it is supposed that about six thousand persons, in all France, were employed as copyists; whilst, at this time, with that powerful engine, the press, in motion, sixty thousand persons in the city of Paris alone obtain their living, either directly or indirectly, from the business of the press. The consequence has been a greater diffusion of knowledge among the people. This has contributed to destroy that immense inequality which formerly existed among individuals; even the lucky few, who had wealth and talent, could procure but a scanty supply of the imperfect works that existed—the deficiency was to be supplied by travel and personal inspection. Herodotus, for example, was obliged to travel most extensively before he could write his history. The very few, therefore, who could amass knowledge, and cultivate their talents, enjoyed a monopoly which gave them undue power over the illiterate mass. Voltaire has compared the great men among the people of antiquity, to a few tall cypresses amid a thick undergrowth of shrubbery. The printing press has elevated the mass, and perhaps brought down, somewhat, the more gifted few. To pursue the simile of Voltaire, it has lowered the tall cypresses, and elevated the shrubbery. “The noble has gone down on the social ladder, and the retainer has gone up.” Public opinion is every thing; individual influence is nothing. The orator now does not possess that commanding superiority over his audience, which will enable him to sway it by his eloquence. There is too much light in the world to make the orator even the principal instructor.

It has been well observed by Lord Brougham, that the orator of old was the parliamentary debater; the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the published sermon, the pamphlet, the volume—all in one. It is not to be wondered at, that when such a being was to speak, all Greece should assemble to hear him. But there is a great change since the invention of printing. The periodical press is now the organ of communication, and the potent engine that controls the popular will. It is the periodical press which first discusses every matter of importance; and when the orator now rises to speak on any great subject, in a deliberative body, or even in a court of justice, he finds that the novelty of his subject has been worn off by the newspapers; his arguments are

stale; and he feels like one rehearsing the thrice-told tale. How different from the Greek and Roman orator, who monopolized all the functions of the press, the senate, the school and the pulpit, and was even a rival of the stage actor! Surprise has always been found a powerful coadjutor of eloquence; but what orator can now operate a surprise on his audience, either as to matters of fact, or of argument? He finds that busy, sleepless organ, the press, eternally ahead of him.

With the progress of civilization and advancement of arts, manufactures and commerce in modern times, men are divided into more varied professions and occupations than formerly. We are too busy, each with his own concerns, to exercise directly all the political functions. We delegate the management of political interests to those, who have the leisure and ability to attend to them. But whilst the system of representation thus throws the immediate action of the government into the hands of the few, the diffusion of knowledge, by the press, secures to the people an irresistible influence over the government—sectional interests are better understood—and it is well known that large masses will generally pursue their interest. Representatives feel themselves responsible to their constituents; and hence, in all great deliberative bodies, legislation becomes a matter of compromise and balance between the great and jarring interests of the body politic. Every thing must now be done by calculation, by previous arrangement, by party combination. It has been justly said, that even in the greatest storm of debate, you may perceive the speaker under the dominion of a spirit of calculation; in his boldest flights, he is still bound in the fetters of political combinations. No orator now can, by the energy of his single voice, sway the deliberations of modern parliaments to the issue of peace or war. But, in the democracies of antiquity, war was often declared, alliances formed, revolutions achieved, by the single influence of one potent tongue. The assemblies of Greece and Rome were supreme; and on their judgments depended the fate of empires. It was the population of the metropolis that ruled, unconditionally and irresponsibly, all the other parts of the body politic. But in the modern representative assembly, the capital in which it deliberates may not have a single representative. All the discordant interests of a widespread territory are here represented—the pulse that beats within the senate chamber may not be in unison with that which beats around it. It is not on the multitude of the metropolis, not even on the assembly seated in the capitol, that the orator must produce his effect. He must in fact address, through the medium of the press, the distant provinces of the empire, and wait for the slow returns of popular will, before he can persuade to action. Before the orator can operate on an American congress, it is necessary first to op-

rate on the American people. Congress is but the mirror that reflects the popular will.

When an immediate effect is to be produced, the strongest passions of our nature must be appealed to. But when time is an element in the calculation, the principle of self-interest predominates over every other. When Demosthenes addressed the Athenian assembly, or Cicero the comitia of Rome, the audiences did not wait to hear from the islands of the Ægean, nor from the province of Gaul, nor from the more distant Britons; their decisions were immediate and irresponsible. Hence every effort was made to rouse the stronger passions of our nature. But he who addresses the modern parliament knows full well that it cannot be by a mere stroke of oratory that his effect must be produced. He knows that the speech which he delivers, to be efficient, must be one that will bear the closest scrutiny. He knows that the editor and reviewer will sit in judgment on it; that the leaders of the opposite party will analyze it; and, above all, that the wise men of that constituency which he represents will sit in solemn judgment on its merits. Such a speaker must be exact in his information, accurate in his principles and details, comprehensive in his views. His plans and his principles will be of infinitely more importance than the mere rhetoric with which he enforces them. However, at the moment of delivery, due substance may be concealed by the skill of the orator, he may be sure that when the wand of criticism is applied, every principle and every plan will be made to stand forth to public view in all their nakedness. When a gentleman was once asked, how he liked the speech of one of the finest orators of our country? he answered, that he had been greatly disappointed, but that it was impossible for human power to produce eloquence upon fourteen and three-quarter cents to the square yard. For all that, however, our speaker must not neglect cents and quarters of cents, no matter how unfavorable to oratorical display. He is very sure, that the great interests of this country will not be cheated out of their wealth, nor reconciled to dangerous schemes of policy, by the mere jugglery of oratory. Thus substance is every thing, ornament nothing. The modern science of political economy has of itself operated a powerful change in public speaking.

V. The fifth cause of difference between ancient and modern oratory, is the difference between the ancient and modern languages. The superiority of the classic languages for the great ends of oratory is acknowledged by every scholar; take it all in all, no language has ever equalled the Greek. Lord Brougham, when speaking of Demosthenes, says, that the adoration of ages has consecrated his place at the head of the mighty masters of speech; and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders, is sure to main-

tain it unapproachable forever. The peculiar structure of ancient languages, whilst it dispensed with the larger proportion of those little words which Dr. Campbell has aptly called the *luggage of language*, gave much more latitude to the collocation of the related words in a sentence; and consequently, enabled the speaker so to arrange as to place the important words in that position which would give greatest force or beauty to the sentence. Even in the most common prose, the utmost attention was sometimes paid to the management of words—e. g., in the note-book of Plato, after his decease, it was found that the first sentence of his treatise, *De Repub.*, had been written several times over with different arrangements, so as to select the best; and yet the sentence translated is simply, "I went down yesterday to the Piræus with Glaucon, the son of Ariston." It would be ridiculous to bestow such pains on the collocation of the words of such a sentence in any modern language. Yet we cannot charge Plato with sacrificing force and dignity to the polish and miniature beauties of language, whose diction Cicero compares to the inspiration of poetry, and Quintilian to the responses of the Delphic oracle, and of which it was said, had the father of the gods spoken in Greek, he would have used no other language than Plato's.

It was by means of this liberty in collocation, and the more musical character of the words, that the effect of many a sentence in the ancient orations must be mainly attributed—e. g. Cicero's description of Verrea, he tells us, produced an electric effect on his audience: *Stetit soleatus Prætor Populi Romani, cum pallio purpureo, tunicaque talari, multercula nixus, in littore.* Again; he says he was present when Carbo, in a speech, pronounced the following words: *Patris dictum sapiens temeritas filii comprobavit*; in which the metre of the word, *comprobavit*, drew forth a shout which it was wonderful to hear. Ancient rhetoricians gave rules for composition of "numerous" prose, scarcely less nice and complex than those of metrical harmony. It is owing mainly to the superiority of the ancient languages, that no translation can do justice to the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero. Hence, the Edinburgh Review was justified in saying of the translations of Demosthenes' speeches, by the Abbe Augur, that, when the bullion and substance of the athletic and ponderous orator were span into French wire, it bore very little more resemblance to the original, than the slim figure of one of their skipping posture-masters to the muscular frame of old Milo of Crotona, or one of their lean kine to a well-fed bull of the Crowland or Bedford level.

In the preceding remarks, I have not insisted particularly on free institutions as a cause of eloquence, because these were common to the ancient and modern world; and all history has shown that genuine eloquence can only flourish under institu-

tions of republican character. Under arbitrary governments, where one governs and the rest obey—where the despot, like the Roman centurion, has only to say to one, go, and he goeth, and to another, come, and he cometh—persuasion is of no avail. Wherever submission is the principle of government, eloquence can never arise. Hence, in modern times, we can only look for eloquence in states with popular institutions, like England and America; or, if it appear in despotisms, it will be in times of great popular excitement, as in the commencement of the French revolution. Among the ancient nations, Greece and Rome only—and these merely during the existence of popular institutions—furnish us with great specimens of oratory. The vast despotisms of Asia, either in ancient or modern times, have furnished not one single great and acknowledged orator.*

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that the difference between ancient and modern eloquence is owing mainly to the difference of circumstances, and hence it is difficult to assign the palm to either. The ancient had perhaps more passionate appeals, and produced greater effect on the audience; ours has more logic, more learning, more thorough regard to all the great interests of the body politic. If upon the whole it be asserted, as Hume and Quintilian and most of the critics have done, that the rarest and noblest specimens of oratory are those that appeal to the strong passions, and carry away the hearer, a passive instrument in the hands of the orator, we must never forget that this advantage was due to circumstances which no philanthropist could ever wish should return. It was the forms of procedure, the character of the courts or assemblies before which questions were tried, and above all the nature of those questions themselves, that gave to Greek and Roman oratory such dazzling splendor, and surrounded it with a glory which can never shine on the efforts of rhetoric in better regulated communities, under a more sober dispensation of justice, and with that invaluable engine, the press, giving ubiquity to in-

* The only kind of eloquence that can flourish to any great extent under a monarchy, is that of the pulpit. The pulpit oratory of France has been perhaps superior to that of England or America. The Roman Catholic religion is better calculated to produce impassioned eloquence than the Protestant. The latter is more favorable to reason and argument. The authority of popes and councils fixes the Catholic creed, and individual interpretations of the Scriptures are heretical. *Crede, believe*, is the Catholic motto. Hence, the minister in the pulpit, with all his doctrines previously established by popes and councils, is left to address the feelings principally: his sermons are exhortations. Not so with the Protestant. He proceeds on the principle that every christian must read and interpret the Bible for himself—nothing is taken for granted; all must be proved. His motto is the reverse of the Catholic's. *Proba, prove* / is what every Protestant demands of his pastor. Hence Protestant sermons are mainly of the character denominated *doctrinal*, not so favorable to passionate eloquence.

tellect, by pouring its floods of light over the world.*

It has become customary in all discourses on eloquence, to compare Demosthenes and Cicero, because they stand first in their respective countries. Theophrastus, it is true, is represented by Plutarch as saying, Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it, thus giving the preference to the latter.† But in spite of this, we must give to Demosthenes the first place in Greece. In making this comparison between the two great orators of antiquity, we must remember that we cannot compare the manner and elocution of the two, but must judge mainly from what has come down to us from each; and this, as it regards eloquence, is but an imperfect test. There is generally something in the manner of the great orator, for which no language can compensate. Hence, we can never adequately determine true oratorical merit by even the most accurately reported speeches. Mr. Burke's speeches are incomparably the best that have ever been delivered in parliament, judging from the printed reports, and they will probably survive all other specimens of British parliamentary eloquence; and yet it is a well known fact, that Burke was not an orator; he could not produce an effect on the house. When he delivered his great speech on the debts of the nabob of Arcot, so faint was the impression that Pitt and Grenville, after consultation, decided not to answer it; and yet both were obliged afterwards, when it appeared in print, to acknowledge it to be one of the most perfect models of oratorical compositions on record.

Demosthenes and Cicero have been compared; 1st, as *business* speakers; 2d, as regards *vehemence* and *moral sublimity*; 3d, as to *learning* and *philosophy*; 4th, as to *morals*.

1st. Demosthenes' speeches have more of the business character than Cicero's. They are always to the point; there are no digressions—no

common-places—nothing for mere ornament. Demosthenes combined the lofty declamation of Lord Chatham with the close, business-like, rapid debating of Fox. He is almost painfully concise, even to the reader; whereas Cicero often amplifies and deals in philosophical reflections, some of which are mere common-places. He was accused by his contemporaries of being rather florid and Asiatic in his style.

2d. Demosthenes' speeches, too, have more of the moral sublime. Heeren has pronounced him the sublimest and purest tragic character with which history acquaints us. From his first appearance to the moment when he swallowed the poison in the temple, we see him struggling against destiny—sometimes thrown to the ground, but never subdued. How natural that the lines of melancholy and indignation, which we behold in his bust, should have been imprinted on his austere countenance.* His political principles emanated from the depth of his soul. He remained true to feeling and conviction amid all changes and dangers; hence, that vehement sublimity which made him the most powerful of orators.† When Cicero spoke, the *man* was admired, the *oration* was praised. When Demosthenes had spoken, the crowd went away denouncing Philip.

A great deal of this difference between the two orators must, however, be attributed to the difference of subject. Cicero, on a suitable theme, sometimes made a near approach to the Greek—e. g., his speech against Piso was extremely vehement. His second philippic against Anthony has more Demosthenean vehemence than any of his orations. In the latter part of his speech for Milo, he rises into the moral sublime; so likewise, in many parts of the speeches against Verres—in all these instances his subject was of such a nature as to call forth much vehemence. But Cicero would often weaken, by digression or philosophical reflection, in the midst of the most powerful eloquence—e. g., the oration for Milo, in the midst of

* There seems to be something truly wonderful in the Grecian character. If we take the parts of one of their fine statues or buildings and examine each separately, every leg, every arm, every column has an individual beauty, which makes it almost perfect in itself. View all the parts as composing one whole, and how beautiful is the relation existing between them! how perfect a *unit* is that *whole* which they make! how inimitable is the expression of design! Take one of the great orations of Demosthenes and dissect it in like manner, and you will find the same remark applicable to it which I have made on Grecian sculpture. Examine his introduction, his narration, his argument, peroration, &c., and you find them all perfect of their kind. Put them together as he has done it, and you have the beau-ideal of an oration. It is singular that even in geometric demonstration, the Greeks almost reached perfection, in the simplicity of the style, and the order and arrangement of the steps.

† Demades was said to be a good *extempore* speaker, and his was probably the cause of the preference given by Theophrastus.

* The associate counsel of Cicero generally assigned to him the peroration, in consequence of his seductive, melting manner. But the sternness of Demosthenes adapted him peculiarly for success in the *prosecution*; hence, all his judicial speeches, with only one exception, are on the side of the *plaintiff*. He was irresistible in bold denunciation. He was charged with inheriting the Scythian ferocity from his maternal grandmother; and hence the cutting sarcasm of Diogenes, the cynic, who characterized him as *Scythian in words, and civil in battle*.

† Demosthenes represented the spirit of the small cities and petty republics; his genius belonged to a time, past and gone, that could never return. Hence his eloquence, matchless as it was, could never achieve the result at which he aimed. His attempt to re-animate a bygone and demolished age, says M^{onsieur} Cousin, was a *real war* against all possibility; his history is similar to that of all men who attempt impossibilities. After the performance of prodigies in the tribune, he found it necessary to run away at Cheronæa.

the most vehement declamation, he digresses suddenly into a dissertation about the order of Divine Providence—beautiful, but ill-timed. Eloquence with Demosthenes was an *instrument* to attain his ends; with Cicero, it was an accomplishment—a branch of finished education.

3d. Demosthenes was less learned. Rochefoucault remarked, that no man ever exerted his faculties to the fullest extent of which they were capable. A great critic (Mr. Adams) has observed, if ever there was an exception to this remark, it was Cicero; who was perhaps the most perfect example of universal genius, combined with untiring study, presented in the annals of history. Some men may have equalled him in genius, some in labor, but never was there so illustrious an instance of the “*mutual league* between nature and study, between the ethereal spirit and terrestrial toil,” as this wonderful man presents. He was poet, historian, philosopher, moralist, epistolary writer and critic; and in every character except the first,* he was preëminently great. From the 26th year of his age, when he first appeared in public, in defence of Quinctius, to the last year, when he delivered his philippics against Anthony, his labors in his profession and his studies in the closet were without intermission. Demosthenes labored as intensely as Cicero; but it was all for one purpose: it was not to be an elegant scholar, but an irresistible orator. In him, consequently, we behold nothing but the one great talent.

Demosthenes, therefore, produced the greatest effect on the *auditor*, Cicero on the reader.

Burke, of all modern speakers, most resembles Cicero in his matter, and therefore has generally been regarded as an imitator. Cicero is always ethical and deeply philosophical.

4th. The moral character of Demosthenes has suffered from having taken a bribe, as was asserted, from Harpalus, a creature of Alexander, whose prosecution was commenced by Demosthenes, but was afterwards discontinued, because of the present of a golden cup made by Harpalus. This charge, however, rests on insufficient grounds, and is now discredited by the best historians.†

Of the private character of the Greek we know but little; but the noblest impulses alone could give rise to that immortal eloquence, by which he so often roused the democracies of Greece. With Cicero we are much more familiarly acquainted—

* It is said we appreciate compliments most highly upon doubtful accomplishments. Upon that principle, we can explain the reason why Julius Cæsar, when trying to win Cicero, praised his poetry as much as his eloquence. So likewise under Cardinal Richelieu, the applicant for office was more likely to obtain it, by calling the Cardinal a greater poet than Corneille, than if he had told him he was the greatest statesman of the age.

† Eschines reproaches Demosthenes with his money-loving propensity, and speaks of his head as being a treasure to him.

he was undoubtedly one of the best men of his age. Mr. Adams thinks, that his system of morals was the most perfect, ever promulgated before the glad tidings of Christianity. No one has ever more beautifully delineated the pleasures, or prescribed the duties of friendship; no one, with more soothing hand, has extended the consolations of virtue to the waxing infirmities of age.

After all these bright points, we can but regret that last infirmity of great minds—an overweening vanity: Cicero's fulsome praises of himself are sometimes disgusting to the modern reader.

Demosthenes was entirely free from this weakness. We must, however, remember that the ancients generally had but little of that delicate sensibility which would blush at praise, particularly *self-praise*. Cardinal Woolsey defended his usual style of address, *ego et rex meus*, by the custom of the ancients—who always, in the spirit of selfishness and candor, put themselves first.

Demosthenes was no doubt the firmest man, and perhaps the most uncompromising patriot—sternness was his characteristic. Cicero was sometimes wavering, and his party always feared his want of firmness. He vacillated between Cæsar and Pompey; and it was thought the artful praises of the former, operating on his vanity, too often weakened his exertions for his party. Both were banished from their countries, and Cicero wept over his fate like a child; Demosthenes bore it with manly fortitude. Both have been charged with cowardice—Demosthenes ran away at the battle of Cheronæa (no proof however of cowardice, as the whole army fled); and Cicero was always accused of being deficient in nerve. It was said that the presence of Pompey's troops, at the time he defended Milo, so agitated him, as to produce a perfect failure. He always, however, had resolution to attack his enemies with great fierceness, as exemplified by his attacks on Catiline and Mark Anthony.* Both behaved with great firmness in the hour of death, and both fell the patriotic victims of despotism.

Both not only prepared themselves, but wrote out carefully their speeches before speaking, whenever they had an opportunity. Demosthenes was extremely averse to speaking without this preparation, and generally the mode of doing business allowed of it. When, however, there was a necessity for it, he spoke extemporaneously, and Plutarch says, with great power—e. g., his celebrated reply to Pytho was unpremeditated; and he spoke on the capture of Elatea after a single night's reflection. Cicero, too, was capable of splendid extemporaneous display, whenever the exigency demanded, as in the case of the great riot in the theatre on account of Otho's law; yet he too pro-

* In his defence of Roscius he exposed himself to the vengeance of Scylla, the dictator; which made him, he tells us, almost divine in the eyes of the people.

nounces the pen to be the most effectual teacher of eloquence.

It was this constant habit of writing out speeches which will explain the anomaly of so many *written* speeches never delivered—e. g., oration against Midias by Demosthenes was never spoken; five out of seven of the orations against Verres were never spoken; 2d philippic *vs.* Mark Anthony was not even *designed* to be spoken; the oration for Milo was not delivered, at least as it now appears: and in the written speeches, reference is often made to circumstances which would now appear ridiculous. In the speech for Milo, Cicero makes reference to things which could only happen whilst in the rostrum—e. g., alarm occasioned by the presence of armed men, the attention of the audience, the effect on the adversary by certain passages, &c.; all these were put in at random. But in 2d philippic, never delivered, he speaks as if delivering it on a particular day, which day is spoken of as bearing on the argument; he affirms that certain parts make Anthony feel, as if torn in pieces; and actually asserts, that he is *at the moment* growing pale with fear, and perspiring.

In Greece it was customary for the pleaders to write speeches and give them to others to deliver. The celebrated Isocrates, after his first failure, never could command resolution to appear again in public, but wrote many admirable orations delivered by others. The moderns are so much in the habit of extemporaneous speaking, that we have acquired a sort of contempt for *written* speeches. We consider them unfit for the modern mode of debating; and hence the two great orators of antiquity, it has been supposed, would have cut no great figure in the struggle of a modern debate, where the subject is argued stringently with an antagonist, "hand to hand, and foot to foot." As the mode of doing business anciently allowed of preparation, it is probable that Cicero and Demosthenes were not good debaters in our sense of the term; but that is no objection to them. Theirs was the highest kind of eloquence.

History has shown that the greatest speeches cannot be struck out at a heat. The finest displays have been those most studied, where the orator, as has been happily said, refines into simplicity, and elaborates into ease. It has been generally supposed, that the orator cannot feel the impulse of inspiration, except with the audience before him. This is a great mistake. In the closet his imagination may picture the scene, and thus inspire him as effectually as if the speech were delivering. Facts prove this theory. The two greatest orators of the ancient world preferred writing: and without doubt the two speeches of Cicero, the one for Milo, and the other, the 2d philippic against Anthony, which were never delivered, were his greatest; the last is particularly remarkable as a vehement oratorical effort. The

speech too of Demosthenes against Midias is one of his best, although never spoken.

In modern speeches, even, there is little doubt but that most of the passages of overpowering eloquence are most elaborately wrought out beforehand. The most powerful orator that England has ever produced, Lord Chatham, most laboriously prepared himself. He is said to have read Bailey's Dictionary twice over, to have articulated before a glass, to perfect himself in the use of language. We have every reason to believe that all his most celebrated passages, even that splendid allusion to the tapestry, were concocted beforehand. The very folding of his flannel around him, like a toga, and that sweep of his crutch, by which he awed his adversary into silence, were all pre-arranged.* Lord Brougham, by his own confession, wrote out the peroration of his speech for Queen Caroline seven times before he was satisfied with it.

Of all the orations of modern times, that of Sheridan in the trial of Warren Hastings seems to have produced the most magic influence on his audience,† and yet we know that it was most labo-

* One of his most distinguished partizans complained that he could not even get admittance to Lord Chatham's room, till all was ready for the representation, till the dresses and properties were correctly disposed of, till the light was thrown with Rembrandt-like effect on the head of the illustrious performer, till the flannels had been arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery, and the crutch placed as graceful as that of Bellisarius or Lear.

† Mr. Hume considers the effect produced by Cicero so cool a head as Cæsar's, in the case of Ligarius, as evidence of great power. Judging by a similar rule, we should pronounce the speech of Sheridan on the Began charges, as preëminently eloquent. Bissett, the continuator of Hume and Smollett, tells us that Logan, an accomplished scholar, and who himself wrote a masterly defence of Hastings, went into the House of Commons prepossessed in favor of the accused, and against the accuser. At the end of the first hour of Sheridan's speech, he pronounced it all declamation without proof—at the end of the second, he said, "this is a most wonderful oration"—at the close of the third, he said, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably"—after the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal"—and at the close of the speech, which lasted five hours, he said, "of all the monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings." Sir William Dolben moved the adjournment of the debate, confessing it was impossible to give a determinate opinion after such a speech. Mr. Stanhope seconded the motion; his opinion had inclined to the side of Mr. Hastings, but now nothing but information, almost equal to a miracle, could prevent him from sustaining the charge; but he had just felt the influence of such a miracle, and therefore he must avoid an immediate decision. Mr. Matthew Montague made a similar confession; and Burke, Fox and Pitt immediately paid compliments, which proved that all were overwhelmed by the display. It may be well here to add, before closing this note, that the result in this case marks the difference between the ancient and modern theatre. Had the decision been made immediately, as would have been done in Athens, or even as quickly as in Rome, Hastings would certainly have been hanged, or sent to the galleys. But in England, the prosecution was spun out through several years; the influence of great interests was brought to bear on the trial.

niously prepared—all the decorative passages were worked to a full polish beforehand by the most artistic skill. The industry of his whole family, from Mrs. Sheridan down to Edwards, his servant, was put in requisition—some with pen and scissors making extracts, while some were pasting and stitching his scattered memoranda in their proper places.

Our American orators, too, generally prepare their finest passages. In the late presidential canvass (1840), it was proved by the fact, that the same speech would be delivered in different places almost *verbatim et literatim*—several of the most successful of our popular orators have confessed that their finest declamatory passages were wrought out beforehand, and committed to memory. It is well known that Mr. Randolph, one of our greatest orators since the time of Henry, prepared himself with minute care: it has been proved by his notes.* About Patrick Henry some doubt has been entertained, because he was not a student in

The success of Mr. Hastings in his government, in spite of all his supposed enormities, moderated the public censure—public opinion turned in his favor; and thus was this great state criminal not only preserved unharmed, amid all that perilous lightning which flashed around him from the lips of Burke, Fox and Sheridan, but his trial came to be regarded as an unworthy prosecution of a meritorious and successful statesman; he was discharged, and lived to see the day when a British House of Commons thought themselves honored by his presence, and actually welcomed him with cheers when called as a witness on the East-India company's charter!

* By this, I do not mean to assert that Mr. Randolph wrote out his speeches beforehand, and that his notes were intended to remind him of words, but merely he prepared himself with great care and thought. As soon as he conceived the purpose of making a speech, his mind went to work to gather, arrange and prepare the materials. This it did whether alone or in company, whether speaking or listening. Every thought that came into his mind, which seemed capable of being wrought into the texture of his intended speech, was arrested, canvassed, and, if found appropriate, tacked down, as it were, by a word or two, in his notes. No caprice of his own fancy, or of the fancies of those with whom he conversed, was suffered to escape this process; and illustrations, sarcasms and epigrams were all treasured up. These last, and these alone, he polished with elaborate care. He knew that the effect of these things depends not only on the precise words, but on the precise collocation of the words. This therefore he determined beforehand. But it was only on the very point of the epigram—the "*sting in the tail*" of the sarcasm, as he himself called it, that he bestowed this care. He went into battle armed with *arrow points*, and trusted to the chance of war to supply the shafts to which they were to be fitted.

This was known to his intimate friends by the fact, that, in conversation with them on the subject of which he was about to speak, he would frequently utter such things in the very words in which he would afterwards introduce them into his speech. "I remember particularly (says a friend) the last speech he made in the House of Representatives. He had been waiting the opportunity to make it for ten days; and in that interval, I am inclined to think, I heard from him, in private, almost every brilliant thought contained in the speech. General Hamilton, who was most with him at the time, and possessed all his confidence, probably recollects much of the same sort."

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Extemporaneous debating requires the most perfect preparation; because all other things being equal, the man who possesses a thorough and complete knowledge of the whole subject, will be the most ready speaker. You cannot take such a man by surprise, because he is prepared at all points; and this explains why men of great reputation almost always fall below expectation, when suddenly transferred to great deliberative bodies, before which they have not been regularly trained. Lord Erskine went to parliament with an unrivalled reputation as a forensic speaker; yet he was no match for Pitt and Fox, very much to his chagrin. It was the remark of a distinguished Senator, some years since, that the greatest debater in the world might be suddenly translated to the Senate of the United States, and for the first year, at least, he would find himself unequal to some three or four in that body. The reason is not, that the new speaker has an intellect less powerful; but because, in the first place, he is not so thoroughly master of all those topics which may, *by possibility*, engage the attention of the house, as he who has been longer trained on that arena, and therefore he is much more subject to surprise; secondly, he is not so thoroughly acquainted as older members with the temper of the house; and, therefore even if he could deliver as good a speech as any one, yet it would not be so effective; he could not throw his shot between *wind* and *water* with that precision which a more thorough knowledge of the temper of the body alone could enable him to do.

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nounces the pen to be the most effectual teacher of eloquence.

It was this constant habit of writing out speeches which will explain the anomaly of so many *written* speeches never delivered—e. g., oration against Midias by Demosthenes was never spoken; five out of seven of the orations against Verres were never spoken; 2d philippic *vs.* Mark Anthony was not even *designed* to be spoken; the oration for Milo was not delivered, at least as it now appears: and in the written speeches, reference is often made to circumstances which would now appear ridiculous. In the speech for Milo, Cicero makes reference to things which could only happen whilst in the rostrum—e. g., alarm occasioned by the presence of armed men, the attention of the audience, the effect on the adversary by certain passages, &c.; all these were put in at random. But in 2d philippic, never delivered, he speaks as if delivering it on a particular day, which day is spoken of as bearing on the argument; he affirms that certain parts make Anthony feel, as if torn in pieces; and actually asserts, that he is *at the moment* growing pale with fear, and perspiring.

In Greece it was customary for the pleaders to write speeches and give them to others to deliver. The celebrated Isocrates, after his first failure, never could command resolution to appear again in public, but wrote many admirable orations delivered by others. The moderns are so much in the habit of extemporaneous speaking, that we have acquired a sort of contempt for *written* speeches. We consider them unfit for the modern mode of debating; and hence the two great orators of antiquity, it has been supposed, would have cut no great figure in the struggle of a modern debate, where the subject is argued stringently with an antagonist, "hand to hand, and foot to foot." As the mode of doing business anciently allowed of preparation, it is probable that Cicero and Demosthenes were not good debaters in our sense of the term; but that is no objection to them. Theirs was the highest kind of eloquence.

History has shown that the greatest speeches cannot be struck out at a heat. The finest displays have been those most studied, where the orator, as has been happily said, refines into simplicity, and elaborates into ease. It has been generally supposed, that the orator cannot feel the impulse of inspiration, except with the audience before him. This is a great mistake. In the closet his imagination may picture the scene, and thus inspire him as effectually as if the speech were delivering. Facts prove this theory. The two greatest orators of the ancient world preferred writing: and without doubt the two speeches of Cicero, the one for Milo, and the other, the 2d philippic against Anthony, which were never delivered, were his greatest; the last is particularly remarkable as a vehement oratorical effort. The

speech too of Demosthenes against Midias is one of his best, although never spoken.

In modern speeches, even, there is little doubt but that most of the passages of overpowering eloquence are most elaborately wrought out beforehand. The most powerful orator that England has ever produced, Lord Chatham, most laboriously prepared himself. He is said to have read Bailey's Dictionary twice over, to have articulated before a glass, to perfect himself in the use of language. We have every reason to believe that all his most celebrated passages, even that splendid allusion to the tapestry, were concocted beforehand. The very folding of his flannel around him, like a toga, and that sweep of his crutch, by which he awed his adversary into silence, were all pre-arranged.* Lord Brougham, by his own confession, wrote out the peroration of his speech for Queen Caroline seven times before he was satisfied with it.

Of all the orations of modern times, that of Sheridan in the trial of Warren Hastings seems to have produced the most magic influence on his audience,† and yet we know that it was most laborious.

* One of his most distinguished partizans complained that he could not even get admittance to Lord Chatham's room, till all was ready for the *representation*, till the dresses and properties were correctly disposed of, till the light was thrown with Rembrandt-like effect on the head of the illustrious performer, till the flannels had been arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery, and the crutch placed as graceful as that of Bellisarius or Lear.

† Mr. Hume considers the effect produced by Cicero as so cool a head as Cæsar's, in the case of Ligarius, as evidence of great power. Judging by a similar rule, we should pronounce the speech of Sheridan on the Begun charges, as preëminently eloquent. Bissett, the continuator of Hume and Smollett, tells us that Logan, an accomplished scholar, and who himself wrote a masterly defence of Hastings, went into the House of Commons prepossessed in favor of the accused, and against the accuser. At the end of the first hour of Sheridan's speech, he pronounced it all declamation without proof—at the end of the second, he said, "this is a most wonderful oration"—at the close of the third, he said, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably"—after the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal"—and at the close of the speech, which lasted five hours, he said, "of all the monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings." Sir William Dolben moved the adjournment of the debate, confessing it was impossible to give a determinate opinion after such a speech. Mr. Stanhope seconded the motion; his opinion had inclined to the side of Mr. Hastings, but now nothing but information, almost equal to a miracle, could prevent him from sustaining the charge; but he had just felt the influence of such a miracle, and therefore he must avoid an immediate decision. Mr. Matthew Montague made a similar confession; and Burke, Fox and Pitt immediately paid compliments, which proved that all were overwhelmed by the display. It may be well here to add, before closing this note, that the result in this case marks the difference between the ancient and modern theatre. Had the decision been made immediately, as would have been done in Athens, or even as quickly as in Rome, Hastings would certainly have been hanged, or sent to the galleys. But in England, the prosecution was spun out through several years; the influence of great interests was brought to bear on the trial.

niously prepared—all the decorative passages were worked to a full polish beforehand by the most artistic skill. The industry of his whole family, from Mrs. Sheridan down to Edwards, his servant, was put in requisition—some with pen and scissors making extracts, while some were pasting and stitching his scattered memoranda in their proper places.

Our American orators, too, generally prepare their finest passages. In the late presidential canvass (1840), it was proved by the fact, that the same speech would be delivered in different places almost *verbatim et literatim*—several of the most successful of our popular orators have confessed that their finest declamatory passages were wrought out beforehand, and committed to memory. It is well known that Mr. Randolph, one of our greatest orators since the time of Henry, prepared himself with minute care: it has been proved by his notes.* About Patrick Henry some doubt has been entertained, because he was not a student in

The success of Mr. Hastings in his government, in spite of all his supposed enormities, moderated the public censure—public opinion turned in his favor; and thus was this great state criminal not only preserved unharmed, amid all that perilous lightning which flashed around him from the lips of Burke, Fox and Sheridan, but his trial came to be regarded as an unworthy prosecution of a meritorious and successful statesman; he was discharged, and lived to see the day when a British House of Commons thought themselves honored by his presence, and actually welcomed him with cheers when called as a witness on the East-India company's charter!

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scene somewhat analogous to popular speaking in Greece. During the entire summer, and the months of September and October, the people throughout the United States became so interested in the presidential contest, as to gather from day to day in large assemblages, before which the best speakers of the districts engaged in debate. The greatest orators too in this country travelled from county to county, and state to state, like Peter the Hermit, visiting even the most inaccessible regions, that they might, everywhere, awaken the public mind to a due sense of the importance of the crisis—the subject too was great and agitating: the public mind became deeply excited; and it may perhaps be asserted with truth, that never, since the period just before the American revolution, has a finer field been presented for the display of oratory. It was not the schoolmaster, but the orator who “was abroad in the land.” By the success of this experiment, we may assert, without the fear of contradiction in after times, that a new era has been introduced into this country.

The *stump* and the *steam engine* will become, as one of Virginia’s most gifted sons asserted, the means of disseminating knowledge, and breaking down the influence of central dictation, and of caucus juggling: and thus will the oratory of modern times be made more analogous to that of the ancients. By this means, the orator once more is made the successful rival of the press. What will be the influence of this on the future character of American eloquence? Decidedly beneficial. It is feared by some that these promiscuous assemblies will increase all the defects of American oratory; that our speakers will become more turgid, prolix, declamatory, and their style more rude and unpolished than ever. This is not to be apprehended. The history of the ancient republics has most conclusively proven that no audience is so favorable to the production of close, concise, and powerful oratory, as the popular assembly. The people, says Mr. Hume, may sometimes be imposed on by false taste in rhetoric; but, uniformly, when the true orator makes his appearance, his superiority will be acknowledged, and the palm adjudged to him. Lord Brougham justly remarks, that the speaker who lowers his composition in order to accommodate himself to the habits and taste of the multitude, will find that he commits a grievous mistake.

All the highest powers of eloquence consist in producing passages which may at once affect the most promiscuous assembly. The best speakers of all times have ever found that they could not speak too well, or too carefully, before popular assemblies. “*Mirabile*,” says Cicero, “*cum plurimum in faciendo intersit inter doctum et rudem, quam non multum differat in judicando*.” Clear, strong, terse, natural style, has always been that which most delights the people; and these remarks

are confirmed by all the most effective speakers in the late presidential canvass.

Some of the finest eloquence which has ever been displayed in this country was before the people. Mr. Randolph’s most brilliant speeches were those to his constituents; particularly, it has been said, at Prince Edward courthouse, where he was sure to have a large proportion of his audience men of high intelligence. He spoke to that high intellect, and put forth all his highest powers. He was sure of being understood better than in Congress; for they understood not only his *thoughts*, but his *feelings* and his *character*. They loved him, and he them;—they were proud of him, and he of them. He was proud to lead them to heights to which ordinary minds could not climb; and if at any time he went where they could not follow him, they gazed on him as he ascended with delighted pride, that supplied the place of intelligence. Hence the notorious fact, that he could not speak anywhere else as he spoke at that spot.

Our congressional oratory is not the best, because there is not a proper sympathy between the speaker and his audience. But before popular assemblies, a proper sympathy almost always exists. Those who watched the career of any one of our great speakers during the late canvass, would not fail to remark its powerful effect, and to observe how rapidly the speaker improved under its influence. Perhaps to-day he starts some topic, he throws out some hint, he finds the feelings of his audience responsive to his own—that which was a mere hint to-day, he elaborates for to-morrow; he develops the idea to its fullest magnitude, polishes and clothes it with the most energetic phraseology; and on the morrow, when he reiterates it to another but a similar multitude, he receives the loud plaudits of a delighted auditory. Thus does he advance from day to day till he arrives at the highest pitch, both in the *matter* and the *manner*, which he is capable of attaining.

Here then is the finest school for eloquence which our country presents. It is true, our popular assemblies are inferior to those of Athens, because in the hands of the latter dwelt all political power; they were addressed on all the great topics of the day by the great orators of Greece, and consequently the taste and tact of those assemblies must have been greater than that which can be generated among the millions spread over our boundless regions; any portion of whom, when assembled together, must feel that they are but a microscopic fragment of the sovereign *demos*, with a share of power in comparison with that of the aggregated whole, less than the widow’s mite.

This great popular mass will ever be too broken and varied, to be wrought in all its parts to that high polish, taste and tact, in regard to oratory, which characterized an Athenian assembly. Every multitude that assembles cannot have the training

which the first orators of the country alone can give. But although on no point can we concentrate all the influences which operated on an Athenian assembly, yet we are compensated by the wider theatre on which we are practising. As before observed, we are *enacting Greece* on a grander scale; and if from any equal portion of our population we may expect fewer great orators, we must remember that we shall have millions of freemen, where the Athenians had thousands; and that the multiplication of our chances may more than compensate for the want of that concentrated influence, which operated so intensely within the walls of Athens and Rome. Our multitudes are now the most intelligent in the world; and, from the interest they take in public matters, the most susceptible of improvement. No observer could fail to mark, during the late *presidential campaign*, the rapid improvement achieved in the popular mind by only a few months of *oratorical labor*. Even the most uncultivated became at last possessed of the main points in the discussions, and contracted an intense relish for the higher kinds of eloquence. Mr. Hume said, in his day, that few would go without their dinners to hear the finest speech that could be made in Westminster Hall. But some of our best speakers have not only addressed crowds who went without their dinners, but were willing to brave the burning sun, or the pelting rain, rather than lose any portion of the *intellectual feast* prepared for them.

The critical taste of the whole American people has thus been wonderfully improved; and particularly in those districts where they enjoyed the advantage of hearing, in quick succession, some of the finest orators of our country. It is but fair therefore to conclude, that a continuance of such scenes, whilst it would improve the critical taste of the people, would react on the speaker, and produce the most vigorous species of popular eloquence. The *oratorical campaign* of 1840 has, in truth, furnished the true key to the secret of Grecian eloquence; henceforth, the American student will find no difficulty in understanding the real character of Demosthenes.*

* If it be asked whether we consider these popular discussions beneficial in a political point of view, we have no hesitation to answer in the affirmative. In the first place, they correct an alarming evil growing out of the influence of the press. The great bulk of the people read altogether on one side; few, except the rich, take more than one newspaper. None but the wisest heads can resist the influence produced by reading on one side alone; and when we consider the falsehood and treachery which characterize the press in times of high party excitement, we see at once the difficulty of diffusing truth among the people. Popular discussion corrects this evil. Able antagonists argue, face to face, before the people. Each is cautious in his assertions, because he knows that his opponent stands ready to expose falsehood, and overthrow sophism. Doubtful points are settled by a proper comparison of the facts; and the people are thus enabled to judge for themselves.

Again; we consider these discussions as eminently useful in another aspect. The party in power, in every political contest, has greatly the advantage over the adversary party; the former is the organized party; the best drilled party; and above all, it is the party which wields the patronage and influence of the government. With any thing like equal numbers and equal justice on its side, it is sure to win the victory.

Now, these popular discussions afford the very best means for successful conflict with such a party. It happens in *debate*, that the case is directly the reverse of what occurs in war—the party acting on the *offensive*, has a most decisive advantage against the *defending* party. The ministerial party must defend their measures at all points, and it is impossible for the course of even the wisest administration to be free from error. An opposition therefore may select these points of attack, and plant themselves always on the impregnable ground of *principle*; and this is one reason why, in all countries, the *opposition literature*, if we may so term it, and the *opposition oratory*, are really the best, and survive the longest.

The only objection which can seriously be urged against these popular discussions, is the political excitement and party strife which they engender. But we do not object to political excitement in a republic. The people are very rarely so *thoroughly* excited, that they do not decide properly; the mass are almost always honest; and when they do wrong, it is generally because they have been deceived, which rarely occurs when they have been awakened to a proper sense of the importance of the crisis. Look over the history of our Union, and you will generally find the popular *verdict* a correct one, after the periods of thorough political excitement. The only danger to be apprehended from excitement would be civil war, and consequently a dissolution of the Union; but this result need never be apprehended, except when parties are *geographically* divided; and then these popular debates would cease, because all would be on the same side in the same meeting. A popular discussion, for example, for and against abolition, will never occur in the South.

CHILDHOOD.

Again, my lyre, I wake thy soothing notes;
And while around thy stealing music floats,
Fair Fancy forms the gentle plastic lay
To image forth the morn of Life's young day.

Now night's sad sombre curtains slowly rise,
And rosy dawn comes blushing o'er the skies;
The mazy mists of morn awhile delay,
Then take fantastic forms and fly away.
From out the sea, bright Phœbus rises slow;
His shining face illumines the world below;
And now, beneath his early glancing rays,
Earth, clad in diamonds, like a queen, doth blaze;
And lovely now the dewy rose appears,
Like beauty smiling sweetly through her tears!

The golden lark, in early matin lays,
High soaring, sings her great Creator's praise;
The rippling streamlet lightly leaps along,
And ever and anon breaks forth in song;
And softly sighs the faintly perfum'd breeze;
And gently wave the green and graceful trees;
And beauteous birds dance light from spray to spray,
And sing and sport the merry hours away:
While from the grove a thousand notes arise
And join morn's many-mingled melodies.

Thus early childhood wakes to life and light—

Its dewy innocence gleams purely bright,
Beneath the beams of *Hope*, that, glancing, shed
Their heav'nly radiance round its curly head.
No clouds are there to darken o'er the page
Of glowing youthful joys—the reckless rago
Of Pleasure drives the soul upon its course,
Nor stops to heed Anticipation's hoarse
Of coming ills. Blind confidence endues
All objects with the most entrancing hues.
Light thoughts, like butterflies, so bright, so gay,
Entice pursuit, then fleetly glide away;
And their pursuer never gets so near
As to perceive the colors which they bear;
But still runs on to snatch the glitt'ring prize,
Which still, as he pursues, more swiftly flies.

Now, down the stream of *Chance*, the tiny boat
Of *Joy*, light bounding o'er each wave, doth float;
While on the bows the rosy boy appears,
Reflection by his side, all pale with fears,
Watching the darkling stream, as on they glide,
For dang'rous rocks that 'neath its bosom hide.
The gladsome boy but sees, as on they go,
The gaudy flow'rs on either bank that blow;
While pensive *Memory* sits atern, and sighs
For the bright bubbles which behind them rise.
As Knowledge, like the noonday light, comes on,
Fair childhood's dreamy joys, like mists, are gone—
Its errors, up, by wayward fancies driven,
Bescem a beauteous drapery of heaven;
They serve to dim Truth's ever-glowing blaze,
Too pure, too bright, for youth's untutor'd gaze.
Alas! alas! that childhood's dawn of day,
So fair, so beauteous, fades so soon away!

ECHO.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART IV.

While the squadron of the Order was employed at Algiers, some Turkish corsairs made their appearance off Malta, and blockaded its ports. The Bailiff Simeoni, however, on his return from Africa, quickly repairing his ships, set sail after the Infidels; many of whom he captured and brought home in chains. The Turks, alarmed at his good fortune, were afraid to appear at sea, and kept themselves confined to their havens, while the Maltese Admiral pursued his course to Tripoli. Simeoni, being informed, on his arrival, by the Governor, that he had received a letter from Hassan, the King of Tunis, in which he stated that great preparations were making at Constantinople for an attack on the place, landed what provisions he could spare, with a number of soldiers, and immediately set sail to return to Malta. Omedes, on the receipt of this information, was anxious to render all the assistance in his power; but as his means were limited, he despatched an ambassador to Charles V., to remind him of his former promise, and to ask of him its fulfilment. The Emperor gave to the Grand-Master many kind words, but neither sent men nor money to the aid of his

friends, who were surrounded at Tripoli by their enemies; and who were aware they must perish, should the Turks attack them in their sad and defenceless condition. Indeed, Ferdinand de Bracimont and Christopher de Solerterfan, the two in command, not wishing to assume the responsibility of conducting affairs during the impending siege, asked of Omedes their relief; which being granted, John de Valetta, a monk of great courage, experience and talent, was sent to succeed them. When this Knight arrived at his perilous post, he enrolled many Moors and Arabs among his Christian soldiers, and expended the little money he had brought, in repairing the walls of his weak and crumbling castle. Fortunately for the Order, while Valetta was thus employed, news was brought of the decease of Barbarossa at his seat of Basidas, a short distance from Constantinople, where he had built a mosque and mausoleum, in commemoration of his having sold on their site, a few years before, some fifteen thousand slaves, whom he had brought captive from Coreyra. This temple and sepulchre still remain.

Dragut Raïses, a mortal enemy of the Maltese, who was to have served as second in this expedition against Tripoli, succeeded, on the death of Barbarossa, to the chief command. While the Sultan was getting his fleet in readiness, Hassan Muleasses, the King of Tunis, at the suggestion of Valetta, with rich presents and a large retinue, made a voyage to Italy, to meet Charles V., and to crave some assistance against their common enemy, who, he expected, would make a descent on his coast. When tarrying at Naples, expecting the arrival of the Emperor, Hassan heard that his eldest son, Amida, whom he had left at the head of his army, was in open rebellion against him, and had murdered all who did not acknowledge his authority. Anxious to recover his throne, Muleasses returned to Barbary, having in company many malefactors and outcasts, who, with a promise of pardon for their offences, preferred enlisting in a foreign service, to being confined to their dungeons at home.

The chief of this villainous band of eighteen hundred men who landed at Goletta in Africa, was John Baptist Lofredius, a person of good family, but of a fierce and covetous character. Hassan and Lofredius were both told, on their landing, by Tonarres, the Spanish commander of the fortress, not to think of approaching towards Tunis, until they should know whom the citizens were disposed to favor. To this advice, they were inclined to listen, until some Arab chiefs, coming out of the city, and who, like their countrymen generally, were of a suspicious and treacherous disposition, advised the King to advance quickly, saying that his son would doubtless fly when he should make his appearance before the gates, and claim his lawful throne. Muleasses unfortunately listened

to this suggestion; and, with a small force, began his march, fully expecting, that, as soon as he came within sight of the walls of his capital, the citizens would come out and carry him to his palace in triumph. The Moors, when they heard that Hassan was attempting to recover his dominions only by the assistance of a few Christians, and remembering the manner in which he, by treachery and murder, got himself to be proclaimed their King, declared themselves in favor of Amida, and sallied out with hideous cries to impede his advance on Tunis. This attack was met by the Italians as gallantly as it was made. Muleasses, while bravely fighting, was severely wounded in the head and face; this, many of the soldiers who were near, observing, and fearing his death, turned and fled. Lofredius, however, with a small company, held his ground until he was completely encircled by a multitude of Moors, on horseback and foot; who, issuing out of the groves of olive trees, threatened him with immediate destruction. Discharging some pieces of artillery among his enemies, he spurred his horse through the gaps in the dense masses which his shot had made; and, in company with a few friends, took to the lake, in which he perished. Hassan, while retreating upon Goletta, was taken and brought before his son, who condemned him to have his eyes put out with a red hot iron. After this punishment had been inflicted, he was, by the assistance of an old woman, enabled to escape, and to put himself under the protection of Tonarres, who shortly after sent him to Sicily in company with the five hundred Italians, who survived in this fatal conflict, and who were only saved by the assistance of the Spaniards,—they having opened to them the gates of their fortress when closely pursued by the Numidian cavalry.

The blind old monarch, on his arrival in Europe, complained to the Emperor of his having been robbed, by the Governor of Goletta, of the money and jewels which he had placed in his custody. It would appear that this charge was substantiated; for Tonarres was soon recalled from his command, and Muleasses always supported at the expense of the Sicilian government.

Dragut appearing with a large squadron on the coast of Africa, treacherously took possession of Mehedia—a strongly fortified town between Tunis and Tripoli—"for the purpose of securing to himself an independent sovereignty" and a good harbor, whither he might carry the prizes and plunder which he should make on his different cruises. Mehedia had been for centuries subject to the Princes of Tunis; but the citizens, throwing off their allegiance, declared themselves alike independent of all foreign rule, and established a commonwealth. Dragut, having bribed one of the chief officers to admit him and his friends into the town, seized upon the castle, and declared all the

inhabitants prisoners of war, unless they should acknowledge him as their master. To this, in their extremity, and much to their sorrow, they were compelled to submit.

Charles V., fearing to have so strong a position held by his enemy, commanded the younger Doria to go hither; and, at all hazards, to wrest it out of his hands, calling at the same time on the Pope and Grand-Master to render all the aid in their power. When the Admiral was ready to sail on this service, he was joined by the Maltese Bailiff de Sangle, with four galleys, one hundred and forty Knights, and four hundred men, who were in the pay of the Order. Doria, shaping his course for Cape Bon, landed his soldiers, and captured the castle of Calibia, the ancient Clypia; thence advancing upon Monasteer, he also took it after some hard fighting. When the Christians appeared before the latter place, the Turks and Moors made a sally upon them, more for the purpose of reconnoitering, than for a general engagement. The Knights, however, with a body of Spaniards, charged them so fiercely, as not only to overthrow them, but capture their town. The Governor, who retired with a few soldiers in his castle, would not surrender; he was killed by a musket shot, while exposed on the top of a breach, through which the Maltese monks were trying to force their way. Though the Turks, on his death, immediately surrendered as prisoners of war, yet grievously did the Order suffer in this short but sanguinary conflict.

Doria, who had been strictly charged by the Emperor not to lay siege to Mehedia, until joined by the forces which were expected from Italy, carried his fleet off the port, to prevent any succors being thrown in the town, which Dragut, on his departure to ravage the coasts of Spain, had left in the best possible state of defence. Hardly had he commenced his blockade, before the Admiral received a despatch from the Viceroy of Naples, intimating that it might be advisable for him, while the forces for Africa were being collected, to visit Palermo, and take on board Don Juan de Vega, an aged and experienced officer in Turkish warfare; and afterwards, proceed to Drepano, which he named as the place of a general rendezvous. When Doria arrived in Sicily, he found the Neapolitan and Maltese squadrons already at anchor: the former under the command of Don Garcia, a son of the Viceroy, who, by virtue of his birth, claimed the supreme command; an honor which the young Spaniard thought belonged to him, and which he would not consent to yield to his rival. This dispute, after being carried to such a length as at one time to threaten a division of the fleet, was compromised with great difficulty by the Bailiff de Sangle, who got the two officers to consent to the following arrangement. While at sea Garcia was to act as second in command,

and when on shore each one was to head his own soldiers and obey a council of war, which was to issue all orders in the Emperor's name, as if he was actually present.

While the Christian fleet was thus detained at Sicily, Dragut made his appearance at Mehedia; and, remaining only long enough to land some fresh troops and ammunition, sailed on a cruise for the purpose of intercepting all the vessels which might be sent, during the siege, to carry succor to his enemies.

On the 28th of June, 1550, the Knights, Italians and Spaniards took up their position before the town, opened their trenches, and raised their batteries. The inhabitants, being alarmed at such a powerful force, and desirous of avoiding a battle, proposed to capitulate. This coming to the knowledge of the Governor, Lisee Rais, a bold and resolute soldier, he drew his dagger, and threatened first to kill all with his own hand who were such cowards as to propose so base a measure, and then to set fire to the city;—asking of the citizens how they could expect to receive any kindness at the hands of their enemies, and whether it was not more honorable for them to fight, and if needs be, die in defence of their religion, especially when so well supported by him and his garrison, than to quietly yield themselves as slaves, and become the inmates of foreign prisons. This language had the desired effect; the Moors passing their swords across their throats, to show that they would be faithful to their commander to the end of their lives. Rais, to show in what contempt he held the Christians, ordered some cavalry, with a few hundred Turkish soldiers, to sally out and take possession of a hill, from the summit of which they might harass the Italian camp. Don Garcia, with several companies of soldiers, advanced in a gallant manner to drive them from their position; but the Turks, being reinforced with a great number of Arabs, maintained their ground with such desperation, that the Neopolitans would have perished to a man, had not Juan de Vega and some Maltese Knights penetrated into the midst of the hostile squadrons, and courageously rescued their friends. The Viceroy observing that his artillery had effected a breach in the walls of the town, ordered an assault to be made by his Sicilian troops, refusing to permit the monks of the Order to take the lead, which, according to ancient custom, they claimed as their special right. Though the attack was made two hours before day, and in a courageous manner, yet its result could not have been more disastrous; only one, of all who were employed in this duty, escaped with his life; and he was only saved to give what information he could to the Infidels, of the intention and force of their enemies.

About this time, Muleasses, who had accompanied the Christians in this attack on Mehedia, was taken ill of a fever, and died in the sixty-fifth year

of his age. He was of a tall stature and dark complexion; wise in council, brave in the field, but of a temper so vindictive, that, with his last breath, he cursed his son and all who had assisted him in his unnatural rebellion. His remains were taken to Kayrwan, the burial place of his ancestors.

Dragut, having landed on the coast with eight hundred Turks, unknown to the Christians, concealed himself in some groves of olive trees, which bounded the Spanish lines. One of the first acts of this corsair was, to send a messenger to inform his nephew, the Governor of the castle, of his arrival—and of his intention, on St. James' day, to attack his enemies, commanding him at the same time to make a sally, with a powerful force, to sustain him. A straggling Moor, who was in the suite of the deceased King, and who, by chance, discovered many of his countrymen laying on their stomachs in ambush, was the first to give the Viceroy intimation of the danger of the troops, who were out foraging for the use of his army. Don Juan de Vega, not wishing to recall the soldiers, who were engaged on this service, took with him some Maltese and other officers, with a squadron of cavalry, and advanced to escort them. This movement caused a fierce and desperate fight, in which Perez de Varga, the Governor of Galleta, and many Knights, lost their lives. When the Christians reached their camp, they found the main body of the army warmly engaged with Rais, who had made a sally in spite of a murderous fire, and had succeeded in planting two of his standards on their trenches; though he could advance no farther, and was compelled to retire with a serious loss within the gates of his fortress. At a council of war, it being proposed to raise the siege, Don Garcia, who was opposed to the measure, introduced some deserters, whose opinion it was, that any longer bombardment on the land side would be useless, as the walls were impregnable; but should they change the point of their attack to the seaward, they would doubtless succeed in making a breach, and in taking the town.

This advice being taken, some galleys were lashed together and moored near the fortification, through which, after several discharges, a practicable breach was made. Every thing being arranged, the Maltese were allowed to take the lead in the assault. Giou, who carried the standard of St. John, was the first who entered the town; but hardly had he planted it on the bastions, before he was killed by a musket shot. He was succeeded in his honorable post, by de Cussier, who proudly held the ensign waving over his head, while the battle continued. The Moors behaved with great firmness; the Turks, fearing Dragut's resentment, should they capitulate, would receive no quarter and were utterly destroyed. Many of the inhabitants, when they found their town was captured,

sought their safety in flight. Don Garcia, having purified the principal mosque, and made it a Christian church, ordered the bodies of all the Knights and other officers, who had been killed in the different attacks, to be there entombed. When the town was afterwards destroyed, these remains were taken to Sicily and deposited in the cathedral of Montreal; a splendid tomb being erected over them, and a suitable inscription engraven upon it. The siege of Mehedia continued for three months, the town being taken at the close of September 1550. Besides the immense booty of gold, silver and precious stones found in the city—for the place, from its strength, was used as a store-house for the African merchants—several thousand prisoners were made and carried off in chains.

Dragut, incensed at the loss of his capital and treasure, sent an envoy to the Sultan, to inform him how necessary it was to rout the Maltese Knights from their strong holds; adding, that should they be permitted to remain undisturbed, the commerce of his subjects would be ruined, and his longer possession of Egypt and Palestine be greatly endangered. To these suggestions, Solyman most willingly consented; more especially, as he considered that Charles V. had, by engaging in the expedition against Mehedia, faithlessly broken the five years' league, which he thought was binding between them.

Early in the Spring of 1551, Dragut, having the commission of a General in the Ottoman service, left Constantinople with a fleet of one hundred and forty sail, destined to make an attack on Malta; Sinan, being in joint command, hoisted his flag as Admiral. The news of this armament's being at sea, greatly alarmed the Order and the Spanish court. Charles V., supposing that Dragut was the prime mover of the enterprise, be it what it might, ordered his Admiral to put to sea, and give him battle, desiring also the Grand-Master to send his galleys with as many Knights as he could spare from his garrison. To this request Omedes acceded, pretending to believe that the Turks were to act in concert with the French against the city of Naples; though his council were satisfied, from the statement of the chevalier De St. John, who had returned from cruising on the coast of the Moræa, that it was destined against their island; they strongly protested against his sending his squadron away at a time when he might be so hardly pressed himself. Villegagnon, the monk, who was so conspicuous at the siege of Algiers, having arrived at Messina, sent a letter to the Grand-Master to inform him, that the Infidels were on their way to attack him; and that he could not be too active in making preparations for the defence of his Order. So satisfied was the Knight of the correctness of his statement, that he asked permission of the Viceroy of Sicily to leave for Malta, and open the

eyes of Omedes to his fatal error in supposing himself in safety, when there was a mine ready to explode, which might bury him and the whole Chapter in one general ruin. Villegagnon, making his appearance at the convent, being asked from whom he received his information, answered, that he was indebted for it to Montmorency, the constable of France, who told him, at the moment of his departure, that the Sultan was determined to bend his whole force against Malta and Tripoli, that he might be revenged of the Knights for the prominent part which they had taken in the capture of Mehedia and other places on the African coast. The Grand-Master, who had received this zealous monk with the greatest coolness, simply remarked, on his leaving, to some friends who were around him, "that either this Frenchman is the high constable's dupe, or he wishes us to be his;" adding, "that he could never believe that the Sultan would send so large a force against two such sterile islands as Malta and Gozo; from the plunder of which he could never collect a sufficient amount to defray him for one-tenth part of the expense which he must necessarily incur, to carry his object into execution."

The Turks sailing along the coast of Sicily, surprised the castle and town of Augusta, which they easily took, and thoroughly sacked. Few of the inhabitants lost their lives, as they fled to the mountains, whither they were not pursued. So stubborn was Omedes, that, even after this news was received, he would not believe the Ottoman fleet would visit his island.

On the 16th of July, the Grand-Master awoke to his error; for being called at early dawn, he saw from the windows of his palace the crescent waving in the westerly breeze, and a large number of hostile ships laying off the mouth of his harbor. Though the Knights were surprised at seeing so large an armament, yet they were not dismayed. Dividing themselves in different companies, some were employed in putting the women and children in places of safety, arming their men, and marshalling the soldiers; while others made excursions to discover the strength of their enemies, and watch their movements. In this last service, a Spanish commander, Guimerano, and a monk of English origin, were particularly active. The former, putting himself at the head of one hundred Knights on foot and three hundred musqueteers, ascended Mount Scceberras, where he remained in ambush awaiting the landing of the Turkish General, who was approaching in a galley to reconnoitre from his position. When the Turks came within range of his shot, he opened upon them with such precision, that many of the rowers were killed; while those who escaped, in the greatest alarm, abandoned their oars. Sinan, enraged at their cowardice, ordered them, on their peril, to pull for the shore. Guimerano, satisfied with the check he

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had given the Infidels, hastily embarked his men and returned to the Bourg, the usual residence of the convent, and the only place on the island which could, with any chance of success, be defended against the huge force which had appeared to invade it. The English commander, with thirty of the Order and four hundred mounted islanders, repaired to the beach, where the Turks were endeavoring to effect another landing. So courageously did they maintain their ground, that the besiegers, seeing any further attempt to land would be useless, and only expose them to greater loss, returned to the fleet, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

Sinam, having reached the summit of Mount Scceberras, and carefully observed the situation of St. Angelo, with its bastions and bulwarks, asked of Dragut, in an angry manner, if that was the castle which he had mentioned to Solymán as being so easy to reduce? "Surely no eagle could have chosen a more craggy and difficult place to make her nest in. Dost thou not see that men must have wings to get up to it, and that all the artillery and troops of the universe would not be able to take it by force?" An old Turkish officer who was of his suite, remarked: "Seest thou that bulwark which juts out in the sea, and on which the Maltese have planted the great standard of their Order? I can assure thee, that whilst I was a prisoner with them, I have helped to carry a part of the huge stones of which it is built, and am pretty sure that before thou canst make thyself master of it, thou wilt be overtaken by the winter season; and probably likewise prevented from succeeding, by some powerful succors from Europe." Dragut still supporting his opinion, a council of war was called—at which it was decided, not to attack St. Angelo, but to advance some seven miles inland, and commence their operations against Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island.

St. Paul's Bay being the most convenient place for the Ottoman army to land, the fleet were carried thither and all the time kept under way, as the water was shallow, and the anchorage, in the event of a northerly gale, dangerous. While the slaves were employed in landing the artillery and dragging it over the rugged rocks—a tedious work during the summer heats—the Turks amused themselves by making continual incursions in the country, killing the inhabitants, razing their dwellings, plundering every thing of value, and destroying all the crops of cotton, corn and fruit, which the peasants, in their flight, had not been able to carry with them.

The number of inhabitants in Citta Vecchia was not far from twelve thousand, of both sexes and all ages—a people who were only accustomed to till the earth, and who were more disposed to surrender to their enemies than to arm and become subject to the Knights, and to the few soldiers

who were there to defend them. While making this remark, we would not wish to imply that the Maltese were cowards, for we believe that they were then, as they are now, a courageous race; but they feared for the safety of their wives and children; and thought, that unless assistance was sent them by the Grand-Master, it would be madness for them to attempt to defend their city against so formidable a force.

Adordo, the Governor, being alarmed for the safety of his garrison, when he observed the number of Turks who had encamped themselves before his fortress, sent a messenger at midnight to St. Angelo, to inform the council of his situation; and to add, that to protect the place, it would be necessary for him to have a large reinforcement of disciplined troops, and some Knights to command them—making particular mention of Villegagnon, whom he desired would come to assist with his prowess and advice.

Omedes, being glad of an opportunity to rid himself of the presence of the French monk, who enjoyed so great an influence in the Order, and on all occasions spoke his mind so freely, consented to his departure; though he pretended to think that it was not necessary, as the peasants were so numerous, and sufficiently good soldiers to protect themselves and their capital. Villegagnon, indignant that the Grand-Master should refuse to grant the relief which Adordo requested, bluntly remarked, that he did not conceive the safety of Citta Vecchia at all depended upon the number of ignorant citizens, who, from their different villages, had fled there for protection, and who might, on the first attack of their enemies, be induced to fly; but rather on the Knights, who, from their sense of honor and education, would never, but with their lives, yield the place which they should be charged to defend. Omedes replied in a haughty manner, that six chosen members of the convent would be permitted to accompany the French commander to the capital; and should he fear to go with that number, others of his friends, he thought, might be found, who would be proud of being employed on so honorable a service. "Sir," said Villegagnon, "I will soon convince you that fear never made me shun any danger." So saying, he immediately started with his companions for their distant and dangerous post, which they safely reached unknown to the Turks; they were drawn up into the fortress by cords, the Governor fearing to open the gates to admit them. The Maltese greeted the arrival of this small party with a general discharge of artillery, and such continued shouts, as to induce the besiegers to believe that strong reinforcements had reached the garrison during the previous night.

Villegagnon, to encourage the citizens, gave them to understand, that he had come in advance of a large force; though he frankly told Adordo

that he could expect no other help from the Grand-Master and that he and his friends had only come to perish as Christian warriors in defence of that standard under which they were enlisted.

A fortunate stratagem was at this time devised by the pay-master general of the forces, which succeeded to admiration. This Knight penned a letter at Malta, and directed it to Omedes, as if it had been written from Messina, in which he stated that a large fleet would leave the port the first fair wind, under the celebrated Doria, who had orders from Charles V., either to compel the Turks to raise the siege, or give them battle. A small vessel being sent out of the harbor, this despatch was entrusted to the crew, who were in the secret; they were directed to retreat in their boats to the shore when pursued; but to leave the letter where it might be easily found. When the vessel was taken, the letter was carried to Sinam, who, on learning its contents, called his officers together, to whom he said that he undertook the siege of Citta Vecchia, only at the earnest suggestion of Dragut; that he was opposed to its continuance; and recommended that they should immediately repair to Tripoli, before the season was more advanced, and the blustering weather should commence—adding, that should the information which he had received be true, and of its correctness they had no reason to doubt, the Christians might attack and capture their fleet, while the principal officers and the most of their soldiers would be at such a distance as not to be able to render their friends the least assistance. Should this happen, Sinam asked, what is to become of us! There will be but this alternative—either to die, while vainly attempting to take this castle—or surrender as prisoners of war, and become slaves to these monks, whom we are here to conquer. Though these arguments were so conclusive, yet the members of the council would not consent to raise the siege, until the Admiral promised to stop while on his way to Africa, and make an attempt on Gaules, now called Gozo, a small island about thirty miles in circumference, and four miles distant from Malta. Therefore, by the lucky trick of the pay-master, Citta Vecchia was doubtless saved.

The Turks, as they retired, were fired upon from the Maltese batteries; but more from bravado than effect; as they were out of gun-shot distance, and consequently could suffer no loss.

Three hours after the Ottoman army was embarked at St. Paul's Bay, a portion of it was again landed on Gozo, and had already commenced its ravages. The people leaving their habitations, sought refuge in the citadel, which was unfortunately commanded by a young Spanish Knight, Galatian de Sessa, who was more of a craven than soldier; he, having on the first appearance of danger, fled to his quarters, and there kept himself concealed, though repeatedly called upon by the

citizens to appear and aid them with his advice, as they were willing to make a desperate defence. A brave English cavalier, incensed at the dastardly conduct of the Governor, assumed the command, and with his own hand fired off the only piece of cannon in the place which would bear upon his enemies; the piece did no little service, having killed some mussulmen of rank, which kept the rest for a time from approaching the walls. No one having the courage to take the place of the Englishman, who fell by a shot from the besieger's battery, de Sessa sent a monk to Sinam, offering to capitulate, should he guarantee the lives, liberties and effects of all the inhabitants. The Admiral contemptuously returned for answer, that he would make no such promises; and that if the place was not immediately surrendered, he would hang the commander at its gates.

This message being given to the Governor, he sent the monk a second time consenting to admit the Turks, provided he should be allowed, with two hundred, to retire in safety to the convent at Malta. This request was refused; the liberty of forty only being promised; and the messenger informed, that should he return again to offer other terms, he would be instantly flayed alive. De Sessa in despair surrendered; and the Turks finding him in his palace, the first place which they entered, compelled him, like a beast of burden, to carry on his back, down to their ships, the property they found in his own apartments. Sinam, to have the appearance of not breaking his word, sought among all the inhabitants for the forty who were the most aged and infirm, remarking that they were, in his opinion, the principal inhabitants, and least able to endure the sufferings of a captivity in a distant land. Six thousand three hundred Gozotans were, on this sad occasion, made captives, and carried off in slavery. De Sessa being stripped almost naked, was put in chains, and sent as a prisoner to a Turkish galley.

An instance of desperate courage was shown at this time by a Sicilian peasant, who, preferring death to bondage, first poignarded his wife with two lovely daughters, and then sallying forth with his musket and cross-bow, expended all his bullets and arrows before he fell, covered with wounds in the midst of his enemies.

LINES.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

Tell me not that I must stay
While thou goest far away,
For indeed I cannot be
Any where if not with thee.

But wherever thou shalt roam,
I will make thy side my home;
With thee rove, and with thee rest,
Leaning on thy gentle breast.

As the ivy, passion-bound,
Clasps her cherished elm around,
Folding it with many a ring;
So to thee, my love, I cling.

As the ivy, torn away
From her sole supporting stay,
Droopeth, dieth; so must I,
Severed from thee, droop and die.

O! my husband, know'st thou not
That the Lord hath linked our lot?
And whatever is thy fate,
Mine shall not be separate.

VOGUE.

To be in vogue, is an object for the attainment of which more nerve is strained, I believe, than in any other human effort, and I take great credit to myself, therefore, for the sacrifice I shall make in this article—a sacrifice that will probably be deemed the most disinterested of any recorded in literary history; for I propose to make some remarks that will put me *out of vogue*—place me beyond the pale of fashion, and for aught I either know or care, beyond the boundaries of civilization. The Messenger professes, I believe, to be a “liberal” magazine, and it will, I dare say, be willing to “dot down” the impressions of thinking citizens, whether they all of them happen to think fashionably or not. The writer of the straggling thoughts here embodied, would be very sorry to “commit” the Messenger to any *outré*, or old fashioned notions; but, perhaps a few such crude ideas as occur to the mind that does its own thinking, may not give very great offence even to the exquisite, and possibly may even reach the sympathies of those who are not quite so exquisite. At all events, I expressly beseech that our excellent friend Mr. White may not be held responsible for the heresies of the author, if they really be heresies; but, that he may be excused on the ground of the national franchise—the right of saying pretty much what every body pleases on all subjects.

“The largest liberty” is the modern motto, and it is difficult to see, upon the principle of this adage, what right the editor of a republican magazine has, to reject the honest thoughts of a “free citizen,” even though they may run counter to the current of popular opinion, or more accurately speaking, the affectation of that opinion.

This is, it must be confessed, a tolerably long preface to so very short a title as I have adopted; but, the truth is, I thought it but reasonable, since I was so merciful in the brevity of my title, that I should be indulged in a pretty tedious introduction. If it be *too* tedious, there is no shorter remedy for the reader than that which obtains among the aspirants to martial glory in the New-England militia—he must *jump* the preliminaries.

Even after that exploit, however, I am afraid there will be farther forbearance called for. It will still be necessary, I fear, to ask him to help us a little in examining into the meaning of this same word “Vogue;” and as I have no Anglo-Saxon dictionary by me, or a Lexicon in any other language, likely to throw much etymological light on the subject, perhaps after all we may remain rather in the dark as to the legitimate signification of the very “heading” of this otherwise learned essay.

Vogue! What the deuce is “vogue?” it may possibly be asked. I am not precisely prepared to assume the responsibility of a definition; but I believe the word means—*something that caprice has taken up, without knowing very well herself what it means, per se—something that has obtained a vulgar standing among those who can't account for their own partialities.* This, I believe, is about what “vogue” amounts to. If there be any thing more definable or more sensible in its composition, I have only to pray heaven for further enlightenment.

* * * * *

If the foregoing attempt to convey my own meaning of the subject matter be in any degree satisfactory, it only remains to analyze it by looking a little into some of its component parts, and by exhibiting some of their more prominent phases.

Vogue is as various as the human whims that give it life and being. There are the musical vogue, the literary vogue, the political vogue—the vogue of taste in artificial productions, embracing the labors of the painter, the poet, the statuary and the architect; the vogue in what we wear, and in what we eat, as well as in the particular fashion how we shall eat after the table is spread. In short, there are so many vogues, that we have no idea of enumerating and still less of descanting on them, at this time. We shall touch one or two of them, and afterwards go on with others; unless our heterodoxy should be so palpable that the readers of the Messenger veto any farther proceedings.

The musical vogue is the most obstinate, as it certainly is the most senseless and stupid of the vogue family; for its followers, man, woman and child, *only endure their delights.* Their ecstasies are all forced, and would be worse than torture if the sufferers were not carried through the infliction by the desire to be considered fashionable. They find it fashionable to admire a certain style of music, and of course they must admire, or confess to downright barbarism. Italian music, like Mr. Biddle's notion of Greek architecture, when he built the Banking House, is all that is “endurable in classic minds;” and, therefore, all else is counterfeit.

The moving melodies of nature, the combination of sounds which please the ear and animate the heart, are all to be discarded, looked down upon

and despised, because they have not the merit of falling in with modern *taste*; a physical dogma is as absurd in the abstract as it is in the concrete—as gross in the mental as it is in the animal appetite—as absurd as it would be to say that the palate has the right to usurp the functions of the ear, and decide upon what should, and what should not, please the latter organ; just about as rational as for the auricular organ to undertake to regulate the faculties of its brother member, and tell the palate when to relish oysters, and when to prefer a dish of Chinese bird's nests “fried in fat,” and how the latter delicacy tasted best—manipulated with chopsticks, or carried to the mouth through the medium of knife, fork or spoon!

The simple music of our forefathers, the martial sounds that led them to battle and to victory, the “wood-notes wild” which have thrown a romance over our rural reminiscences, are voted vulgar by a vulgar *cognoscenti*, and every natural note and combination of natural notes are flouted, as so much heathenism, by the runners after the caterwauling of Italian *professors*, whether they play their “variations” in the shape of bearded *bassos*—pumpkin vines in the vernacular—or unbearded Cypreans who sing unintelligible *contralto*. The beautiful airs of Ireland, of Scotland, of England, and of our own country (if we have any,) are mere *bores* that the poodleism of fashion pretends to turn up its pug-nose at; while the “difficult passages” of a mastachioed savage from Milan, Mantua, Bologna or the Black Forest, are swallowed with a gusto equal to that of a half-starved Neapolitan, when theft or charity has supplied him with a mouthful of macaroni.

It may be that I was born a Goth, and that my “susceptibility to sound” is different from that of my countrymen; but I do not believe it. I am of opinion that my tastes and my organs of sensation are as acute and as well regulated as those who “feign a fancy and affect a folly.”

Those who profess to be knowing in these matters tell us that it requires an “educated taste” to relish Italian music, and that a novice in these mysteries does not himself know what he likes. Nature has provided him no medium through which he has the least insight into his own sensations! He must put himself into training before he can distinguish an agreeable from a disagreeable sound, or know for an instant whether a melody be melodious or not. He is called upon to consider a guttural cadenza, ghastly as the last grunt of a doomed porker, as the *ne plus ultra* of vocal excellence, and to be in utter ecstasy with it, while he would vastly prefer the torment of a concert of broken-headed drums, and the cracked fifes of a Barkhemstead militia company. What we ought to like in music is a very different thing from what we do like, according to the canons of musical criticism, and we are actually called upon for ecstasy

when nature and *true taste* feel nothing but disgust.

We have, through life perhaps, cherished a favorite air, and we ask a lady at the piano to play it for us; she commences, and in executing—literally *executing* it—we find ourselves in a fog of “variations,” and obscured by a cart-load of “science,” which render identity impossible, and make us anxious for the creaking of a grindstone, or the rumbling of an iron-waggon over the pavement, to relieve us. This is *vogue*—musical vogue, and which can only be reached by those who are *educated* for it. Heaven be thanked that I, at least, was not educated in such a school. There is no telling what a man might *not* have been educated to. It is easy enough to *teach* any thing. Cannibals are taught to prefer human flesh to any thing that could be placed before them; and the ladies of the Celestial Empire are educated in the full belief, that small feet, *educated* into a deformity which makes them cripples for life, are of all things the most charming. This Chinese *vogue*, however, is considered out of taste among most other people, though the pinching process is, we acknowledge, “practiced to some extent in this community;” but outlandish as we may look upon such propensities, they are quite as natural, and rather more rational, than the education of the taste which requires us to consider modern music any thing but an abomination.

This is what I choose to say, Mr. Editor, of musical “vogue.” If you think it *too* outrageous, you had better not permit me to say any thing about the other members of that fantastic family.

WHERE ART THOU, WANDERER, WHERE?

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

Where art thou, wanderer, where?

Where stray, this hour, thine ever-restless feet—
What lovelier place than home, what voice more sweet,

What truer, tenderer care,

Dost thou, afar from us, my brother, meet?
To what bright phantom doth thy spirit bow?
Wealth? 'tis not worth thy childhood's happy home!
Fame? 'tis a false gem glittering on the brow!
Love? doth not a fair meek image sometimes come,
With all-beseeching glance and tear-dim'd eye,
Calling thee back by Nature's holiest tie?

Where art thou, wanderer, where?

Amid the splendid pomp of some proud English hall,
In courtly bower, or at the midnight ball,

Amid the bright and fair?

Canst thou be happy there, a stranger 'mong them all?
Where art thou? sailing upon that sunny sea,
Whose shining ripples wash the shores of Spain?
In lovely Greece, and classic Italy—
Roam'st thou through grove, and hill, and flowery plain?
Pausing by each old haunt of fallen glory,
To gather treasures for thy future story?

Where art thou, wanderer, where?
 Beneath the sultry blue of Asia's far-off sky,
 By mosque, and idol-fane, and snowy-mountain high,
 Or Persian valley fair—
 Where strange bright birds and flowers enchant thine eager
 eye?
 Or art thou where the stars of Afric shine?
 In Moorish palace, or by Nile's green shore—
 'Mid pyramids, spice-woods, and golden mine?
 Or where the harp of Memnon play'd of yore?
 Or doth the Southern cross, magnificent and grand,
 Shine on thy path in the Cordillera land?

O! wheresoe'er thou art,
 We pray thee, burst each flowery spell, and come.
 Fain with soft-links of love, would we draw home
 The wanderer's step and heart,
 Never again from its dear scenes to roam.
 Come, for thy kind old father waits to bless—
 Come, ere thy mother's dimming eye is clos'd—
 Brother and sister wait for thy caress—
 Thy wife—thy child—'tis long since they repos'd
 Upon thy heart. O, by that fair boy's promise—
 By thy early love for *her*, linger no longer from us!
 March, 1842.

THE "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND" OF SHELLEY.

It has been stated by Macaulay, in one of his incomparable essays, that the present is rather a critical than an original age; and although we cannot entirely coincide in this opinion, believing as we do, that talent has rather changed its direction, than ceased its efforts; yet, to a certain extent, we must admit the justice of the remark. We believe that as much good has been done, by directing the attention of the public to hidden beauties of thought and diction in neglected authors, as by working up the old ore into new shapes to please the popular taste.

In no country has the influence of reviewers been more powerfully felt than in Great Britain; and although they may have passed many hasty judgments, and effected some injustice—as the fate of poor Keats can testify—yet, upon the whole, their influence has been decidedly beneficial. The full though tardy justice, they have of late awarded to Shelley, would do much to redeem many sins, both of omission and commission. His case has been one of peculiar hardship; seldom has so much obloquy been heaped upon the head of one man. His whole life was so embittered by constant and unrelenting persecution, that it became a torture to him. For a mere speculative difference of opinion, he was made a scoff and a finger-point—his feelings outraged—his complaints disregarded—his children wrested from his guardianship by the strong arm of the law—and he himself finally driven from his country, amidst the exultant yells of enemies, whose enmity he had never provoked.

Byron too was driven forth; but he, to use his

own words, "worm-like, was trampled; adder-like, revenged." Shelley's nature, though, was far different from Byron's; there was no bitterness in his heart; in spite of all his wrongs, he loved his race; and, in his Italian exile, he cherished the same warm sympathy and gushing kindness, which characterized his boyish years. The malice of his enemies might banish him from the shores of his country, but could not erase its memory from his heart. His writings too have shared the hard fate which seemed to cling to their author. Steeped as they are in the spirit of human love, breathing the loftiest sentiment and the purest morality, and enriched and adorned by a fancy as varied as it was beautiful, they have nevertheless been stamped with reprobation, as the ravings of an atheist and misanthrope. With the strange inconsistency of hate, as Talfourd well observes, "this poet is said to deny Deity, who sees Deity in every thing." What was the pretext for this unsparing warfare against him? Why, the publication of an infidel poem, "Queen Mab." The noble defence of Sergeant Talfourd, in the case of Moxon, has now placed this matter in its true light. But even had the fact been otherwise, we do most solemnly protest against the principle involved, that men should be persecuted for mere opinion's sake. If an opinion be founded on false premises, it can easily be refuted by argument; if it be true, it can do no injury; and that policy is as short-sighted as it is unjust, which makes a martyr of the man who candidly and honestly avows his opinions. Not that we are attempting to defend the *opinions* contained in "Queen Mab;" but this poem was written when Shelley was a boy of 18, and was never intended for publication; and many of the sentiments there expressed were afterwards repudiated by him in his maturer years. We merely allude to the injustice of punishing the man for the indiscretions of the boy.

The Westminster Review, for April, 1841, contains an able and eloquent sketch of the life and character of Shelley, in which the "Revolt of Islam" and the "Cenci" are highly praised; but it leaves unnoticed our especial favorite, the "Prometheus Unbound." And, as we do not recollect ever to have seen any separate notice taken of it, we will venture briefly to convey our own impressions of this production, relying on the kind forbearance of the "gentle reader."

The "Prometheus Unbound" is, both in subject and construction, an attempt to imitate the ancient drama; an attempt in which only one other of the moderns has succeeded: need we mention Talfourd? And even "Ion," beautiful and classical as it is, both in spirit and execution, does not strictly adhere to the ancient model; for the chorus, "the idealized Spectator," as Schlegel finely calls it, is not introduced. Shelley, on the other hand, does not deviate from the form of the ancient drama.

The "Prometheus Unbound," was intended as a sequel to the "Prometheus Vincit" of Æschylus; one was written by Æschylus himself, but only the outline of the plot has reached us: in it, the Titan is reconciled to his foe, the secret in his possession is revealed to Jupiter, by which the danger that menaced him is arrested, and his rule more firmly established than before. The plot of Shelley's drama is different; he rightly thought that reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind was but a "lame and impotent conclusion," and one which marred the character of Prometheus; he therefore preserves the unity of the character: and, by the downfall of Jupiter, and the liberation of Prometheus, he shadows forth the triumph of good over evil. No one saw more clearly than Shelley the high contrast he provoked, in selecting a subject which the mighty master of the tragic muse had already made his own; he himself earnestly deprecates any such comparison; but the issue of the high attempt has proved, that it was dictated, not by the promptings of an idle vanity, but by the happy audacity of genius, confident of its own resources. We do not pretend to compare this drama with its great prototype; for, who could ever hope to reach the unapproachable sublimity of Æschylus! He towers above his own contemporaries like a giant cliff, grim, frowning and inaccessible from the distance. The first conception of the Prometheus was his; and for that age, grand was the conception of mind triumphing over brute force—of the terrible wrath of Omnipotent malice, baffled by the firm endurance of an indomitable will, animated by superior intellect; for Prometheus *knows more* than his enemy, and in that knowledge is his superior.

His crime too, what was it? "Sympathy for the race of man!" The literature of the world does not present a picture more darkly grand than that of the Titan, chained to his rock, and suffering strange tortures, yet supported and sustained by his own steady soul, and laughing to scorn the vain malice of his vindictive enemy. Nor is the execution inferior to the conception; for now, when Athens, her laws, her customs and rites, are but the dim shadows of a shade, almost lost in the twilight of a remote antiquity, the "Prometheus" still remains, to delight and fascinate the scholar who possesses the key to its hidden treasures; a drama belonging to no one age nor nation, but to all mankind. Valuable is it, too, in another respect. It embodies the philosophy of the age—that dark and gloomy fatalism which made *man* a puppet in the hands of *Fate*, and which extended even to his gods; for Jupiter, though Lord of heaven and earth, is the slave of Destiny, and subject to a doom he may not fathom nor avoid.

Our space will not allow us to do more than to give a few specimens of the manner in which Shelley has performed his task; for we really believe

that his drama has been as little read as its Grecian model, by the mass of readers. We take no credit to ourselves for a familiarity with its beauties. The rude laborer with his spade may often lay bare the treasure, for which the philosopher, with his divining rod, may have sought in vain.

When the drama opens, Prometheus is lying chained to a rock on the Indian Caucasus, with two of the Oceanides, Panthea and Ione, seated at his feet. He thus bursts forth in an address to Jupiter:

Prometheus.

"Monarch of Gods and Demons, and all spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth,
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requiest for knee-worship, prayer and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unshelter'd hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seem'd years—torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire."

"No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!"

"And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-color'd east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
—As some dark Priest hails the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdain'd not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee."

Herein we think the Titan of Æschylus inferior to that of Shelley. The former is drawn as a stern, fierce, implacable being, returning the hate of Jupiter with equal bitterness, and awaiting with stern joy the doom which he knows will crush his enemy. Not so the Prometheus of Shelley. From the lofty height of his moral superiority, he looks down with pity upon his foe, and recalls the curse which, in the first bitterness of his heart—"e'er misery made him wise"—he had pronounced upon him. The ruling principle of the Prometheus of Æschylus, is hate; that of Shelley's, is *benevolence*. Thus, at the end of this invocation to Jupiter, he calls on the Elements to repeat to him his curse, so that he may recall it. The Elements, fearful of the wrath of Jupiter, refuse to repeat it; as also does the Earth; who finally summons the "Phantasm of Jupiter," who repeats the curse. Prometheus then asks:

(Prometheus.)

"Were these my words, O parent?"

(The Earth.)

"They were thine."

(Prometheus.)

"It doth repent me: words are quick and vain:

Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine.

I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

The Earth, mistaking the meaning of the withdrawal, and fearing that the Titan is about to yield to his enemy, bursts forth into lamentation. Just at this time Mercury, followed by the Furies, reaches the spot. A dialogue ensues between Mercury and the Titan, in which he seeks to persuade him to submit and reveal his secret to Jupiter, and shows him the Furies eager to torment him; but finding all in vain, finally says—

(Mercury.)

"Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee."

Prometheus replies—

"Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,
As light in the sun, throned: how vain is talk!
Call up the fiends."

Mercury then departs, and the Furies are left behind. Here occur some of the most powerful passages in the drama; for the Furies do not apply physical pain, but are made to work upon the mind and feelings of their victim, particularly by showing him the sufferings and evils entailed on the human race, for whose sake he is suffering so much. When first they approach him, he asks—

—"Horrible forms,
What and who are ye?"

First Fury.

"We are the ministers of pain and fear,
And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
And clinging crime; and as lean dogs pursue
Through wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,
We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,
When the great King betrays them to our will"

Prometheus.

"Oh! many fearful natures in one name—
I know ye"—

The Furies, after all their tortures, which are powerfully described by the chorus, finding it vain to shake the constancy of the sufferer, retire; and Prometheus, left alone with the Oceanides, again bursts forth:

"Ah woe! Alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!
I close my tearless eyes, but see more clear
Thy works within my woe-illuminated mind,
Thou subtle tyrant! Peace is in the grave.
The grave hides all things beautiful and good:
I am a God, and cannot find it there,
Nor would I seek it: for, though dread revenge,
This is defeat, fierce king! not victory.
The sights with which thou torturest, gird my soul
With new endurance, till the hour arrives
When they shall be no types of things which are."

The Earth then sends, to comfort him, "those

subtle and fair spirits, whose homes are the dim caves of human thought." Amidst their triumphant prophecies of the happiness of the human race, and the triumph of Prometheus, the first act closes. In the second act, Asia, (another of the Oceanides, and beloved of Prometheus,) accompanied by Panthea, visits the cave of "Demogorgon"—the incarnate Destiny, who holds in his possession the secret in which the safety of Jupiter is involved. His answers are mysterious and oracular;—he tells them, however, that the "car of the hour" which is to seal the doom of the world, has now arrived, and that the hidden destiny is soon to be accomplished. In the third act Jupiter is discovered seated on his throne, and announces to the other deities that he is at length triumphant, and that the soul of man shall be trampled out, like an "extinguished spark." In the midst of his exultation, the "car of the hour" arrives; Demogorgon descends, and commands Jupiter to "follow him down the abyss." Jupiter at first resists; but finding force in vain, exclaims—

"Mercy! mercy!

No pity, no release, no respite! Oh,
That thou wouldst make mine enemy my judge,
Even where he hangs, sear'd by my long revenge
On Caucasus! he would not doom me thus.
Gentle, and just, and dreadful, is he not
The monarch of the world?

Sink with me then,
We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,
Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,
Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock
Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,
And whelm on them into the bottomless void
This desolated world, and thee, and me,
The conqueror and the conquer'd, and the wreck
Of that for which they combated.

"Ai! ai!

The Elements obey me not. I sink
Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.
And, like a cloud, mine enemy above
Darkens my fall with victory! Ai! ai!"

Hercules then unbinds Prometheus, amidst the rejoicings of the Oceanides and the Elements.

In the fourth act, the benefits conferred on them by the sufferings of Prometheus are unfolded, and the drama concludes with the exalted moral drawn from the allegory which was its subject.

From these imperfect fragments, the "disiecta membra poetæ," some idea may be formed of the scope and aim of this great drama; but in the narrow limits of an article like this, it is impossible to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the lyric flow and harmony of the verse, or the striking power of the thoughts embodied in it. Like all the other productions of Shelley, it is intensely imaginative throughout; but even in his loftiest flights, he sustains himself with a strong and steady wing. It is the flight of the eagle towards the sun, revelling in the blaze of light, which would

blind and bewilder any eye but his own. There is a curious coincidence in the private history of the two authors, which we cannot pass unnoticed. *Æschylus*, like *Shelley*, was accused of impiety, and tried before the *Areopagus*. Although acquitted, he was rendered so obnoxious to his countrymen, that the latter part of his life was spent in voluntary exile; more fortunate however than *Shelley*, who was arraigned and condemned, without being heard in his defence, at the bar of public opinion.

But the genius of *Shelley*, was as varied as it was strong. If the "*Prometheus*" evinces the daring sublimity of his genius, the "*Adonais*" equally exhibits his mastery over the gentler and softer feelings of our nature; for in it love and sorrow blend their sweetest notes over the early grave of *Keats*; and, "with a flute-voice of infinite wail," pour forth the dirge for him, whose spirit was too gentle and refined to resist the trials it encountered. Compare the "*Lycidas*" of *Milton*, (similar in subject and design,) to the "*Adonais*" of *Shelley*, and how boundless the difference: the one, calm, correct and unimpassioned, glittering with beauties of sentiment and diction, but cold as "*Lycidas*" himself, beneath the lucid wave; the other, warm and impassioned, gushing forth from the inmost heart of its author, breathing a sad and deep sincerity, and thrilling our sympathies, like the wail of a mother over her stricken child.

"O weep for *Adonais*—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
The fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend:—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair."

With this parting extract, we bid *Shelley* farewell!

E. D.

Columbia, S. C. 1842.

THE PICTURE OF VIRTUE.

Say, who art thou that hast an angel's face,
Yet wearest weeds of sorrow and disgrace?
'A maiden pilgrim, Virtue is my name;
And, far from home, I suffer scorn and shame,
Unknown, unhonored by the passing throng,
Who spurn my counsels, and despise my song.'
Why treadest thou on death? 'I cannot die.'
And why hast thou those wings? 'To reach the sky.
For I shall shortly bid the world farewell,
And soar to heaven where all my kindred dwell.'"

* This little piece is hinted from an old poem, (a sort of antique gem,) entitled '*Description of Virtue*;' by *Nicholas Grimoald*, who wrote between 1530-1550. See *Montgomery's Christian Poet*, p. 62

PANDORA.

BY JOHN M'MULLEN, OF NEW-YORK.

Great *Jupiter* sat on *Olympus'* height,
In the upper air, so pure and bright,
And gazed upon the earth.
There were many green fields and lowing kine,
With broad branched oak and stately pine,
And up from among them, in wavy line,
The smoke curled from the hearth.
Then his brow grew dark, as the black storm-cloud,
That some howling wind to earth has howed,
And direful was his look;
For all fire had he taken from sinful men,
And, when he saw it blaze again,
Prometheus' craft he quick did ken,
Nor could the insult brook.
Forthwith *Jove* called to *Mercury*;
Now deep beneath the earth was he
To *Pluto* leading souls.
But as the winged thought of *Jove*,
All lightning-swift, its way quick clove,
He stood where *Ether* rolls.
"Hie, winged son of *Maia*, hie,
"Where *Vulcan* at the forge doth ply,
"And bid him straight to me."
Then soon, full soon, the fire-god came
From *Ætna*, where, mid noise and flame,
He toiled the live-long day.
With limping pace, and smoke-embrowned,
Hammer in hand, and bonnet crowned,
He trod high heaven's way.
Straight, *Jove*, the skilful *Vulcan*, bade
Some gold-hued clay from dross assayed
To mould like *Venus* fair.
Quick he obeyed; the clay doth glow
With all the beauty man may know,
And all the Gods their gifts bestow,
Persuasive voice, and neck of snow,
The graceful shape and air;
And *Mercury*, with ready haste,
His left arm twining round her waist,
To *Epimetheus* bore.
Why need I tell her victory?
How his heart owned her witchery,
Despite his brother's warning,
And how she roamed his palace through,
Still finding something strange and new,
And every place adorning,—
Until one day she saw the jar,
'Mongst men renowned near and far,
Each fell disease containing?
This jar she ne'er had seen before,
And still she wondered more and more,
Until, not long refraining,
She raised the lid, and out there flew
So horrid, dire and foul a crew,
Her very blood ran cold.
Each fell disease, whose baleful wing
Despair and death on man doth fling,
Each pestilence from heaven sent,
When nations are in burial blent,
Their wings, with bat-like fold
Loud-flapping, from the jar did rise,
With visage grim, and horrid cries,
And spread through all the air.
Like marble cold *Pandora* stood,
And deemed that all, or fair or good,
Abandoned her as fitting food
To the fell demons there.

Her heart leaps to her throat in fear,
 Her bright eyes own the blinding tear,
 And shrinks her lovely form.
 But see! what from the jar doth rise,
 With golden hair and laughing eyes,
 And dimpled cheeks that care despise,
 And shape with beauty warm!
 'Tis Hope, bright Hope, all fair and glowing,
 Her wings of heavenly azure showing,
 And spreading to the wind.
 Then fair Pandora, freed from fear,
 And glad of heart, mid sights so drear,
 So sweet a form to find,
 Ran with swift steps to where young Hope
 Her gauze-like wings began to ope,
 And clasped her to her breast;
 And sweetly did Hope nestle there,
 Thus young, and thus divinely fair,
 There evermore to rest.

GRAVE YARDS.

BY CATHARINE COWLES.

So much may be learned of the character of a people, as well as of individuals, by the resting-place of their dead, that I resolved, before I should leave this city of a Southern clime, to visit the place consecrated to the repose of the departed. And who can ever visit a burial-place, where the rank weed, the broken turf, or fallen monument, tells of the neglect or forgetfulness of friends—where no overshadowing foliage nor humble flower is waving over the tomb, to whisper of the undying love of the surviving—without feeling in his heart he would not die among that people?

It was an Autumn twilight; the mellow radiance of a setting sun was thrown over that silent congregation of the dead. Who has not felt, at this hour, the holy influence which penetrates the soul—softens and subdues the feelings, and wafts the thoughts upward to the fountain of peace and love? The groves—the streams—the fields, unite in softer numbers, and send up sweeter notes of praise to the God of nature.

The very turf beneath our feet seem't bent in silent prayer,
 The trees, to lift their green boughs up, and ask a Father's care;

And tho' the flowers may fade and fall, we mourn them not
 in vain;

They tell us, that we thus must die, and thus shall live again.

The crystal waters whisper us of never-failing streams,
 Whose living fountains ever glow, where light celestial
 beams;

That stream of life, whose spirit-ales are never clouded
 o'er,

But smile, in their undying bloom, along the blissful shore.

The varied tones that sweetly fall upon the listening ear,
 Seem like the echoed notes of praise from yonder blissful
 sphere—

From angel bands who wake the lyre beneath their radiant
 bowers,

And wreath for aye their golden harps with amaranthine
 flowers.

Nature whispers us continually that death not the termination of our existence; and, would we read its pages, earth is one mighty volume whose every line tells us this is not our home—that we must sleep in silence with those who have gone before us. Revelation tells us that the voice of the archangel will one day wake us from the sleep, and summon us to rise from the dust, clothed in immortality. Unnumbered multitudes, of every age and character, are slumbering around me, and I know not whether they acted wisely or unwisely their part in the great drama of life. Shaded by trees and clustering vines, their's is a sweet resting place; it speaks volumes in favor of the surviving. It is sweet to know that when the cold tomb has received us, we shall not rest forgotten by those whom we have loved and honored; and with whom we have wept and rejoiced on earth; but that those loved ones will twine, with their own hands, the sweet vine around our tombs—will teach the fair flowers to wave over our graves; and will water them from the pure fountain of friendship and affection. How many hopes, and joys, and sorrows, lie buried with the silent sleepers! Here, the sculptured marble tells me that the loved, the honored and the aged have been gathered to their fathers; that although they have passed silently and peacefully away, their memory still lives in the hearts of survivors; and the remembrance of their virtues, like the sweet incense of flowers, lingers long after the heart has ceased to beat. Again it tells me of the youth taken in the sweet spring-time of existence, like a young bough putting forth its green leaves in the beauty and promise of May—of an infant plucked like a bud from its parent stem, to bloom a sweeter flower in a fairer clime. A little removed from these, stands a simple monument of white marble, bearing the inscription "Rest here in peace." It marks the grave of a stranger. He had left a home endeared by a thousand tender recollections, and friends bound to him by the strongest ties of love and friendship, to sleep afar from his kindred-land in the stranger's earth. 'Twas the voice of the stranger that fell on his dying ear; 'twas the hand of the stranger that closed his eye; that bore him to his last resting-place; that reared the monument which marks the place of his repose, and traced the brief inscription "Rest here in peace." Friends of the sleeper, the gentle breeze is sighing a soft, sweet dirge over the low resting-place of your loved and lost one—the stars look nightly down upon his tomb—the green turf is wet with the tears of the night, as they tendering their sympathies to the bereaved. Ready stranger, until earth's graves yield their treasures up—

"Rest here in peace!" in the grave where thou'rt sleeping
 And sweetly repose in thy vine-covered tomb;
 No mourner's pale form a vigil is keeping;
 Wild flowers shed round thee their sweetest perfume;

dematis droops, the willow is bending
kiss the green sod that covers thy breast;
and rose of Summer its perfume is lending,
and the first sigh of Autumn is breathed for thy rest.

and here in peace!" in the dark hour of danger,
sight of the loved ones, to thy dim eye, arose;
sweet seems thy sleep, tho' the land of the stranger
th cradle thy form in its dreamless repose.
and fields are around, and the blue skies are free,
where the earth-weary spirit is chainless and blest.
sleep, till a voice from above shall restore thee
thine own kindred band, in the mansions of rest.

NEW LIGHTS.

*The quickstep march of modern mind
Is leaving common sense behind,
And all the Gods from Pan to Mars,
Now make their trips in rail-road cars.
The Muses—nay, the very Graces
Have paid their fare—for early places;
And sooth to say, their votaries seem
To travel, now-a-days, by steam,
And strain—although the boilers burst,
To be at Bubbleton, the first.
No matter who deserves to win,
The cripple only can get in!
The sure of foot and sound of limb
Must not, of course, compete with him!
So rapid is "improvement" now,
It goes ahead, (no matter how,)
With such a fifty savan-power,
You get to heaven in half an hour,
By merely locomotive preaching—
—On the high pressure plan of teaching:
And by the same in shorter space
May reach, God wot, the other place.
Who now, would think for once of earning,
By labor's toil, the wealth of learning?
Or who propose to go to school
For knowledge—but a fool?
Not even the baby Prince of Wales
Is soft enough to kill the whales,
To light him to his pap—when gas
Is grown in every meadow-grass.
And when was candles of the best
Are from the castor bean-pod prest?
Lay of the Last Tom Tiddle.*

CASTOR OIL CANDLES.

Some friend of the human family at the West—
of your Utilitarian gentlemen, who are constantly upon the *qui vive* for a chance to extract
"essential oil" of mortal happiness from those
water productions of nature, which seem in their
state to be little better than so many *fungi*
in her fair face—announces the fact that he can
manufacture first rate candles from Castor Oil, and
local newspapers express a conviction, as clear
as the wick of one of the inventor's own fabric,
that they are abundantly better than the bay-berry,
tallow, wax, or even mutton tallow! We are sorry

to see, at the same time, a disposition manifested
to ridicule this lubricious patriot. A spirit of
satire, instigated no doubt by the spermaceti inter-
est at Nantucket, or by the holders of hog's fat
at Cincinnati, has already sprung up, as it is always
sure to do when deep discoveries are made known,
and great genius develops itself. We care not
for others, and shall always make up our own esti-
mate of great men upon our individual responsi-
bility, without stopping to inquire into the opinions
of contemporaneous criticism. It would have been
a great thing for Galileo if he could have had the
benefit of our countenance and encouragement,
when the besotted ignoramuses around him voted
his philosophy a bore and an imposture. We should
have seen at once into his philosophy, and beaten
all the boobies out of their opposition to the "new
lights." Just so we intend to act on the present
occasion. It is our intention to take this Western
philosopher and his Castor candles under our special
protection, and permit none of the false philoso-
phers to *blow them out*, till the world blazes into
an illumination as bright and as brilliant as the
prairie which was set fire to, by a stray spark from
the imagination of Mr. Fennimore Cooper.

It will never do to tell us that there is any hum-
bug in this business, or even that it is a mere *light-
ning-bug*. We have more faith, and have better
studied the "lights of the age," than to cramp the
inventive faculties of Mr. Marsh, the illustrious
inventor. We just as much believe that he can
make good summer candles from Castor Oil as we
believe in a great many other "improvements,"
ancient as well as modern. The philosopher of
Laputa believed he could extract very good sun-
shine (or moonshine, we really do not recollect
which,) from cucumbers; and we have very little
doubt he did, though Swift leaves us in the dark
as to the final success of that sublime experiment.
We have heard of another gentleman of "an in-
genious turn of mind," who proposed to concoct
Congressional speeches of "thrilling eloquence"
from the "brawler's common-place book;" and of
another, who took out a patent for making rainbows
from the *sediment* of a chimney sweeper's tum-
bler of sour ale. It is understood that an Eastern
savan, "located" somewhere among the granite
hills of New-Hampshire, has nearly brought to
perfection a cheap plan of digging double the quan-
tity of potatoes out of a hill that could ever be
coaxed to grow in it; an intelligent operative
at Lowell has actually extracted an excellent cough
candy from the devil's own turnip; and a gentleman
of "great scientific acquirements," in one of the
Hoosier towns, has contracted to light the streets
with gas obtained from the natural deposits of
the village stable. We have even heard it asserted,
and we believe it as religiously as we believe in
Castor Oil candles, that there is a fellow "down
east" who can make first rate quince jelly from a

Cape Cod halibut; and we have ourselves seen a philosopher from the same region who was engaged several years in an effort to extract the Prussian blue from a toper's nose—he never succeeded very satisfactorily, we believe, but it would have been all the better for the beauty of the patient's proboscis if he had. One of his neighbors is making experiments which promise better success—having undertaken to furnish the New-Haven astronomers with a new meteor made from a North-Stonington cheese—warranting it not to fall more than three miles from West Rock, and not to have any "skippers in it till Professor Olmstead has analyzed the particles, and settled the precise position in which it first made its appearance in the heavens." All these things being believed in with the implicit faith professed by ourselves, we should like to know whether there is going to be any doubt on our part as to the authenticity of the candles! Not exactly, we reckon. If the Western gentleman had invented a method of converting *Sal Volatile* or the effervescence of a beer bottle into wax torch lights, we would have believed in the reality of the discovery with just about as plenary faith as we have now! How, under heaven, could credulity carry its convictions much farther!

There is, however, a more practical view of this subject. The *Castor Oil* candles will create a new era in literary life. The midnight lucubrations of the magazine writers will answer the double purpose of mental and bodily cathartics. The concocter of "interesting tales," and the manipulator of "touching verses"—we call him manipulator, because he counts his spondees upon his fingers, and generally miscounts them—almost always "operate" upon the sensibilities of those to whom they administer, by an appeal to his stomach. The use of these medicinal lights will account for the phenomena, and there will be no loss among the doctors hereafter, as to the proper remedy.

There have been a good many cases lately, which would have been more speedily cured if the cause of the calamity had been known. We have seen more than one poet and an indefinite number of novel writers, within a year or two past, who have inoculated a numerous population with an alarming disease, and produced a nausea—a sort of epidemic "milk sickness," or rather milk-and-water disease, which the regular practitioners could not account for. The public stomach has been subjected to a disturbance, and the popular brain been whirled about by a vertigo, that had well nigh upset the entire body politic. We never could account for it before; but a light has broken in upon us. The poets and the poetasters, the premium tragedy writers and the authorlings in the "penny line," have been physicking the public, by making up their prescriptions from the light of the *Castor Oil Candles*.

THE IRISH AVATER.*

I.

Ere the daughter of *Brunswick* is cold in her grave,
While her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave
To the long-cherished isle which he loved like his bride.

II.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone—
The rainbow-like epoch, where freedom could pause
For a few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betrayed not, or crushed not, or wept not her cause.

III.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands and the senate's no more,
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags,
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

IV.

To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands,
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth:
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

V.

But he comes! the Messiah of Royalty comes;
Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves!
Then receive him, as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks and an army of slaves.

VI.

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part—
But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er,
Could the green in his hat be transferred to his heart.

VII.

Could that long withered spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise—
Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

VIII.

Is it madness, or meanness, which clings to thee now!
Were he God—as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

IX.

Aye, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—
Not thus did thy *Grattan* indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

X.

Ever glorious *Grattan*! the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted, endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possessed.

XI.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequalled, preceded, the task was begun—
But *Grattan* sprung up like a god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the Saviour, the one!

XII.

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny listening, sat melted or mute,
And Corruption sat scotched from the glance of his mind.

* This poem, by Lord Byron, appeared many years since in the *New-England Galaxy*. It commemorates the visit of George IV. to Ireland, and is stated in the *Galaxy* to have been given by the author to West, the painter, from whom the correspondent of the *Galaxy* derived it. It is not contained in any edition of Byron's works that we have seen.—*Ed. Mass.*

XIII.

But back to our theme! back to despots and slaves!
Feasts furnished by famine! rejoicings by pain!
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery roves
When a week's *Saturnalia* has loosened her chain.

XIV.

Let the poor, squalid splendor thy wreck can afford,
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide,)
Gild over the palace—Lo! Erin thy lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessings for blessings denied!

XV.

Or if freedom past hope be extorted at last,
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their
prey!

XVI.

Every brute has his nature; a king's is to *reign*;
To *reign*! in that word, see ye ages comprised—
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised.

XVII.

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell proclaim
His accomplishments! *His!!* and thy country convince
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that "Hal is the rascaldest, sweetest young prince!"

XVIII.

Will thy yard of blue ribbon, poor Fingal, recall
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or has it not bound thee the fastest of all,
The slaves who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

XIX.

Aye, "build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite,
Till, like Babel, the new royal dome has arisen;
Let the beggars and helots their pittance unite,
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison.

XX.

Spread—spread for Vitellius the revel repast,
Till the gluttonous monster be stuffed to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him the last,
The fourth of the fools and oppressors, called *George*!

XXI.

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they groan like thy people, through ages of woe;
Let the wine flow around the old bacchanal's throne,
Like the blood which has flowed, and which has yet to flow.

XXII.

But let not his name be thine idol alone—
On his right hand behold a *Sejanus* appears!
Thy own *Castlereagh*! let him still be thine own,
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers,—

XXIII.

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep, as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawled from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

XXIV.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—
The miscreant, who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If she ever gave birth to a being so base.

XXV.

If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring—
See the cold blooded serpent with venom full flushed,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a *king*!

XXVI.

Sport, drink, feast and flatter! Oh Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep, in a deeper gulph still.

XXVII.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
My vote as a freeman's still voted thee free;
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, hath a thro' still for thee!

XXVIII.

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land;
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons;
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
Who are gone; but I weep them no longer as once.

XXIX.

For happy are they now reposing afar,
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan—all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeemed, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

XXX.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start at thy shouts of to-day—
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves,
Be stamped in the turf o'er the fetterless clay.

XXXI.

Till now, I had envied thy sons and thy shore,
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled,
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart that I envy—thy *dead*.

XXXII.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though sure,
Which, though trod like the worm, will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

CABBAGE.

Cabbage! Many there are, who have never heard of Indian corn, or salsify, egg-plants, okra, artichokes, sweet potatoes, or even of asparagus; but never yet was there one who had not heard of cabbage, or had never eaten it in some shape or other. Beau Brummel had his conceits about it; and much did silly people, for a time, affect to despise it; but this lasted only till he himself grew out of fashion; and then this excellent and nutritious vegetable modestly made its appearance on our table again.

I scarcely know at what period of its curious and eventful history to commence; for it is of great antiquity, and embraces within its infancy and present maturity—(quere, is it in its maturity yet?)—the rise and fall of empires, theories and tastes; with all, and each, it is mixed up, and bears a conspicuous part.

With its merits and virtues I have long been acquainted; so long, and so early, in fact, that it never before struck me to investigate its character. I should as soon have thought of investigating the character of a familiar friend, one that I was in the habit of seeing daily; and, how could it occur

to me to inquire about the beginning of a thing, which I knew was never to have an end! But, if I were thus unconscious of my delinquency; careless of the reputation of an esculent that had always filled up so large a gap on my table, and had so often come to my aid when an unexpected guest claimed hospitality; if I went about the world, star-gazing, or wool-gathering, picking up meteoric stones, and giving philosophers nuts to crack, while such a vast *cabbagetical* field lay unexplored, there was *one* at least who did not slumber; *he* did not remain idle or indifferent.

In all my little etymological difficulties,—and a searcher after truth has many,—I only had to say *sesame*, and a vast store-house, a deep reservoir, an inexhaustible mine, was opened to me, from which I could extract what I would,—iron, silver, gold, and diamonds, just as they were required for present use. In an idle moment, I carelessly inquired about the *origin* of the word *Kale*. Good heavens! what a light burst in upon me, what a flood of long forgotten thoughts rushed in, when the answer came. And I have eaten and raised cabbages all my life, thought I, without knowing how large a space it filled in history, politics, religion and literature!

Why did I not recollect, in the earliest sonnet extant,

"That tender bud, which thrust its head,
Up from its mellow, briny bed,
And when in steaming kettle cast,
Came forth to grace the rich repast?"

There too was the battle between the monks, in which cabbage had such peaceful effects—when

The Abbot, with the Sacristan,
Came near them with a smoking pan,
No sooner did the odorous Kale
(The monks were fighting tooth and nail)
Perfume the air, than one and all
Danced round the dish in noisy brawl.

Who has not read of the calumet, *the pipe of peace*? And do we not all know, that the word is derived from "*calimus*, a root, which is of the cabbage tribe?" that originally, it was the dried root itself, which was used long before tobacco was known; and that calumet means the bland perfume of the root? Hear what the bard has sung—

"The fragrant calamus the Indians dried;
And when the rival chiefs sat side by side,
Into each pipe the Sachem gravely laid—
The herb of grace, which angry passions staid,
And if the rival warriors smoked in peace,
It was the signal that the war should cease."

Have we not read of the Calmucs, originally Calimas, or Khalemiks? and is not this derived from the root Calamus? Does not this mean *separated*, just as the fibres of the dried Calamus are separated, like the tobacco that is cut in shreds—and like the *cole-slaw* of the table, cut into vermicular tortuosity!—listen to the song of the Calmuc—

"We left Koko-Noor and went off to the west,
Where the Calamus root grows the deepest and best;
There, on old Wolgas' side, in a salt, sandy bed,
The sea kale luxuriantly raises its head.
So we *eat* it, and *smoke* it, and make it our *name*,
For the Kale and the Calamus root are the same."

Was not the most bloody sea fight ever known caused by the cupidity of one of the admirals, who wanted to possess himself of forty barrels of sour kroust, which the rival squadron had on board one of its vessels?

"They laid aside the pipe and joke,
And bravely, midst the noise and smoke,
The captain's stentor voice sung out
Fire away boys, and save the kroust."

And before crossing the Alps, according to Polybius, did not Hannibal refresh his troops with the abundance of sea Kale, which grew on the borders of the Doria Balta? Thus saith the poet—

"Great Hannibal in military tactics skilled,
In the art of war his valorous soldiers drilled,
And in that art he included wholesome fare
Which, with small cost to Carthage, was both good and rare.
Each soldier had at meals a mess of beef and Kale,
Flanked with a generous flagon of the Ivrean ale."

Was not Sesostrus nourished by the delicate Broccoli? was not his spirits raised by the warm stomachic, Calamus? did he not plant the Kale and the Calamus wherever he planted an obelisk? and have not the former remained to testify his worth, while the latter has perished?

"All of male kind—so ancient saybils write—
Born on the day Sesostrus saw the light,
Were nursed like him; if he cried out for Kale,
For the same treat each little mouth would wail
When they to manhood grew, and fought abroad.
Before they scoured their shields or went to rest,
They called for Kale, then having eaten their fill,
They brushed their armor up with right good will."

I could go on and fill every page in the *Messenger* with quotations from ancient and modern writers and bards, who have been loud in the praise of Cabbage and all its varieties; but I must content myself with an extract—the answer to the question before mentioned, respecting the origin of *sea Kale*.—knowing that it will not only enlighten my readers, but raise the writer of that extract in their estimation. At some future time, with the permission of this ripe scholar and ingenious critic,—this kind, golden *sesame*—I will give to the world, his etymology of the word *Webster*—a difficulty which he has most satisfactorily solved; but to the extract:

"Is not *Kale* of the same family with the German *Kohl*, (cabbage,) with which our English terms *Cole*, *Colewort*, or cauliflower, are connected?

Cabbage appears to have been a favorite article of food with our northern ancestors; the following may amuse you—

German—Kohl.
Dutch—Kool.

Swedish—Kål. (Kol.)

Danish—Kål.

Islandic—Kál.

Anglo Saxon—Caul, Cawl, Caol.

Only to think of our orthographical (not to speak of our vegetable) *murder* in the case of what we call *cole-slaw*! (*Kohl-schlacht*—Kool-slag.)

The Dutch say *Kail*, and the Irish *Colis*; so that the Celtic race must have brought the Cabbage with them from the parent hive in the remote East, long before our Teutonic forefathers came into Europe.

Our Greek word *Kaulos*, properly the stem or stalk of a plant, is used to signify Cabbage; and in Latin we have from it, *Caulis*. The term 'Calamus' belongs to the same family of roots; and the whole brood trace their pedigree from the Sanscrit *Kal*, to *move*—shake—wave to and fro."

If, in our rage for novelty, we had neglected the culture of the Cabbage,—that remarkable relique of antiquity and universality,—and thus let the seed run out, how would our hearts smite us, on casting our eye over this honest tribute to its merits and true record of its fame! When a specific nostrum has run its full course, has cured its hundreds and slain its thousands, it gradually sinks into obscurity, to make way for some Phoenix that rises from its ashes. It lies, to all appearance, defunct, until a new nostrum-monger drags it up again under a new name, and puts it to its former use. But the Cabbage which perishes without seed, can never again be revived; for believe me, gentle reader, there is no such law or fact in nature as spontaneous generation. The Cabbage which we now see came from *seed*, and *that* seed was the product of a former Cabbage, which in its turn was the result of seed sown in the earth. "The invariableness of antecedents" holds as good with *Cabbage* heads as with *crowned* heads.

My offspring reigns—Bluff Harry said,
When I defunct shall be;
And so does mine, said Cabbage head,
When clouds rain over me.

What a brag we make of the potato. An orator of the Emerald Isle calls its juices, "the pabulum, which forms the organic structure of an Irishman;" yet, it is a mere mushroom, compared to the Cabbage. Salsify, which we fondly call the oyster plant, thus decking it with two natures, the animal and vegetable, is but an infant—the child of a twelve-month came in with it. The tomato—the scarlet tomato, known some few seasons back as the love apple, was brought into culinary dietetics during the French Revolution, of which its color is a type. The okra is from the far East, and was taken to the Bermudas by a shipwrecked mariner,

"Who, when the vessel sunk, sprang from the hold,
Snatched up a bag of seed, and thought 'twas gold."

But, gentle readers, when I speak of *Cabbage*,

it must not be understood that it is the coarse, strong, far-scented 'perilous stuff,' of which the whole medical faculty bid us beware. It is not that Sanscrit *firstling Kal*, (which signifies to *move*,) so stout in the ribs, having veins starting out like whip-cards, and a tough, corrugated skin, such as we see on the Rhinoceros. It is of the *Kale*, which shoots up its delicate white head, and

"When it comes on the dish, like asparagus strung,
It is cooked in your mouth by the heat of the tongue."

It is of the *Colewort*, which the good Abbot Boniface cultivated with so much care; and who, loyal as he was to poor 'Mary of Scotland,' preferred to tend the nurslings of his garden, rather than follow the fortunes of the beautiful Queen. "It is a fine dropping morning for the Coleworts," were the last words at parting with the good old man. Hear what the Scotch proverb says—

"Scotch ale and Scotch Kale,
Let the wind blow as it will,
Keep a male stout and hale,
If you let him have his fill."

It is of the Cauliflower and the Broccoli, those white and purple-headed, tender-hearted, and mellow, generous-tempered, nutritious esculents, that I speak; such as the ancient perruquiers imitated when they garnished the head of a judge.

"With Cauliflower wig, in elbow chair,
He sat in state, and made the bumpkins stare,
Not at his wisdom, for he knew no more
Of law or learning, than the wig he wore:
But at that wondrous flower which graced his head,
And on the admiring crowd its pollen shed."

It is of the Savoy Cabbage, boiled tender as marrow, with a perfume, which, to a hungry man, surpasses that of the strawberry. These are my theme: and I would particularly extol, likewise, the *Pentonville*, that queen of summer Cabbages, which is white and delicate.

"Let it be *Cabus*, Kopfkohl, or what not,
'Tis the best Cabbage ever boiled in pot."

And lastly, it is of the great Bergen drum-head—the *sour-cROUT Cabbage*, that I desire to speak, and for which I ask your attention and sympathy. If I have given you the opinions of ancient and modern writers—in poetic numbers, too, which renders it the more interesting and imposing—respecting the merits of Kale, which includes the white Cabbage tribe, it was to prepare you for the particular claims which this great Bergen-op-Zoom has upon the world. In the first place its size surpasses all others—just as that of

"A stout Murphy baby, though born in a shanty,
Where feeding and clothing and nursing are scanty,
Exceeds the young Princeling, the heir to the crown,
Who is wrapt in gold tissue and cradled in down."

Didst ever hear of Kohl-Kenny!—It is the boiled Cabbage of yesterday, mashed up to day with potatoes, seasoned with a lump of fresh but-

ter and pepper and salt. This savory mess is either heated in the pot in which it is mashed—oh cook! let thy ladle be delicately clean—or put upon a dish, and baked in the oven. We have to thank the stout-hearted and burly drum-head for this treat. Dost feed on sour-kroust? Behold, then, thy benefactor in this Dutch drum-head. But, alas! is it not with every one as it was with me, before I became sensible of the vast debt of gratitude due to the *Brossica*? When one *eats* sour-kroust, does one *think* sour-kroust?

Dr. Johnson says, that he who *drinks* beer *thinks* beer; so he that merely *eats* sour-kroust, only *thinks* sour-kroust: and Eheu! as the learned say, what *thoughts* they are—what *waking* thoughts and what *sleeping* thoughts! The waking ones are *kroustish*, *anglice*, *swinish*,—

"Give me drink—give me drink—for I thirst,
Though already a gallon I've swilled,
But I fear, like a cabbage, I'll burst,
When its vessels with fluid are filled."

And his sleeping thoughts, what are *they*?—just lister, for he is talking his dreams out loud:

"Oh Brandreth, Morrison and Moffit!
Take off this incubus—this heavy Burgomaster.
Open his jaws—let me but this once profit—
And make him swallow you all three—come, faster—faster."

This is *eating* sour-kroust, and *thinking* sour-kroust; but, remember, that it is the kroust made after the fashion of the empirical book-makers; men who never *saw* it made, and who never *ate* of it when concocted and dressed by a legitimate German. Hear what a great German poet saith,—and his are the only rules worth following—excuse their length, but they cannot be curtailed:

Germans, who relish sour-kroust,
Which no true patriot is without,
Should, for the honor of the land,
Tell how our people make it—and
What is important, let them see
The process of the cookery.

First, take the largest Cabbage heads
Out of the lowest, sunniest beds,
And then, when frosty days set in,
Put them together in the bin.
Now let your barrel be prepared,
All water-tight and nicely aired,
And four weeks ere the Christmas comes
Go down among the Bergen drums;
Cut the stalks close—but mind, I pray,
Dont fling a single one away;
For when set out in early spring,
Many a mess of sprouts they'll bring.

Now pick off rotten leaves, and such
As make the heads spread out too much;
And after cutting them in quarters,
Wash them well out in two good waters,
For many a sly and creeping thing,
Will often to the outside cling.
Cut careful out that callous part,
In common parlance called the heart,
And on a table, boards or trough,
Lay them, to drain the water off.

Soon as night comes, call in the men,—
You must not tax a woman *then*,—
For sour-kroust making is hard work,
And must be finished in a jerk.

The kroust machine is hired out,
And each house takes an hour about,
At seven I hire, to-morrow you
Get it, perhaps, from twelve to two,
And so the neighbors use the power,
For a whole week, from hour to hour.

The cutter has four blades, they lie
Close to each other slantingly.
Two quartered Cabbages are driven
Across these blades, until they're riven
By one man's hands, in shreds so small,
That down between the knives they fall.
A tub receives them; there they lie,
Until the man, who's standing by,
Finds there is quite enough to make
A good deep layer for the *brake*
Or pounder. Now, the important part
Of sour-kroust making is the art
By which we all avoid the fault
Of too hard pounding—too much salt.
As to the salt—*three* pints is what
We to a hundred heads allot;
But vulgar minds, who love to drink,
After a sour-kroust dinner—think
A peck of salt will scarcely do,
To saturate the barrel through.

Now when you have a layer in,
Sprinkle salt evenly, but *thin*;
Then gently pound away, nor stop
Until the layers have reached the top;
Over this stretch a strong white cloth,
Four double, to receive the froth.
Across this put two sticks—which done,
Lay down a heavy, broad, flat stone.
Put a cover upon the head,
Then eat your supper and go to bed.

In a few days the pickle rises,
Which the experienced eye apprises,
(As well by this, as by the *smell*)
That fermentation goes on well.

On Christmas morn, the good vrow goes,
(She only has to follow her nose,)
Armed with clean hands and earthen pan,
With tub of water in the van.
First she skims off the thick white froth,
Then throws the stone and sticks and cloth
Into the tub—her ready hand,
Drags up the golden treasure—and
Fills up the dish, unsparingly,
For hungry folks enough there 'll be.
And now she nicely washes out
The cloth which lay upon the kroust,
As well as sticks and stones—and then,
She covers up the cask again.
This process she goes through each day
When a kroust dinner comes in play.

Now comes the important part at last,
To insure a genuine, rich repast.
First goes the sour-kroust in the pot,
And in the middle of the lot
A goodly piece of pork appears,
Parboiled the day before. She fears
The mess will be too salt. And now
In go four pounds of beef—I vow
Next comes a tough old cock, and he
Will help to make all savory.

On goes the pot; the water's in;

To spoil it now would be a sin ;
 Slowly it simmers—near at hand,
 With skimmer, doth the good vrow stand,
 To take the scum off. This well done,
 The cover closely is put on.
 Five hours it *slawty* boils—if fast,
 'Twill only be a mush at last.
 When nearly done, she on the kroust
 Lays links of sausages about.

Off goes the pot, she laughs and brags
 The tough old cock is boiled to rage ;
 But *that* she puts aside—the poor
 Will soon be at the kitchen door.

With face like scarlet and with eyes
 As bright as diamonds; up she hies,
 And proudly to the table brings
 A dish that's fit to nourish kings.
 Gods of ambrosia make a rout ;
 But what is that to sour-kroust !

Now I have written out, you see,
 Not only the Kale's pedigree ;
 But traced it on from clime to clime,
 From early to the present time,
 Until at last I've brought it out
 Upon the boards as *sour-kroust*.

NAVAL SCHOOL.

The subject of a Naval school has been recommended to the attention of Congress by every President since the war. Its importance is daily becoming more obvious—in deed, the necessity of a well regulated plan of education for the Navy officer, is now admitted on all hands. It is a part of the system of economy and reform, which we have labored so diligently to bring about in the Navy. The example set by Harry Bluff, with his 'Lucky-Bag,' has brought us contributions on Naval affairs, from the Commodore down to the Midshipman. Though these *offenags*, for the most part, have been well written, we have, for reasons we believe in every instance satisfactory to the contributor, declined the publication of many of them. Most of the views contained in the piece below have been already presented in former Nos. of this journal—yet there was evidently no concert nor interchange of sentiment between the writer of those articles, and Commander Powell—the writer of this—which we take pleasure in spreading before our readers. Good reasons for a good work—especially when set forth in an agreeable manner—cannot be repeated too often. We moreover deem the present a propitious time for enforcing what we have already said on the same subject, because of the action which we hope Congress is about to take with regard to Naval reform—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*]

Washington City, Feb. 16th, 1840.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,—

Sir: The officers of the Navy have repeatedly suggested the signal benefits which the government would confer upon the Naval service, and I may add, the country, by affording more extended means of instruction to the Midshipmen of the Navy; nor are the officers ignorant of the efforts repeatedly made by government, though hitherto without much avail, to effect that object. The first annual report of the actual Secretary of the Navy, whilst it shows this fact, points out the

radical defect in the existing method, and indicates the remedy.

The public mind has been awakened to the importance of this subject; and that Congress has not been unmindful of it, we have sufficient evidence in the ample pecuniary provision made for the support of a mathematical professor for every sea-going ship in the Naval service. So that it is apparent that neither expense nor anxiety has been spared, in the desire to make the Navy of the United States the most respectable in point of professional education, in the world. The cause which has hitherto defeated this expectation, has arisen from the mode in which the bounty of the government has been applied, and not from want of means or inclination in any quarter; and it is now sought to substitute a more practicable plan, effectually to secure the object.

In the first place, it would be proper to show that the present system does not reach the object in view; and that from the nature of the service, it cannot be made to do so;—and then, to state the plan, which it is proposed to substitute instead.

That the present mode of instruction, by professors of mathematics, does not serve a very useful purpose, we are assured, not only by those who are to be instructed, but by the officers of every other grade, and by some of the very professors themselves, who have *tried* the system.

It may be well perhaps to state the reasons which have brought them to this conclusion.

A ship of war has no *place* to spare for a school room, without encroaching upon the space occupied by her crew and armament. The sea duties proper, the artillery and divisional duty, the police of the ship, the constant interruption by the elements at sea, the refitting, boat and harbor duties in port, leave little leisure to any one in active service. Nor are the fatigues and exposure to the weather, and motion of the ship on the unsteady sea, favorable to literary pursuits. A small portion of time, under the most favorable circumstances, can be devoted to study—and that at intervals, from the above causes, fatal to the acquisition of mathematical learning, which demands a steady application. If we should undertake to teach young officers in the army, in the field, mathematics and philosophy, it would furnish a comparison quite just in its application to the navy; for a ship in commission is but an army afloat: and to carry out the illustration, it would be equally profitable to furnish each marching corps with scientific teachers, and the result would be about the same as it is in the sea service.

Nor is this the only evil—the expense without the profit is enough to make us pause. Our Navy is small as yet; still we have professors, in number equal to the scientific corps of any of the great civil and military universities of the old world; soon to be, if we adhere to the existing plan, a body of mathematical instructors equal in number to the ships in our increasing Navy: a condition of things clearly impracticable—nay, a monstrous evil—on a large scale. Our surprise may well be excited when we reflect upon this body of men, constantly enlarging, all ostensibly engaged in teaching a few midshipmen a little elementary mathematics: and that a fifth of this number, by a judicious organization, would instruct them all in the whole range of useful science.

It will be seen that the expense of the present

plan is very considerable; and this is of very serious importance, when we consider that it is of so little real utility.

The pay and ration of a professor of mathematics is fixed by law at twelve hundred and seventy-two dollars; which, with incidental expenses,—such as travelling, &c.—may reach, on the average, to fourteen hundred dollars per annum. There are now eighteen of them in service, and some ten or fifteen more will be required to supply all the ships in commission, if the intention of the law be carried out in practice; so that the actual cost of this branch of the Naval service, which now amounts to twenty-five thousand two hundred dollars, may, and will, be increased to nearly double this sum of money! If we add to this the serious inconvenience of crowding into the Naval service this body of civilians, who occupy room in a man-of-war which has no space, save that occupied by the military fixtures and their dependencies, we perceive that we pay dearly for a little mathematics.

It is proposed to substitute a Naval school on shore, to which there will be attached a school ship, conducted by a well organized body of scientific instructors—the whole cost of which, will not be greater than that shown to be actually incurred by the present inefficient method.

The establishment on shore to consist of a superintendent, who will be charged with the government of the school; an instructor in Naval Tactics; and professors of Mathematics, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, the Modern Languages, the science of Hydrographical Engineering, and Drawing—with the necessary assistants in each department. The course of study would be determined at the organization of the school, but it may not be amiss to give an outline of the proposed plan.

One of the small sloops of war, (or one of the rejected exploring ships would answer well.) would be required as a school ship, to be fitted for the purpose, and mounted with sea guns of various calibre. The Midshipmen of the school would compose the crew, stationed and quartered as is customary in the service. Here they would be taught to hand, to reef, to steer, and work a ship, in a seaman-like manner. They would learn to fit and stow, and handle the apparatus of a ship; and the stations, duties and management of sea artillery. Eight or ten months of the year, say from October to June inclusive, would be spent in study within the walls of the institution; after which, they should repair on board the school ship, under the command of the instructor in Naval Tactics, and keep the sea for the remainder of the school year.

The instructor in tactics, during this period, will teach, by practice, the various duties of the seaman and the sea officer. Here the Midshipmen of the Navy will be taught the practice of Nautical Astronomy: to take observations of the Heavenly bodies, and work the reckoning of the ship: to take soundings, to project and execute harbor charts and coast surveys: to row and sail a boat, on the management of which their security and success in after life so frequently depend; and, by the barges of the school ship, the orders and evolutions of fleet-sailing. They will be trained to manly exercises, and invigorated by labor and exposure, be taught endurance under fatigue, and learn the value of the labors, which they, in after life, have to impose on others.

Whilst the school ship is thus employed, each officer will become the able pilot on his native coast, now the terror of our officers, because of our ignorance of its real dangers.

At the expiration of the summer's cruise, the school ship at the wharf will furnish daily occupation to the sections in turn: the rigging, masting, the guns and stores, will each become familiar in themselves to all the corps.

Here will be felt the first pressure of that discipline, which they, in turn, must enforce elsewhere; difficult to acquire, not less difficult to enforce on others:—but without which the wild though bold spirits which compose the personnel of the Navy would defy control. Such would be the uses of the school ship.

Youths when first appointed should be sent directly to the Naval school, and there, amid a well trained and disciplined assemblage of their fellows, receive their first impressions—no small matter to the young seaman. After having passed through the course here, and performed a three years' cruise at sea, they should be examined again, and, if found qualified, promoted. The standard of their qualifications should be, proficiency in the Mathematics; a knowledge of the French tongue; a critical acquaintance with our own language; the most important facts in Natural Philosophy; the principles of Engineering, for nautical purposes—the art of Drawing; a practical knowledge of Seamanship; a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of the use and management of sea ordnance; and the control, and application of steam machinery to ships. They should be able to handle well, and teach the use of, small arms; and to take care of the men and boats entrusted to their control. They will have been educated to habits of obedience and subordination, and in one uniform mode of discipline, which can alone make a Naval establishment eminently efficient. We shall have provided a class of intelligent Naval Engineers, who can henceforth direct the constructions for nautical purposes, which are now done, as a succession of rude experiments, by men inexperienced in the business: and we can estimate the value of such a corps, by a reference to armies. There is not an officer in the Navy who could construct a Dry-Dock! I need not mention various other constructions—but simply refer to the expenditures upon our Navy-Yards for the last thirty years—when it is unquestionable, that the employment of a few able engineers would have saved the country many millions of money.

Our young officers will then be acquainted with the tools with which they work, as they are not now. There are many who never saw a dozen shot fired; who have rarely handled a musket or a cutlass; and many, very many, who never furled a sail, or tied a reef point, or touched the helm. In short, the education, professionally, of the few youths which compose our Navy, has dwindled to the merest theory. We should then have officers, not only competent, but engaged in making the nice calculations requisite for the arrangement of the nautical ephemeris; and our ships could sail, without awaiting the publications from the English, French or Spanish observatories. In one word, the skill of the thorough-bred seaman would be added to the science of the Mathematician, and the gentleman-like accomplishments which exalt a national character in the eyes of strangers, which

over the safety of our commerce, and contribute so much to the honor, peace and prosperity of our country.

The contrast, on the other hand is mortifying. It is rare to see a Midshipman with the elements even of any of the above branches of a Naval education. He is but a child when given to the service of his country, and he has not the means and opportunity of learning. With crude and often vicious notions of discipline and the military obligations, he grows up in ignorance of the responsible labors which he is soon called on to direct.

It is unnecessary to refer to the embarrassments which are felt in all departments of the Naval service, and the obstructions which impede their operations, arising solely from the slender education of the officers, and consequent want of uniformity in their views and conduct.

As to the existing mode of imparting instruction, if it can be called so at all, there is scarcely a difference of opinion as to its value. It is far short of the end proposed by the government, and is sustained at a cost equal to the annual expense of the school proposed as a substitute. The professors pretend to give only a little Mathematics, which, owing to the causes before stated, beyond the control of teacher and student, is received, by a few of the Midshipmen only; and that so scantily as barely to merit the name of instruction. Whereas, were they concentrated on one fixed point, under the guidance of a fifth of the present number of professors, with a proper distribution of the studies, all the young officers of the Navy would be thoroughly instructed in several branches of useful professional knowledge.

If the country intends to rely upon the Navy for defence against aggression from without; to protect its immense and increasing commerce, and preserve those relations of amity with other nations, which take their complexion from the conduct of commanders of our ships and fleets abroad,—the Naval officers must not be suffered to fall behind their rivals of other nations. It is no longer a question whether education (or knowledge) will improve a Navy, and through it, the nation to which it belongs. All other powers are invoking its aid now to obtain power on the high seas—for knowledge is power, even on the ocean. By its agency, the French have made their sea soldiers compete with British seamen on their own element; so that many an anxious eye is turned to the issue of future wars, conducted on an arena, once the monopoly of the latter. The French now add practical instruction to the cultivation of the sciences applicable to navigation; and the English now teach the sciences to their young seamen. It becomes us, therefore, to follow the example of both, which we can no longer neglect without the most fatal consequences—fatal to the honor of the men who have to defend the interests as well as character of the nation. The English, Russians, French, Dutch, and even Spaniards, have their Naval schools.

The employment of steam in Naval warfare in time to come is no longer doubtful; indeed, we cannot see the limits to its utility. Steam ships will henceforth constitute the security of fleets. Knowledge of the steam engine, and the management of this power for warlike purposes, will form one of the most interesting and useful studies at the proposed Naval school.

Of all people in the world, the sea officer most

requires the lights of knowledge to guide him in his wanderings; and the government alone, which undertakes the guardianship of his youth, can afford him the means and opportunity. He is received whilst yet a child, and from that moment his time and circumstances are controlled by the Navy office. He has not mastered the first rudiments of education upon which to work for his future intellectual improvement. Exposed to hardships which he knows not how to guard against, his health is often sacrificed; and to temptations, which older and wiser may not encounter with impunity, he is frequently the early victim of his ignorance; and should he reach the responsible station of command, thousands of miles removed beyond the control of his superiors, thrown upon his own slender resources, in daily official intercourse with a strange people and a foreign government, he only feels his power, to lament his inability, and tremble at its exercise. He is then the standard of the respectability of his countrymen, the representative of his country—the guardian of her interests and her honor. If he be equal to the duties of his station, he is indebted to those rare qualities which nature sometimes bestows, and which, with the culture of education, would have shone with tenfold lustre.

The school ship will be an important agent in the instruction of Midshipmen; here they will learn the manipulation of the sailor, which they do not now, on board a ship of war in commission. They would have teachers, when now they have none; they would be instructed in seamanship, and in the care of themselves, instead of being left to learn as they may. They would go to sea for the first time, better seamen than they now return, from a long cruise.

Respectfully,

L. M. POWELL, U. S. N.

THE LILY'S LOVE—A FABLE.

Suggested on reading the poem of "The Star and Lily."

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

Through the depths of a secluded and beautiful valley there ran in ancient times a broad blue stream, clear as crystal, and shining as the fabled mirror in the Hall of the Fairies.

Among the flowers ("for which the poet hath no name,") that grew on the green borders of that stream, there stood, apart from the others, and the fairest of the fair, a snow-white Lily. Not far from her, clad in a splendid robe, that made him the admiration of all flowers, there dwelt a tall, handsome Tulip; while, 'neath a leafy bower, in the midst, the Angel of the Flowers had taken up his abode.

Now the Angel loved all his blooming protégés, but the Tulip and Lily were his especial favorites. These it was his custom to visit every day.

So, early one fine summer morning, just as the sun was rising amid clouds of silver and rosy purple, and while yet the dew thick-gemm'd the

grass-blades, the Angel took his way to the Tulip's dwelling.

After a long chat with him, (for flowers could talk in those days, though we doubt whether they improved the privilege to the degree that *mortals* do now,) the Angel proceeded to visit the fair young Lily. Sure the Lily was not in general a sleepy thing, but on this eventful morning her long satin leaves were closely folded, her head drooped, and her pearly lids hung languid and heavily, as though she had kept vigil.

The Angel was touched and grieved, at this unlooked-for position in his best-beloved child, and he began casting about in his mind for the cause. "Ah!" said he, at length, clearing his perplexed brow, "I have it now. My poor Lily loves her neighbor the Tulip, and she is suffering concealment, like a worm, to feed upon her (not damask, gentle reader, but) delicate cheek." The message I bring her this morning will gladden her young heart."

So, gently touching her with the tip of his pretty silver wand, he woke her, and whispered in her ear the Tulip's pompous declaration of love.

Never a look or word returned the Lily; but she grew paler than ever, and bowed her slender head lower over the stream that reflected her pure image.

"Why answerest thou not?" asked the Angel; "the Tulip is a lively, sweet-spoken gentleman—he will love thee better than all the flowers; he will be fond and true; he will cherish thee ever; and shield thy form from the stormy tide, the wind, and the cloudy weather. Speak, silent one; dost thou prefer his suit?"

Moved by a strong and sudden impulse, the timid Lily modestly but faintly replied. "Gracious guardian, the gay and stately Tulip would soon weary of a companion like myself; and though he now honors the poor Lily with fine compliments and flattering professions, it would not be long before he would forsake her for a more beautiful love. It is not well to trust to a fickle, fleeting disposition. I have seen the red rose and the brilliant poppy, the humble violet and lowly mignonette alike made glad by the Tulip's changeful smile. And would he be true to the pallid flower, that bends o'er the tranquil stream? O no! the lonely hour and the desolate heart would be the deserted Lily's portion! Dear, indulgent guardian—I pray thee let me remain as I am."

A change came over the spirit of the Angel's dream. "Dost thou love another," he inquired; "tell me the whole truth, fair Lily; where doth he abide?"

"If thou wilt come again at twilight," faltered the Lily, "I will show thee his home."

Alas for the Lily! She had gazed on the glorious star that rose each twilight over the still water, till a subtle pleasure, unknown before, entered her

inmost soul, and pervaded her whole being:—till she dreamed of an existence, spiritual and lovely as its own, far removed from this dull earth and its common cares. The face of nature was no longer fair to her, as in days of old; the gushing music of the streamlet had no more a charm for her ear; and the fragrance that breathed from leaf and flower, after the warm summer rain, wafted no perfume to her. It was the bright beauty of that star, which alone constituted her world; and she gazed until she dreamed and believed that he would indeed stoop from his "high estate," to look lovingly on her.

The sun had set 'neath a diadem of burning gold—the sky was now one deep flush of purple, with here and there a violet-tinted cloud reposing in delicate beauty. One single star, large, lustrous and serene, (like a gem of price on the brow of the beautiful,) rested on its high throne. The Angel stood at the Lily's side. "And now for thy lover, sweet Lily."

The Lily lifted her meek blue eye to the deepening Heaven; and with tremulous finger, pointed to the star, whose soft silvery rays shone so wooingly on her lovely face.

Slowly the Angel turned his lifted eye from the star, downward to the Lily. "Unthinking child," he sorrowfully said—"the glittering shrine at which thou kneelest is higher than thou canst reach. Alas for thy simplicity! thou knowest not that a star can be as heartless and inconsistent as a Tulip, or a *man*. There is not a leaflet on the tree-top, not a drop of evening dew, not a golden sand sparkling on the sea-shore, nor a pearl gleaming in the deep waters, but hath felt the magic influence of his faithless beams! Wait thou till the stormy cloud and the driving rain shall come—the smooth stream is ruffled, and thy frail form is shaken by the rude night-blast. O! then, fair Lily, he will not come from his far home in the sky to shield and save thee."

Alas, for the too-confiding Lily! she heeded not the warning.

When suddenly the black cloud arose, when the tempest raged, and the wave rose high, she lifted her soft eyes, in the beautiful security of trusting love, to the star. But she looked in vain—his glorious light was shrouded from her presence; and washed by the whelming billow, she sank beneath the stormy tide! and the Tulip—he fluted as usual with every pretty flower, and the Star—he rose the next eve, to warm, with his faithless beams, another believing Lily!

Eames' Place, Feb. 1842.

LITERATURE AND MATRIMONY.

Signonius, a learned and well-known scholar, would not marry, and alleged no inelegant reason,—that Minerva and Venus could not live together.

TO W. C——, M. D.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Dear to the monarch is his crown,
 Dear to the warrior, his renown,
 And to the minstrel dear the wreath
 That grants him life despite of death;
 But hast not *thou*, a power—an aim—
 Dearer than King or Bard can claim?
 To bid Pain's quivering lip resume
 Calm Pleasure's smile and Beauty's bloom—
 To turn the sufferer's anguished groan
 To grateful Joy's melodious tone—
 To see, at beck'ning of thy hand,
 The Goddess Health, beside thee stand—
 Mark her, with tints of roses, dye
 The pallid cheek, and light the eye—
 In fetters bind Disease's arm,
 And Azrael of his bolt disarm?
 Thou gain'st the sinner time to pray,
 Ere his lost soul is borne away;
 Thou tread'st, a messenger of peace,
 Where tortures, at thy coming, cease—
 Thy memory linked with Hope's return
 To lips and eyes condemned to mourn—
 Thy name engraven, as in stone,
 Upon the *hearts* which are thy throne—
 Oh! what the monarch's empty away—
 The warrior's laurel—poet's bay—
 What all their visionary dreams of bliss,
 To greatness, glory, *fame* like this?

SOCIAL PROGRESS.*

The great question whether society is advancing, has commanded the attention of thinking minds in every age. From the mass of men, however, such speculations receive little regard. They generally confine their thoughts to the narrow present. They inquire more anxiously what they shall eat, or drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed, than whether, at some future time, man will attain that high elevation from which his great progenitor fell.

That a sure, though not always observable, progress has marked the history of the race, cannot justly be denied. The past and the present aspects of society unite in affirming it. Though a light once seemed to shine on Grecian and Roman shores, only to go out again in gloom; and though in later times, the intellectual and moral part of man has seemed to struggle with its shackles almost in vain; we firmly believe that it will yet gather up its shattered energies, and stand forth in its early freedom and perfection. Among the evidences of such advance, we cannot fail to notice the fact that reflecting minds of this age are led to mark unusual indications in the developments of Providence, and exclaim one to another—"As yet

we are tenants of the valley of shadows; but we live in promise of the dawn. Its twilight is already breaking around us. We feel the fresh air of morning;—we see the steps of day upon the mountain tops."

The author of this address has contemplated the law and means of social progress. He considers that society is progressive; that 'its *law* is the law of progress—of melioration,'—that the *means* are 'moral influences acting on the interior condition of man,—on the inward, spiritual character.' The grounds of his confidence in the progress of humanity are derived from the fact, that this has been the natural and prevailing sentiment of all ages; that it is in accordance with the whole experience and history of man, the moral government of God, and the Scriptures of Truth. These several points he illustrates and enforces with singular felicity.

After observing that Christianity has changed the objects and character of wars since the earliest ages, he proceeds to show that the shedding of human blood, though in itself an evil, has been a necessary means of maintaining certain great fundamental principles, which are interwoven with the welfare of the race.

"Take an extreme case: A nation, long abused and trodden down by despotism, suddenly becomes possessed with the idea of its freedom, and rises to reclaim and avenge its violated rights. Millions of hearts beat with a common sentiment of resistance. Every rock is made a rampart; and on every hill, the flag is shaken out to the air, inscribed in letters of fire, RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD!"

Here is a great, a sublime movement; and all that is dear and noble and holy, seems staked upon the issue. Can it prove, in any event, ultimately disastrous to the well-being of mankind? Suppose then the worst possible result. After a desperate struggle, checkered with the various fortunes of war, misfortune clouds the hope of freedom; and defeat, signal—but not ignominious—extinguishes it forever. If any gallant spirits survive the strife, in whom there yet lurks the spirit of rebellion, without the power of resistance, they are chained in dungeons, or hunted into perpetual exile, or immolated on the scaffold. The spirit of the nation is thoroughly subdued; and she either sinks down under a despotism, more absolute and iron-handed than the first; or her wasted territory is parcelled out among neighboring powers, and her very name blotted out from under heaven.

Is this a calamitous result? In itself considered, it is calamitous and mournful; but never yet was a drop of blood wasted, that was shed for freedom; never yet fell a hero in her cause, who did not, like Samson, slay more by his death, than in all his life.

"This struggle, therefore, has not been a dead

*The Law and Means of Social Advancement: an oration delivered before the Biennial Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, at New-Haven, Connecticut, by SAMUEL ELLIS. Cincinnati: Kendall & Henry.

loss to the world. The liberty of this particular nation is entombed; but a light burns over its grave, strong and quenchless as the sun, which will lighten the nations to freedom through all ages. What she hath sown in tears, she will reap in joy; and though her heroes may rot, unburied, on her battle-fields, yet their avenging ashes, far as the winds can bear them through the world, among all its subjugated nations, will become the precious seed of rebellion and deliverance. This particular experiment has failed; but, taking it in all its connections, civilization and human liberty have suffered no discomfiture. A new and glorious chapter has there been opened in the moral history of man. A mighty sentiment has been developed on the field of carnage,—the sentiment of Liberty;—its worth, its power, its glory. This is the great truth which that nation was born to realize in her sublime and melancholy history. To reproduce it, to give it an imperishable form, and make it glorious in the eyes of men,—this was her mission; and she hath fulfilled it even to the letter. She hath written that truth in her blood, and hung the record out on high. Ere the characters can fade, the eye of history catcheth the inscription; and she transferreth it to her immortal page, to be a witness through all time and to all people, of the value of that freedom, for which a nation wasted its blood and gave up its life."

In considering more particularly the means by which society is to be reclaimed, the lecturer admits that the perfection of the useful arts, intellectual cultivation, political freedom, and systems of law and government, may have great influence; but that they are inefficient of themselves, and only available when made the instruments of a higher and mightier principle. In illustrating the inefficacy of mere forms of government, without virtue and morality, he cites the oft-quoted history of the first French revolution. That it has lost none of its original features by his epitome, will appear in the following vivid passages:

"Henry IV had publicly declared that he held himself amenable to two sovereigns—God and the laws. But the French people began their reform by renouncing allegiance to both. The spirit of resistance was tempered up with no reverence for religion. Not only was it barren of all those sentiments which are the peculiar fruit of Christianity, but it scorned that natural and devout reliance, common even among barbarous nations, upon Him who is the God of battles, and who holds in His hand the destinies of all people. Clubs were formed in every part of the Empire for the propagation of Atheism; and more than twenty thousand persons, including those of the highest literary distinction, were employed, hour by hour, in exterminating all sense of moral obligation, and every sentiment of private and public virtue. They proceeded through-

out, upon the principle, that Christianity and republican-ism could not subsist together. This frightful doctrine they wrought every where into the national mind; expecting to hold its terrible volcanic power in check, and control it to their purpose, by such devices as a representative convention; skilful operations of finance; a political establishment on the theory of natural right; and more absurd than all, a *national oath*, to be renewed by all Frenchmen every fourth year of the new calendar, 'to live free or die.' Infatuated men! what virtue did you expect from your 'national oath,' after you had thus extirpated every sentiment and every principle that could give it solemnity or sanction?

"But that nothing might be wanting to make this experiment complete and final, and to show that it was made by the whole nation in its corporate capacity, the government, by a solemn act, renounced its allegiance to Heaven, and established impiety by law. It decreed, that all religious signs, whether in public or in private places, which might serve to remind the people of their ancient faith, should be annihilated. It voted death an eternal sleep. It abolished funerals; and decreed that all deceased persons should be buried like the carcasses of brutes, without ceremony or religious service. It abolished the Sabbath; and gave up all churches and places of worship to plunder. It ordered the Bible to be publicly burnt by the common hangman; and, as if to extirpate the very memory of Scripture history, it instituted a new calendar, in which the divisions of time should be marked by no reference to the Christian era, or to Christian institutions.

"The world stood aghast at such a bold and shameless desecration of every thing pure and venerable, and holy. Men's hearts failed them through fear; and they waited for the event in fixed astonishment, as they wait for the avalanche, or the earthquake. Those who managed the vessel of state had thrown chart and compass overboard, and madly put out on the sea of revolution. They had hailed the rising sun of liberty with joy; but now, that the ocean swelled, and the air darkened, with what terror did they behold his broad blood-red disc, climb a sky black with tempest, and sounding with loud thunders from side to side? It has not been left to us to record the horrors and crimes of that eventful period; when Paris, the seat of art and elegance and fashion, became a great slaughter-house, and the throne and the altar floated away in blood from their foundations:—when one executioner had tired with his horrid work of chopping off human heads, another was called to stand in his place;—and another,—and another. No love was left. Every man was an assassin; and the murderer of to-day, while his hand was yet upon the axe, was marked the victim for to-morrow. And thus the Republic, drunk with blood, vomited forth crime, and staggered on under her

load of misery and sin, towards the gulf of military despotism—an abyss dreadful and profound as hell. Anarchy is always impatient for a tyrant : and in a state so fruitful of monsters as France had been, he could not long be waited for. There was a brief and fearful pause ; when lo !—girt about with darkness, and clad in complete steel, a stern and solitary figure,—the offspring and very image of the times, rose on the highest wave of revolution, with the imperial eagle in his hand ! The tribune hailed him as the supreme head of the nation. The senate entreated him to accept the purple. The army followed, and laid the glory of a thousand victories at his feet. The people shouted, '*Vive l'Empereur Napoleon.*' and *Illum fuit*: the French Republic had been."

After tracing the influence of what he terms "the religious sentiment in man," from the earliest ages of the world, to the time of the reformation, he dwells upon the great changes in public sentiment effected at that period by Christianity. On this point we regret want of space to make extracts. He then portrays, in living colors, the settlement of America by the Puritans, and the principles which gave rise to it, as well as the revolution which succeeded, and concludes thus eloquently :

"The success of the American arms only consummated the work which the Pilgrims had begun ; and all this mighty and prosperous civilization, which, after a little more than two centuries, we behold poured abroad over the continent, from one ocean to the other, is the fruit of that social and civil organization, whose foundations were laid by the Pilgrim fathers, in suffering and in faith."

• • • "But Christianity herself moves in advance of her own civilization, and does not wait the tardy operation of philosophical causes. Conscious of her power over universal man, and that she holds the world's destiny in her hands, she has undertaken, as a specific object, and as her own proper work, the reclamation of all nations,—all the millions of humanity. Possessed by this august idea—an idea infinitely surpassing in the grandeur of its conception, every project of ambition, every dream of universal empire—she has surveyed the enterprize from all its points. She has marked out, with astonishing boldness and precision, her plan of operations ; and moves to its execution with a fixed and steady eye ; with boundless energy and inextinguishable faith. Already, she is in occupation of the seats of power in every division of the globe, and speaks to its swarming multitudes in two hundred languages of the many-tongued earth. In Africa, she has taken up her line of positions, from Cape Palmas to Port Natal ; and in Asia, from Constantinople to Ceylon. She has thrown a belt of moral light, like a galaxy, over either continent. She has touched the iron sceptres of Brahma and Mohammed ; and they

crumble from their hands like ashes. She gathers her school on the Acropolis of Athens, and works her printing presses under the shadow of the Pyramids. She has kindled her lights among the islands of the Southern and Pacific oceans ; and the Polynesian cannibal comes running from his native woods, and sits at her feet clothed and in his right mind ; receives her sacrament, and worships at her altars. And wherever she moves over the world, she carries with her all the fruits of that civilization which she has spread over the face of Christendom ;—its liberty and its literature ; its arts and its opinions ; its commerce, agriculture, knowledge and philosophy. Thus she is commingling and assimilating all the races of men ; and by acting at the fountain of all social improvement, on the interior and moral life of man, she is building up a new order of society, and securing it on deep and imperishable foundations. The spirit of Him who said, 'Let there be light,' is moving over the face of the moral chaos ; and it will not return void. It will bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. It will summon into being a new world, more beautiful and glorious than that over which angels and the answering stars shouted on the morning of creation ;—a world of harmony and love ; where humanity will hold fellowship with heaven ; in which the spirit of Truth will preside to guide into all truth, and over which it will reign with a serene and holy dominion forever." D.

LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Ay ! porque así agitarse el hombre insano !
Y viendo ya á los pies ; ó ciego ! abierto
El sepulcro gozarte :—

On a branch of the Gaudalquiver, which loses itself among the heights of the Sierra Nevada, may be seen to this day, the remains of an old chateau, whose bare and blackened walls frown in grim majesty upon the silver waters, which now mirror only desolation. Thick moss has grown over and obscures the once valued memorials of an almost regal pride and magnificence. A hoary, matted mass of ivy covers, and partially supports, the decaying and crumbling tower which stands on the left side of the castle ; its angle of inclination is so great, that the tottering old ruin seems momentarily on the point of falling, and will inevitably crush in its descent, the gay group of young orange trees, whose glossy leaves and graceful wavings convey to an imaginative mind the idea, that they rejoice in being the only living things which dare to look cheerful in a spot so melancholy and desolate. The prospect is even worse on entering the house. The only furniture of the large, dark and dismal hall, which is ornamented with grotesque carvings of saints and angels, consists of an antique, worm-

eaten picture, half fallen from its frame. It is a portrait; and the brilliancy of a few tints, which have bid defiance to time, testifies that the forgotten form of the original was once clothed in gay and costly attire.

Crumbling balustrades and crazy staircases forbid the most inquisitive adventurer to pursue his investigations much farther; and the terror of the superstitious guides,—for there is no heart which does not quail in the vicinity of that terrible ruin,—urges the traveller to leave the bats and reptiles in undisturbed possession of their accustomed haunts.

For myself, I felt a strange and peculiar sentiment of enjoyment in lingering among the scattered and decayed monuments of ancient grandeur. These appear in the magnificent proportions of the buildings and surrounding grounds, though the hand of taste can no longer be discerned amid the desolate chambers of the house, or the gnarled and matted masses, which probably, in former days, ornamented the pleasure-grounds and gardens; their dark and heavy luxuriance now makes the ruin more sombre and forbidding.

The opposite side of the river is equally desolate, although tradition tells us, that, in the palmy days of splendor, when the old 'Castillo de las Torres' was the wonder and admiration of the country from Seville to Grenada, it was rendered scarcely less attractive, by a very lovely but unostentatious villa, whose former site is still pointed out.

These situations are remarkable, as having been, in by-gone times the witnesses of a most terrible domestic tragedy. The minutest particulars relating to it are treasured with care by the oldest of the neighboring peasantry, although they affect a certain air of mystery with regard to them, which caused me to inquire diligently before I arrived at the following particulars.

The Castle de las Torres, as I have said, was once the pride and glory of that portion of the country. Its master, a noble marquis, in spite of hereditary pride, was revered and almost idolized by the peasants, whose descendants describe him as the noblest and most exalted of men, perfect in the graces and accomplishments of a knight and gentleman, handsome, intelligent, brave, and generous to profusion. The lofty old walls which I have described as so startlingly desolate, were accustomed in those days to resound with music and mirth. Gay and gallant cavaliers contended upon the now matted and weed-grown lawn for the supreme beauty of their fair mistresses, whose flashing eyes and merry peals of laughter enlivened the halls, now made slimy and loathsome by the reptiles which creep over them.

The last noble Marquis de las Torres, while still in the state of bachelorship, had so impaired his finances by profuse hospitality and generosity, that he was fain to call to his aid his natural and ac-

quired graces, in order to rescue him from his embarrassments. The reputation of these so won upon the heart of a wealthy and beautiful heiress, the Señora Isabel, whose years of discretion permitted her to dispose of her wealth and charms as she pleased, that he soon found himself a far richer if not a happier man than he had ever been.

The lady, though no longer very young, was still singularly beautiful and fascinating—her manners having attained a perfection of polish, which is rarely or never found in early youth. Her stately step and glorious black eyes were probably as attractive as her vast fortune, to her admiring husband. Her temper, however, was violent, overbearing, and vindictive in the extreme; so much so, that she became the terror as well as the admiration of the country. Many a harsh and cruel deed is recorded of her, though none so shocking and unnatural as the one which follows.

It was soon whispered that her husband, of whom she was intensely jealous, was happier any when than in his stately and sumptuous home. Any domestic contentions however were carefully concealed, and the Marquis always appeared the most devoted of husbands.

Nearly opposite the castle, on the other side of the river, arose the white walls of a less costly but very beautiful residence, whose only occupants were an old man with a maiden sister, and a lovely young grand-daughter. This girl, whom they called Eléna, attained her seventeenth birthday on the eve of the festival of Santa Catarina, which was to be celebrated with great magnificence at the castle. She was very lovely, so much so as to attract the attention of the Marquis's friends as they occasionally caught a glimpse of her graceful form on the front balcony which overhung the river. Many a sportive jest, connected with the fair neighbor, who smiled so sweetly whenever she saw the Marquis, had passed the lips of the guests, and rankled in the heart of the Marchioness. Apparently the Lord of las Torres either despised or neglected these hints, for he continued his frequent visits to the pretty rural villa, and often spoke of its fair and almost unprotected inmate, with the admiration and affection of a fond parent.

On the eve of the festival of Santa Catarina, the young Eléna de Castres sat alone on the moonlit balcony. The song had faltered on her lips, and the strings of her guitar snapped one by one, as she endeavored to elicit their wonted melody. She gazed with tearful eyes on the water, almost beneath her feet, whose unceasing ripples broke the bright moonbeams into a thousand atoms. But neither the beauty of the mirroring water, nor the serenity of the sky, nor the snow-capped chain of the Sierra Nevada losing itself in the distance and darkness, awoke any pleasing sensations in her bosom. She was thinking how very gay the castle would be on the following day, and how

gracefully Don Luis de Mendoza would dance the sprightly fandango, and how very cruel her aunt was to consider her too young to go, and she almost seventeen!

A manly footstep broke the stillness. Eléna sprang up, and flew to meet the Marquis with a degree of delight, which his fair lady would have very little approved.

"Oh, I am so thankful to you for coming," said she. "My aunt has said positively I shall not go to the castle to-morrow."

"And wherefore, *mi corazoncita*? Is she afraid of your meeting the Señor Don Luis there?"

Eléna blushed and answered, "he will be there, and my aunt forbids me to go."

"And you cannot succeed in softening the old lady's feelings towards your handsome young cavalier?"

"Not at all," sighed Eléna, "her heart is like a flint—she calls Don Luis a dissipated boy, and me a silly child."

"Hard, hard indeed," laughed the visitor.

"But in truth," said the young lady, "I believe a little intrigue is all she desires. She cannot bear that I should marry quietly, without at least half a dozen lovers to break their hearts on the occasion, or get up some kind of domestic romance for her amusement."

"The old lady thinks she will live over again her youth in your conquests. Is it not so?"

"It is; she thinks me the image of herself, making due allowance for the degeneracy of the age, and she is continually telling me of her scores of lovers. For myself, I am quite content with one."

"And your grandfather?"

"Oh, he never interferes. He puts implicit faith in the old Spanish proverb, that 'the more a woman's will is thwarted, the better she will be;' and therefore, he leaves matters entirely in my aunt's hands to insure my being brought to perfection."

"And it seems your lover and yourself have determined to take the matter in your own hands, and elope in the confusion of to-morrow's festivities?"

"But there is no hope now, for she said positively that I should not go."

"Well, let me arrange this little affair for you. Suppose you seem to submit quietly to your aunt's decree; I will take care to have her out of the way, by sending for her to the castle in the morning for the ostensible purpose of assisting in the preparations."

At this juncture, although neither perceived it, a dark figure glided noiselessly up the river bank, and stood in a listening attitude behind a group of palmettos, which effectually screened it from view. The demon of jealousy had prompted La Señora Isabel to dog her husband's footsteps, to hear and judge for herself.

"And then," continued the Marquis, "you can come unobserved to the castle in the evening. You had better come masked, for to tell the truth, the Señora is a little tinctured with jealousy, and she is so violent that it would not be altogether prudent to meet her."

"Yes, yes."

"But meet me at the fountain of the Graces, near the western turret, and there shall this fair hand be disposed of, at least to our satisfaction."

"Noble Marquis!"

"Nay, nay, there is no time for acknowledgments—I must hasten home, or my restless Señora may perchance send hither in search of me. Adieu, *mi vida*. Wear this jewel to distinguish you to-morrow, in case there should be any difficulty;" and placing on her hand a diamond of rare magnificence, he took his leave.

The young girl gazed after him, till he was out of sight; and then, with a heart full of hope, and head crowded with gay fancies, she entered the house.

With very different feelings did the Marchesa wend her way homeward. Her boatmen, who with their little barge lay concealed in the shadow of the bank, were heard afterwards to say, that the appearance of their mistress, as she bared her head to the moonbeams, was that of a beautiful demon. Her eyes glissened like those of a serpent, and her delicately chiselled features assumed the livid rigidity of a corpse. Long cherished doubts had hitherto tortured her mind with jealousy, and the seeming confirmation of her suspicions now goaded her to madness.

Ere she reached the opposite bank of the sparkling river, her dark resolution had been formed. Wrapping the black mantilla around her head, she hastened to her chamber, and there, having secured herself from the intrusion of any living or moving object, save the flickering moonbeams which played upon the floor, and lighted her silver crucifix, she brooded over, and arranged her scheme of vengeance, whose very horror nerved her resolution. "Aye, aye, that fair hand shall indeed be disposed of, to the satisfaction of one whose interference they little dread."

The possibility of her mistake never for a moment entered her imagination. The increasing coldness of the Marquis had long excited her indignation, and she had ever been on the watch to discover its cause,—never for an instant suspecting that her own violent passions had alienated the affection of the husband whom she idolized.

It is exceedingly probable that the lady might have had other causes for her jealousy, than that here narrated; but this is the only one whose remembrance has survived.

The following morning rose bright and clear upon the gilded turrets and crystal fountains which sparkled in the sunbeams as they fell upon the

magnificent *Castello*. The festival of Santa Catarina was to be celebrated with unusual splendor, less in honor of the Saint herself, than of the Knights of Saint Catharine, who were sojourning at the Castle.

Preparations for the religious and military festival were made with all the magnificence customary in an age and nation, where personal prowess was the strongest claim to admiration, and the chief attributes of religion, pride and pomp.

Thus the day wore on until the hour of siesta arrived; when, every one, wearied with the heat and fatigue of the morning, sought rest and repose. Silence prevailed throughout the mansion; the Marchioness again wrapped the mantilla around her stately person, and descended to the boat. The drowsy boatmen, who were following the example of their masters in yielding to the intense heat, were, much to their annoyance, aroused; and again the lady approached the enchanting villa of Las Castres.

She ascended the sloping bank softly, and met no one to interrupt her progress. She entered the house, and without being observed, gained the chamber of Eléna. The room was small, but fitted up with an exquisite degree of taste and neatness, emblematical of the innocence and virgin purity of its occupant. On every side were seen the simple but elegant preparations for the festivities of the evening. The gala dress lay upon the bed, and choicest perfumes were on the table. A wreath of orange-flowers for the hair, and a gold rosary with its sparkling cross were placed on a small marble table near the bed, and even the delicately embroidered slippers were ready for use. The fair mistress of the chamber breathed softly in her quiet and child-like sleep. The lady paused; and, bending over her, contemplated for a while the rare and almost infantile loveliness of the sleeper,—strangely contrasted with the turbulent feelings and violent passions which marred her own magnificent beauty. Apparently pleasant fancies occupied the mind of the unconscious girl, for a smile at that moment half parted the bright rose colored lips—a smile so sweet that it might have softened the heart of her vindictive enemy, had not at that moment a sparkle of light, from a diamond of singular beauty, gleamed upon her sight. She recognized her husband's ring on the delicately beautiful hand which hung so carelessly in its unconscious grace. This steeled her heart, and sealed the fate of her victim. With an unfaltering hand she dropped a portion of the contents of a small vial on the half open lips. This vial contained poison collected from the fangs of the Cobra de Capello. A few minutes only sufficed for it to take effect. The rich red blood quickly retreated from the cheeks, giving place to large black spots—the white bosom heaved violently for a short time, then became perfectly still—and the form of the

loveliest maiden of Andalusia rapidly changed to that of a livid and blackened corpse. But the work was not even then completed. Death itself did not satisfy the cruel and vindictive woman. She drew from its silver sheath a sharp stiletto, and without quailing, without even shuddering, she severed the hand from the delicately rounded arm of the unfortunate girl. She then re-arranged the drapery in the most life-like manner possible, drew close the curtains, and withdrew from that dark and deathly chamber, with no other emotions than those of gratified revenge, and triumph. * * *

Noblemen, bishops, knights, and ladies—the beautiful and the gay—ecclesiastics, and laymen,—the wise and foolish—the young and old, crowded around the extensive tables, which groaned under all the splendor that wealth and taste could heap upon them. The pillars were garlanded with gayest wreaths. Lights flashed around the columns, and along the verandahs, and throughout the trelliced walks. Light everywhere—and jewels of priceless value blazed, and were eclipsed by brighter eyes. Loud peals of laughter and loud and merry jests resounded through the lofty halls. Wine circulated freely, and the songs were repeated with accompaniments of trumpets, drums and fifes—and brave knights loudly proclaimed the beauty of their mistresses, and challenged the world to produce their equals. The ladies stretched forth their swan-like necks, and encouraged their champions with bright smiles and grateful applause. The Marchioness moved conspicuous among all these; for her noble bearing and magnificent beauty, coupled with the grace and affability which won all hearts, had never, showed more remarkable than on this memorable evening.

"A gift," proclaimed the heralds, "a gift from La Señora Doña Isabel to her noble lord on his installation as Knight of the holy order of Santa Catarina—a badge to distinguish his person, and a talisman to preserve his courage."

"Methinks your Marquis is a loving lord," said the young Knight Don Luis de Mendoza, "he wears no colors save those of his lady wife, and places his lance in rest for no other beauty."

Every eye was turned on her with admiration, and the Marchesa smiled haughtily.

The page, at that moment, approached his Lord, bearing the gift, supposed to be a scarf embroidered with his lady's hair, or lettered with her name and motto. It was enclosed in a small box of embossed gold, on which was inscribed with precious stones the following motto: "A talisman to stir up the heart of the most noble and valiant the Marquis de las Torres." With a flashing eye, and lip wreathed with smiles, the nobleman prepared to adorn his shield with the gift of his transcendently beautiful wife. He carefully unwrapped fold after fold of the silver tissue, in which it was enclosed—but he turned cold as marble, when a

small and exquisitely formed hand, with his well known ring on one of the stiffened fingers, touched his own.

Traditional records are unable to present any definite picture of the tumult which ensued. Lights were extinguished, and tables overthrown in the general confusion—with its cause very few were acquainted, but among these was Don Luis de Mendoza.

A hundred eyes sought the Marchioness, but she was gone. She had disappeared in the confusion, without leaving a trace behind. They sought her throughout the castle, the surrounding grounds, the villa of Las Castres—and there they met with an object which quickened their anxiety. But she was never found. Whether kindred evil spirits guarded her from human vengeance, or whether she found refuge in some of the many subterranean passages with which the castle abounded, cannot be told. They say she has never since been known to hold communication with any mortal agent.

The festivities at the castle were never renewed. Don Luis and the Marquis waited only long enough to cover the bier of the loving and beloved Elena with choicest and fairest flowers—then, choosing for their badges boughs of the yew and cypress, they wended their way to Mount Sinai, to guard the tomb of the saint, to whose order they belonged. Thence they never returned, and the castle was thereafter entirely deserted, for the Marquis was the last of his family, and had there been scores of heirs, none probably would have ventured to take possession of the mansion, which has been considered ever since, as the solitary abode of the dark and terrible lady. There, say the peasants, she drags on an existence prolonged beyond that of mortals, to suffer more than mortal torture—there, her shrieks for mercy, which in the days of her power she never showed, are unheeded, and her repentance is unavailing.

AN IMAGERY OF LIFE.

I love to stand beside the brook,
Beneath the sun's bright beam,
And watch each wave that's borne along
Upon its rushing stream,—

—To see its waters dashing on,
And hear its gentle roar,
And think that thus it leaped and rolled,
A hundred years before.

—It minds me of the stream of life
That rushes swiftly by,
And bearing changes on its breast,
Scarce noted, ere they fly.

—I love to watch the gentle moon,
Tracking its silent way,
It tells of holy innocence,
In every silver ray.

—And I have marked the withered leaf,
As from its stem 'tis shed,
And thought that thus, man's brightest hopes,
Have from his bosom sped,—
—That like that leaf his hopes have been,—
Have budded,—have decayed,—
Have bloomed, until misfortune's blast
Has bid them droop and fade.
—I mark the rapids, leaping by
In seeming angry strife,
And find in each, and all of these,
An imagery of life.

Richmond, Va.

J. P. P.

COROLINN: A PERSIAN TALE.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

There are bubbles that vanish when grasp'd in the hand,
There are rosebuds that wither before they expand,
There are hopes that are blighted when brightest they seem,
And pleasures that fade like the joy of a dream.

Sketches of a Traveller.

The party of fugitives soon entered the defile of which Hamors had spoken, and wound along its rocky bed for a considerable distance without hearing any thing from their pursuers; the pale features of the trembling Corolinn were re-animated by the assurance of her Everington. Suddenly Hamors stopped and listened. All were instantly silent. No one, however, could hear any thing, except the murmur of the trees that overshadowed the deep glen, and the hollow sound of a distant waterfall. Hamors alone, by his countenance, betrayed his alarm. He threw himself from his horse, laid his ear close to the rock, and again listened.

"It is as I feared; we are pursued, and the horsemen are close upon us," said Hamors.

"We know then what we have to do," replied Everington; "I think we can make this pass good against a dozen or more Schirans."

"I am exactly of your opinion," said Hamors; "but not here can we make our defence. If the lady will ride forward, in one hour she will reach the extremity of this narrow valley, within the boundaries of Kerdistan, where she will be sure of a hospitable reception and safety."

"The advice of Hamors must be followed," said Everington to the ladies: "dearest Corolinn, escape if you can; we will join you after we have disposed of these villains."

But it was plain, the strength of the fair girl was unequal to the task enjoined, and the danger to which Everington was exposed had no tendency to tranquilize her spirits. The whole party now hastened onward to the place where the rocks approached so near together as to leave only a space

sufficient for one to pass at a time; and as it was evident their pursuers were not far distant, Hamors proposed making a stand at that place, since in the narrow pass numbers could be of little advantage.

Corolinn endeavored to proceed, but a dizzy faintness came over her; and had not Everington, who was watching her disappearance, flown to her aid, she must have fallen to the ground. Everington caught her in his arms, sprinkled some cold water in her face, and while the girl Myrtilda hastened to the aid of her mistress, he kissed the pale forehead of the beautiful creature he held in his arms, with a feeling of the tenderest affection.

Placing Corolinn, who had revived, on a mossy rock, which by a turn of the ravine was hid from the path they had travelled, he left her with her attendant, and hastened to Hamors, who had been preparing their arms for the expected conflict. Their position was such as to prevent their pursuers from riding them down, and they had some hope, that, by a vigorous defence, they should be ultimately successful.

Their pistols were loaded and primed, their cimeters were drawn, and in anxious suspense they listened to the rapid and approaching trampling of their pursuers.

It was but a minute, before their foe appeared turning the point of the rocks below them, and they no sooner caught a glimpse of the fugitives than a loud shout announced their gratification, and the certainty of their triumph. Though their horses were covered with sweat and foam, and panting for breath, they halted not a moment; but drawing their sabres, with shouts of praise to Allah, and invoking the aid of the prophet for the destruction of the infidel dog, advanced at a swift gallop and in single file to the assault. Everington and Hamors stood firm with their cocked pistols in their right hands, and their sabres in their left.

"We must block up the road, and they must form the barrier," said Everington to his servant; "you shoot the leader's horse and I will dispose of the rider."

"Fling down your arms, you rebel dog!" shouted the chief who led the squadron.

The only answer given was by the discharge of the pistols of Everington and Hamors, who both fired at the same instant with fatal effect. The noble beast on which the Emir was mounted, made a desperate plunge forward, then partly turned, reared on his hind feet, and while his master's hand relaxed its grasp upon the bridle, both fell lifeless in the narrowest part of the pathway.

The effect was so sudden, and the assault so rapid, that the second individual in pursuit, was unable to check the horse before he was entangled by the fallen one, and ere he could extricate himself, his rider had received a shot through the brain; while clinging with a death-grasp to the reins as

he fell, the affrighted steed was instantly trampling him under foot, and by his endeavors to escape, creating still greater confusion in the body behind.

"The curse of the prophet rest on the infidel dogs," cried the second in command, as he threw himself from his horse, and, followed by three or four others, struggled forward to encounter the defenders of the pass, hand to hand.

They at last succeeded in reaching them, but Everington and his servant, who saw the coming storm, were prepared to meet it, and two more of the assailants were soon bleeding at their feet, one by the pistol of Hamors, and the other by the sabre of Everington.

At this instant, Hamors, in endeavoring to push the advantage he had gained, was thrown off his guard, and received a blow from a sabre on his head, which, to appearance, killed him on the spot. Thus encouraged, the assailants pressed forward with loud shouts of "Allah Acbar:" God is mighty; but still Everington maintained his ground, and the boldest of the assailants shrunk back from his death-dealing blows.

At this critical moment a sudden scream from the females reached his ear, which was instantly followed by a shout of exultation from the pass behind him. Turning on his heels, he flew to save his fair Corolinn from this new danger; and as he turned the point of the rock that intervened between them, he encountered a body of the foe. These, while Everington and Hamors were engaged with those in front, had retraced their steps for a few rods down the ravine, then clambering up the precipice by the aid of the mantling shrubbery, had made their way above them, and passing on a kind of projecting ledge, had intended to take them in the rear; when, on gaining the pass, they, to their great surprise, found Corolinn and her attendant alone, and completely within their power.

"Let go that maiden, villain," cried Everington, as he darted upon them like a tiger, and with a single blow severed to the shoulders, the head of the chief who was endeavoring to secure the hands of the terrified Corolinn.

By this time those of the assailants who had been held in check, came up, and those who had seized the girls finding themselves so furiously attacked, letting them go to defend themselves, Everington found himself surrounded by sword, and after a desperate struggle, was knocked down and securely bound.

"O spare him," cried Corolinn, as, forgetting her own danger, she clasped the arm of the individual who appeared to have the command.

"Our orders, sweet runaway," replied the chief, "were to spare him and take him alive, or his brains would have been, before this time, knocked out. After all," continued the officer, "I much doubt whether this Frank will feel much obliged to

us for the favor we have shown him, for he has a serious account to settle for the murder of this man; and with the prince, whom Allah preserve, for running away with you, sweet blossom of the mountain."

"Then he is lost!" exclaimed Corolinn; "already lost; there is not the semblance of hope in his case."

"Not in *his* case, certainly," answered the Emir: "and for you—ah, you know the prince is merciful."

"If your prisoner die, I die with him," said Corolinn firmly; the undaunted courage of her disposition rising, as the danger which threatened Everington grew formidable and unavoidable; "I will never be the slave of Abbas Mirza, nor the minion of his will."

"We will leave these matters to be settled between you and his highness on your return," said the officer.

"Corolinn," said Everington, who had maintained the most inflexible silence, while they were binding him, and scorned to reply to the threats and execrations showered upon him by his captors; "I know my destiny, but I hope I have lived long enough to despise the power of a tyrant; and I shall do so, happy in believing that to the last I have retained the remembrance and love of my dearest Corolinn."

"You see," said the chief, pointing towards the sun, "that it is declining, and our work is but half done; we must now return."

His orders were immediately obeyed. The horses of both parties were secured, and great was the surprise, not only of Everington, but of the pursuers also, when they found that Hamors, whom they had left for dead, had disappeared, and that one of their fleetest horses was no where to be found. This difficulty was however soon removed by their chief, who assured his followers that Eblis had undoubtedly carried off the servant of the infidel, for his presumption in fighting against the faithful, and that the horse would probably be found somewhere down the valley: though this explanation did not prevent his carrying into effect, with increased activity, his directions for an immediate descent of the mountain. Everington was mounted on one of the horses belonging to the party, and Corolinn, who was so fatigued as to be unable to maintain her seat on horseback, was placed behind one of the horsemen, and the whole party were retracing their steps to the plain. The dead were left unburied; and the chief remarked, as he passed them, that they had fallen honorably.

A sort of undefined hope had lingered in the bosom of Everington, that Hamors had escaped, and that he would be able to rouse some of the sturdy mountaineers to their rescue: but they reached the place where they partook of the last slight refreshment in their ascent, without his wished for appear-

ance; and here the sight of a large party of horsemen at the foot of the mountains, among which Everington not only discovered several elephants, but the black standard of Persia, convinced him at once that his hopes were utterly futile and groundless.

CHAPTER VI.

The snake's forked tongue—the dragon's fang,
Shall pierce thy side with many a twang;
The Upas gums shall run through thy veins,
And each torture us'd to increase thy pains;
Then beware, wretch! O, beware of me!
For whithersoever thou may'st flee,
I warn thee now; then stand in fear,
Nor court my young Castilian dear.—*Anonymous.*

The utmost care and precaution had been taken to prevent the least communication between Everington and Corolinn, during the march; he being placed in the front, and she in the rear of the detachment; but when they reached the plain, as the faithful girl passed him to be placed on the magnificent howdah which was carried by the largest elephant, she placed her white hand to her lips, and said, in tones intended to reach him and none else,

"My word is passed; if you die, Corolinn dies with you."

"Fear nothing, my dear girl," replied the prisoner, who, whatever he might have feared, saw the necessity of keeping up the hopes of Corolinn; "fear nothing, Allah will protect and bless us."

After a hurried march over the plain, night overtook them, and they encamped near the ruins of Persepolis. Closely pinioned and secured as Everington was, he was none the less carefully guarded; and his present situation, added to the prospect before him, did not suffer him to rest. The shrill cry of the hyena and jackall was heard among the ruins, as they prowled about the camp of the intruders on their domains; and from some lone and lofty column, the owl uttered its boding cry, when the twilight enabled it to venture forth in quest of its prey. Bats flitted through the gloom, and, to the feverish imagination of Everington, they seemed like the ghosts of those whose crimes had desolated and depopulated that once glorious place. The desolation with which they were surrounded, agreed but too well with the state of Everington's feelings. For himself, he knew there was nothing to hope; and if he was to be torn from his loved one, but little to fear. But for her, he trembled with horror, when he reflected that the beautiful and high-souled creature must be sacrificed to the brutal passions of a tyrant.

Morning came, and with it the march was resumed; and before noon, Everington found himself fettered, and closed within the walls of Schi-

ras. No sooner had the party, with the fugitives, entered the city, than they were met by a messenger from the prince, who held a short conference with the chief, at the close of which, Everington was taken from the horse, blindfolded, and then, with a file of men on each side, marched a considerable distance, when they suddenly halted for a few moments.

"If I am to die," said Everington, who suspected that preparations for such an event were making, "let me meet death like a man; I shall not shrink when it comes."

"You will know your destination," replied the surly voice of his conductor; and as he spoke the harsh and heavy grating of some massive door on its hinges, told Everington that they were entering some building, though what and where it was impossible to ascertain.

When the door closed behind them, the sudden transition from the hum and bustle of the city, to the total and death-like silence around them, spoke plainly of the thickness of the walls with which they were enclosed. After descending a flight of steps, another door opened, and from the hollow reverberations of the echoes, it appeared they were traversing some subterranean passage. Another flight of steps was succeeded by another space to be traversed, at the extremity of which the third and last door opened.

Everington's hands were now unbound; the irons taken from his feet; the door was partly unclosed; and still blindfolded, he was thrust through it, and the door instantly closed upon him. He tore the turban with which he had been blinded from his head, but impenetrable darkness met his eye; and he heard the harsh grating of the keys, as bolt after bolt was turned upon him.

"I am buried alive," said Everington aloud, and he started at the hollow and unearthly sound of his own voice; he remembered the accounts he had heard of the dungeons of Schiras, where kingly vengeance immured those victims it did not dare openly to immolate.

He called aloud, but was only answered by echoes gloomy as the dungeons that gave them birth. The chilliness and dampness of the air proved that he was far under ground; and the only thing that gave him hope, was, that once he fancied he felt the winnowing of a bat's wing, as it flitted around him in the pitchy darkness, and that, he thought, demonstrated the certainty of some communication with the upper air. He moved a few feet and his hand struck against a wall.

"I will at least know the extent of my dungeon," said Everington, as with his hand upon the wall, which was covered with mould and dampness, he slowly groped his way along.

The distance he traversed proved that it was of considerable extent; but the examination showed also that the door by which he had entered was

the only place of ingress or egress to the dungeon. The floor was of stone, but covered with a wet, slimy matter, which convinced Everington that it was sometimes covered with water; and he remembered that once a year, at least, it was said, the dungeons were emptied of their inmates by the overflowing of the Bendemir.

To Everington it was a time of almost inconceivable agony and despair. He was brave, and could have died the death of a soldier without a murmur; but to be shut out from the cheerful light of day—to be buried alive—to die a living death, filled his mind with horror. And Corolinn, his faithful and beautiful Corolinn, where was she?

"God of mercy protect her!" he exclaimed, as, filled with conflicting emotions, he hastily arose across the dungeon—"O, protect and bless her!"

His foot struck against something upon the floor—he stumbled and fell—he turned to examine it—it was a half-wasted skeleton. He moved his hand slowly over it—there was a frightful hissing, and a large serpent crept from beneath the unrotted garments and twined its long scaly folds around his arm. With a scream he tore it from him, and springing to his feet, attempted to fly from the revolting reptile, but struck against the wall of the prison with such violence that he fell, insensible, to the pavement. How long he remained in that situation he knew not, but he was confident that a considerable time must have elapsed. With the sense of existence, a recollection of the horror of his fate came over him, mingled with a death-like depression of his feelings, and a sensation of weakness that convinced him his hours of life would be few, unless he was removed from that place. Placing his hand on the wet floor to raise himself, it rested on something which struggled violently to escape; and the carbuncled back and swollen form showed it to be an overgrown toad, which the heated imagination of Everington pictured as having attained that frightful size by living on the victims which there fell a sacrifice to rannny.

"Not yet," said he, as he started to his feet, "am I willing to become a prey to such loathsome animals!"

How the time passed away he had no means of knowing, but a painful sensation of hunger and thirst—a sickening faintness which attended the last movement—a confusion of ideas, and debility of body, demonstrated that he had breathed a pernilent air, under the influence of which the powers of life could not survive. The inclination to sleep was excessive, but he dared not indulge it, for his sleeping moments were more dreadful than his waking ones, and that dread was not wholly owing to the harassing effect of his imagination. Once when he attempted to sleep, he was suddenly aroused by finding a snake, cold and chilling, coiled

deavoring to force its way beneath the clothing of his body, and coiling its folds around his neck. The instant he was motionless, reptiles of various kinds began to gather around him, and he felt as if they had already marked him for their prey. How gladly would he have welcomed death!

At last, when hope had fled, when he thought that his feelings had been rendered callous by the intensity of suffering, a slight sound in the subterranean regions of his dungeon aroused him from his lethargy. Listening with ears which had been rendered acute by misery, he heard voices, and then footsteps in the passage that led to his dungeon. Again he heard the numerous bolts withdrawn, and at last—joyful sight!—a gleam of light darted through the opening door, and greeted eyes which had so long been deprived of its exhilarating influence. As the door opened a soldier entered, whose countenance manifested much surprise at finding the prisoner living. He held a lamp in his hand, but the vitiated air of the dungeon produced such an effect upon it, that its feeble glimmer penetrated but a few feet into the gloom around him.

"Frank," said the soldier, "you are sent for: let us first put this turban over your eyes."

Everington did not refuse; any fate would have been preferable to a longer residence in that loathsome dungeon. He was again blindfolded, and led out the same way he had entered.

At the moment of emerging into the outer air, the turban accidentally dropped from the eyes of Everington, and he often afterwards declared that he never experienced such a sensation of pure pleasure as he did at that time, when he once more beheld the glorious light of day—again breathed the fresh, pure air; and looked on the bright and beautiful face of nature. It was but a momentary glance, yet he knew he was in the gardens of the prince, for he beheld the gilded minaret of the king's mosque towering above the cypress grove near which it was standing. The turban was instantly replaced, and when it was again taken from his eyes, he was standing before the prince, Abbas Mirza, in the hall of justice. The prince did not deign to notice him, but sat with his eyes fixed, apparently, on the magnificent carpet which covered the divan. Near him, but in a less elevated situation, sat the *cadi*, or chief-justice of the city, waiting the orders of his superior; and a circle of the officers and guards of the prince, completed the list of persons present. In a large mirror which was suspended against the wall, Everington saw his own figure, and was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance;—pale and sallow—his eyes hollow and sunken—his countenance ghastly, and his person covered with the filth of the dungeon—the whole conspired to prove the pestilential and foul condition of the place in which he had been immured.

CHAPTER VII.

—If ever thou has felt
A wish to make me happy—oh! if ever, half
Thou vow'd'st, was true; if ever innocence
Or virtue charm'd thee; if yet one speck
Of generous sympathy remains, spare, spare the prisoner!
William Tell.

Everington was roused from the contemplation of the persons by whom he was surrounded, and of his own haggard appearance, by a person whose business it was to act the part of public accuser, and who, kneeling before the prince, said—

"Most just and glorious prince, Abbas Mirza, the prisoner awaits your pleasure and your justice."

"He has had a taste of our justice already," replied the prince, with a nod to the *cadi*, "let him be brought forward."

Everington was then, by the guard, placed immediately in front of the divan, and with silence awaited the charge.

"Frank," said the *cadi*, (among the Mahometan nations of the East all Europeans are called Franks,) fixing his eyes firmly upon Everington, and stroking his long beard with great complacency, "it is not the habit of the children of the sun to punish offenders without giving them a hearing;—we require you, therefore, to answer such questions, as, by order of his highness the prince, will be proposed to you."

Everington remained motionless.

"Are you acquainted with Carolinn Hermans?"

"I am."

"What was your motive in endeavoring to carry her off, against her will and wishes?"

"It was to add to mine and her happiness."

"You acknowledge that it was your intention to carry her away from the dominions of the prince, whom may Allah preserve! and marry her?"

"I acknowledge it."

"It is enough," said the prince; "the presumptuous infidel stands convicted by his own confession. Proceed to judgment."

The *cadi* then rose, and, after recapitulating the offence, and mingling his expressions of regret, with praises of the clemency and mercy of the prince, proceeded to condemn him to the punishment of the boat.

"I little imagined," said Everington firmly, and addressing himself to the prince, "that I should ever be under the necessity of submitting to ask a favor of you, but I must request that since I am to die, I may die like a soldier; there are things that a brave man dreads more than death."

"The sentence is irrevocable; and may the curse of Allah light upon me, if it be not fulfilled to the utmost," was the reply of the prince.

At this moment a struggle was heard at the lower part of the hall; and lifting his eyes, Everington saw that it was Carolinn herself, endeavoring to force her way through the crowd that filled

the lower end of the hall. There is something, however, in the distress of a beautiful woman, that overcomes the most unfeeling, and subdues the most obdurate; and the commands of the prince to carry her off were unheeded. In the stern frown of the prince, and the dejected countenance of Everington, she read at a glance the fact of his condemnation; and regardless of forms, the lovely creature threw herself on her knees before the prince, and plead for the life of Everington with an earnestness which suspended the hands of the executioners, which were already raised to seize their prey. Her hair was dishevelled and flowing around her snowy neck and bosom—the tears were trickling down her cheeks, as with impassioned eloquence she besought the prince for mercy. But the very loveliness she showed in her distress forbade forgiveness to Everington.

"Fair Corolinn," said the prince, as he took her hand to raise her up, "ask any boon but the pardon of this rebel, and it shall be cheerfully granted you; but our royal word is passed, and he must die."

"Then remember that Corolinn dies with him," said the heroic maiden, starting up and throwing herself into the arms of Everington, who involuntarily clasped her to his heart.

"May Eblis seize them!" cried the prince with indignation, as he saw this proof of her faithfulness and love.

"Tear them asunder," continued the prince, addressing the guards; "tear them apart, and away with him to his punishment. We, ourselves, will see to this fair maiden."

Here was a pause of a moment in which no one moved; and fear of the prince seemed forgotten in admiration of the constancy and fortitude of the beautiful girl.

"Slaves!" exclaimed the prince, starting up with fury and striking the hilt of his cimeter, "am I to be thus disregarded! Am I to execute my own commands?"

Dread of consequences to themselves overcame the feelings of compassion in the attendants; Corolinn was torn from the arms of Everington; and while he was led away, surrounded by his guards, the faithful girl was carried senseless to her apartments.

The news that the presumptuous Frank, who had dared to interfere between the prince of Persia and the object of his love, was to receive a merited punishment, was speedily spread throughout the city; and Everington found the streets, through which they were going to pass, filled with spectators, anxious to catch a glimpse of the man destined to such a fate.

When the excitement caused by his mock-trial and his interview with Corolinn had passed away, he had leisure to reflect on the lingering and horrible death to which he was doomed.

The punishment of the boat was one which was reserved for those guilty of offences against the king; although it was allowed on extraordinary cases, or where by torture government wished to extort confessions.

The unfrequency of the punishment added to the horror with which it was viewed by all classes in the Persian empire. During his long residence in Schiras and Ispahan, Everington had never seen but one instance of that kind of punishment. Soon after his arrival at Ispahan, he was walking one afternoon on the banks of the Zenderhend, when his attention was arrested by a large concourse of people; and on coming up to them, Hamori informed him that they were assembled to witness the torture by the boat, of an individual, who, but a few days before, had attempted to assassinate the schah.

It was called the punishment of the boat, from the shape of the engine by which the torture was accomplished.

This resembled two small boats laid together, with holes cut at each end, in one of which was placed his head and the other his feet. The miserable wretch condemned to the boat, was, with his hands and feet securely pinioned, laid on his back in the machine, his neck and feet placed in the notches made to receive them, and then the upper part, which at those places was nicely fitted, so as to prevent the least movement, was put on and securely fastened down.

All that could now be seen was the head and the feet; the former supported by the projection of the machine, the face uppermost and exposed to the burning rays of the scorching sun, and the confined and immovable situation producing the most intense agony. Into the lower part of the machine was poured water, mixed with honey and treacle, with other ingredients, to invite the wasps and flies, with which the country abounded, and which, mingled with the excrements of the body, soon becomes intolerably offensive, and swarming with insects, by which the poor wretch is absolutely devoured alive.

The most tormenting of insects, the oriental sand-fly, which deposits its egg, if undisturbed, beneath the skin, and fills the flesh with worms, is collected in multitudes; and to increase the torment occasioned by these creatures, the body is generally fixed on the margin of some river. To add to the torment, and prolong life as long as practicable, food is furnished in profusion; and if, weary of existence, the wretched creature refuse to eat, sweetened milk is poured down, so that he is unable to make an effectual resistance. But the most intense misery was that felt by the sufferer, when, as was frequently the case, the eye-lids were fastened open, and that most sensitive organ exposed to the direct rays of a mid-day sun without the possibility of closing them. The groans

seen by Everington, haunted him for he felt that the fate was the more the agony was frequently protracted tenth or eighth day, when nature bested, and death put a period to his suf-

the dreadful punishment Everington fore him.

re already on the banks of the Bende-strument of torture was before him—an strong had collected to witness the fear-ohc. The chief ordered the attendants rington of his outer garments, a com- was at once obeyed. After he had ed, with a presence and firmness of drew murmurs of applause from those moment before had been so ready to fidel dog, and exult in the prospect of ing punishment, Everington laid him- n the position assigned him, and was d immovably secured.

CHAPTER VIII.

ccess demands
be well prepar'd, ere we attempt
s Everington.—Meanwhile retire,
d the opinion of our friends,
itate what way, with safety fraught,
may take to escape the tyrant's chains.

William Tell.

ot instinctively delight in the misery of -creatures; and a disposition to favor nifested by those who were compelled Everington's executioners. The prince reasly required the extremity of tor- s eyes were therefore suffered to re-urbed, but the usual quantity of milk had been prepared; and before a day , the swarms of wasps and ants, by as surrounded, gave him a dreadful what he was yet to suffer. Fully e effect of eating in aggravating and is torments, he determined to refuse at rd; but before the third day, hunger is resolutions, and he partook of the with the rapacity of a starving man.

the night of the third day, as he lay death, and in a state of half delirium, roused by a soft sweet voice, whispered "Everington."

e voice of Corolinn; and the tide of ch her appearance there produced, was control. True, he could not see her— blistered his face—his eye-lids were, it him, burned to crisp, and ability to had ceased; still he could not mistake her angel voice—he felt her soft hand d the hair on his forehead, and pressed coral lips.

With lips parched by thirst, he could with diffi- culty articulate: but she listened and heard his faint accents employed in expressions of gratitude and thanks.

"Hope has forsaken me," said Everington; "nothing but the memory of Corolinn could recon- cile me to living another moment—Oh this living death!"

"Hush," said the beautiful and affectionate creature; "there is some one approaching us; I must not be seen;" and hastily pressing her lips to his, she retired cautiously to a cluster of mango trees, where she was concealed from notice.

She now saw the figure she had heard, endea- voring carefully to approach Everington. She saw him put his face close to that of Everington, as if to whisper to him; and with intense interest she watched every movement, as he appeared to hold a short conference with the victim. Sudden- ly he left Everington, and came towards the spot where, like a timid fawn, she was standing; looking as if he was in search of some object. For a moment she hesitated whether it was best to discover herself or fly; but when she heard her name pronounced in a low, deep voice, she hesi- tated no longer, and was almost overwhelmed with joy when she found the stranger was the faithful Hamors.

"O, for the sake of every thing sacred, save him—O save him," said she, as she took the hand of the servant.

"If it is in the power of man to save him he shall be saved," replied Hamors; "my business this night was to ascertain whether he was living. But tell me, my mistress, are you free to follow him? Are you not bound to the tyrant?"

"No," replied Corolinn; "nor shall I ever be; my purpose is fixed; while Everington lives, I live; when he dies, I will live no longer!"

"Can you be at this place, at this hour, to-mor- row night?" inquired Hamors.

"Alas, I cannot tell!" replied Corolinn; "my liberty is at the control of a tyrant—my life is my own."

"As a mark of special favor, Mirza has yielded to my request, to defer my compelled union with him, until the infidel, as he terms my Everington, shall cease to live; and then, he has sworn by Eblis, that even the command of the Prophet shall not induce him to forego it."

"Allah grant that he may be thwarted in his in- tentions," said Hamors: "but time wears away, and I must be gone. I will only speak one word with my master, and then for the mountain;—be here to-morrow night and you shall be saved."

So saying, Hamors softly returned to the spot where Everington lay, spoke with him a moment, and then disappeared in the gloom that overhung river and plain.

No sooner was he away, than Corolinn took her stand beside the sufferer.

During the interview, the sentinel, whose duty it was to prevent intercourse with the prisoner through the night, was soundly sleeping on the bank of the river, beneath a thick cluster of flowering acacias, and remained entirely ignorant of what had taken place.

After the re-capture of the fugitives in the mountains, Corolinn, on her return to Schiras, was delivered over to the custody of an old woman, who had orders not to trust her out of her sight, and was assured that she should answer for her charge with her life. For several days she could learn nothing from Everington; and the prince, who daily saw her, refused to communicate any information as to what was his fate, further than that he met with a merited punishment, but was still alive. When however he had been sentenced, Corolinn, as we have already seen, learned the result, and took her resolution.

To succeed, however, it was necessary to appear submissive, as she well knew that to refuse the hand of the prince would only excite him to the use of force, to compel a compliance with his wishes. She therefore begged that the ceremony might be delayed until Everington was no more; resolved that the moment she was assured of his death, she would follow him; and the prince granted her request, using in the meantime every exertion to overcome her attachment to the victim of his revenge.

Corolinn found that the hag, to whom she had been consigned, was excessively fond of wine, and as she had plenty of it at her command, she put some stupifying drugs into it, and during the evening, managed to have her drink what she wished of it. It had the effect desired, and by the time the inhabitants of the palace had sunk to rest, the old woman was beyond being disturbed. With a trembling hand, Corolinn then took from the pocket of the old woman a key which unlocked a private door from the gardens, by which she could leave the city; and unacquainted as she was with the most direct route, hurried, on the wings of affection, towards the spot where one dearer to her than life suffered under the fearful and unmerited punishment we have mentioned.

Terrified lest her attendant should awake, Corolinn, after the interview with Everington and Hamors, hastily returned to the place of her confinement, and to her joy found the old woman still insensible. Replacing the keys, she assumed the attitude of repose, where, without suspecting that any thing had been wrong, she was found by her keeper in the morning, after the fumes of the wine had passed.

That day, the prince, as usual, spent most of the time in the company of the fair Circassian, and

strove, by every means, to dissipate the repugnance she evidently felt towards him. At length the conversation reverted to Everington.

"My messenger tells me," said the prince, "that the infidel whom Allah abhors, cannot live through another day. I should be sorry that his sufferings were to be so short, were it not for the conditions suspended on his death."

"Sorry," repeated Corolinn; "sorry that an innocent man has by death been mercifully relieved from a living death. Is that the boasted clemency of prince Abbas Mirza?"

"Speak not to me of mercy," said the prince; "when a man, one too who hates all good muslmen, has basely attempted to rob me of a flower, which is to be the light of my harem. There can be no mercy for him; but when you have fulfilled your promises, and on his death, have become mine, perhaps I may forgive his memory; and I can almost forgive him now, when I remember that it was the love of Corolinn that drove him on to ruin."

"Claim not my promises," said Corolinn hastily, "they were never yours."

"No matter by what name or by what means you become mine," replied the prince, "remember if he dies to-day, you are mine to-morrow." So saying, he caught the lovely girl in his arms, and kissing her, retired, repeating as he left her the words, to-morrow, to-morrow!

The lingering moments of the day at last were passed, and the dull shadows of evening came over the plain of Schiras; and though to Corolinn the minutes that intervened between the interview and the hour that was to decide their fate could not have appeared as long as they did to the tormented Everington, yet to her the suspense seemed as age. To him, however, bright hope had returned; and that kept him from sinking under his accumulated misery.

As evening came on, the bowl of wine, drugged deeper than before, was produced; and while the beautiful and anxious Corolinn assumed a cheerfulness she did not feel, a hilarity intended to deceive, she was pleased to find its contents rapidly disappearing before the unsuspecting and delighted attendant.

Before the hour fixed upon arrived, the old woman was as still as death; and with an agitated hand and palpitating heart, by the means she had before used, the maiden again found herself beyond the walls of the city, and near the spot where her presence was so anxiously expected and wished by Everington. But the guard had been changed, and a sentinel more watchful had been appointed to the station. To avoid discovery, Corolinn hid herself in the clustering trees to which she had retired the night before, whence she could have an opportunity of observing all that passed.

CHAPTER IX.

And to avoid the foes' pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to't;
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.—*Hudibras*.
 Speed! Malise speed! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never brac'd.—*Scott*.

Corolinn had scarcely taken her place amidst the mango trees, when she heard footsteps near her; and looking, saw that Hamors was there, followed by three or four powerful looking men, who, from their appearance and armor, she at once recognized as Kurds, or natives of the mountains.

"Allah be praised that you are here!" said Hamors in a whisper; "Is the sentinel asleep?"

"He is not," replied Corolinn; you may now see him walking on the bank."

"It would be better for him if he was," said Hamors, "for now he must die. Remain where you are until I come for you." Then speaking a few words in an under tone to his followers, they descended the bank and were soon out of sight beneath the acacias and myrtle, that hung over the banks. Soon, a dark figure was seen to emerge from a cluster of shrubbery, near the sentinel, who stood with his back towards the spot. The twinkling of a star revealed the glittering cimeter, and in a moment the deep and hollow groan showed that the silent but fatal blow had been struck. The others now sprang forward, the dead body was tumbled into the river,—the covering of the boat was, in a few minutes, loosed from its fastenings—and the half insensible Everington delivered from his horrid abode. But his limbs were useless, he was unable to stand or walk, and had not the revolting spectacle he exhibited been covered by the mantle of night, his preservers must have shrunk from the attempt of delivering and keeping him alive. After a speedy ablution in the river, and while the other attendants were putting some garments upon him, Hamors flew to Corolinn.

"He lives," said the faithful servant, as he led her to the spot where the attendants were placing Everington in a litter which he had prepared for that purpose. A moment was allowed to Corolinn to assure Everington that she was to accompany him; and then the party, with Everington borne on the shoulders of the four mountaineers, left the banks of the Bendemir. After following the direction in which they started for a few minutes, Hamors took from a thicket of shrubbery a fine horse, and mounting Corolinn behind him, the whole party proceeded at a rapid rate towards the ruins of Persepolis.

"You must consent to be governed implicitly by me for a short time," said Hamors; and if your residence for a few days is not as you could wish, we hope it will be a prelude to many days of uninterrupted happiness.

"Hamors, any place will be a paradise where I

can enjoy liberty, and the company of my Everington," replied Corolinn, in accents of gratitude to her conductor.

In two hours they found themselves amid the ruins. Columns lay scattered around them, and blocked up their path. Leaving their horses, the party plunged deeper into the recess, and while the owl hooted over them, led by Hamors, they fearlessly advanced.

"This strong wind," said Hamors to Corolinn, as she hung upon his arm, "will not pass without contributing to our success, as it will obliterate any footsteps we may have made over the plain."

Suddenly he stopped where the immense pile denoted that some magnificent palace or temple had formerly stood; and removing a large stone slab which required the united efforts of the whole party, a circular opening was discovered, which led to the unknown and unseen regions below. A rope was made fast to a fallen column, and two of the company quickly descended out of sight, leaving Hamors with the other on the surface. A rope was fastened around Everington, and he was speedily lowered into the abyss.

"You must now descend," said Hamors to Corolinn; and it was not without a feeling of horror, that she found herself descending, she knew not where, and in the company of she knew not whom.

No sooner was she in the subterranean apartment than the others descended. Preceded by Hamors, Everington was borne through the several turnings and windings, until they came to a wall, in which was an opening similar to that which they had descended. This was passed, and the light of the lamp showed to Corolinn a number of apartments, connected with each other, gloomy indeed, but apparently dry and comfortable. In one of these, a mattress was placed, upon which Everington, weak and exhausted, was laid; while some wine and provisions were produced for him and the rest of the party. The opening through which they had passed was the only one that could be discovered leading to the subterranean chambers they occupied; and however doubtful the purpose for which they were erected might be, the huge blocks which formed the walls and the covering of these rooms showed that they had been built for eternity. Some pieces of carpeting were brought and spread over the stone floor; and in one of the rooms a number of skins of water and wine, with a variety of fruits and provisions, were pointed out to Corolinn by Hamors. To the inquiry of Corolinn, whether he was going to leave them, he replied he was: ten days from this time I shall come provided with every thing for a successful flight.

So saying, Hamors, with his followers, left the cell, carefully closing the opening through which they had entered.

The time-piece with which Corolinn was furnished, marked the lapse of time; but in every

respect time was to them as if it had ceased to exist. From the world they were completely shut out; not a single sound which showed that any other beings were in existence reached them; day and night were unknown; the lamp alone shone its light on the dim walls, and the lovely Corolinn shuddered when she reflected that by the capture or death of Hamors, they might be there immured forever.

The pleasure, however, she took in administering to the wants of Everington—of witnessing the rapid recovery of his strength and sight—in listening to his warm expressions of gratitude and affection—and in indulging the sweet visions of fancy, which his restoration to health, and their escape from bondage and death pointed out, caused the hours to pass rapidly and delightfully away.

Everington, on the third day, with the aid of his amiable nurse was able to rise, and leaning on the beautiful girl, he repeatedly traversed the room with a feeling of satisfaction almost equal to that which would have been felt by the bestowment of a new sense. Blistered as his face and eyelids had been, by long exposure to the sun, the skin came off in large pieces; and while the inflammation in his eyes gradually subsided, he reflected on the good fortune that had prevented his eyelids being fastened open, since, in that case, his eyes, even while life lasted, would have been devoured to their very sockets.

"Everington," said the blushing girl, "you well know that you are all the world now to me."

"And shall I not always be so? May I not always be so?" said Everington with a smile.

"O yes, that I am not afraid to promise," she hastily replied, and hid her blushing face in his bosom, while he gazed on the lovely girl, with a feeling of tenderness and admiration.

The time allotted for the absence of Hamors hasted away. Nothing had occurred to disturb them in their subterranean abode, until the day before Hamors returned, when the howling of the jackall and the shrill cry of the hyena showed not only that their retreat had been discovered by these animals, but also from the cries in various directions, that the earth around them was hollowed out into apartments similar to that they occupied; and once Corolinn was alarmed by one of these prowlers, who, allured by the hope of blood, endeavored to force his way through the opening by which they had entered, but which the vigilant precautions of Hamors had rendered impracticable.

The time which they awaited with so much anxiety at last came. There was a sound of voices in the outer apartment—the blocks of stone which closed the communication between them were removed, and Hamors, accompanied by some of his happy and hardy mountaineers, entered the dungeon. Their joy at meeting was mutual, for the

unwavering faithfulness of Hamors had endeared him to both Everington and Corolinn.

"We have outwitted the tyrant this time," said Hamors exultingly; "after every exertion which power or ingenuity could devise, he has been completely baffled. The mystery of your escape he has never been able to unravel—the largest rewards have proved ineffectual to discover your retreat, and the pursuit has been given over as hopeless. Once again on the Hetzerdera, and we are safe."

Preparations were immediately commenced for a removal from the retreat which had so long afforded them security and shelter.

Soon they emerged from the subterranean well-like opening, into the upper air; and never with such feelings of emotion had Everington and Corolinn beheld the bright stars as they rolled along through the heavens over spotless azure—gazed on the silver tips of Diana's crescent, as it sank behind the mountains—breathed the pure air which was filled with the incense of numberless flowers—or listened to the hum which animated nature sends forth, even in its most quiet and secluded retreat. Hamors led the way through the ruins, and when they emerged from them into the plain, they found themselves at once in the midst of a dozen of the mountaineers, who, with high spirited steeds, ready for them to mount, awaited their arrival. Not a moment was lost in continuing their flight across the plain. Corolinn was mounted on a beautiful Arabian, and Everington felt as if he had commenced a new existence, when he found himself by her side, and rapidly leaving the crumbling fragments of ancient Persian greatness far behind them.

Long before morning they found themselves among the hills, which marked the commencement of the mountainous region; and when day dawned, they were safe from pursuit amidst its deep and inaccessible fastnesses and defiles. They had left Schiras and the domains of Abbas Mirza forever; and the brave and hospitable children of the mountains welcomed them with patriarchal simplicity and affection to their rude mansions. Notwithstanding the affectionate kindness of Everington, it was impossible for Corolinn at once to break without emotions of regret, the strong ties of affection which bound her to her father; and when she remembered that she had deserted home and friends for a stranger, she felt that she was encountering a fearful hazard; and dear as Everington was to her, he sometimes caught the tear swelling in her dark eye, as these recollections came over her young and innocent bosom.

Skilled in reading the heart, Everington at once perceived the source of her regrets, and sympathizing with her grief, he kissed away her tears, and banished her fears by assurances of never-failing love and protection. Among the kind inhabitants of the mountain, Everington thought it prudent to

remain but a short time; for though the country to the west of the Hetzerdera scarcely owned allegiance to the Persian crown, and the brave Kurds still maintained a tacit independence, yet his fears, added to the counsel of Hamors, induced him to place himself and his beautiful Carolinn, as soon as possible, beyond the reach of Abbas Mirza.

As soon, therefore, as Everington found himself completely restored, disguising themselves as much as possible, with Hamors as their servant, he and the fair Carolinn, accompanied by several of the natives of the mountains, proceeded by the circuitous route of the Tigris and Bagdat, to Bussorah; where they arrived without molestation, and in safety. Here Everington found himself in possession of funds, with which he compensated his kind companions from the Hetzerdera, to the extent of their wishes, and laden with every expression of his and Carolinn's gratitude, saw them depart for their native homes. At Bussorah, he found the chaplain of the English establishment at the English Gulf of Persia, and was united by the tenderest of ties to the blushing and beautiful girl, who had consented to unite her fortunes with his. A vessel was on the point of sailing for India, where they arrived, and embracing the favorable moment, and wafted by the propitious monsoon, Everington and Carolinn soon found themselves at Bombay, where the flag of Britain assured him of protection. After residing at Bombay for three years he was called to Calcutta; and as his intimate acquaintance with the Persian language, added to his knowledge of Indian affairs, rendered him a proper person to receive such an appointment, on the recommendation of several officers of the government, he was appointed by the Marquis of Wellesley, then Governor General of India, to the government of Agra, a post of great importance on the upper Ganges, whither he immediately repaired, accompanied by his admired and lovely bride.

CHAPTER X.

"The world is full of beauty. To the eye
Where'er it sends its beautiful orb, is spread
A scene of glories. Earth, air, sky,
Are mark'd with characters which he may read,
Who hath a high attunement of the mind,
A bright perception with the eternal eye,
A glowing likeness in his soul enshrin'd,
Of what is great, and pure, and heavenly."

H. Tappan.

Ten years after the events we have related had transpired, in consequence of some misunderstandings which had arisen between the Indian government and the schah of Persia, it was deemed necessary that some individual qualified for the purpose, should proceed to Teheran, then the residence of the Persian court, to make, if possible, a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties that

threatened to interrupt the harmony of the two governments.

In the opinion of the Marquis of Wellesley, then governor of the immense British possessions in the east, there was no person who would execute this important trust so well as Major General Everington—for to that rank he had risen—and a young lieutenant in the Indian army was selected to convey to him the news of his appointment. To this honorable commission of the general's was added the privilege of visiting England, (a pleasure he had so long wished, but which the disturbed state of the Indian affairs had hitherto rendered inexpedient) after the accomplishment of his commission to Teheran.

It was on a warm afternoon that the bearer of the despatches, Lieutenant McAuly, approached Agra, and entered that once large and opulent city; he proceeded without delay to the mansion of General Everington. A high wall of stone surrounded the extensive pile, and when admitted within the ample portals, none but those who have witnessed the beauty of an Indian pleasure-ground, when in its rich freshness, can have an idea of the enchanting nature of the place. The white blossoms of the pomegranate and the crimson lily of the citron, the clustering richness of the fig trees and the beautiful green of the broad leaved palm—the golden orange and the delicious mango, were all there, and united to form a whole, of which the inhabitant of the frigid north can form but an imperfect estimate. The thicket of acacias, myrtle and roses, which bordered the walks, lent their charms and their fragrance to make the place an earthly paradise. Through the avenues of palm could be seen the broad Ganges, with the blue lotus dancing on its bright waters: the Indian pheasant and the bird of paradise displayed their beautiful plumage on the overhanging branches.

Young McAuly was ushered into a splendid suite of rooms; and on inquiring for General Everington, was told by the servant in waiting that his master was out, but would soon return.

So fascinating, however, were the beauties of nature without, and so delightful was the scenery around, that McAuly was unwilling to exchange them for carpets and mirrors, though of the most splendid kind; and having drank a glass of sherbet, told his servant he would walk until the general returned. Taking his course down one of the walks which led beneath the trees we have mentioned, he followed it through several turnings and windings, until it suddenly opened upon a little green flat, over which hung some huge palm-tree branches; and in the centre of which a fountain threw up its column of pure water, that, falling into a deep marble basin, poured over its margin in a thin and sparkling sheet, to fall into the pebble-covered channel, in which it pursued its murmuring course to the river.

The refreshing coolness of the spot—the dash of the fountain—the beauty of some roses that hung over the margin of the basin, and dipped their petals in the flood, attracted the notice of the young lieutenant, and he was advancing to it, when the sweet tones of a woman's voice, and the lively, laughing prattle of children, arrested his steps. He turned his head, and saw at one side of the flat, under a bower of woven woodbines and wild roses, the general, reclining on a sofa—near him, on another, was a beautiful woman, and before them on the smooth, green turf, two lovely girls were frolicking, in all the unrestrained gaiety of childhood and innocence. The general had been reading a book which he still held in his hand, but he had closed it to witness, with a parent's fondness, the happiness of the charming girls, and enjoy the look of affectionate exultation which he read as his glance met the eyes of his beautiful wife. At that moment the youngest of the girls noticed McAuly, and running to her father, threw her arms around his neck:—

"Pa," said she in a hurried voice; "an officer has come to meet us; may I go and meet him."

"Certainly, my dear," was the reply: and in a moment the little girl had hold of McAuly's arm, and was leading him towards the bower.

As the young European officers in that region, were considered, by the general, as his children, he instantly rose to meet him, and with the graceful ease for which he was distinguished, welcomed McAuly, and introduced him to his affectionate and lovely wife.

McAuly attempted some apology for his intrusion on their retirement, but was cut short by Everington, who assured him that an apology was needless, and that he was never more happy than when he had the pleasure of meeting his European friends. After enjoying the refreshing coolness, and admiring the beauties of the place, for a little while, McAuly followed the general and his charming family to their mansion, where every thing denoted the princely munificence of the owner. Sherbet was cooling in marble basins—the finest and most delicious fruits were handed about in massive burnished plate—the air, cooled by the Ganges, entered windows darkened by the richest silks of Awerpore—and the softened light fell on the most splendid carpets of Ispahan. But not here, as is too often the case, had wealth shut out from its possessors the finer and nobler feelings of the heart. That kindness which had secured to Everington and his beautiful wife the affection of all their dependents—which had caused the oppressed to look to him as the redresser of their wrongs, still retained its ascendancy in their bosoms, and showed its effects in the harmony that pervaded the magic circle of their influence.

The favorable impressions of the young officer were confirmed, and he was soon convinced that

he had never seen a woman who so fully realized those beautiful creations of the fancy, the Peris of the Persian mythology.

General Everington accepted, without hesitation, the important trust conferred upon him by government, and with the promptness which distinguished him, had soon completed the necessary preparations for his journey; and with the equipages usually attached to an eastern embassy, was on his way to the Persian court. Corolinn, too, and the two charming girls accompanied him: and the difference between the manner in which they had left the dominions of the schah, and that in which they were returning to it, was not unfrequently the subject of mutual conversation not unmingled with gratitude, between Everington and the fair Corolinn.

Travelling by easy stages—received by the Persian authorities with the deference due to the rank of the individual, and the importance of his errand—and carefully observing the indications of public feeling on the extensive frontier, Everington at last arrived at Teheran. Here he was welcomed by the court, and the differences which had called him hither were soon in a train of amicable adjustment. A series of splendid entertainments were given alternately by the schah and the ambassador, at which the best feelings prevailed, and the reconciliation of the conflicting interests more easily effected. Corolinn was universally admired. The adoption of the European customs gave her an opportunity of oftener appearing with the general in public: and the believers swore by the beard of Ali, that in the person of his wife the infidel Frank was possessed of a gem worthy to be placed in the diadem of the prophet.

In the midst of these rejoicings, news arrived that Abbas Mirza, who had been called from the government of Schiras to conduct the operations of the war which the schah was waging on the northern frontiers of the empire with the Russians, was on his return to Teheran. He arrived, and was received by all ranks with enthusiasm; and by the schah, as a son who had proved himself worthy of succeeding to the throne of Persia. As was the custom, the representatives of the different powers, at the capital sent in their congratulations to the king on the event, accompanied by such presents as they thought proper; and as the influence of the prince was all powerful at the court of his father, Everington determined by the richness and magnificence of his to secure the favorable notice of the prince. He was successful, and as the successive articles were presented and displayed, Abbas requested him to advance to the divan which he occupied immediately below the throne, for the purpose of explaining to him the uses of a mathematical instrument which he had never before seen. As Everington advanced to comply with the request, the keen eye of Abbas

was fixed on him, and an indefinable recollection made him start when his eye met that of the general. Concealing his embarrassments, however, he listened to the explanations of Everington with interest; and giving orders for the careful preservation of the instrument, he ordered it to be removed to make way for those presents that remained to be received from others.

The next day an Emir, attached to the train of the prince, presented himself at the palace occupied by Everington, with the information that his highness Prince Abbas Mirza would, if agreeable to the Frank ambassador, pay him a visit that afternoon. Everington, who well knew that this was the greatest condescension the prince could perform, and would be considered by the Persians as the highest honor a foreigner could receive, did not hesitate to signify the pleasure he should receive from the intended honor, and preparations were instantly ordered for his reception.

"My dear Corolinn," said Everington, as he entered the department devoted to the ladies; "Prince Abbas Mirza confers upon us the honor of a visit this afternoon. From some movements of his yesterday, I am inclined to think he remembers me, and I suppose wishes to know whether I have forgotten him."

"Have you accepted the honor?" asked Corolinn.

"Certainly," replied Everington; "I had no wish to refuse."

"Surely there can be no satisfaction in meeting that man," said Corolinn; "and I can hardly believe he comes with any but the worst intentions towards you. I shall be miserable till the interview is past."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Everington, kissing his wife; "remember that Major General Everington is not the same poor, unprotected Frank he was, when he formerly bore the weight of Mirza's vengeance. Yet," added he, looking tenderly on the beautiful creature, he still held in his arms, "when I remember the cause of his cruelty, I am more than half inclined to forgive him; and cheerfully would I again run the same risk to secure the same prize."

"There is one thing of which I am glad," said Corolinn; "the custom of the court renders it impossible that he should see me here."

"The custom of the court prevents it, but not the custom of the Franks, by which we are governed," said Everington.

The hour fixed upon by the prince arrived, and mounted on his own elephant, which seemed perfectly conscious of the honor conferred upon him by the person he carried, and surrounded by numerous attendants, Abbas Mirza made his appearance.

Alighting from his magnificent howdah, he was received by Everington with all the respect due to the prince of Persia, and conducted to the apartment prepared for his reception.

Coffee was handed round, hookahs were smoked—the conversation was animated, but general; and not an intimation was given by the prince of the particular object of his visit. Still Everington perceived that he was closely watched. He at length requested the general to be seated near him on the divan, and addressed him in Hindostan, a language not understood by the attendants.

"Ever since I saw you yesterday," said the prince, "I have been haunted with the idea that I have seen your face before; if so, it was in connexion with circumstances you cannot have forgotten."

"Your highness is right," replied Everington; "you have seen me before, and there are some events in our lives that can never be forgotten."

"Abbas Mirza knows no deception," said the prince; "if he has done wrong, he trusts by the aid of the prophet to make ample reparation; are you the Frank that a few years since was sentenced to the punishment of the boat at Schiras, and escaped or disappeared in so mysterious a manner?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Praise be to Allah that you lived; I was sensible I wronged you; but you cannot be ignorant of the motives by which I was actuated," said the prince.

"I am not," replied Everington; "and then, as now, the motives almost made me forgive the act, cruel as it was."

"Ah, that young and beautiful Circassian!" exclaimed the prince with animation; "she would have called the prophet to earth, from the seventh heaven. I was distractedly in love with her, and you threw yourself in my very path; is it surprising that I attempted to crush you? Is it not rather surprising that you escaped my vengeance?"

"I did escape, however," said Everington with a smile.

"I know you did; but how, I could never conjecture," replied Abbas; "and I know, too, that the lovely Corolinn disappeared at the same time; I have often thought I would surrender my claim to the crown of Persia to see that beautiful creature again for one hour. One thing, however, that adventure taught me; that power has no effect in winning a woman's love, and that the attempt to confine them by walls is as futile as would prove a barrier to the white winged dove of Cashmere."

"You would not regret her escape if it had been the means of rendering her happy?" said Everington.

"Not now," replied Abbas; "but then I was unused to restraint, and I fancied it was impossible for me to live without her. When I thought of her, I turned with disgust from the fairest beauties of Persia; but the wound my pride had received was nothing to what I felt when I met the look of calm reproach which I read in the eyes of

her loved father, for his lips never spoke what I knew he felt."

"Is the worthy Herman then living?" hastily inquired Everington, for his fate was involved in uncertainty; and Hamors, to whom the task of making inquiries had been committed, could only learn that he had not been seen for several years.

"He is not: he survived the loss of his daughter but a few months," was his reply. "But," continued the prince, "I understand you have your wife with you; and if that peri is your bride, and if it is not inconsistent with your ideas of decorum, I would wish to see her again. I owe her a debt I would willingly have discharged in kindness to her father, had he lived to require it."

"Corolinn is my bride," said Everington, and there was a feeling of gratified pride in the acknowledgment; "she can appear if you wish it."

"One thing further," said the prince, "I wish the interview should take place with none to witness it except yourself."

"You can be gratified in that," replied the general, "and you may also name your own time for the interview."

"Let it be now—I am impatient to see her," was the reply of Abbas Mirza.

A wave of Everington's hand was sufficient to clear the room of his attendants, an example which was followed by the prince. Everington then struck a blow on the Chinese gong which hung in the room, and directed the servant who obeyed the summons, to inform his mistress that her presence was requested. The prince remained without speaking until she was announced, when Everington met her; took her hand and led her to the prince, who instantly rose from the divan to meet her.

"By Allah! the same beautiful creature still," said the prince, as if thinking aloud, at the moment he took her hand, and with oriental gallantry knelt as he placed it to his lips.

"You have nothing to fear," said the prince, noticing the slight agitation shown by Corolinn, though scarcely less than was evinced by himself; and requested her to be seated near him on the divan. "The past is indeed remembered," he continued; "but it is I that may beg your forgiveness for acts which even the sincerity of my affections for you could never justify."

"The happiness which Allah had been pleased to bestow upon me since those days, has banished every unkind feeling from my bosom," replied Corolinn, as at the moment she cast a glance of superior affection and pride on her adored Everington.

"The blessings of Allah always rest on the virtuous and the good," said the prince, "and may he continue to do so," added he, as he took Everington's hand and clasped his and the lovely Corolinn's firmly together in his own.

"Have you no children?" asked Abbas, after remaining silent a moment.

"We have," said Everington.

"I must see them; I must know how happy it is possible for Allah to make mortals," said Mirza.

Corolinn left the apartment; and in a few minutes returned with her two beautiful girls, one in each hand.

"You have nothing to ask this side of Paradise," said the prince to Everington, with visible emotion, as he gazed on the lovely children, the picture of their mother; and he drew them tenderly to him and kissed them repeatedly.

"There is but one thing more," said Abbas; and calling an attendant gave him some directions and bid him lose not a moment. In a short time the servant returned and placed in the hands of the prince two caskets of the richest workmanship and materials.

"That casket is yours," said the prince, addressing Everington; "and this one," continued he, taking a key from his pocket, "contains something that I must beg Corolinn and her two daughters to accept."

The lid flew open, and from it he took a turban of the richest materials, one of which was a splendid aggrete of diamonds which he placed on the brow of the fair Circassian; then proceeded to decorate with a carcanet of pearls and gems the snowy necks of the beautiful and delighted girls.

At this moment the voice of the Imaan was heard from a neighboring minaret calling the faithful to prayers; and the prince rose to depart.

"The day is past, but by me it will never be forgotten, for it has relieved me of a heavy burden. I saw you," continued he, addressing Everington, "and your countenance awakened the recollection of other days. I made inquiries, and learned that your wife was with you, and you know the rest. I have seen Corolinn, I know that happiness attends her, and if she is happy, all around her must be so."

Bowing to Corolinn and her daughters, the prince accompanied to the steps by Everington, retired; and, mounting the elephant which seemed sensible that he was a favorite, returned to the palace of the monarch. His visits to the mansion of Everington while he remained at Teheran, were, however, frequent; and his friendly attentions were the source of much pleasure to them all.

After accomplishing the objects of this mission, Everington and his charming family proceeded to Bussorah, on the Persian Gulf, and from thence embarked for Europe. The beautiful Corolinn, in the circles of the metropolis, still found that admiration continued to follow her; but disgusted with the formal heartlessness of society, she sighed for the quiet happiness she had enjoyed at Agra, and her wishes on that point corresponding with those of the general, after a residence of two years in London, they returned to India.

Here, on the banks of the Ganges, they enjoyed all the happiness of which the human mind is capable; and in the smiling countenances and heart-felt blessings they received from the innocent beings who enjoyed their protection, may be read proof demonstrable that virtue is its own reward, and that happiness is diffusible.

LEONORA.

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

The "Leone" of Bürger is familiar to most admirers of the Ballad, through the spirited translations of Scott and others. This attempt to render it still more literal, and at the same time to adapt it, without sacrificing the original, to the spirit of our own language, will not, it is believed, prove unacceptable to your readers. It is but proper to remark, that in the present translation no reference has been had to any that have preceded it, several years having elapsed since an opportunity of reading them occurred.

Leonora starts from dreams of woe,

While yet the East is red;

"Ah! William, why so long delay?

Art false to me, or dead?"

With Frederick's force to Prague he'd gone,

Its conflict fierce to share;

Nor tidings sped, to tell, if he

Or well or ill did fare.

And now the Empress and the King,

With war's long toils fatigued,

Inclined their soften'd hearts to peace,

And all, in friendship, leagu'd;

And either Host, with song of joy,

With trump and kettle-drum,

And all bedeck'd with verdant boughs,

Now sought again their home.

And every where, around, about,

In pathway and on plain,

Throng'd old and young to hail the shout

Of that returning train.

"Now God be prais'd!" cried wife and child;

"Welcome," the joyous bride;

But ah! poor Leonora's tears,

Nor kiss nor greeting dried.

She hurried through the crowded ranks

And ask'd of every name;

But none could tell of him she sought,

Of all who thither came.

The army pass'd, and now with grief

She tore her raven hair,

And threw herself upon the ground,

All frantic with despair.

The mother hasten'd to her side,

And clasp'd her to her breast:—

"God pity thee! thou dearest child,

Why with such woe oppress'd?"

"Oh mother, mother, all is lost,

The world, and all is o'er.

Alas! alas! oh wretched me!

God pities me no more."

"Thy help, oh God! Look mildly down!

My child, put up thy prayer;

What Heav'n ordains is ever best,

Oh God! have pity here."

"Oh mother, mother, idle wish!

Not well hath Heaven done;

What use, what use my fervent prayer,

When now I've need of none."

"Father, thy help! who knows thee, knows

Thou aid'st thy children dear—

The high and holy sacrament

Will dry each gushing tear."—

"No sacrament can quench the flame

That withers up my brain,

Nor to the dead can sacrament

Give back their life again?"

"Listen,—what, if in Hungary,

The youth hath falsely sped,

Forgetting all his vows to thee,

And hath another wed?

Tear from thy wounded heart the thought,—

He was no prize for thee;

And when his soul and body part,

He'll rue his treachery."

"Oh mother, mother, all is lost,

Forlorn, ah! most forlorn;—

The dead, the dead alone, I prize;

Why was I ever born?

Out, out my light, forever out!

Aye! quench'd in night and gloom;—

Woe's me! how desolate am I,

God pities not my doom."

"Thy help, oh God! pass judgment not

On this unhappy child!

She knows not what her tongue doth speak;

Heed not her ravings wild!

Oh! child forget thy earthly woes,

And think on bliss divine;

Then shall thy soul a bridal have,

A Heavenly Bridegroom thine!"

"Oh mother! what is bliss divine?

What, mother! torture's spell?

With him, with him is bliss divine;

Without my William, Hell!

Out, out my light, forever out!

Aye! quench'd in night and gloom;—

Nor joy be ever mine on earth,

Nor yet beyond the tomb."

Through every vein thus raged despair,

And madden'd in her brain;—

The wise decrees of Providence

She boldly dared arraign;—

She beat her breast, and wrung her hands

Until the sun was set,

And golden stars came shining forth

On Heaven's coronet.

And hark! without, sounds trap, trap, trap,

As of a horse's hoof;

Clattering alights a rider there,

Beneath the porch's roof,

And clinking soft, the door-ring shakes,

As by a spirit swept;

While through the door these breathing words

In thrilling accents crept—

"Holla, holla! unbar, my girl!

Say love, dost wake or sleep?

And keepest thou thy plighted faith,

And dost thou laugh or weep?"

"Ah, William! thou? so late at night?

Sad, bitter tears I've shed,

And grievous has my anguish been ;—
But tell me, whence hast sped ?”

“At midnight saddled we,—from far
Bohemia am I come ;
Full late prepared, I hasten'd here
To take thee to our home.”
“Ah, William ! rest—the whistling wind
Sweeps chilly through the thorn ;
Come to my arms, my heart's best love,
And rest thee there till morn.”

“Let the wind whistle through the thorn,
Aye ! let it whistle drear ;
My barb impatient paws the ground,
I dare not linger here.
Come dress thee, haste, behind me up,
My charger mount amain,
We ride a hundred miles to-night
Our bridal couch to gain.”

“Ah ! wend we then a hundred miles
To reach our bridal bower ?
And hark ! with solemn boom the bell
Is tolling forth the hour.”
“See here, see there ! the moon shines bright,
Fast speed we and the dead,—
And I have wager'd, ere the morn,
Thou'lt reach the bridal bed.”

“Now tell me, where's thy bridal bed,
And what thy bridal hall ?”
“Six boards by two—far, far from here,
And silent, cold, and small.”
“Hast room for me ?” “For thee and me ;
Come spring thee up behind ;
The bridal guests await us, love,
The door we'll open find.”

The lov'd one donn'd her mantle then
And sprang her up behind,
And round the much-lov'd rider's form
Her lily arms she twined :—
Then ever onward—on, on, on,
At frightful speed go they ;
That horse and rider snuff the air,
And fire tracks their way.

Upon the right and on the left,
Before their straining eyes,
The thundering bridge, the plain, the heath,
The grassy meadow flies.
“Dost fear, my love ? the moon shines clear,
Hurra ! the dead do speed :
Dost fear the dead, my love ?” “Ah ! no ;
But talk not of the dead.”

Why yonder peal the song and clang ?
Why flaps the raven's wing ?
Hark to the bell, the requiem sounds :—
“The dead to burial bring.”
And lo ! a ghastly funeral train
Now nearer move along,
And carry bier and coffin there
With harsh and croaking song.

“With doleful strain, when midnight's o'er,
Inter ye then the dead ;
Now bear I home my youthful bride,
The nuptial feast is spread :
Come Sexton, with thy choir, come !
And gurgle me the song ;
Come Priest, pronounce the blessing now,
We would to bed ere long.”

Hush'd clang and song—the bier sweeps on,
Obedient to his call,
Clattering behind the horse's heel
They hurry, hurry all ;
And ever onward—on, on, on,
At frightful speed go they ;
That horse and rider snuff the air,
And fire tracks their way.

How on the right and on the left,
Flew fence, and hedge, and tree—
How village, town, and country place,
On left and right do flee.
“Dost fear, my love ? the moon shines clear
Hurra ! the dead do speed :
Dost fear the dead, my love ?” “Ah ! no—
But leave in peace the dead.”

Behold ! behold ! a gibbet there,
And on the racking wheel
Half visible by moonlight's glint,
The airy rabble reel :—
“What, rabble ho ! Come on, come on,
And follow as we speed ;
Come, join ye in the festive dance
When we ascend the bed.”

On came that rabble—hush ! hush ! hush !
And rustled on behind,
Like dry leaves on the hazel bush
Shook by the rattling wind.
And ever onward—on, on, on,
At frightful pace go they ;
That horse and rider snuff the air,
And fire tracks their way.

How all beneath the moonbeams flew,
How rush'd in distance far,
Above, below, the clear sky swept,
And sped each glittering star.
“Dost fear, my love ? the moon shines clear
Hurra ! the dead do speed :
Dost fear the dead, my love ?” “Ah ! no—
But leave in peace the dead.”

“Barb ! barb ! methinks the cock doth call,
Our sand is nearly run,—
Barb ! barb ! I scent the morning air,
Hence, barb ! our task is done.
The goal is reach'd—the goal is reach'd—
Prepar'd the bridal bed ;
We near, we near the spot at last,
How swiftly ride the dead !”

Straight draw they to an iron gate,
And give their steed the rein ;
And with a fragile twig scarce touch'd,
Burst bolt and bar in twain.
And ringing, open swings the gate,
And over graves they bound,
And in the moonbeam glimmering now
The tombstones stand around.

Behold ! behold ! an instant pass'd,
Soul-rending scenes amaze—
Like mould'ring tinder, piece by piece.
The rider's dress decays.
And to a scull, a naked scull,
The horseman's head doth pass—
His body to a skeleton,
With scythe and hourglass.

High rears the steed and wildly starts,
All flaming seems his breath,
And vanishing in mist away,
His riders sink beneath.

A howl! a howl! in upper air;
 A wailing from below,
 'Twixt life and death, Leonora's heart,
 Scarce throbbing, flutters now.
 Now in the moon's glint round and round,
 All dancing hand in hand,
 This solemn chorus gibbering forth,
 Appear'd the spectral band:
 "Forbear! although the heart should break,
 Upbraid not God's decree;
 May He have mercy on thy soul!
 From mortal chains thou'rt free."

G. H.

MADAME DE STAEL.

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAX.

"Il y a tant à dire contre une personne telle que moi, et il n'y a qu'une réponse à tout cela, c'est l'esprit et l'âme que j'ai: mais quelle réponse pour la plupart des hommes!"
Corinne.

It is an interesting task, and perhaps not wholly un-instructive one, to scan, with thoughtful gaze, the character and the productions of the great minds, which have passed through the world with bold and upward flight, and worked out for themselves an immortality. The lesson such observation teaches is not useless in the mingled pride and humility it brings; for, while tempting us to glory in the height which genius has attained, it displays how much of littleness still clings around the lofty, to blend with its beauty, and how often the stain of the earth soils the wings which might have soared so radiantly beyond the clouds. It has been said that whatever has a tendency to withdraw our reflections from the common and depressing cares of existence, is a benefit; and, if by dwelling on the characteristics of those to whom we owe pleasant dreamings and higher aspirings, we form one better thought of human nature, or feel one throb of warmer sympathy with its sorrows or its failings, we shall have no reason to regret the idle moralizing, that, in regarding virtues and faults, looks on both, not in criticism, but in kindness. And who, that has glanced around him, *en philosophe*, and penetrated the lava of action, disclosing the buried world of motive, has not noted, perhaps experienced, the results which such ponderings have left on the mind where they lingered! There are moments in life when trifles give a coloring to all our future; when events, seemingly unimportant, make an era of mental change. The careless reading of some eloquent sentence may open a new source of reflection; the ardently spoken aspirations of a companion may awaken the promptings of our own ambition; or the examination of another's character may arouse our emulation, or become our warning: these are but trifles, yet the impulses and impressions springing up thus lightly, go with us among the excitements of the world, and make us what we are. We feel

the effect, while the cause is unknown, or forgotten; the seed, too minute for our notice, has grown into strength, and stretches its branches afar. We can neither recall the origin, nor trace the progress of feeling, but could we penetrate the dim secrets slumbering in the sepulchre of the past, we would discover trifles to be the instigators of our most important deeds, the fountains of those hopes and beliefs and delusions, which make up the sum of human experience. The river, rolling in power, bearing wealth on its tide, or marking its way by wreck and desolation, rose first a mountain stream, unheard in its rippling murmurs, and scarcely heeded in its narrow channel. The material world is full of signs and emblems of the restless world of human intellect; we learn the moral of life in every change around us, and the heart acknowledges a lesson in the destiny of all we have known. As we look up with reverence to the stars, and marvel as we gaze, even thus we may turn with questioning to the lofty minds, that, differing from each other in brilliancy, combine, nevertheless to shed that spiritual star-light which bathes the earth in beauty, and throws a hallowing lustre over the rough realities of our daily paths. The fairy realm of genius is lighted by the radiance of these star-spirits, and Literature is the pearl-speaking magician who interprets for us the mysteries of the dream-world. We never so fully realize the value of its spell, as when it summons before us, the intellectual treasures of the past, or those of a foreign land; it brings to the writer and the reader a two-fold existence; its language is universal; and, with the inspired of old, its followers possess the gifts of "divers tongues." A fondness for transcendental literature has become the "ruling passion" of the age, and has perhaps served to deepen the long existing and wisely founded prejudice against the fictitious productions of French talent. They meet with a comparatively slight portion of the enthusiastic praise so liberally lavished on the creations of German fancy, and even the female novelists of *la belle France* pass beneath the rod of unmerciful criticism. Vagueness is the idol of the hour; incomprehensibility the rail-road to popularity; truth is veiled in mysticism; reason is dazzled by philosophy, and common sense forsakes the stage, where it would stalk unrecognized—the Great Unknown. There is no name among the authoresses of her own land, whose celebrity has been more widely extended than that of Madame de Staël; and, without being exempt from the imperfections which sully the works of many among the famous authors of France, we discover in hers, less to censure, and more to admire. Her faults, exaggeration of feeling, and a confirmed confidence in her own opinions, amounting almost to prejudice, are those into which a strong and self-relying mind, united to an ardent disposition, would be likely to fall. In her graver compositions where her real senti-

ments are apparently expressed, without the incumbrance of fiction, there is much which the generous critic would fain pass over in the "charity of silence;" but though there may be found opinions too bitter, and theories too bold, to become a woman's pen, these are decked in a drapery so graceful, we half forget to blame the impulse from which they sprang. Whatever may be their defects, her writings must always stand in favorable contrast with the style of "George Sand," and the too long list of her imitators. There is something too, that excites our sympathy in Madame de Staël's proud struggle for intellectual freedom, her battling with the persecutions, which, whether merited or not, left dark records on the disposition no oppression could subdue, and lingered to shadow and to haunt the heart they had striven in vain to humble. If, in poring over her brilliant pages, the reader sometimes pause to disapprove, he is tempted to condemn the cause, rather than the consequence, and to lament the tyranny which mingled the waters of Marah with a fountain of thoughts so eloquent.

One of the most interesting, certainly the best sustained and most powerfully written, of her productions, is that whose publication was forbidden—her work on Germany. She excels in that philosophizing sort of composition which combines the reflection of the German, with the worldly tact of the French author. Her genius is thoughtful, rather than imaginative, and more successful in depicting scenes and persons as they actually exist, than in portraying them as they might be. Her fictitious characters are too unreal; her loftiest inspiration deserts her at the threshold of fancy. The plots of her novels are generally improbable, sometimes impossible, and her personages, while reasoning most eloquently, frequently act most unreasonably. She had no talent for grasping the life-like in trifles; while seeking to disclose the concealed springs of conduct, she neglected the trivial events, the light-spoken words, which convey more vivid and accurate impressions than many lines of profound portrayal. The features in her portraits are painted from humanity, but they lack the slight touches which give the expression of life. There is always some one delineation on which the writer seems to have lavished peculiar care; some being whose more than ordinary beauty atones for any deficiency in the other actors in the novel. If, in the detail of common occurrences, and the working out of her plots, Madame de Staël sometimes falter, her success in recording the flow of feeling, and the troubled history of the heart's world, has seldom been excelled. It is a rare thing for a woman to fail in depicting the gentler attributes of human nature; she has such deep sympathy with their power, so much knowledge of their influence, and partakes so largely of the *rein menschlich*, that she has only to recall the traces which experience has written on her own life,

and she finds a key to the emotions of others. In the picturing of her own sex in its most intellectual form, Madame de Staël has been particularly fortunate. Perhaps even there, she is too ideal; even Corinne, the high, the gifted, and the beautiful, the "martyr'd saint of lovers," is more of the heroism than the woman, yet so lovely in her dream-like loftiness, we can scarcely wish to lose that beauty in one more earthly. For those, the credulous, who have still a faith in the possibility of broken hearts, and who, like the renowned Sancha, "dote on love stories," few characters of romance possess a deeper interest, than that imparted by Corinne. The mingling of woman's illusions with more than woman's mental strength; the resistance of intellect to the deceptions of affection; the concentration of all thought and mind and feeling, in one unwise, yet most true devotion; and the gradual decline even of genius, beneath the sorrow and the ruin of that sad love, are told with a graphic power, which finds few rivals among the numbered pictures of a passion-worn heart. Madame de Staël never surpassed the grace of that portrait, the glowing delineation of the conflict between a proud and solitary soul, (whose very superiority made it lonely,) with the shackling and prejudices of society; the imprudence of doing a war so unequal; the wretchedness of final submission; its grief and its despair; with the ever recurring contrast, in the sufferer's thoughts, of what she was, with what she had been; of the immortality intellect might have won her, and the trial that love had brought. She tells the history of her sex in her own declaration—"de toutes mes facultés, la plus puissante, est celle de souffrir." Well might tears flow even in her triumph hour, and her cheek grow pale when praise was around her in the capitol; well might an ornament on the leaves of that garland, and her brow throb painfully beneath its pressure! Alas! too often by the laurel-wreath bathed with the dew of successful tears; and, twined around the poet's life, is the sole green thing that it can boast!

Perhaps no one ever finished the last expansive pages of Corinne, without a feeling of disappointment, that a character so rarely gifted, whose aspirations were noble, and the moral of whose destiny might have been made so beautiful, should descend from a station but "a little lower than the angels," to become a mere love-sick heroine. The transition is emblematic of the mind which depicted it, and evinces how strangely the lofty and the frivolous mingled in the writer's fancies.

A tone of exaggerated and romantic despondency is a distinguishing trait in French fiction, and one so generally displayed as to give truth to Goethe's remark, that the French is essentially "literature of despair." In our own language, the tragic seems the most popular portion of our position; almost all the imaginative works which

create a vivid and endearing impression, are those in which the mournful predominates. Few of the Waverley novels end happily, and among them the saddest are the greatest favorites. We feel a truer interest in the dark career of the Master of Ravenswood, than would be excited by a gayer and more fortunate hero; the gloomy fate of Flora Mac Ivor, her wasted energies and wild self-reproach, haunt us like a troubled dream, when the happiness of Rose Bradwardine has passed from our thoughts; and we never recall Rowena in her pride and love-liness, with half the enthusiastic sympathy that follows the pathway of Rebecca in her foreign pilgrimage, and mourns the shadowed lot of a being so beautiful. In fiction, as in reality, happiness is too transient to leave a lasting memory; we learn from experience, that the sorrowful, is the true.

"Toutes les grandes pensées, viennent du cœur," was the saying of Vauvenargue; and Madame de Staël is an example of its truth. She is never so eloquent as when she writes from the dictates of ardent feeling, and gives free way to the enthusiasm inseparable from ambitious genius. There were times when the trials of her destiny brought gentler emotions than the bitter ones they were calculated to excite in a spirit too conscious of superiority to be long submissive—when the sadness which gives wisdom was with her, and when, in the fervor of inspiration and the exercise of intellect, she forgot all of grief but its holiness. These softer moods may be traced in the varying tone of her productions, and these were the moments of her highest impulses, when thought was subdued into poetry, the sweeter for its melancholy, and she knew the depth of that calmer suffering which is the foundation of knowledge. "*Qui n'a pas souffert, que sait-il ?*"

Madame de Staël's dramatic writings are not favorable specimens of her powers. Though unfettered by the restraints of rhyme, they possess the artificial style and stiffness which distinguish French productions of that character; they need the naturalness, the *je ne sais quoi* of reality. Some German author says that in most dramas there is much which shocks good taste, but that French tragedies are one single and entire shock; a remark which, without being wholly correct, approaches very near to truth. There is certainly something bordering closely on the ludicrous, in the soliloquies of heroes who inform the public of their difficulties and despair, through the medium of heroic measure; and, while about to commit suicide, pause to perpetrate rhyme. It requires all the grace and eloquence of Corneille, or Racine, to preserve the spirit of tragedy, amid such disadvantages. The praise of excelling in various styles of composition can scarcely be ascribed to Madame de Staël; her genius is exclusive, rather than universal. She is loftiest, when, looking on the world with calm, philosophic gaze, she paints life in all its earnest-

ness and sublimity, and scans sadly, yet kindly, the troubled depths of the heart, and reveals the workings of passion, or the sorrows of feeling. The gift of "*many-sidedness*" is one rarely if ever possessed by a woman. The nature of her existence, in a manner, prevents it; she is apart from excitements of a general character, and, moving in a sphere comparatively contracted, she seldom experiences vivid and permanent interest beyond it. Her inspiration is the consequence of ardent emotion oftener than the result of profound reflection; she dwells among the charms of thought and love, and her genius is brightest and truest, when, with reverence, it draws aside the temple's veil, and teaches us the deep mysteries within our own hearts. The fault of monotony is frequently attributed to the writings of intellectual women; it is one, which, without affectation, they can scarcely avoid. We should not expect the attractions of varied excellence in the compositions of those, whose impressions and associations change but little, whose experience moves in a circle, and whose life is a dream made up of many dreams, a passing scene of illusion, affection, suffering and resignation—*voilà tout !*

The works of Madame de Staël are not calculated to convey any important or original instruction; for they appeal more to taste and intellect than to the judgment. They seem to have been composed less for universal approval than for self-satisfaction, and are the channel for sentiments too bold and stirring to be still, and for feelings whose deepest enthusiasm found no resting place in the allurements of common life, and no satisfaction in its aims. The desire for celebrity must have been intense, in a mind like hers, where the pride of high and acknowledged endowments was combined with an unusual share of restless vanity; yet her's appears to have been the wish for fame, not the search for it. She wrote much that was likely to render her unpopular, and which a spirit less self-relying would have suppressed; yet with all her faults and prejudices she has won a reputation that will probably be as enduring as it is brilliant.

If her pages leave us no dazzling lesson, they at least lead us to reflect with profounder earnestness on the nature and the destiny of our moral being, and we recall their writer as one who taught us something of that self-knowledge whose end is wisdom. We remember her, when experience realizes and brings back to us some of the striking truisms she scattered so lavishly; the spell of romance which her genius has woven will long linger to bind young hearts with its intellectual beauty.

STRUGGLES OF GENIUS.

Men of genius have usually composed their finest works under the roof of a garret; and few have lived, like Pliny and Voltaire, in a *chateau* of their own.

SONG—THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

No longer seek in me to find
The fire of youth's spring season;
I loved thee once in passion blind,
I love thee now in reason.

Haply the pleasing trance is fled,
What's left is more enduring;
The blossom of my love is dead,
The fruit is now maturing.

Notices of New Works.

THORNTON ON SLAVERY.*

[Recent events, and the discussions growing out of them, which now occupy the public mind, will make the subjoined notice particularly interesting. The writer handles his subject with vigor and originality.]—*Ed. Mess.*

This is a work of very considerable labor and research; and is the most extensive investigation, that we have seen, of the important subject of which it treats. It ought to be attentively read by all the citizens of the United States. Our relation to the large class of people, of the African race, who exist among us, chiefly in a state of slavery, is one of the most delicate and difficult in our political condition:—it is that for which all safe remedies must be necessarily slow; and through which we are exposed to the severest injuries that foreign nations can inflict upon us.

Had our forefathers been able to prevent it, we should never have been placed in this relation. But their remonstrances, when colonists, were vain. It suited the policy and cupidity of Britain to introduce slavery into our country.

The reverend author of the work before us has availed himself of these facts, to show how entirely free the people of the Southern States are, from all responsibility as to the original introduction of slaves among them,—and with what an ill grace Britain now interferes in a matter which, of right, no longer concerns her; and in which she can have no other motive but our injury.

Referring the reader to the work itself, for an extensive and luminous detail of what generally belongs to the subject, we shall confine ourselves to a few observations on the temper and conduct of England in relation to us; for we fully believe British influence to be the chief incentive to the operation of the abolitionists among us.

Many, among the influential classes in England, hate us cordially. All discerning Americans, who

*An Enquiry into the History of Slavery; its introduction into the United States; causes of its continuance, and remarks upon the abolition tracts of William E. Channing, D.D. By Rev. T. E. Thornton, President of the Centenary College, Mississippi.

have visited that country, must have seen evidences of the fact. The memory of our revolution, brought about by British injustice and impolicy, rankles in the bosom of Englishmen. Our rapid growth in population and strength—above all, our prowess on the ocean, has inspired fear for her naval supremacy; without which, she would speedily sink to the condition of a third rate power.

The fact too that we have been enabled to undersell her in foreign markets with some of the products of our manufactures, touches her on another tender point.

It is a little extraordinary that England, after having been the greatest slave trader in the world, should thus suddenly become so zealous in the cause of emancipation. It reminds us of the Parisian bawd mentioned by Parent Duchatelet; who, after having amassed a fortune in the infamous atmosphere of the stews, retired to her country-seat, and set herself up as a model of chastity and religion.

If England were influenced by motives of pure humanity, one might think her efforts could be fully employed in relieving distress at home. The situation of starving millions of her own subjects would absorb the efforts of the most active benevolence. "Adam Smith," says the Edinburgh Review, "states the definition of poverty, to be, living from hand to mouth. In this sense, all the laboring classes—that is to say, nine-tenths of the inhabitants of England, are poor." Among these, multitudes are unable to support themselves; and it was a part of English policy, until lately, to sell them for a limited time, at public auction.

"At Yardley Hastings, in Northamptonshire," says Mr. Richardson, "all the unemployed men are put up to sale weekly; and the clergyman of the parish told me, that he had seen ten men the last week knocked down to one farmer for five shillings. There were about seventy men let out in that manner, out of a body of one hundred and seventy."

The last system, according to the same authority, which has been tried with these unfortunate persons to reduce their numbers, is thus described:

"There remained, therefore, a third plan, which, abandoning the idea of rendering parish subsistence less abundant than wages, or parish labor more severe than that exacted by an individual employer, proposed to connect the relief of the able-bodied with a condition which no man not in real want would accept, or would submit to, when that want ceased. Our readers are aware that the condition thus selected as a test, was, that the able-bodied applicant, with his family, should enter a work-house; should be supported there by a diet, ample indeed in quantity, but from which the stimulants which habit had en-

¹ For October, 1841.

"deared to him, were excluded; should be subjected to habits of cleanliness and order, be separated from his former associates, and debarred from his former amusements."²

The reviewer does not inform us what kind of food was used in these cases; but we may fairly presume it was of the meanest description, as it proved more intolerable than scant diet and overwork had done. If we were allowed to conjecture, we would suppose it was saw-dust, as that has been ascertained to be capable of supporting human life, by "conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread."³

It is added, "wherever this experiment had been tried;—at Bingham, at Southwell, at Cookham, and at Uley, it had succeeded." Nor is it all surprising, for there are few men who would not prefer to encounter every evil, whilst at large, to imprisonment on such a diet.

With such a mass of misery at home, England busies herself about the condition of negroes in America; who, in fact, are better supplied with all the comforts of life, than a large majority of her own people. She entirely reverses the maxim, that charity begins at home. She incarcerates her own poor, on a diet altogether intolerable; and sends missionaries into foreign lands to preach universal emancipation. She pays one hundred millions of dollars to liberate the negroes of her West-India islands, whilst want and misery of the most hideous kind cover almost the whole of her own soil.

The solution of her conduct will be found in the fact before mentioned, from the Edinburgh Review, that only one-tenth of her population are in comfortable circumstances, the other nine-tenths living from hand to mouth; and this tenth, that holds the power, under the plea of benevolence and religion, is, in truth, influenced by the most selfish and inhuman political motives.

If the British West-India islands had been situated in any other part of the globe, we should have heard less of their freedom. Britain takes no steps to remove slavery from her possessions in India. But the negroes in the West-Indies are near the American coast, and may be made efficient agents in an invasion of our Southern States; and her aristocracy, who feel the factitious foundation of their wealth and power, are anxious, at any cost, to cripple a rival.

Unable to raise a sufficient supply of bread for her population at home, whenever a season the least unfortunate occurs, she is compelled to purchase largely from foreign nations. This her extensive commerce now enables her to do. But if any thing occur to curtail that commerce, she will no longer be capable of buying from abroad, and

then her starving millions will rush into revolution. Her commerce rests chiefly for its support on her naval supremacy, and she therefore looks with extreme anxiety towards every people whose marine is at all likely to rival her own. From the nations of Europe she has little to fear in this respect; but the United States have shown a capacity to beat her on the ocean;—and their large and increasing nursery for sailors, with their rapidly advancing population, and growing resources of every kind, are constantly adding to their power in this respect.

To cripple such a people is an object exceedingly desirable to England; and experience has taught her that this cannot be done by a war waged in the ordinary manner. Should, however, a large portion of our population unite with her in hostile efforts, the prospect would be much better. The slaves constitute the only part from whom any co-operation could be expected—and they would not join a white army; yet, if we were invaded by a black force under British command, they possibly might. This has led her to arm and discipline the negroes of her West-India islands, and to throw a net-work, with her steam packets, in this direction. Not that she is destitute of white men and men-of-war in abundance for such purposes,—her redundant population at home, and her "wooden walls" abroad, prove the contrary;—and it would be far more humane to employ her able-bodied paupers as soldiers, than to incarcerate and starve them, as she now does. But they would not serve the purpose of exciting insurrection in our Southern States, and therefore are not suited to her views. Sending her regularly fitted men-of-war into our smaller and less protected ports, would excite suspicion. Therefore she builds a new class of men-of-war; calls them 'steam packets,' but puts her navy officers to command them, that they may learn the pilotage, the strength, and weak points of our harbors—and be ready at any time, and at the shortest notice, to foment a servile war. And the people of the South are so infatuated as to be actually 'lending her a stick to break their own heads;' for cracked they already are, if we may judge from the eagerness with which facilities, inducements and persuasions are held out for these vessels to touch at Southern ports. There are now, or soon will be, no less than fifteen or twenty of the largest class of English steamers—all *man-of-war built, and commanded by British navy officers*, actually running, as packets, in and out of the Gulf of Mexico, and plying between the West-Indies and the Southern States. Thus our own people are actually assisting Great Britain to maintain a steam navy, which in case of war, she will turn against us with tremendous effect. With the knowledge which her officers in command will soon possess of our Southern coast and its harbors, the 20,000 black regulars which she maintains in the West-Indies, may be

¹ Idem.

² Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By J. F. W. Herschell: p. 40.

transported in these steamers, and landed at any point between Louisiana and the Carolinas, with only two or three days' notice—Are the present relations between the two countries such, that the South may *court* observation upon her weak points and defenceless condition?

The abolition policy of England has already produced some of its intended effects on the blacks of the Union. "Many of our colored people," says the African Repository, "who had been the most decided opposers to all emigration, looking upon the British as the peculiar friends and protectors of their race, readily consented to engage for the West-Indies."⁴

To suppose her sincere in her professions of regard for human freedom, is to be utterly blind to her whole history:—for whenever her avarice or ambition has been directed towards any object, and she has had the power to gratify it—in the language of one of her own poets,

"Hope withering fled—and mercy sighed farewell."

A glance at her conduct in China, where she is waging a desolating war, because the Chinese are unwilling to poison themselves with her opium, is enough, one would think, to open the eyes of the most credulous.

That any portion of our people should coöperate with her in a policy so fatal in its designs to their own country, is an instance of wickedness, or infatuation, unmatched in the history of mankind. We earnestly entreat the abolitionists to pause and consider who they are, that are exciting them to the mad course they are pursuing,—to reflect whence the spy Thompson came—and whence that Sturge, who has recently had the impudence to send an address, professedly intended for them, to the various members of our Congress.

Our limits compel us to compress our observations in as small a compass as possible, and we will conclude by referring our readers to the recently published protest of the officers and crew of the American brig *Creole*; and to the kind of military force used at Nassau, in the island of New Providence, as well as to the course of the English government itself with regard to this matter, for a specimen of British policy towards us.

Nelson Co., Va.

M.

TALES AND SOUVENIRS OF A RESIDENCE IN EUROPE.
By a Lady of Virginia. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard; 1842. Mrs. Wm. L. Garrison.

Although the work, the title of which stands at the head of this article, has been already noticed, we believe, by most of our literary contemporaries, yet we should do ourselves and our readers, and even the fair authoress herself injustice, if we did not describe the impressions which its perusal produced on our own mind. As the work itself, when its publication was first announced, was known to be the production of a very accomplished lady, whose opportunities of literary culture had been by no means incon-

siderable, it might be supposed by some that so propitious an origin would at once have commended it to public favor. We are inclined, however, to take a somewhat different view of the subject. It is more than probable that, with many, the distinguished paternity of the book was in itself calculated to excite undue expectation, and may have accordingly led to corresponding disappointment.—But this we apprehend is neither the only nor the most serious disadvantage which it has had to encounter. Favorably as we understand the work has been received, we do not entertain a doubt that had it appeared some twenty years since, its reception would have been still more cordial and its popularity still more extensive. And why? Because in that period of time great changes have been wrought in our country—not only in its moral and physical condition, but in the tastes and habits of our multiform and expanding population. It would be idle to suppose that, in the mid-career speed with which our countrymen have pushed their progress in every variety of pursuit—renouncing, as they have done, even the simplicity of manners which lingered among us a quarter of a century since,—and, yielding without a struggle to the irresistible influence of foreign sentiments and vices,—we say it would be idle to suppose that in this general mutation, literature and literary taste should not have shared the common destiny. When the immortal author of *Waverley* had established by his writings a purer standard, both in England and America, the puling sentimentalism which had previously characterized the school of romance was no longer tolerated. Men began to reason, and reason truly, that the pictures of fiction were not the less edifying and enchanting, for being faithful copies of truth and nature. Love, with its sorrows and trials and eventual triumphs, though constituting a material element in our social existence—was no longer considered as the master-passion which, in the hands of the novelist, should control and absorb all others, or should form the only clue by which the labyrinth of plot and counterplot could be penetrated. If boarding-school-misses, or even full grown readers, had wept and sighed over the cruel but not very perilous disappointments and sorrows of *Annals of Fanny*—emotions of a far more sublime description were awakened in the contemplation of the stern but simple virtues and heroic intrepidity of *Jeanie Deans*. Walter Scott not only imparted true dignity and character to romance, but he opened a new and delicious fountain of moral improvement as well as intellectual pleasure; and by occasionally blending history with fiction, he invested even the barren hills and moors of his native Scotland with classical interest and beauty. That, however, for which his memory will be longest cherished, is the pure morality of his writings. He had none of the gloomy melancholy of Byron—nor the bewildering skepticism of Shelley; and he would sooner have suffered the martyrdom of his fame, than have given circulation to that subtle poison which flows from the pen of Bulwer. That the writings of this last mentioned author, as well as of others of the same stamp, have had a strong tendency to vitiate public taste, and degrade it even below that point which it held prior to the ascendancy of Scott, is what few, we suppose, will deny. Bulwer has inflicted the more mischief, because of his acknowledged genius. He has covered up the germs of pollution with the flowers of a brilliant fancy, and clothed the most dangerous sentiments in language of exquisite beauty. Nor have the works of Charles Dickens, in our humble opinion, contributed materially to restore the existence of a sound and correct taste. Dickens is unquestionably a most minute and sagacious observer of human nature. He is piquant, humorous, pathetic, and frequently sublime; but we doubt whether the merit of recording the virtues of humble life, will altogether counteract the danger of unveiling its iniquities.

⁴ For December 15, 1840.

There is another objection, we think, to his writings, which will probably prevent their maintaining a very protracted hold on public favor; and this objection we state more in the spirit of regret than reproach. We have not, or we think we have not, discovered enough of what we must be permitted to call the *religious principle*, lying at the foundation of his works. He seldom refers the suffering victims of poverty, disease and misery to the hopes and consolations of the Christian's faith. He writes as if the grave closed over the immortal spirit, as well as over the tabernacle of flesh. No feelings of piety seem to have soothed the anguish and disappointments of Kate Nickleby, or to have sustained Little Nell in her multiplied sorrows.

It is time, however, to retrace our steps, and to devote some attention to the more immediate subject of this article. We have endeavored to make good the proposition—that works of the character of that before us will not and cannot be justly appreciated at the present time by the great public. The nation has become epicurean in its literature as well as its food. Plain wholesome viands are now unpalatable, without the garnish of fragrant spices,—and a volume of unpretending but beautiful morality is not sufficiently stimulating for appetites depraved by habit. Mrs. Rives' book is distinguished throughout for its moral and elevated tone. Its style, which perhaps in some instances may be rather luxuriant, is generally chaste, fluent and graceful; but as we shall perhaps receive more credit for our praise if mingled with a little fault-finding, we beg leave, most respectfully, to dissent from the too frequent introduction of *foreign phrases*, which cannot be familiar to the majority of readers. We are aware that this is not only sanctioned by custom, but that there are in truth innumerable thoughts and sentiments which are more expressively rendered in European languages than by our own;—still we have a kind of instinctive reverence for our good old vernacular, which makes us somewhat jealous of too much foreign admixture. We deem it hardly necessary to present any thing like a detailed analysis of the book, as this has been already done by several literary journals. A glance at its contents, however, may be acceptable to some of our distant readers, who have had no opportunity of procuring it. The first and longest story, "A tale of our Ancestors," is founded, we are told, on truth. The scene is first laid in Europe in the age of Louis XV., but is subsequently shifted to our own mountains and valleys. Some of the scenes in this tale are exceedingly well depicted, and some of the characters, of which there is no lack of variety, are drawn with a skilful pencil. The glimpse with which the reader is favored, in the hunting scene, of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoniette, of whom Burke said "that there never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision," is too interesting to have been so transient.

Following the "Tale of our Ancestors," the authoress has given us "Fragments" of her own journal in Switzerland and a part of Italy; and very acceptable fragments they are. Her descriptions of Alpine scenery correspond with the sublimity of the subject, and, if we mistake not, in gazing on the summits of the "Sovran Blanc" her feelings must have been strongly imbued with the devotional spirit of Coleridge—

"Oh dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did vanish from my thoughts; entranced in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone."

Interwoven with the incidents which the authoress has journalized are two other tales, the "Soldier's Bride" and the "Valley of Gordan," which, we are also informed, though embellished of course by the writer's fancy, are substantially founded in fact. Whilst both are calculated to

awaken deep interest in the reader, we confess that our own preference is for the last mentioned story. It appeared some time since in the Literary Messenger, and we well remember to have been strikingly impressed at the time with its excellence—nor has a second perusal had any other effect than to deepen that favorable impression. The fate of Olivia will forcibly remind the reader of the kindred destiny of the poor blind girl in the "Last Days of Pompeii." The volume concludes by a successful imitation of an old English ballad.

We cannot close this article without cordially thanking the authoress for adding so verdant a leaf to the almost withered chaplet of Southern Literature. Why is it that our accomplished and educated females do not more frequently try their strength in some of the lighter, if not the more grave departments of composition? Is there less fervor in our sunny clime, or less poetry-inspiring beauty in our mountains, streams and valleys, than in the colder regions of the North? Those who, by their influence and standing in society, or by their superiority to all considerations connected with pecuniary gain, have it in their power to set an effective example in this matter, and will exercise that power, will be entitled to the praise of the present generation, and will most assuredly, we think, receive the commendation of the next.

— *Ralph Taylor*
AHASUERUS. A Poem. By a Virginian. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1842.

The story of the Wandering Jew has been treated with indifferent success by some of the principal poets of the age. Croly, in his brilliant but unequal romance of "Sathiel," has exerted his fine powers, in the attempt to clothe this remarkable popular legend with the embellishments of an affluent fancy and a glowing style. Wordsworth has a little poem on the subject, which would be undeserving of notice but for the name of its author. Mrs. Norton's "Undying One" is founded upon the same "wild and wondrous" tale: but in her hands, it has not been moulded into a form that promises to be any more lasting than those it has assumed under the plastic fingers of her predecessors.

Few legends seem to have taken a stronger hold of the popular fancy than this. Ever since the twelfth century—farther back than which it is difficult to trace it—it has been a rich theme for credulity to speculate upon, and for imagination to build upon. The simple legend is, that, at the time of the crucifixion of the Saviour, one, the most inveterate of his Jewish persecutors, was singled out by him for this awful and tremendous sentence: "Tarry till I come." Various names have been assigned to the imaginary personage, who was thus signally punished, by the several writers, who have availed themselves of the fable; but that of "Ahasuerus" appears to be one of the oldest and most authentic. Singular as it may seem, this extraordinary legend has, for ages, obtained considerable credence among the unenlightened classes in many parts of Christendom. Even so late as the last century, we find frequent allusions to his existence and appearance in some of the principal cities of Europe. Count Cagliostro was believed by many of the marvel-mongers of Paris to be no one else than the fated Jew. Even in our own day, the traces of the belief may be found in the popular mind. We remember, in crossing the Atlantic, not many years since, encountering an old Danish sailor, who, in one of his night-watches at sea, gravely assured us, that he had sailed in the same ship with the "Undying One"—and that the mysterious personage would pace the deck day and night without taking rest. We allude to these facts to show that the elements of the wonderful and poetical are contained in this impressive legend to an unusual degree; and the circum-

stance of its being so repeatedly selected as a topic by the poet and novelist, is a sufficient proof of this.

Notwithstanding, therefore, that the field, which Mr. Tyler has chosen for his first poetical tilting ground, has been trodden by other competitors, we know of no one who has left the lists with richer trophies and a more honorable result. The mould in which he has recast the ancient legend, is not only a beautiful, but a strictly original one. He has treated the subject in a new, philosophical and religious spirit; and, if he has not exhausted it, he has given to it its best and highest direction: for he has made it subservient to the conveyance of a true and impressive moral.

The poem of Ahasuerus opens very beautifully with a description of the birth of the Saviour—the appearance of the “orb of promise” to the shepherds,

“Amid their snowy flocks on Chaldee plain,
and their visit to the holy infant in the manger, where
“Beth'lem's bright star shone o'er his smiling face,
And by its light they hail'd the infant God!”

The effect of the preaching of Jesus on the Mount of Olives,

“Unto Judea's congregated tribes,”
is described in verses of singular power and melody of diction:

“Dust on his shoes, the cord about his loins,
The Saviour moved, on his high mission bent,
To save a world, to win his Father's smile.”

One of the most exquisite passages in the whole poem, is that descriptive of the Crucifixion. It opens in a tone like the solemn peal of an organ. Few lines can be found in the language more melodious and poetical than the initial one. We have taken the liberty to place in italics others which have impressed us with their harmony or beauty of thought:

“Pale rose the moon o'er Calvary's fatal mount.
A sign of mourning seem'd to fill the sky,
Yet rather felt than seen; a gloom, a cloud,
An incubus of night sat on men's souls.
Was it the dawn that, rising o'er the hills,
Look'd on those sodden mounts with sadden'd gaze?
Was it the stream, whose gloomy waters lie,
Frowning 'neath light than darkness yet more dull?
Was it the cloud that o'er the city hung,
Through which the sun's rays feebly found their way,
Gleaming around with an unusual glare,
While glows the Temple's dome with blood-red fires?
Was it the wind, whose swift wings rushing by
Strike forth funeral notes that freeze the soul,
While visions gather o'er the darken'd mind
Of greater horror than night's dreams may paint?
Nor cloud, nor palish dawn, nor fiery dome,
Nor moaning winds, nor Fancy's visions dark,
Through that dense multitude of anxious forms
Which throng'd the city's ways, awoke such fears,
And wrapp'd each brow in livery of wo.
Lo! bending 'neath the burden of the cross,
Through the dark crowd, the patient Sufferer comes,
The cruel thorns upon his gory brow,
The foam of thirst upon his whiten'd lip,
Swaying from side to side, with straining nerves,
Beneath a weight that bows him to the dust.
O vengeful man! shall Pity weep in vain,
And Mercy have no tongue to reach thy heart?
Shall the soft gaze of that love-speaking eye,
Mild as the azure sky when shines the moon
Through the calm firmament on summer's eve—
Shall pity, mercy, and the bitter tear
That torture wrings from his o'erburden'd soul,
Not turn you from that speechless act of wo,
Which spreads o'er universe a veil of gloom?
In vain may Justice speak, and solemn Fear,

With anguish'd voice and supplicating look;
In vain God's frown is seen in earth and heaven;
In vain are prayers' and tears' appealing power:
No ears has Passion for Prayer's burning words,
No eyes to see the tears that Mercy sheds:
They seize him, bind him, nail him to the cross.
Forth from his hands life's ebbing torrent flows;
His quivering feet are agonized with pain;
The dews of death start on his clammy brow;
And mid the shouts of that mad multitude,
While hisses, sneers, and fiendish jests and cries
Appall'd the very air, that caught the sounds,
The Son of man drinks full his cup of wo.”

This passage of itself will justify Mr. Tyler's claim to the title of a poet in the highest sense of that word. In a vein no less powerful is the fine description of Ahasuerus; to which some of the most elaborate and successful lines in the whole poem are given. We will quote only the concluding portion, where the phrenzied Jew is depicted in the commission of the terrible crime, for which he is doomed to walk the earth till the second coming:

“On to the mount he came,
On to the cross, with flashing, glowing eye;
Revenge lay like a serpent on his lip,
And Hate was writhing on his cruel brow;
And on his forehead bold a frown lay coil'd,
Dark as the malice of his cruel heart.
Smiling in scorn, he raised on high his hand,
And smote the fainting Saviour's ashy cheek,
Then spat upon him with a fiendish ire.
A flush of agony pass'd o'er Christ's face,
And they who nearest stood heard these low words,
‘Ahasuerus, tarry till I come.’”

What can be more graceful and mellifluous than the fine descriptive of Jerusalem after the terrors consequent upon the Crucifixion had passed away?

“Again Jerusalem was clad in light,
And peace dwelt there in that sad, wondrous land.
Without a cloud the amethystine sky
Look'd smiling down upon the fragrant earth.
Through palm and olive groves the gentle gales
Play'd on their wind-harps wild, unmeasured strain,
While Luna's love-tuned bird with folded wing
Sang to the stars, and all those starry skies
Seem'd full of light, and joy, and God's pure love.
How calm the scene, how bright and beautiful!”

In the concluding scenes of Ahasuerus the originality and beauty of the author's conception are strikingly manifested. The unhappy wanderer is represented as the lost man. The freshness and glory of creation have passed away. The unbalanced earth—

“The music of her circling motion lost,
Through space unlimited, wheel'd feebly on,
Moonless and sad, and wrinkled o'er with woe.”

What a picture of an inanimate and silent world have we in the following remarkable passage!

“Gnar'd, leafless, and barkless on that last day
The forest-trees uprear'd their branchless heads
Amid the breathless winds, and naked stood,
Spectral and bleach'd, fast crumbling into dust;
And solitary in those vast, sad groves,
Sat tongueless Silence on her elon throne,
O'er-canopied by black and starless clouds,
While her hush'd reign makes darkness yet more still.
Jeru! how strange that not a sound was there;
Nor pace of crouching cat, nor tiger wild,
With stealthy spring and balls of living fire,
Nor lone owl's drowsy horn from hollow trees,
Nor ploughman's plaintive song on plodding way,

Seeking at sunset his sweet cottage home.

Th' oppressive stillness burden'd Nature's ear,
Attuned to notes of perfect melody;
*And the soft sweep of a small insect's wing,
Swift-flying there through air's deep solitudes,
Would, with a storm-cloud's thunder-trumpet's sound,
Have smote upon the ear."*

Let us infringe too freely upon the author's copy-right we must forbear quoting other passages of not inferior power, and come to that where Ahasuerus is represented as the last living habitant of a blasted and desolate earth:

"On a huge rock that reared its hoary crest,
Close by the ebbless margin of the sea,
Worn by his curse, and weary with old age,
Furrow'd with care, Ahasuerus stood.
Time had not spar'd the Jew, for heavily,
With feeble steps, he urged his painful way
Along the crumbling ascent of the mount;
And, when at last he sadly sat him down,
His weak frame shook as with his dying pangs,
And hideous pain convulsed his ghastly face;
His head was bent upon his drooping breast,
And his thin, shrunken hands, together clasp'd,
Writhe with the fire that ate his quiv'ring heart;
And now and then low, moaning sounds escaped
His wither'd lips, yet none articulate.

His bitter cup of punishment was full.
No ray of sunshine on his forehead shone,
A gleam of joy to warm his fading soul;
No sympathizing voice fell on his ear
To break the waste of that dark solitude;
Not even a sound, save the harsh thunder-crash
Of mountains toppling from their heights above,
Stunning the stupid sense, broke silence there.
O! what a blessing would a word have been,
A single word, from lips however strange;
A human sound in that deep wilderness
More precious would have been than countless gems,
To the despairing wretch who craves for food,
And, hungry, perishes with want and cold.
One friendly tone, Affection's tender sigh,
In the dark madness of that lone hour,
Would ecstasy have been as sweet as Heaven.
One beam of sunshine glancing through the air,
*One note of some bright song-bird heard on high,
One draught of water from some silvery fount,
One thro' of joy to feel he had a heart,
One memory of blessed by-gone hours,*
One happy thought of rest, one hope of change,
The desolation of the world had made
A paradise for him. But drear his lot,
Drear, sad and dark, in fear and in despair,
No voice, no sound to comfort his distress,
The past all gone, the future boundless wo;
One round of misery, one eternal thought,
Continuous pangs of ever-ceaseless pain!

From where he sat upon the crumbling mount,
He gaz'd around with a dull, sickly stare,
And matter'd to himself like one who dreams;
But sudden, as he gazed, a fire seem'd stirr'd
Through his dull veins, and then a spirit came
Unto his thought, and from his stagnant mind
The clouds roll'd off, and he arose upright,
And walk'd with form erect, and gazed abroad
Upon that scene of desolation there,
Like one who wakes from an appalling sleep,
To fiercer horrors than his dreams had brought.
He press'd his hands upon his face, and tried
To waken Memory from her torpid sleep;

And then the gathering furrows on his brow,
And the dilation of his fervid eye,
The quick contortions of his trembling lips,
The throbblings of his heart, that shook his frame,
Gasping and writhing then in horrid pain,
The truth, the hideous truth flash'd in his mind.
He knew himself, he felt his hand grow red
With the unpitied blow; he saw Christ's dying form
Struggling upon the cross in mortal throes,
He saw his holy brow stain'd with his blood,
He saw his dovelike eyes upturn'd to heaven,
He heard the shouts of that tumultuous throng:
What's he who strikes that dastard, cruel blow!
What words are those that pierce into his brain?
'Ahasuerus, tarry till I come!'"

Rent by remorseful emotions, Ahasuerus at length sinks upon the earth and pours forth his soul in prayer; and here the author again shows himself equal to the grandeur of his subject. The prayer is a fine specimen of fervid and passionate devotional poetry. We will not mar it by breaking it into extracts.

The moral of the whole poem bursts upon the reader in the noble climax with which it concludes—the gracious answer to the penitential supplications of the wretched Ahasuerus. His stubborn knees are bent. Prostrate and humbled he bows in adoration and remorseful tears. His prayer is heard. Infinite as was his sin, infinite mercy can pardon it:

"When thus the fated spake, in fear, in faith,
In heartfelt penitence, he bow'd his head,
And, at his feet, upon the thirsty ground,
The sacred tear of sorrow gently fell;
And softer than human thought conceives,
Softer and clearer than the sweetest note
That spring's light breeze, or summer bird e'er sang,
Yet swelling like the thunder's volumed tone,
Glided a voice into his listening ear;
While universe through all her shining spheres
Ceased her loud music then, and trembling heard.
Hush! 'tis the voice of the Almighty God!
Across the skies a dazzling radiance sweeps,
The clouds roll back, and earth is bathed in light;
The sea leaps up unchain'd through all his depths,
And laves his shores with amaranthine waves;
Down from their sources rush the volumed tides,
And rivers sparkle in the heavenly beams,
And lakes reflect the dimpling smiles of morn;
The sod puts forth its turf, the tree its leaf,
And flowers spring up from the sweet, fragrant soil,
Enamelling the land; and Spring's soft winds
Bear to the violet the rose's breath,
And clouds of perfume fill the amber air.
Hush! 'tis the voice of the Almighty God!
A crown of mercy circles his calm brow,
And sad Ahasuerus sleeps at last.
Upward on wings of penitence, his soul
Hath sought the pure realms of eternal rest;
And with the bow of glory set on high,
With flashing seas and smiling azure skies,
With purple mists and golden-banner'd clouds,
Millennium comes, and Earth, harmonious all,
Rolls slowly through her silver-beaming sphere,
And swells the music of the choral stars!

The high poetical beauty of these lines, and the sweetness, vigor and majesty of the versification, will be appreciated by every true lover of poetry. Indeed, we could name few contemporaneous poets, who have shown themselves masters of the blank-verse measure, equally with Mr. Tyler. In the fluency of his diction, and the stately march of his verse, he often reminds us of Shelley, whose "Alas-

tor" is in a vein not dissimilar. The eight closing lines of the last passage from Ahasuerus form an appropriate finale to the whole solemn chaunt. They present a remarkable specimen of rich, melodious, rotund versification.

We have contented ourselves, thus far, with pointing out the beauties of "Ahasuerus" without carping at the defects, inasmuch as the latter are far the least frequent. Occasionally we meet with an imperfect line, an obscure expression, or a prosaic phrase—but these are faults which the author can correct with a few dashes of his pen, and which in the next edition of his poem, will probably be amended. They dwindle into insignificance before the many graces of thought, expression and versification, which may be profusely found on every page of this elegantly printed volume. Mr. Robert Tyler is, we believe, yet quite a young man; and, if we mistake not, this is his first considerable essay in verse. To say that it has proved completely successful—that it has been received by the public and the press with a degree of favor rarely bestowed—and that a large edition of the poem has been rapidly exhausted—would be but to state notorious facts. Mr. Tyler has, at a single stride, obtained a high rank among the poets of his country; and if the extraordinary promise of this production be duly redeemed, there will be few between him and the first.

AMERICAN CRIMINAL TRIALS. By Peleg W. Chandler. Boston: Little & Brown; 1842.

There are scenes of almost daily occurrence in courts of justice, which, in point of moral interest, and often in dramatic effect, exceed the boldest flights of the novelist. Of late years, the newspaper reports of important cases have excited a degree of public attention, which is proof enough of the essential attractiveness of the general subject. In the hands of skilful writers, the court of justice has often been made the scene of as powerful delineations as the battle-field or the palace. Witness the trial of Effie Deans in Scott's most beautiful tale; or, to instance a lighter example, the celebrated case of Bardell vs. Pickwick. The rich material thus afforded by the judicial tribunals, is often sacrificed, either from its being chronicled in the form of dry and technical reports intended solely for the use of the legal profession, or carelessly set forth in the hasty sketches of a daily journal for the mere purpose of gratifying public curiosity. The author of the volume before us alludes to a successful experiment, in the way of improvement upon these methods, in France, where a work, entitled '*Causes Célèbres*,' has long commanded the favor of the reading public. In emulation of so useful a design, Mr. Chandler has produced an interesting and most instructive work of a similar character; but in all respects adapted to our own country. He intimates, in his preface, an intention of continuing his labors, if sufficiently encouraged. We cannot doubt the good sense and taste of the public so much as to admit a question on this subject. We have examined the present work with attention, and find it singularly clear, free from unnecessary details, and full of important and entertaining facts. Sketches of the individuals, and of the circumstances connected with each case, are judiciously wrought into the main narrative. The trials themselves, seem to have been wisely selected, on account of their intrinsic interest, and of the light they throw on the history and social feeling of the periods of their occurrence. To give an idea of the kind of cases described, it is sufficient to mention the trial of Amce Hutcheson, whose name is so often mentioned by the early New-England annalists,—the celebrated trials for witchcraft; those connected with the persecution of the Quakers by the colony of Massachusetts Bay; and that of the soldiers concerned in the Boston massacre on the fatal 5th of March. From cases like these, illustrated and condensed with the care and judgment of

Mr. Chandler, the reader obtains a better idea of the state of popular feelings during the most exciting epochs of our history, than any formal account can possibly afford. The volume is executed in a style of great neatness, and should ornament the library of every intelligent American.

DR. MOTT'S TRAVELS. The Messrs. Harper have recently published, in an elegant octavo volume, the *Travels* of Dr. Valentine Mott, in Europe and the East. The celebrity of this gentleman, in the profession of which he is so active a member, will give his journal an attractiveness beyond the generality of similar works. Dr. Mott was absent about five years; during which time he visited England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt and Turkey. In his introduction, he speaks, as we think, with great reason, of the advantages of travel in cases of nervous disease, and especially that long train of ailments incident to an overtasked brain. In a subsequent part of his book, he protests, with equal justice, against the custom of sending pulmonary invalids abroad to die. In Great Britain, Dr. Mott renewed his acquaintance with the medical instructors of his youth. Among others, he saw Sir Astley Cooper, by whom he was presented with a exquisitely wrought case of surgical instruments—made from the wood and iron of old London bridge. In Paris, he surveyed, with much care, the various hospitals and medical schools, and relates numerous anecdotes of the leading physicians and surgeons of that gay metropolis. In Switzerland, the numerous cases of *goitre* attracted his attention; and, in Tuscany, he saw much of Dr. Segato, the discoverer of a method of petrifying human flesh, who unfortunately died without revealing his secret. In Greece and Turkey, our author made numerous interesting observations on the climate, dietetics, and physical resources of various localities. His professional suggestions are, however, judiciously blended with descriptive sketches, and comments on men and things. He occasionally borrows from the journals of his companions, and turns aside, from time to time, to indulge in a reminiscence, or hazard a conjecture. We should think Dr. Mott's *Travels* would interest the members of his profession generally. He has evidently returned full of American feeling and scientific enthusiasm, which augurs most hopefully for the success of his labors in the excellent institution, where he is now engaged in imparting the results of his experience, and giving constant proofs of his professional skill.

THE ROLLO BOOKS. We have hitherto called public attention to these admirable specimens of juvenile literature, and set forth what we deemed their peculiar claims to the support of all interested in education, and the success of excellent works designed to improve and attract the young. These works have recently appeared in a new and beautiful dress, under the auspices of Hogan & Thompson of Philadelphia, and of T. H. Carter of Boston. Two new volumes, "*The Rollo Philosophy*," have been added; and two more are in preparation, which will appear in the Spring. Thus completed, the series will constitute a uniform and charming library for children, at a reasonable price, and abounding in moral teaching and useful knowledge, conveyed through the medium of pleasant narrative.

ESSAYS ON LABOR AND PROPERTY. The popular Editor of the *Encyclopedia Americana*, has furnished the public with a very useful volume, in these *Essays*. They throw much light on the most important branches of political economy. The basis of property, and the principles which regulate labor, are discussed in a clear and popular style. The work constitutes another excellent addition to Harper's Family Library.

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PROGRESSION.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Hope on, hope on, O restless heart!
Though dark the hour may be—
For e'en in all thy struggles know
A glory waits for thee!
O keep thou still the dew of youth—
Still hold thou fast unto the truth.

What though thy strong desires sent forth
Unequal ends attain—
And thy intensest thought result,
That all of earth is vain—
O not in vain, if truth and right
But arm thee with heroic might:

Toil on, for like the pillared stone
O'er which the moss hath crept,
And veiled the record there inscribed
While ages round it slept—
Thus, thou mayest on thy tablet read
A truth to meet thine utmost need;

That thou, in this unequal strife,
But tendest to a goal,
Whose object realized shall fill
The vastness of the soul—
These ardent hopes, these wishes high
Belong to that which cannot die.

MORAL AND MENTAL PORTRAITS.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

Halleck has enjoyed a reputation for a longer period than any of the living poets of America. When he first began to write, it was unusual to find even passable original verse: native poets were regarded with distrust; perhaps with a more ignoble feeling: we had no faith in our own literature, and we imported opinions, as we did broadcloths, from England. These times are happily changed, and a worthier and loftier tone prevails among our people. During the last twenty years, under numerous disadvantages, we have made rapid strides; and in works of fiction especially, we have won a high rank in the Republic of Letters. To us the time seems not very distant, when the rate of exchange, to speak in mercantile phrase, will be in favor of this country.

In 1813, a poem appeared in the *Columbian*—a New-York newspaper then in existence—under the signature of "*A Connecticut Farmer's Boy*;" the Editor introduced it to his readers with a remark to this effect: "We are informed that the following verses are really the production of a Con-

necticut farmer's boy, but we doubt it—they are too good to be original." This was Halleck's first appearance in print! Partaking of the martial enthusiasm which the war aroused, Halleck joined the "*Iron Grays*"—a company famous in its day: an ode addressed to that corps, was the second poem he published. In Fanny, he remembers his old comrades in the following satirical strain:

"And Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,
Soldiers that met the foeman hand to hand,
Or swore, at least, to meet them, undismayed."

As Halleck has excluded these and others from his volumes, it would be improper to copy them here; yet we are assured they would do no discredit to his muse. Justice insists that a poet should be tried by his acknowledged writings, not by his "*first rude numbers*," which maturer judgment disavows. "*Twilight*" appeared in the *Evening Post* of October, 1818, and this is the earliest poem we have found that he has preserved: it is imbued with a sweet pensive feeling, but it does not appear to have attracted much attention at the time. The next year Halleck suddenly became famous. His young friend, Dr. Drake—a poet of lively imagination and brilliant wit—sent in March, 1819, to the *Evening Post*, some verses "*To Ennui*," under the signature of Croaker. Coleman, the Editor, thus mentions them: "Lines addressed To Ennui, by Croaker, are received, and shall have a place to-morrow. They are the production of genius and taste. A personal acquaintance with the author would be gratifying to the Editor." A day or two afterwards, the same Editor says: "We have received two more poetic creakers of merit from our unknown correspondent Croaker, which shall appear all in good time. His promise to furnish us with a few more similar trifles, though he tells us we must expect an occasional touch at ourselves and party, is received with a welcome and a smile."

These poems satirized with great cleverness, public characters, and passing events: they were read by every one in the city; and curiosity searched eagerly to discover the author. They attracted so much attention, that Drake communicated his secret to Halleck, and asked his assistance to amuse the town. With characteristic modesty he pleaded inability, but was at length prevailed upon to make the attempt—in which, succeeding under the signature of Croaker, jr., the two friends wrote afterwards, in most instances, as Croaker & Co. These poems commanded general attention, and awakened a spirit of emulation; and small wits, suddenly stricken with the mania of

rhyme, ventured, but unsuccessfully, in the same vein. Coleman remarks: "We have received several imitations of Croaker, but none of them partake in any degree of the inspiration which marks every effort of *his* pen. One of them very sagaciously observes that there is a great falling off in Croaker, jr.; now, I venture to say, it only requires a single glance to discover *they are both by the same pen.*"

We do not find that the sarcasm of the Croakers, though very keen, gave offence to any one, except to John Lang, Editor of the Gazette, to whom No. 13 of the series was addressed. This was from the pen of Drake, and for true wit is perhaps the most brilliant of the whole. The American Flag, also by Drake, was one of the series. The poetic firm kept their own secret, while unceasing efforts were made, by nearly all the town, but in vain, to discover the persons who composed it; the mystery added greatly to their celebrity. At length chance revealed the secret. Halleck was in the habit of sending a young fellow-clerk to the printing office to ask for "the proof," which he received in a blank envelope, ignorant of its contents. From this circumstance it began to be whispered abroad, that the author of Croaker & Co. was some one in the counting-house of Jacob Barker—public opinion fixed on one of the clerks—it was *not* Halleck! His assiduity to business, and taciturn disposition, turned suspicion from him. At last Coleman, who had for sometime before been in the secret, disclosed the author's names, and Drake and Halleck suddenly became renowned as poets. The publication of these poems commenced early in March, 1819;—at first they appeared in quick succession—no less than sixteen were published during that month—and afterwards, at longer intervals, till the close of June;—in July only two appeared, both by Halleck. The last bore the title of "*Curtain Conversations*," and was introduced with this remark: "The extravagant price of Leghorn hats in London, as mentioned in your paper of this evening, suggests the annexed lines. You will observe that part of the first stanza is an almost literal quotation from Milton." This, Halleck has inserted in one of his volumes, with the new title of "Domestic Happiness." The poem beginning

"The world is bright before thee,"

was also one of the Croakers, and published in July. These are the only ones that Halleck has preserved in his first volume.

It appears that the public placed a higher value on the Croakers, than the authors did. Halleck's own opinion of them, may be gathered from a line in Fanny, where, speaking of the heroine's learning, he says—

"And read the Croakers when they were in fashion."

In 1819 Fanny was published, and in 1821 a new edition, with additions, appeared. This dashing, Beppo-like poem, was sought after with amazing

avidity—every body read it, and all praised it. In a very short time there was not a single copy for sale; yet the demand was by no means exhausted. Halleck, however, would not consent to republish. In consequence, the book was lent by friend to friend; its scarcity made it eagerly sought for; and those who could not borrow, paid five dollars, and even more, for a single copy. This poem was thought by many to be a personal satire: every one imagined that he knew the original, while in fact, it was purely ideal. In stanza 170, towards the close of the poem, the author says—

"If in my story of her woes, or plan
Or moral can be traced, 'twas not intended."

Fanny's father, an humble retailer of dry goods in Chatham street, having amassed a little money, moved into Hanover Square, to follow the more respectable calling of a jobber, in the wholesale line. As his wealth increased, so also did his desire to mingle in society, and to indulge his daughter in fashionable life: then followed the common fate—bankruptcy! This is the simple thread of the story, round which "are woven" a thousand fancies, of his daughter, whose name the poem bears,—of men, manners, politics, as well as several conceits and fashions of the day.

In 1825, "Alnwick Castle and other poems" appeared; in 1836, a second edition was published; and lastly, in 1839, a new edition of "Fanny and other poems," issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. All the poems contained in these volumes, were originally published in the periodicals or souvenirs of the time. With the exception of two stanzas—a translation from the German—which appeared in the Knickerbocker magazine some twelve months ago—we have not seen a new poem from Halleck's pen in many years. This is a rapid sketch of his literary career: let us now glance at his personal history. His school-days being over, Halleck was placed in a store of his native village—Old Guildford, Connecticut—and there performed, with alacrity, the various duties of his station. In 1804, he arrived in New-York, and soon after found employment in the counting-room of Jacob Barker.* A correct accountant,

* Jacob Barker—perhaps the most remarkable merchant of his day—a man of untiring industry—boundless ambition and curious subtlety of mind—more fertile in expedients than desirous of pursuing the right—possessed either of great mental courage or a heart of stone. Voluble in speech and plausible in argument, he often seemed anxious to promote your interests, while his object was to win your confidence and make a profitable bargain. He studied jurisprudence, to stand on the "windy side of the law," or if arraigned, plead his own cause. This wonderful man, when all his extensive mercantile and banking operations failed, went penniless, it is said, to New Orleans. Then, at an advanced age, but still vigorous in mind, he practised law, and holds a distinguished place at the bar. Jacob Barker should have a biographer. Were his character well drawn, and his motives justly scanned, he would appear much better man than his enemies are willing to credit.

capable in every task, and faithful to every trust, Halleck, from the grade of youngest clerk, advanced to the station of first book-keeper—in this, and various offices more important, he continued during the chequered career of his employer, whose confidence and esteem he never ceased to enjoy. We should remark, that, for a short time, he was established in the ship-chandlery line; but the liabilities to government, which his good nature incurred, as security for his first business friend, oppressed him so heavily, that we believe he never commenced business again. In 1822 he visited Europe, and travelled a year in Britain, France and Switzerland. On his return, after spending some time, chiefly in literary leisure, he accepted, and still holds, an office of high trust from John Jacob Astor; by whom he is much respected. In conjunction with Irving, Brevoort and others, Mr. Astor has selected Halleck as one of the trustees of a noble public library, which he has appropriated a large sum of money to establish:—and the trustees, we understand, are now engaged in the selection of books, &c.

In early life, Halleck was so much engrossed by labor at the desk, that none suspected him of a devotion to the muses. It does not appear that in those days he had a confidant, or that he ever revealed his secret aspirations: in fact, on all matters relating to himself, he was singularly unobtrusive and reserved. But in 1812, he met a friend who was the means of opening a new source of pleasure to him—one that led to the literary co-partnership of Croaker & Co. During the summer of that year, Dr. James E. Dekay* rusticated in Old Guilford, and while there was introduced to Halleck's sister. Returning to New-York, she gave him a letter of introduction to her brother. In Dr. Dekay, Halleck found a good friend—one who could appreciate intellectual worth, and sympathize with the poet's feeling. To him, at last, Halleck unburdened his mind, and revealed the soarings of his fancy. On one occasion, Dr. Dekay mentioned that he had a young friend, a man of strong enthusiasm, of brilliant imagination, and withal a devout worshipper of Shakspeare and Campbell—Halleck's favorite authors. This man was Dr. Drake! The two poets were congenial spirits,—an ardent feeling, a warm attachment soon grew up between them, which lasted during the life of Drake. Halleck has never forgotten if not his earliest, perhaps one of his sincerest friends. We all remember the beautiful lines—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

In the summer of 1819, while the Croakers

* Dr. Dekay, Zoologist to the State of New-York—author of *Travels in Turkey*, &c.—a gentleman of extensive scientific attainments, and refined taste in literature.

"were in fashion," Drake's health began to decline; and in the autumn of that year he visited New Orleans, where his mother and two sisters then lived, in hopes of restoration. In the spring of the following year he returned to New-York, with health unimproved, and died on 21st September, 1820.

When Halleck first arrived in New-York, he was diffident—nay bashful in manners, and seemingly unfitted to win his way to eminence amid its busy throng. Years after, when his fame as a poet was established, his society was courted, and in the best circles he became a welcome guest. Mingling freely with society imparted a self-confidence, which gradually taught him to appreciate his worth and feel his power. Though easy and graceful in deportment, he is still reserved and unobtrusive. Though he seldom leads conversation, he is always entertaining, and enters into discussion with a pleasing animation. He delights to take that side of a question which is either unpopular, or has the fewest supporters; and advocates it generally with naïveté, often with ingenuity, and always with good temper. Yet if he meet an ostentatious fool, he will sometimes lead him into a labyrinth, and there leave him, bewildered in ignorance: and sometimes he will humor or defend the quaint conceits of a man of genius, credulous and sincere, and inwardly smile at his easy, unsophisticated nature. Mirthfulness of disposition, at least in company, makes him a pleasing antagonist—Though he may conquer, he never offends; or if defeated, he submits with a smile. Few men will be without *one* advocate, when Halleck is present. Gentle and kind in heart, he would rather avoid a question than speak an unpleasant truth; while in general society, he is witty, satirical or serious, as the humor or occasion prompts. He possesses much worldly wisdom and strong common sense. On literary subjects he has a large store of pleasant memories—but for the pursuit of science or philosophy, he evinces little inclination. His studies have been the fanciful rather than the solid: he is too paradoxical to be very profound. He has wandered more widely in the regions of fiction, than in the paths of philosophy. Halleck is a good belles-lettres scholar, not a searcher after scientific truths. The simple rudiments of a common English education, were all the school learning that he received. In Fanny, he says—

—"he had left off schooling ere the Greek
Or Latin classics claimed his mind's attention."

But now he reads and speaks French fluently: he studied Italian to enjoy Ariosto, and Portuguese to understand Camoens. Unfortunately he is unable to open the door of classic antiquity, and, by the severe models of ancient writers, chasten his style, and refine his taste. But free from ostentation, he

makes no vain pretensions to learning which he does not possess.

During his whole life, Halleck has devoted his leisure to books. Among the living poets, Campbell is an especial favorite, and on the instant he will repeat from his works almost any passage suggested. In "The Recorder" he has paid a beautiful tribute to Bryant—

"Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers, and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy."

To Hillhouse also, he has paid in the same poem, a fine compliment.

Halleck has many general acquaintances who respect him highly: with them he will discuss pleasantly the news of the day, or a literary novelty, but seldom unbosoms his feelings, or reveals his anticipations. There is something like isolation in his heart; and strange to say, it is without morbidity. In Fanny we find a passage which may show what were his "young thoughts," and years have perhaps confirmed them:

"But if you are a bachelor, like me,
And spurn all chains, even tho' made of roses,
I'd recommend segars."

Of generous feelings, he triumphs over envy or fear of rivalry—he never thinks that applause bestowed on others will detract from his own merit. He has no disposition to wrestle in politics: he smiles alike at the "ins" and "outs," for he deems that the strife of party is more for the honor or emolument of office, than for the good of the country. An admirer of the British constitution, he, half jestingly, avows himself to be a monarchist; and professes little confidence in the intelligence and integrity of the people, or their fitness for self-government.

Let us now speak of Halleck as a poet. While we shall judge him, impartially, by the highest standards, we admit that he is not an author by profession: he woos the muses for pleasure rather than profit, in hours spared from his ledger. Yet we shall speak of him with a free and fearless judgment; for, in some circles he is named in the same breath with the greatest of American poets: his title to that proud distinction has never, to our knowledge, been critically determined. When first we read his musical lines, we were impressed among the troop of his admirers. We cared not then to examine the source of our pleasure; we gave ourselves no concern, whether our feelings were really exalted, or whether our ear only was charmed. We never asked our judgment to explain the means by which he imparted delight to our youthful fancy; but lately, taking up his volumes to draw his mental portrait, we closely investigated his claims as a poet, and examined his style as a writer, with a

disposition more willing to be pleased than dreaming of disappointment.

To estimate the poet justly, it is necessary to consider, first, the quality of his mind, and the depth of its resources; second, his enthusiasm, his invention, and truth in delineation; and lastly, the language in which he expresses his thoughts and emotions. In these, so essential to the great poet, few indeed have reached a high degree of excellence. Some are imbued with intense feeling, impulsive, impassioned, wild,—whose language is too feeble to express, and whose resources are too limited to illustrate their lofty conceptions. Others, with a rare felicity of diction—with a pleasing collocation of tinkling words, clothe weak or common thoughts, or ungraceful similes, in a garb so attractive, that the pauser reason, is misled, and sound usurps, for a time, the throne of sense.

One secret of Halleck's popularity lies in the concord of sweet sounds: he is a delightful euphoniast. But harmonious lines, though they captivate the ear, never satisfy the judgment—versification, however smooth it may be, is of an humble rank: the poet's aim is a higher and a holier one. Standing upon his sacred eminence, his vocation is to soothe and refine the heart, to instruct and exalt the mind—to lift us on the wings of his imagination above the dull realities of life, and make us sharers of a truthlike fancy, that adorns and sanctifies the realms of thought. And, whether he entice us with a smile, or subdue us with a tear, or compel us in the stern sublimity of his power, his vocation is still the same. Burns, whose portrait Halleck has so skilfully drawn, felt the full value of his lofty gift—he felt it even when a boy, and every faculty of his manly and unselfish heart, was bent with an unflinching energy to win for Scotland and himself a distinguished name. In his poem "On Early Days," with a feeling worthy of his great intent, he writes:

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang, at least.
The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside
And spared the symbol dear."

Halleck never seems to have felt this enthusiasm; on the contrary, his gift, such as it is, he uses chiefly for amusement—to beguile an idle hour, or to win a transient smile from the unthinking crowd. He never inculcates a pure morality, a virtuous patriotism, or an humble adoration of

"The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,"

like him, the greatest among our own, from whom we now quote.

Halleck has not adopted a poetic creed, and worshipped by it; he never seeks to explore the hidden sources of thought or action, but seems contented with the effect. He does not abstract himself from "this bank-note world," and dwell in the regions of imagination; but he delights to sit, as it were, in populous thoroughfares, searching for the lodierous; and, with a humor, in some respects peculiarly his own, finds mirth and amusement in every thing. He never draws a tear, but often wins a smile: he says himself,

"I rhyme for smiles and not for tears."

And at another time tells us—

"It is too true, I'm somewhat fond of fun
And jesting."

He loves to ridicule a foible or a fashion of the day; to mingle with a serious thought an air of levity; to draw a grave picture grotesquely. Yet he sketches with a grace and good temper that never offend. His forte, however, is the quizzical rather than the satirical—the humorous rather than the witty. He is of the school of Hogarth, not of Angelo—of Constable, not of Claude. In two or three instances he has hit, with a happy thought, a prejudice of the hour, or a feeling of the heart, in phrase so appropriate, that once read it is not easily forgotten. But though he is sometimes warm, he is not unfrequently cold—glittering like the icicle in the sunbeam; in fact, he is so very dazzling, that he would capture us by stratagem, not subdue us by the sweet influences of feeling and affection.

A dreamy indistinctness blurs his descriptions of external nature—he sees the outlines of beautiful scenes—few perfect in form. But with a quick perception he looks on men, and observes their peculiarities; and finds strong contrasts everywhere. This feeling leads him to indulge in antithetical phrases, in alliterations, and in a play upon words; sometimes he succeeds admirably, but the mannerism betrays the labor by which they are produced. This talent so frequently exhibited by Halleck, is not of the highest order; yet we are inclined to believe, that, with his exquisite harmony, it is the true secret of his popularity. Though it be effective, it is artificial—not like enthusiasm, innate; in fact, his writings, with a few exceptions, bear evidence of being produced slowly, after great labor; and their object is, to attract and astonish, not to soothe and instruct. He is too fond of tropes and similes to be either passionate or pathetic: his style is florid; his metaphors are sometimes confused, and his accessories are not always tastefully disposed. But we have a good caricature of men and manners in Fanny—a clever semi-serio sketch of an Indian in Red Jacket—an excellent satirical likeness in The Recorder—In Burns, we have the very man standing before us, in moral and mental grandeur. He is breathing, blood-warm, alive in healthy vigor and manly strength.

This is indeed a full-length portrait, worthy of a master: for this, above all else he has painted, we admire the genius of Halleck. Let us quote some of the best stanzas:

"The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimm'd her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays, lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath,
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak—

And his that music, to whose tones
The common pulse of man keeps time,

On fields where brave men 'die or do,'
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled'
Or 'Auld Lang Syne' is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cottar's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With 'Logan's' banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions * * *
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul, a Man,
The image of his God.

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood, as in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave.

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground."

Second only to Burns, is the airy, graceful sketch of Connecticut, or rather of her people; for whenever he touches external nature, he fails. There is a playfulness in this poem, and a quaint humor, half serious, half satirical, that please us much:—the likeness, though exaggerated, is very striking—so much so, that a native of that good old State is willing, with a self-complacent smile, to acknowledge his portrait. We shall quote a few stanzas:

"Theirs 'is a pure republic,' wild, yet strong,
A 'fierce democracy,' where all are true
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
And to their laws denominated blue.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year;
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things;

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give *ought* other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
Such they are nurtured, such they live and die:
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandize, pounds, shillings, pence and peddling;
Or wandering through the Southern countries, teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining, by what they call 'hook and crook,'
And what the moralists call over-reaching,
A decent living.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
With many hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In Friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one
Of the Green-mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began—
'Soldiers! these German gentlemen are bought

For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
By England's King—a bargain, as 'tis thought.
Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can—
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
Or *Mary Stark's* a widow.' It was done."

In the last stanza, the often-told story is related with a very pleasant ease.

The "Field of the Grounded Arms," although the ear is unaided by recurring rhymes, is, as a whole, perhaps one of his most musical poems: its merit is in the harmony alone. It calls up no picture before us. We look in vain for battalions advancing with hostile front;—we see no flash, and hear no rattle of artillery—no bustle, and fury, and agony of war are there. A dense smoke, to speak figuratively, spreads over the whole field,—we may be told that in its heavy masses, a battle rages, but no stretch of the mind may give vision to the eye. We have scarcely a glimpse of the victim of Saratoga receiving the arms of the conquered enemy. In a word, the conception is feeble—in language felicitous.

Fanny is indeed a pleasing poem: like the Croakers, it may live a day, not an age. It has no depth of thought to perplex the mind—few flights of imagination to tire the fancy. It is a very discursive production, and entirely local in character—Caught by a word at the close of one stanza, the author gets a new hint, and dashes on with a heedless *jeu d'esprit*, and in a vein, at times semi-serious, then comical, satirizes men, manners, and politics alike. The good temper that prevails in every stanza—the absence of envy, malice and hate, make this poem, at least where the characters are supposed to have lived, a general favorite. When those who engage its theme, however, are forgotten, as already most of them are, Fanny, like a faded belle, will sink

"Where cheeks and roses wither in the shade."

Yet there are some excellent passages in the poem. The following is very gracefully and feelingly expressed:

"There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long sad night and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where,
Nor whence, the sounds are brought from, and their power,
Though brief, is boundless."

Another passage, Weehawken, which gives a frontispiece to his latest volume, is also good; but its beauty lies in the richness of expression, not in the correctness of drawing:

"Weehawken! in thy mountain scenery yet
All we adore of nature is her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye,
Of the enthusiast revels on—where high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
 O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
 And knows that sense of danger which sublimizes
 The breathless moment—when his daring steps
 Is on the verge of the cliff, and *he can hear*
 The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
 And clings to the green turf, with desperate force,
 As the heart clings to life; and when resume
 The currents in his veins their wonted course,
 There lingers a deep feeling—*like the moon*
 Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone."

The above passage, often quoted by the admirers of Halleck, is, in some respects, a fair example of his style; which, though it will not stand the test of criticism, has captivated many readers. We have italicised some words,—the reason will be apparent at a glance.

Let us now turn to Marco Bozzaris, a poem which we are told many have praised as one of the noblest odes in the English language. It is a specimen of some of Halleck's greatest beauties and most glaring faults. The opening stanza is an admirable one; its grace and dignity please us so much, that we are disposed to overlook a false trope in this line:

"Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king!"

or, to notice the ambiguity of the phrase, which leaves the reader in doubt whether the Turk was dreaming of the throne of his liege, or of that to be erected in conquered Greece.

The second stanza begins thus:

"At midnight in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand."

The two first lines afford a pleasing contrast to the Turk in his guarded tent: the third line, by reason of its monosyllables, is unmusical, and the fourth is common-place. The rest of this stanza is not only inelegant, but it is incorrectly constructed; and the thought is overloaded with words. Let us examine it closely:

"There had the Persian thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drank their blood
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now *there* breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered *there*,
 With arms to strike and soul to dare
 As quick, as far as *they*."

As who? Let us render this passage into prose. In the forest shades the Persians fought at the battle of Plataea, and thousands were slain: now, the descendants of the conquerors stand on the same spot, as brave and daring as their forefathers. This we understand to be the meaning of the passage, but the author's verse does not express it.

"The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike and soul to dare."

Are the patriots,

"True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand?"

The same thought repeated in the same verse in different words. Besides, the attributes of the "arm" and "soul" are placed ungracefully in the line; and to "dare far" is an incorrect trope.

"As quick, as far as *they*."

They is ungrammatical: the author intends that "they" should relate to "sires," but it agrees with "sons"—for the phrase

"The sons of sires who conquered there"

does not in any manner identify the ancient warriors, but is merely a complimentary addition to the Suliote band.

The third stanza is beautiful, its language nervous and spirit-stirring; it is indeed worthy of high praise. On reading it, especially the closing lines, we feel as Sir Philip Sydney said he did on reading Chevy Chase. We cannot speak of the succeeding stanza in equal commendation:

"They conquered—but Bozzaris fell.

Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun."

This simile is not in good keeping: we may easily believe that a brave man, like Bozzaris, might die calmly, having done his duty nobly;—but we cannot imagine that his eyes would close at midnight, in the hour of battle and carnage and victory,

"Like flowers at set of sun."

The mind cannot be supposed to dally with flowers—not even to think of them, at such a moment. The figure is incorrect for another reason—it is not true: *flowers* do not close at set of sun.

The apostrophe to Death, prolonged through the two stanzas that follow the last referred to, are in themselves good, but we cannot commend the taste which introduced them where they appear. They stop the current of our feeling, and mar the unity of the ode. The concluding lines of the second, are musical in the sweetest degree: we cannot forbear to quote them, yet confess we should have praised them higher, if we had found them in a place more appropriate:

"Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land wind from woods of palm,
 And orange groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas."

These, to our ear, are unquestionably the most musical lines that Halleck ever penned: we re-

member nothing superior to them, in harmony, in the whole range of modern verse. And yet, while praising them, we, almost unconsciously, ask ourselves, whither is the imagination hurried? Any where save to Greece, a midnight battle, and the death of a patriot hero.

The last stanza is cold and studied, and too redundant of honors to the hero's memory. It contains four lines which grate on our feelings very harshly, viz :

"She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb."

Our taste recoils at this image, stretched to its utmost : read the passage omitting these lines, and it is vastly improved. We shall not quarrel with some instances of loose construction in this stanza, nor with the couplet, so often quoted, which concludes the ode, viz :

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Names are never born, and what is immortal cannot die. Marco Bozzaris is nevertheless a very effective poem. A martial spirit and a lofty feeling pervade it, in parts, that have won troops of admirers. He who reads for pleasure only, while his judgment is not too critically enlisted, may be delighted. Again, to borrow an illustration from a sister art—it is scene painting, strong in colors, charming in effect, but not a cabinet picture.

In Alnwick Castle, the constant straining after contrasts and antitheses is very apparent—it lures him to place in anti-climax order, ancient and modern times. If the aim of poetry be to exalt and refine, then, this change from the virtuous and heroic days of the past, to the mean and mercenary trading of the present, is a fault—a fault not only in itself, but in its sudden, and we may add, its unnatural transition. Doubtless the author intended exactly what he achieved, but that does not affect the justice of our remark. We may be reminded, that Pope has said,

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ ;"

Or again—

"In every work regard the author's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend."

We admit, at once, the sageness of this advice ; but while we do so, maintain that we have a right to judge not only of the merit of an author's intention, but also of the manner in which he has accomplished it : and, if neither the end proposed, nor the mode of attaining it be worthy of praise, we may say so. Alnwick Castle, then, is not a poem of a high grade of excellence. Art, rejecting nature, may delight some, and startle others for a time ; but the world very willingly allows it to

slumber with the forgotten past. Let us quote from this poem :

"Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave."

The second and fourth lines simply repeat, by a sort of pleonasm that we cannot praise, the idea expressed in the first and third.

Another passage :

"And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcome her warrior home."

And another :

"Of beings born and buried here,
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell."

In these quotations the alliteration and antithesis, if effective, are unnatural ; and if pleasing to the ear, do not convince the judgment. This style and taste characterize nearly all the writings of the author ; and with his harmony, as we said before, have won him an enviable reputation.

It would be a vain task, and perhaps an ungrateful one, were we to examine each poem separately. In support of some of the opinions which we have already expressed, it is, however, necessary that we should make a few brief quotations. They follow :

"Where skies are blue, and flowers are green."

———"o'er his head
The eternal flowers, whose root is in the grave.
The flowers of fame are beautiful and green."

"The rainbow beauty of the forest leaves."

"And wreath their light and shade o'er plain and mountain,
O'er sleepless seas of grass, whose waves are flowers."

———"around her waist
A girdle of the hue of Indian pearls
Was twined, resembling the faint line of water
That follows the swift bark o'er quiet seas."

"There ever is a form, a face
Of maiden beauty in my dreams,
Speeding before me, like the race,
To ocean of the mountain streams."

"'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven."

But why search farther ? These quotations, isolated ones we confess, show either inaccurate description, or unnatural similes.

The philosophy conveyed in the following quotations, we dare not commend. The first lacks delicacy of feeling, and the incongruity of images is apparent :

"Then crush even in their hour of birth
The infant buds of love,
And tread his glowing fire to earth
Ere 'tis dark in the clouds above."

Cheerish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears."

"Who will believe? Not I—for in *deceiving*
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream."

Here must our extracts end. Having drawn the portrait of the poet in a light somewhat different, perhaps, from that in which he is generally seen, at least in one region, we have taken some pains to show from his writings the ground upon which we have proceeded: part of our paper, therefore, may appear more like a criticism than a picture. Some differing from us in judgment, may say, that we have not, like a true critic, remembered the lines of Dryden—

"Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must search below."

We have carefully examined every stanza that Halleck has published, and, with a feeling more willing to praise than disposed to censure, have, in the spirit of poetic justice, freely expressed our opinion. He has said himself—

"*I rhyme not for posterity,*
Though pleasant to my heirs might be
The incense of its praise."

"No: if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me wear it now
When I'm alive to wear it;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the breath of fame,
Like Garcia's, let me hear it."

He has indeed *heard* the voice of praise, certainly longer, and perhaps louder, than any other living poet of America—and yet we have never met with a critical analysis of his works. From this, as well as from his subjects, and the time selected to publish them, we have sometimes thought that his popularity is local, not general. He has not written enough to place him, hereafter, in a lofty station; nor will the themes which have engaged his pen, claim much attention from a coming age. He has written for the day; and in the peculiar vein which he has chosen, he is frequently very happy—but that vein is of a second-rate order. Halleck will not rank among the great poets of the land; but he may be remembered among the minstrels, when in after ages some compiler shall select from the writings of the early poets of America.

LOYALTY.

When the Marquis of Montrose, was condemned by his judges to have his limbs nailed to the gates of four cities, the brave soldier said, that 'he was sorry he had not limbs sufficient to be nailed to all the gates of the cities of Europe, as monuments of his loyalty.' As he proceeded to his execution, he put this thought into beautiful verse.

THE CIVIL LAW.

BY A LAWYER OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

An eminent historian has ventured the remark, that the Civil Law is doomed to speedy oblivion. How far an assertion so broad and unqualified in its character will compare with the uniform faithfulness of Mr. Hallam, can, with more correctness, be estimated, after we shall have examined the *real excellence* of this law; the many advantages attendant upon its *growth and formation*; its *universality*, as adapted to the necessities of nations; and the many *revolutions*, in government, religion, and learning, through which it has passed.

The worth of this system of laws is attested by its long existence, abounding with usefulness; by the pure philosophy contained in its elementary principles; and by the tenacity with which men and nations have adhered to these principles, as the great conservative power, amid the convulsive ebullitions, which, from time to time, have disorganized their social compact and relations.

No system of laws—so far as the memory of man extends—has ever existed, in which reason can claim a greater share; in which humanity has been more decorously consulted; and in which justice, their concomitant, has been more liberally infused. The grand distinction that prevails between the Civil and the Common Law, is, that in the formation of the one, its authors, taking for their guide the wisdom and integrity of a learned and moral people, arrived at the 'perfection of reason.' In the other, its early artificers were not unfrequently shrouded in the ignorance which characterized their age; and thus, very often, permanent enactments were made to effect temporary objects, favoring some particular individual or class. The cause of these enactments, in many instances, was soon forgotten; but their effects remained; and ever since, it has been the study of ingenious men to invent a reason for every such law; which reason, in all human probability, never entered into the calculations of the legislator who enacted it. Though the Common Law may arrogate to itself all that is beautiful and perfect in reason, its advocates may ransack philosophy, in order to find an established principle applicable to every rule therein expressed; yet to the contemplator of that venerable structure, it too often appears, when surveying the patchwork resorted to, to prevent conveyances in mortmain, and the many unexpected resources which the Statute of Uses introduced, that very much of this law is the result of accident. So complicated is that stern and inflexible system, that the introduction of a new regulation has often conflicted with standing rules of law; and the application of a remedy has been perverted, by the finesses of ingenious men, to the creation of still sorer evils than those it was intended to correct. These inconveniences, which perplexed the

early writers on the Common Law, may safely be attributed to the slavish deference with which they regarded the Feudal Constitution. In this respect, at least, the Civil Law stands preëminent. No cumbrous relics of a barbarous age were blended with its foundation;—no time-honored monuments of ignorance and superstition remained to be battered down;—no privileged and intriguing associations had to be warred against. Unresisted in its progress, it gathered strength from its multifarious sources; and, impressed with the purity of the virtuous people for whom it was formed, it wielded a commanding influence, as well over the obdurate as the willing, over the contumacious as the obedient.

These sources of strength were principally the following:

The Leges. These were laws of the highest authority. They were enacted by the general voice of the Roman people, assembled together, and voting by centuries, or detachments of an hundred citizens each. This mode of legislating may, upon a superficial observation, appear to partake too much of that turbulent democracy, the progress of which, in later days, very justly excites the fears of those who are solicitous for the happiness of men. But sentiments of a far different character will be entertained, when the nature of this institution is better understood. These *comitia*, or assemblies, were divided into one hundred and ninety-six centuries, the bare moiety of which number—ninety-eight—was so arranged, as to contain, each, a majority of Patricians, Knights and wealthy citizens; and, when unanimous, the fate of all laws rested in their own hands. This was a most salutary regulation, and did more to protect property from violation by the hands of the ruthless and inconsiderate, than any feature that appears in the other institutions of antiquity.

That such was the very object intended to be effected, by those who constructed the *comitia centuriata*, may be justly inferred, from the words of Cicero himself—"Eosque ita disparabit ut suffragia non in multitudinis sed in locupletium potestate essent: curavit que, quod semper in Republica tenendum est, ne plurimum valeant plurimi." The class thus distinguished were the only persons who at that period possessed any considerable amount of property; and it was nothing but justice to them to place in their hands the power of protecting it. The voice of the common people, however, was not entirely drowned, as will presently appear. This institution seems to partake somewhat of the American principle of checks and balances. The privileged orders and wealthy citizens acted as a check upon the violence and indiscretion of the mass; and the common people held the balance of power, whenever the ninety-eight centuries were divided upon any law of doubtful policy, which, in the nature of things, must

have frequently been the case. Thus was blended, in the formation of an institution that contributed so largely to the structure of the Civil Law, an admirable proportion of arbitrary and democratic principles. The wisdom displayed in the construction of this noble institution cannot but be appreciated; and, as naturally as the cause follows the effect, the laws which emanate from this source must bear upon them the impress of the soundest reason.

The *Plebiscita*, or laws passed upon in the *comitia tributa*, formed, by no means, an insignificant contribution to the great body of the Roman law. These were simple assemblies of plebeians, in which the votes were taken *per capita*; they were formed for the purpose of protecting the common citizens from the encroachments of Patricians. Laudable as the objects of this institution may have been, yet our congratulations at the triumph of human liberty are wholly neutralized by the disappointment to which we are subjected, upon seeing how far this object failed of being attained. Nor is it surprising, when it is recollected that the laws passed in this assembly were binding only upon their authors; and, hence they could in no wise reach or affect the class of persons against whom their very existence was directed.

An amendment to the tribunitial power was deemed absolutely necessary, in order to render it of any avail whatever; and it was accordingly so effected, as to extend the influence of laws enacted in these assemblies, as well over Patricians as Plebeians. Even in this form it was objectionable; for it was wholly and thoroughly a democratical institution, and one that might have been highly injurious and tyrannical in its operations, had it not, contrary to the general disposition of such bodies, been impressed with its total inadequacy, to the task of enacting laws for a great people. To the very weakness of this body then, are we indebted for one of the most invaluable boons that the prodigality of past ages has conferred upon us.

It was at the solicitations of this body that the Senate was prevailed upon, in conjunction with the magistrates, to entertain the project of a written code, which should serve as the foundation of all Roman legislation. For this purpose, a deputation was appointed; and the result of its labors, as returned to the Senate for confirmation, was the famous Twelve Tables. Wise men, of every age, have paid a homage and reverence to this code, that entitle it to our respect and attention. The Romans clung to it with an affection that can only be accounted for by the soundness of its reason and the excellence of its philosophy. Old age loved it, because there the venerable in years read, among the accumulated wisdom of ages, lessons of experience, that found a congeniality within his own bosom. Youth revered it, because the diction was pleasant; and from infancy the

young man had been taught to rehearse it, as a "carmen necessarium." The Ecclesiastics turned aside from their religious learning and doctrinal disquisitions, to behold in this code a solid blessing to the human race. In the general consternation of the Empire, they withdrew it from the rude approach of the barbarian, and fostered it with a reverential care, highly creditable to their enlightened understandings. Even men of the present day—an age of arrogated wisdom and originality—are constrained to acknowledge the fact, that much of the material that is contained in the Twelve Tables has, by the adroitness of modern ingenuity, been clad in a more exuberant robe and fascinating attire, and sent forth with the stamp of a later-day improvement upon it; being, in fact, only a corruption of the original purity and simplicity of this code.

Such being the general admiration of this body of laws, it is not to be wondered at, that many of its principles are to be found embodied in modern polity. But, notwithstanding the liberal manner in which men have borrowed from this code, there never have been wanting persons ready to denounce it as cruel and inhuman, adapted only to the government of semi-barbarians. This censure, though harsh in the extreme, may appear just to those who never sound deeper than the surface. The Twelve Tables might very justly warrant such a conclusion, by all those who only construe the law according to the simple letter. The reasons that we would urge, contra to this unqualified condemnation of the Twelve Tables, are the following:

That as only a portion of this law—the clause affecting insolvent debtors—bears the least semblance to cruelty, it would be inconsistent, and widely at variance with the general mildness of the whole, to give this illiberal construction. Such is the position occupied by Aulus Gellius; and nowhere have we, in clearer terms, the light in which the Romans themselves viewed this clause, and the manner in which it was actually administered, than in the following lucid extract, from that author—"eo consilio tanta immanitas poenae denunciata est, ne ad eam unquam perveniretur; dissectum esse antiquitus neminem equidem neque legi neque audiri."

The offense, too, which this so much stigmatized clause was intended to correct is of all others most prejudicial to trade. It may, at that particular time, have grown to an extent highly alarming to the legislators of the day, and was only to be checked by fierce and unrelenting remedies. In all probability, the bare existence of these remedies (as is frequently the case,) may have had the intended effect, without, for a single time, being put in requisition. Instances of a similar character, under similar circumstances, are of frequent occurrence in the English Law. Of

this number, were the bloody statutes, making it a capital offence to all those who were found associating with wandering Gypsies for a longer time than two months. Yet this offence, taken singly and unconnected with others of the kind, was comparatively of little importance; but when it became as frequent as it was at the enactment of this law, it assumed a different character, and demanded a penalty sufficiently severe to prevent its repetition; which is a matter of discretion with the legislator. In like manner may be numbered the statute making capital the offence of stabbing without murder, although provoked to it by the insolent. This statute was caused by the frequent rencounters between the Scots and English, about the Court of James the first. But the cruelty of no law finds a parallel in the horrible punishment of the "peine forte et dure,"* which so long endured in the English Law; and for an offence which, at the present time, would be called slight and frivolous. From these instances it may be clearly inferred that the fixed rule of legislation, "that punishments should bear a proportion to crimes," is not always correct; but that punishments should be sufficiently rigid for the prevention of crime, will be found the more rational maxim.

These features of a law that has received universal praise and admiration, and whose supremacy of reason approaches the most skeptical with the imperious edict, *non disputandum*, will go far towards eradicating those feelings of aversion which may be engendered, when reading kindred clauses in the Romish Polity. And in fact, rather than condemn the severity of the jurisprudence of these respective states, men should receive it with the veneration to which an age of centuries entitles it, and draw therefrom lessons of wisdom flowing through channels of the purest philosophy. They should learn that inasmuch as the crimes of men are sore and unsightly, so also must harshness and severity pervade the whole frame of every wise and political system of laws. Penal enactments are never intended to operate upon the just and upright, but only on those, who, disregarding the dictates of morality, traverse all law, both natural and prescribed, and war against the dearest inte-

* *Peine forte et dure*. Unless recently amended, this dreadful judgment is, to this day, required by the laws of North Carolina; for, if we mistake not, the terrible sentence of *peine forte et dure* was inflicted by one of her courts only a few years ago. When the prisoner was arraigned for trial, he stood mute and refused to plead either 'guilty' or 'not guilty.' Whereupon, he was laid on his back, upon the bare floor of the court house—great weights, as great, and greater than he could bear, were placed upon his body, and, in this condition, he was fed with ditch water from a spoon, till he died. We challenge the universal jurisprudence of modern Christendom to out-Herod this. We call upon our correspondent and every other friend to humanity to use their influence in erasing from the statute book of the good Old North State this disgraceful and barbarous penance.—[Ed. Sou. Lit. Mass.]

rests of society. Men who wilfully place themselves in such a position of defiance to social obligations, need only expect retaliation for injury; they cannot complain of the severest animadversions of the community. No matter what the offence may be, whether trivial or aggravated, society is invested with the right, inseparable from its very existence, to inflict just such an amount of punishment as is necessary for its prevention. From a combination of circumstances, punishments for the same offence must vary among different people. Statutes that are competent to prevent robbery in the highways about London, would be an insignificant barrier to the same offence in the mountains of Wales. So, also, laws which might check the fascinating practice of gaming among the cold and inexcitable inhabitants of Norway or Sweden, would be laughed at by the dissipated populace of the French Metropolis. In like manner the same regulations that are requisite in this age of perfected knowledge in commercial transactions, to secure creditors from the frauds of their debtors, and thus indirectly to prevent bankruptcy, would, for aught we know, have given but poor consolation to the distressed creditor, among the gambling and deluded speculators of the Roman Republic. With no severer laws than at present, the "superb bankrupt" might truly have dashed the mud from his chariot wheels, into the face of his ruined creditors.

Let none therefore, decry the law "*de inope creditore*," which was comprised among the collection of the Twelve Tables, till he be satisfied of the injury which the Republic sustained from that class of individuals, and of the quantum of punishment, that was necessary for the prevention of this evil.

The legislation of the tribunitial assembly, (which survived this period,) was very limited, so far as it relates to the Civil Law.

The "*Decreta Senatus*," or enactments of the Senate, comprehend many of the richest treasures of the Roman Law. And this institution, though one of the most important that marked the splendor of that day, needs but a short comment here; for the prejudices of men are apt to be enlisted in favor of laws emanating from that source; inasmuch, as a marked similarity may be observed between that body and modern legislative assemblies, that are in such high favor.

Yet, however much these bodies may be esteemed, I apprehend that the tinsel gloze of half their praise would vanish, were the mass of men aware of the fact, that more than three-fourths of the law by which their lives and property are protected, is manufactured by the interpreters themselves of the law. It is within the province of the judges, to place a construction upon legislative enactments, in the administration of the law, consonant to their own judgment: and in this con-

struction they very frequently change the meaning, misdirect the purpose, and draw inferences, (and act upon them too,) that never entered into the calculations of the legislator. But however this may be, it is certain, that the Roman Senate, from the aforesaid cause, is extremely popular in modern times; and that part of the Roman law, at least, which owes its origin to this source, will be received with general admiration, without the assistance of any high wrought eulogy or tedious panegyric. Nor do we believe that it has acquired an unjust celebrity, for it may with propriety be termed the great palladium of Roman liberty. And in proof of the justice of this eminent distinction, not all the eloquence of the historian nor pathos of the orator will weigh so much with the discriminating mind, as the preponderating fact of its long endurance in the Roman State; for it was not consonant to the spirit of that people to break an alloy to their liberties. The same thunders which sounded the knell of monarchy, terminated the reign of the Seven Kings, and prostrated the family of Tarquins beneath the feet of private citizens,—these thunders would have hurled into atoms this institution also, had not wisdom, temperance and general usefulness marked its career. If the great Cæsar, with all his glittering honors and solid power, knew not how to rule a tyrant in Rome, what less than a supernatural power could have upheld, by any high-handed measure, a single political institution, whose very existence depended upon the favor which its merits created!

The constitution of the Senate was partly judicial and partly legislative. Though the combination of these two elements of government, is deprecated in the present advanced age of political wisdom, yet we will venture the remark, that the craft of man has kept pace with the most thrifty improvements in the science of government; and that that institution, though not impregnable to modern criticism, answered the ends of its creation more fully than those of modern refinement and perfection. The most notable instance of it, in a judicial character, is evinced in the prosecution of Cataline and his coadjutors by Cicero: and examples of its legislative character are abundant in the great collection of laws upon which we are now commenting.

The *Responsa Prudentum* were among the highest authorities which the Roman lawyers recognized; and when we reflect upon the manner in which these were prepared and published, we will be disposed to consider them of no little importance. After the plan of these *legal opinions*, has the whole of the Common Law of England been expounded, and presented to us, in its present intelligible form. Bracton, Britton, Littleton and Coke are among the many who have followed the example of the Roman lawyers, in publishing *Responsa Prudentum*. Upon this point, hear Sir Edward

Coke himself:—"In the eleven books of our reports, we have related the opinions and judgments of others; but herein, we will set down our own." In the same manner that Sir Edward Coke "set down" his own opinions in the Common Law, so did the Roman lawyers set down theirs in the Civil Law; and three things, above all others, recommend them as possessing intrinsic value.

1st. By an edict of the Emperor Augustus, all persons were not allowed the privilege and distinguished honor of volunteering their opinions, for the purpose of embodying them, among the regular *Responsa Prudentum*; in this manner, all crude and imperfect opinions were excluded from that systematic arrangement of reason. 2nd. These opinions were gratuitous, and not shaped to suit the particular cases, and supply the demands of purchasers. No consideration was expected for them; and no action could be preferred, for the promise of reward for any such opinion; in this respect, they even excel the commentaries on the Common Law, for all of which a copy-right was secured at their publication. These are the principal reasons why the *Responsa Prudentum* were unbiassed in every respect; why they were looked upon as the true and unsophisticated sentiments of their respective authors; and why they were considered indubitable authority upon all matters of law. 3rd. The most exalted order of talents was engaged in publishing its opinions to the world; the occupation was esteemed highly honorable in the state; and it was a suitable employment for aged men, who had passed the greater part of their lives in the excitement of the Forum; and who, to prevent the mind from falling into too sudden a calm, would traverse, with the "mind's eye," the various scenes through which they had acted, and draw reflections therefrom, which, added to the store of their wisdom, contained vast and deep knowledge of the law.

To verify this conclusion, Cicero, as we are told, anxiously anticipated that period of his life, when, throwing off the immense responsibility that rested upon him, and subject no longer to the high expectations of a numerous train of clients, he would be at leisure to classify and expand the vast amount of legal information, acquired by diligent study and observation.

Nor did the *Responsa Prudentum* extend merely to the advancing of crude and theoretical opinions, but not unfrequently entire branches of the law were admirably commented upon by a single individual: that which from time immemorial had been practiced as law, was classified and arranged in such a manner as to be accessible to all: the customary constructions were placed upon ambiguous clauses, reasons were expounded for those passages which were otherwise unmeaning. In this manner the whole Civil Law was reduced to a system, as perfect as human invention could devise.

The imperfect idea which may be formed from this abridged sketch of the writings of the Jurisconsults, will serve to convince that they were by far the most valuable tributary to the Civil Law. They were the great reservoir to which was directed every channel of the Romish polity; they purified those portions which had suffered from ignorance and misconception, and ministered the whole, free from contamination, to all who turned to drink at the fountains of justice.

Thus have we noticed, severally, the principal sources whence the Civil Law derived its origin; and severally have we tested them, and proved them to be good. The inference then must force itself upon every one, that a system of laws which has so much of wisdom and justice in its formation, must be based upon a never failing foundation. For it is not the part of true wisdom to create that which will be smothered in the germ by its own imperfections. Ephemeral and transitory works alone are the offspring of an uncalculating rashness. And it would be contrary to the rules of cause and effect, if the Roman Law should meet with the early doom, which the English historian has prejudged as its fate.

The third division of our remarks brings us to the consideration of the *universality* of the Civil Law, as adapted to the necessity of nations. Montesquieu has remarked generally, that laws are peculiarly adapted to the particular nations which gave them birth, and are capable of influencing the social relations of no other nation, with the same harmony and effect. The *general* truth of this remark, we do not pretend to deny, but its total inapplicability to the Roman Law scarcely need be mentioned, in order to be seen. That law, which grew and flourished on the banks of the Tiber, and for fourteen centuries directed the destinies of a great people, which expanded at every step of advancement in society, and adapted itself to every change in the political system, has since pervaded the whole civilized world, and descended to some of the most enlightened nations of Christendom: it is replete with established truths and tried principles; and is considered as an invaluable legacy of the wisdom of former ages. The destinies of nearly every Catholic country on earth are swayed, at the present day, by its influence. From the mouth of the Tiber to that of the Mississippi, the Civil Law may be traced through multifarious nations of various governments, exercising over the whole its healthful and genial influence. It is as admirably adapted to those nations, where the mandate of the King is heard and obeyed with fear and trembling, as to those where all other authority is drowned in that of the voice of the people. Instead of being exclusively and inseparably connected with a city whose glory is fast fading from the earth, the Roman Law has become blended with the fate of many people; and

its existence is coupled with the existence of nations that are yet in the vigor of youth. What revolution in the social organization of the world will be sufficiently great to exterminate a law that is so generally disseminated, and so admirably adapted to the necessities of the human race?

But there are other considerations connected with this subject, of a weightier character than any that have yet been touched upon;—arguments more forcible than any that ingenuity can invent. What are the varied scenes through which this law has passed? Empires have sprung into existence and again passed away, shocking the world with the throes of their last agonies: Monuments of human greatness have been reared, have flourished for a season, and tottered to the earth, leaving nought but a mournful sound to fill their place: Sciences have been introduced, disseminated and died: Theories have been formed and forgotten: Inventions have been made, continued for a season, and been superseded or neglected: Religion, with fierce destruction, has scourged the earth, in forms as various as the hues of the rainbow, and ephemeral as the stays of that misty covenant itself: In fine, while all else was changing, successively coming into life, and passing into death, there might be seen a monument, stern and inflexible, whose commanding eminence, unapproached by the resistance around, controlled circumstances, and shaped the course of events.—That monument was the Civil Law.

We have seen it sway the destinies of the Roman people, when Kings were their rulers and crowned heads their sovereigns. And that law, to which they gave birth, connived at the destruction of their successors, when they became unworthy of Rome. For a series of years have we seen it the guardian of the Republic, cherishing with tender care the growth of liberty, and administering to the various wants of a free people;—yet that law shrunk not, when the great Cæsar deprived his country of her liberties. We have seen it under the dynasty of the Emperors, securing to the subject the same invaluable blessings, and increasing, as ever, its own strength and effectiveness;—yet it died not, when the Roman people became extinct, but was grafted in the polity of many nations.

But its stability is more striking and instructive, when viewed in relation to the revolutions in religion, which it has withstood. Governments may change, and rulers pass into oblivion; but the laws of the governed remain: yet stable must be that polity which can withstand the current of religious enthusiasm; firmly set that law which in the same embrace can protect and cherish the Christian and the Heathen.

The laws of the Romans have, from time to time, tolerated every religion that a free people demanded, and regulated every moral code which they might select, to meet the wants and necessi-

ties of the Republic. We have seen them, with the wisest discrimination, appointing the *dies fasti et nefasti*, a priesthood and corps ecclesiastical, and erecting a temple to every god that a creative fancy might invent, or a superstitious people sanction:

—“fuit hæc sapientia quondam
Publica privatis secernere sacra profanis.”

The same law that led the ox to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, offered burnt offerings upon the altars of the living God. The same law that persecuted the early advocates of the Christian faith, was seen directing the gloomy dominion of the same religion, while thundering its stern dictates to a trembling world. Whatever transformation the church of Rome underwent, this law always remained the same, pursuing the transcendently wise policy, that, let the people choose what religion they would, it was within the province of the law to obtain the best practical results, without assuming a hostile position towards the people whom it was intended to protect.

But there was another more general and terrific revolution, through which the Civil Law successfully passed. The gloom that brooded over the mind of man, after the sun of science had cast her last lingering rays back upon the shores of Italy, and set in the republics of Greece, had a destructive influence upon the learning of the world. Little escaped, unscathed by the universal wave of barbarism, that, through that night of darkness, storm and desolation, fearfully rolled over the seats where learning and order were wont to dwell. Not a ray of intelligence was left to guide the weary traveller through the dreary waste that stretched boundless, wherever the eye was turned. No school of philosophy existed in those tumultuous times. The beautiful symmetry of science was distorted into a thousand hideous forms. Her precepts, once connected in a regular gradation, were disjoined and isolated, in such a manner as to confound the wisdom of man. Favorite theories lost the beauty of their mechanism, and the practical results of their design were defeated.

But where, in this general confusion, was that Father of Sciences, the Civil Law! Did it yet exist, or had it long since perished in the great fall of empires? The strong arm of destiny had sustained it, and its genius, when emerging from the incumbent gloom that oppressed it, might have exclaimed, with the weatherbeaten Trojan:—

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum magna pars fui—
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.

When force was substituted for law, men had no farther use for the salutary regulations of this, the greatest of all laws; and then it was abstracted by the wise, from the prevalent pollution of the times, and deposited in the retired and peaceful abode of some religious house, to await the auspicious day when a peace and order-loving people should recall it from exile.

Finally, as the spell that bound the world for centuries dissolved, it emanated from its obscure retreat, dignified and glorious, like the great Father of Light rising from the waters of the ocean, dispelling the deep mist which the turbulent storm has left in its wake, and rendering to the weather-beaten mariner a genial ray, to redeem him from his misfortunes.

Not many years elapsed from this period, before the influence of the Civil Law was felt in almost every portion of the enlightened world, and was adopted by many nations, *mutatis mutandis*, as the great code by which their destinies should be swayed; and even the most supercilious finally conceded, that truth is not entirely destroyed by a change of *venue*, and, however paradoxical it may seem, that "reason in Italy is reason in England."² Thus we see what the Civil Law has been; and, from the circumstances connected with its history, we at least fancy we see the hand of destiny, pointing to a far off period in the great arcana of the future, for the termination of its career. Many of the excellent truths contained in this system have become so vitally connected with the science of government, that it is morally impossible they should be entirely exterminated. And in view of this, we deem it a bold assertion in any one to pronounce a "speedy oblivion" to this noble science. On the contrary, it would be more compatible with reason to assert, that a law which has all the constituents of durability, so admirably blended—a law, stern enough for justice, yet mild enough for merely a law,—which claims for its authors the sages of Rome, the learned lawyers as its great support, will, while reason exists upon earth, have a place among men; will, as long as justice is respected, be consulted by the wise. Rome in its splendor has faded from the earth. What she was, is as a dream that haunts the memory of years past; but in her departure she has left more than the mere song of her glory. A twinkling star yet remains above the horizon, casting the light of ages around it, and gloriously reflecting upon the wisdom of the ancients.

TO MY OWN LITTLE GIRL.

BY MRS. E. J. FAMES.

"Now look on life—be strong!"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Smooth, smooth are thy features my own little girl—
Gay, gay is the toss of each golden-hue'd curl—
Fair, fair is thy brow, and fresh thy young cheek—
Blue, blue doth the violet from thine eye speak—
Thy lips are like leaves from the dewy rose torn,
And thy breath is as sweet as the May scented morn.

Light, light are thy spirits my own little girl—
Pure, pure are thy thoughts as a sea-enshrin'd pearl—

² See Sir Wm. Jones on the Law of Bailments, p. 20.

Deep, deep in thy heart lies the fountain of truth—
Clear, clear it reflects thy most innocent youth.
Thy nature is gentle, confiding and warm,
And a mother's love circles thy step like a charm.

But the beauty and bloom of these hours will fade,
The cheek must grow pale, and the brow wear a shade,
The blue light of childhood will pass from thine eye,
And the rose on thy red lip all withering lie.
The spirits must droop, and the strong heart grow faint,
And thy thought may be sullied by earth's evil taint.

And the mother who shields thee so carefully now—
O! the Angel of Pain, hath mark'd on her brow,
In many a weary and unfailling sign,
That "dust unto dust" will its own soon consign!
And little thou know'st in a strange world like this,
What evils befall the poor motherless!

But when the cold clouds of the valley are pill'd
Above me—O wilt thou remember my child,
The prayer that I taught thee, and still look above
To Him who will watch thee with unceasing love?
O worship and trust Him my own little girl,
And His Wing of Protection will o'er thee unfurl!

THE HAMADRYAD.

BY JOHN M'MULLEN, OF NEW-YORK.

The Sea-God sat in his cave so deep,
Where the troubled waves of ocean sleep,
And the storms forget to rave.
His sea-green robe from his shoulder hung;
The trident, across his knee, was flung,
That symbol of power, the waves among,
To ruin, or to save.
His beard was white as the foam of the sea,
And fell on his ample breast;
His white locks flowed on his shoulders, free;
On his brow was a crown all fair to see;
And the emerald-stone flashed brilliantly
That fastened his flowing vest.

But brighter far, was the Sea-King's eye,
All things in the wide, wide deep to spy—
From the uttermost wave, where the golden sun
Laves his foaming steeds when their race is run,
To the ocean-waters of far Cathay,
Where rosy Aurora leads in the day;
The rocks of earth, the clouds of heaven
By his piercing glance, at once, were riven;
The thronging deities, saw he all
In the home of Gods, high heaven's hall;
And deep 'neath the earth, all plain, I wis,
Were the hated realms of the gloomy Dis.

But now, that eye was beaming with good;
For the barks of Æneas, on ocean strewed,
He had saved from wreck by the tempest rude,
Which Æolus stern, for Juno, brewed,
And led them to Afric's shore.
He rested now on a throne, all grim,
Which ocean's waves had worn for him,
Where the surges loudly roar;
Nor hand of man, nor Elfin sprite
Had shaped the form, or the carvings light;
With ceaseless dash, did the waters lave
The fine blue rock, till a throne it gave
Befitting the Lord of the Ocean-Wave.

On a throne of shells by Neptune's side,
Amphitrite sat, his ocean-bride;
As bright in her beauty, as on that day
When she stole the Monarch's heart away,
As she bathed her limbs in the salt-sea spray,
And Triton and Nereid thronged to pay
Their court to the Ocean-Fair.
Then, changed to a dolphin, he won her love;
And never, as hap'd in the heavens above,
Did cause of quarrel their anger move,
Or their fond truth impair.

The Water-Sprites and Ocean-Fays,
Before them, sang their varied lays
More sweet than tongue can tell.
On Ocean's floor, the Nereids danced,
So gracefully, the soul they tranced
Like Circe's magic spell.
And on the glassy sea, 'tis said,
When Luna's silvery light is shed
Upon the West's slight tint of red,
From Sol's departed rays,
The sailor-youth, at times, doth see
Their Ocean-dance and revelry,
Through twilight's dreamy haze;
And fitting forms before him gleam
More gay and bright than youthful dream.
Then thoughts of home and early love
Have vanished like the clouds above.
With thrilling frame and fixed eye,
Of mad'ning joy one piercing cry,
He plunges in the deep.
Above his form the bubbles rise,
The dancing waves enjoy the prize,
And then the waters sleep.

Beyond these forms so bright and gay,
The Ocean-Monsters were at play:
Behemoth there, from his distant lair,
Awaited his Lord's behest;
And the sea-snake wound his scaly round
And reared his blood-red crest;
'Bout the island-back of the sluggish whale,
The Nautilus roamed with its tiny sail;
And the large round eye of the sea-calf there,
Gazed on the pride of the ocean-fair;
While amongst them all, at his mistress' call,
The Dolphin doth lightly skim,
Her message to bear to earth or air,
Or obey her slightest whim.

But a form is moving on ocean's sand,
That claims it not as her father-land;
Her vesture light is a leafy green,
And the garland that decks her brown locks sheen,
Was plucked from the olive tree.
Her hazel eye is glistening bright,
Like the star of eve in the van of night;
Her form is glowing with beauty's light;
Her step is firm and free.
But her brow is bent with a look of fear,
And her eye is bright with a gleaming tear,
Her dark brown hair hangs loosely down,
And frayed and torn is her olive crown.

She moved in haste through the waters blue;
'Mongst the Ocean-Monsters, she darted through;
And, his warning shell as the Triton blew,
She stood amid the throng.
"Who art thou of another mould
"That darest to tread in our watery world
"And our Ocean-Halls among?"

The fear that before, her nerves unstrung
Broke out at length on her faltering tongue,
In his ears her voice all sweetly rung,
As she dropped the pearly tear.

"Oh! Help me God of the waters wide
"That check't the streams in their gushing tide;
"Oh! Mighty King, give ear.
"I am the nymph of an olive tree
"That flings its fruitful branches free,
"On a mountain old in Arcady,
"By the side of a tumbling rill.
"But the rains have swollen the streamlets tide,
"And nothing now can its fury bide,
"Or check its wanton will;
"The rocks, though huge, it is rolling along,
"And is stronger e'en than the oak so strong;
"Full soon it will reach my olive tree,
"And its fall, thou knowest, is death to me.
"Then haste, oh! haste thee, King of the Waves,
"And make me humblest of thy slaves."

"Thou! thou wast born Minerva's slave;
"Why dost thou come to the Lord of the Wave?
"Go to the Goddess of learning and looms,
"Where at Juno's taunts she frets and fumes,
"And flings her flute away.
"When for Athens we strove, the Olive she made,
"And the crooked decrees of the Deities said
"The bounding steed yields to the olive tree;
"To her then, haste, and pray."

Amphitrite marked his visage stern,
And milder purpose doth discern.
Her throne she left, adown she flung,
His knees she clasped, her loved voice rung.
"Nay, cast unworthy thoughts aside,
"And be as thou hast been, my pride.
"Oh! give not way to jealous hate;
"Nor anger, on the helpless, sate,
"Save from the roaring torrents' flood;
"For I know thy heart delights in good."

The Monarch smiled as her voice he heard;
For ever his inmost soul it stirred,
As he gazed adown on her beauteous face,
Of anger departed the slightest trace.
"Thy quest is granted thee; hie away
"To thy native realms in the upper day,
"The dreaded wave shall flee."
With a cry of joy, she bounded away,
In haste, to the realms of upper day,
And trod the greenwood joyously.

Dread Neptune gave the awful nod
That stamps the sanction of a God;
A trembling goes through the vasty deep,
And the troubled monsters of ocean creep
From their beds in the oozy slime.
The surges roared with a louder roar,
As they dashed the wave against the shore
And flung aloft the brine.
And quaked the earth at the mighty sign,
And bowed beneath the will divine.
And the mountain old in Arcady,
Where dwelt the nymph of the Olive tree,
Was cloven wide where the torrent gushed,
And into a cavern grim it rushed;
That led to the Ocean strand.
And still, 'tis said, that cavern grim
Its rushing waters flow within,
And flow beneath the land.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Editor Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR:—As the happy consequences of our Revolution expand and multiply, interest in its history naturally increases. As the feeling which prompts this is laudable and useful, to gratify it seems to be equally a duty to those who achieved, and to those who enjoy the success of our great struggle. But in one respect the same fate, to some extent, attends all great events as well as great personages. The importance of neither is sufficiently felt, before the traces of their earlier progress begin to be obliterated. Could Shakspeare's fame have been foreseen at his birth, what minute accounts should we now have of him through all those stages of existence, which he has so happily portrayed, from "the nurse's arms," to the "last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history!"

And how does the world regret that all the information we have of him amounts to so very little! So too of empires that have passed away. How are monuments examined, tombs explored, ruins excavated, deserts traversed, hieroglyphics studied, papyri unrolled, to find slight traces of the generations that have passed, and of works which adorned them! What would not the world now give for a letter from the elder Brutus, or for articles of an association to resist the tyranny of the Tarquins! Yet, if we may judge of its ultimate consequences from those which have already followed our Revolution, it appears certain, that a deeper interest must hereafter attach to its history, than now belongs to that of the kingdom of Sesostris, or the Commonwealth of Rome.

If this be so, it is a solemn duty to posterity, for the present generation to preserve all the memorials it possesses, of the origin and progress of that event. It is believed that diffidence, indifference, or a spirit of procrastination which is akin to it, permits to remain amidst the lumber of old papers, and in the perishable shape of unmultiplied manuscripts, letters and documents, which would be valuable materials to the historian; and, through him to the artists, who, with the pencil, the chisel, and the pen, reflect to the eyes or the fancies of mankind, the light of exalted example, and the glory of illustrious deeds. Historical societies are formed for the preservation of such records; but old M.S.S. are almost as hidden and insecure in their archives, as in those from which they are thither removed.

The best way to preserve a document is to multiply it; and that may be done with convenience to the owner, and benefit to the public through the popular periodicals of the day. The originals of the papers thus published, might then properly enough be placed in possession of historical socie-

ties, college libraries, or the collections of the curious in such matters.

Actuated by the views above expressed, I offer for publication, to the Literary Messenger (which seems to be the most appropriate periodical for the purpose,) four papers. The first three will perhaps establish that the earliest organized and actual opposition to the Stamp Act, (the first step in the attempted tyranny of the mother country,) which was made in Virginia, and perhaps in any of the Colonies, took place in the county of Westmoreland.

The first of these papers appears to be the rough draft of the resignation of the magistrates of that county. It is without date or signature, and in these words:—

"We, the undersigned, magistrates of Westmoreland, think it highly expedient to give your Honors this timely information, that after the first day of November next, we are resolved, no longer to act in that capacity. Because, from that period the Act for establishing Stamps in America commences, which Act will impose on us a necessity of either not conforming to its directions; or, by doing so, to become instruments in the destruction of the most essential rights and liberties of our country. Therefore we are compelled, although animated by the firmest principles of loyalty to his Majesty, and veneration for the excellent constitution under which we have hitherto lived, to decline an office, which honor and virtue forbid, but which, as magistrates, our oaths would enforce the execution of."

From the contents of this paper it is obvious that it was written before November 1765—that being the period when the Stamp Act was to go into operation.

The next is a letter from Mr. Thomas L. Lee, in these words—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I have conferred with T. Mason, W. Brent and C. Bullett, upon the subject of your letter, and we have concluded that the most effectual, and in all respects, the most advisable method will be to pay Mr. R. a visit; and to insist on a declaration from him in writing, expressing the deepest sorrow for having formed so execrable a design, and promising in the most solemn manner, never to use the Stamp Paper unless authorized by the Assembly of Virginia. The two gentlemen first mentioned are gone this day to Prince William, Fairfax and Loudoun, to engage a band of choice spirits. I shall send an express to morrow to T. Bullett in Fauquier, and will, besides, communicate the plan to such others in this county as I think worthy to be employed in so noble a business. We propose to be in Leedstown in the afternoon of the 27th inst., where we expect to meet those who will come from

your way. R's profligacy is rather to be esteemed fortunate. The genius of liberty requires to be awakened; and this wretched Scotchman has afforded the sons of freedom a just occasion to rouse that generous fire, which is thought to be extinguished among us. Something too should be done with eclat, to restore us the esteem of our brothers on the continent. Another advantage will arise from it. Every infamous favorer of the Stamp Act, must know, that active minds are not wanting, who watch over their country's safety; and that every attempt, every declaration of the abandoned purpose, will surely expose to danger and disgrace. In short, nothing contributes more than achievements of this kind, well timed and prudently conducted, to animate the virtuous and deter the profligate.

"It is proposed that all who have swords and pistols shall ride with them; and those who choose it, a firelock. Some precaution of this kind may be necessary, as R., should he get intelligence, may, if surrounded by his fierce North-Britons, sustained by the crews of some vessels, with arms in their hands, reduce us to the necessity of a shameful retreat. This is not very probable; but the infant struggles of freedom should not be exposed to the possibility of a defeat.

"This will be a fine opportunity to effect the scheme of an association, and I should be glad you would think of a plan.

"The boy will bring you the grafts and cheek reel. We are all well here, and have the kindest wishes for you and Mrs. Lee, not forgetting my little blue eyed Amy, Ludwell and Bess.

I am, my dear brother's,
most affectionately.

(Signed) THOMAS L. LEE.
Thursday night."

The next document contains, probably, the scheme of the association referred to above. It is interlined in one or two places in the hand-writing of Richard Henry Lee, and he is the first subscriber. It is therefore, probably, from his pen; it is dated Feb. 27th, 1766. From this, we ascertain that the brother to whom the above letter was addressed, was R. H. Lee; and that it was written previously to Feb. 27, 1766. The articles of association are as follows—

"Roused by danger, and alarmed at attempts, foreign and domestic, to reduce the people of this country to a state of abject and detestable slavery, by destroying that free and happy constitution of government, under which they have hitherto lived. We, who subscribe this paper, have associated, and do bind ourselves to each other, to God, and to our country, by the firmest ties that religion and virtue can frame, most sacredly and punctually to stand by, and with our lives and fortunes, to support, maintain, and defend each other in the observance and execution of these following articles.

"First. We declare all due allegiance and obedience to lawful Sovereign, George the third, King of Great

Britain. And we determine to the utmost of our power to preserve the laws, the peace and good order of this Colony, as far as is consistent with the preservation of our Constitutional rights and liberty.

"Secondly. As we know it to be the Birthright privilege of every British Subject, (and of the people of Virginia as being such) founded on Reason, Law, and Compact; that he cannot be legally tried, but by his peers; and that he cannot be taxed, but by consent of a Parliament, in which he is represented by persons chosen by the people, and who themselves pay a part of the tax they impose on others. If therefore, any person or persons shall attempt, by any action or proceeding, to deprive this Colony of those fundamental rights, we will immediately regard him or them, as the most dangerous enemy of the community; and we will go to any extremity, not only to prevent the success of such attempts, but to stigmatize and punish the offender.

"Thirdly. As the Stamp Act does absolutely direct the property of the people to be taken from them without their consent expressed by their representatives, and as in many cases it deprives the British American Subject of his right to trial by jury; we do determine, at every hazard, and, paying no regard to danger or to death, we will exert every faculty, to prevent the execution of the said Stamp Act in any instance whatsoever within this Colony. And every abandoned wretch, who shall be so lost to virtue and public good, as wickedly to contribute to the introduction or fixture of the Stamp Act in this Colony, by using stamp paper, or by any other means, we will, with the utmost expedition, convince all such profligates that immediate danger and disgrace shall attend their prostitute purpose.

"Fourthly. That the last article may most surely and effectually be executed, we engage to each other, that whenever it shall be known to any of this association, that any person is so conducting himself as to favor the introduction of the Stamp Act, that immediate notice shall be given to as many of the association as possible; and that every individual so informed, shall, with expedition, repair to a place of meeting to be appointed as near the scene of action as may be.

"Fifthly. Each associator shall do his true endeavor to obtain as many signers to this association, as he possibly can.

"Sixthly. If any attempt shall be made on the liberty or property of any associator for any action or thing to be done in consequence of this agreement, we do most solemnly bind ourselves by the sacred engagements above entered into, at the utmost risk of our lives and fortunes, to restore such associate to his liberty, and to protect him in the enjoyment of his property.

"In testimony of the good faith with which we resolve to execute this association we have this 27th day of February 1766 in Virginia, put our hands and seals hereto.

Richard Henry Lee	William Sydnor
Will. Robinson	John Monroe
Lewis Willis	William Cocke
Thos. Lud. Lee	Willm. Grayson
Samuel Washington	Wm. Brockenbrough
Charles Washington	Saml. Selden
Moore Fauntleroy	Richd. Lee
Francis Lightfoot Lee	Daniel Tibbs
Thomas Jones	Francis Thornton junr.
Rodham Kenner	Peter Rust
Spencer M. Ball	John Lee jr.
Richard Mitchell	Francis Waring
Joseph Murdock	John Uphaw
Richd. Parker	Meriwether Smith
Spence Monroe	Thos. Roane
John Watts	Jas. Edmondson
Robt. Lovell	Jas. Webb junr.
John Blagge	John Edmondson

Charles Weeks	Jas. Banks
Willm. Booth	Smith Young
Geo. Turberville	Lawr. Washington
Alvin Moxley	W. Roane
Wm. Flood	Richd. Hodges
John Ballantine junr.	Jas. Upshaw
William Lee	Jas. Booker
Thos. Chilton	A. Montague
Richard Buckner	Richd. Jeffries
Jos. Pierce	John Suggett
Will. Chilton	John S. Woodcock
John Williams	Robt. Wormeley Carter
John Blackwell	John Beale junr.
Winder S. Keener	John Newton
Wm. Bronaugh	Will: Beale junr.
Wm. Peirce	Chs. Mortimer
John Berryman	John Edmondson jr.
John Dickson	Charles Beale
John Broome	Peter Grant
Edwd. Sanford	Thompson Mason
Charles Chilton	Jona. Beckwith
Edward Sanford	Jas. Samford
Daniel McCarty	John Belfield
Jer. Rush	W. Smith
Edwd. Ransdell	John Augt. Washington
Townsend Dade	Thos. Belfield
Lawr. Washington	Edgcomb Suggett
John Ashton	Henry Franks
W. Brent	John Bland junr.
Francis Foushee	Jas. Emerson
John Smith junr.	Smith Young
Wm. Ball	Thos. Logan
Thos. Barnes	Jo. Milliken
Jos. Blackwell	Ebenezer Fisher
Reuben Meriwether	Hancock Eustace
Edw. Mountjoy	John Richards
Wm. J. Mountjoy	Thos. Jett
Thos. Mountjoy	Thos. Douglas
John Mountjoy	Max. Robinson
Gilbt. Campbell	John Orr."
Jos. Lane	

[True copy from the original, this 25th day of Nov. 1841,
by S. J. Carr—Baltimore.]

If it be interesting to discover in the earlier poems of Milton, indications of that imagination which lavished its superlative treasures on the *Paradise Lost*, and the very expressions which sound along the lines of that sublime poem, it cannot be less so, to remark in the beginnings of a great event, the spirit which produced its consummation, and the phrases which were watchwords of its success! Every reader of the foregoing resolutions will discern in them that tone of feeling and eloquence, whose fuller development elevated their author into being chosen to move the declaration of Independence; and will remark too, characteristics of the phraseology of the renowned instrument which embodied it. Taken together with the resignation of the magistrates, and Mr. Lee's letter, this document sufficiently establishes the fact of an organized resistance, in the county of Westmoreland to the first act of the mother country, in that series of attempted oppressions which ended in the overthrow of her authority. To Mr. Henry seems to belong the immortal honor of first raising his voice against them. This oc-

curred in the session of the General Assembly preceding the date of this instrument, which was held in May 1765. But the resolutions he then introduced and procured by his matchless eloquence to be passed were confined to a remonstrance against the Stamp Act, and can scarce be said to have pointed at violent resistance. The gentlemen of Westmoreland appear to have gone further, and to have arrested the operation of the obnoxious law in that county; of which it may be said that it never, for a moment, at any period of its history, has submitted to unconstitutional government.

TO COL: LANDON CARTER OF SABINE HALL.

Chantilly, June 22nd 1765.

DEAR SIR: Is it true, that one of the best friends, as well as one of the most able of the community, intends to quit the service of his country at this most important crisis; when every mental, every corporeal faculty, that America possesses, should be strained to support its falling rights, against tyrannic power, in opposition to the most palpable privileges of human nature, the legal rights of America, and the constitutional freedom of British subjects? I yet hope, my friend, that you have only thought, not determined, on declining to take a poll at the ensuing election. When the cause of our dissolution is known, will ministerial cunning fail to suggest, that the people of Virginia disavow their Burgesses' claim to freedom, if a considerable change is made by them in their choice of new Representatives? Let us remove from despotism, every show of argument, and let us endeavor to convince the world that we are as firm and unanimous in the cause of Liberty, as so noble and exalted a principle demands.

The enclosed pamphlet is said to be written by the first Minister of Britain. If no better reasons can be assigned to support the measure he contends for, a strong proof is to be drawn from thence, of its intrinsic vileness. It shows indeed, that systems calculated to destroy Human Liberty, can only be maintained by vain sophistry and an idle affectation of wit, without one single ray of wisdom; and that such doctrines are as far remote from true policy, as they are closely connected with the futile genius of a dealer in expedients, who never is able, and seldom willing, to draw the necessary supplies of govt. from such sources only, as are consistent with the end of all govt., the safety, ease, and the happiness of the people.

I would recommend the pamphlet to your attention, not for its merit, but that it may receive a proper answer; and such an one it easily admits of as would make its author blush, if it be possible for a Minister to blush. But though an answer might fail to do this, it will certainly have weight with the cool and sensible part of mankind, and thereby perhaps, prevent the future extension of arbitrary unconstitutional power.

I am with the most perfect esteem, dear sir, your ever affectionate friend.

(Signed) RICHARD HENRY LEE.

From the same to the same.

Chantilly, Aug. 15th 1765.

DEAR SIR: I accidentally met with your favor the other day, and have now sent the book you were pleased to lend me in town. 'Tis well written, and should be well studied in these times, when the true nature of that Liberty should be understood, which our enemies beyond the water are so unjustly depriving us of. I am told that a gentleman in the North has so effectually and forcibly answered G. Grenville's pamphlet, that even the Minister himself, supported by his crew of hireling miscreants, dares not attempt

a reply. In time to come, it may be known, and sensibly felt, I hope, that America can find arms as well as arts, to remove the demon slavery from its borders. If I should live to see that day I shall be happy; and pleased to say with Sydney, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Farewell, that you may be happy as you can wish, is the earnest desire of your affectionate friend.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

From the same to the same.

Chantilly, Feby. the 2nd 1766.

DEAR SIR: Tired at length with vain expectation, I have determined to make that opportunity I have so long waited for, to answer your obliging favor of Novr. last. I am not surprised that your good sense should lead you to disapprove the proceedings that gave rise to the Gazette extraordinary. Absurdities are there too plain to be missed, nor do I hesitate to agree entirely with you in sentiment on that affair.

But what, my friend, is to be the issue of all this? Are we really to be enslaved by part of our own community, as a grateful return for the benefits they have derived from the danger and enterprize of our fathers? And have we hitherto been suffered to drink from the cup of Liberty, that we may be more sensibly punished by its being withdrawn, and the littler dregs of servility forced on us in its place? This truly will be adding wanton cruelty to excessive injustice. Indeed, every account seems to confirm their intention of abolishing our Liberty by the establishment of the most oppressive Acts,—for laws I cannot call them, as I agree altogether with their own maxims, *Nihil quod est contra rationem est licitum, quia ratio legis est anima legis*. This rule of judging the law should be applied to the making it also. Unhappily for us, Fortune, or whatever Being presides in such cases, seems to favor these detestable designs. Else, why are Devonshire, Cumberland and Churchill numbered with the dead, whilst Bute, Grenville and Townshend (I mean Charles), not only live, but live in power? You may judge what profit we can propose to receive from memorials, however fraught with reason, or filled with justice, when a gentleman, well informed, writes me from London in October last—"That every argument which zeal and reason could suggest was urged in vain to oppose the Stamp Act whilst it was under consideration; and that "one of the Ministry being much dissuaded from specifying the mode of taxation—the Minister replied passionately—"G—d d—m them; we will shew them that we have power "to tax them, and will tax them." I think this is more the breath of brutality than it is the voice of reason, and when brutes are allowed to govern men, deplorable, no doubt, must be the consequence.

I want greatly to see you, that we may converse seriously on this greatly important business, and I think of waiting on you as soon as my shoulder (lately hurt by a gun), permits me to travel.

I sent your packet for Mr. Green by a safe hand with charge not to let it contribute to establish despotism by going into the Post-Office. The bearer brings a letter for your son, which please deliver him with my compliments. The family at Sabine Hall have always my best wishes. I am, my dear sir, your ever affectionate friend.

(Signed) RICHD. HENRY LEE.

P. S. Can you spare me, for a short time, Churchill's Prophecy of Famine, and his poem on Retirement?

R. H. LEE.

The fourth and last of these papers is unconnected with the transactions to which the others refer, but it is addressed to one of the chief actors in them, and refers so agreeably to another, that

this may be as appropriate an occasion, as may speedily occur of submitting it to the public; and so few of the letters of Patrick Henry are in existence, and they are so eagerly sought for, that an apology would be rather necessary for withholding than for publishing it. It is addressed to Col: R. H. Lee, and is as follows:

Wmsburgh may 20th 1776.

DEAR SIR: Your two last favors are with me; and, for them both, I give you many thanks. Ere this reaches you, our resolution for separating from Britain, will be handed you by Col. Nelson. Your sentiments as to the necessary progress of this great affair, correspond with mine. For may not France, ignorant of the great advantages to her commerce, we intend to offer, and of the permanency of that separation, which is to take place, be allured by the partition you mention? To anticipate therefore, the efforts of the enemy, by sending instantly American Ambassadors to France, seems to me absolutely necessary. Delay may bring on us total ruin. But is not a confederacy of our states previously necessary? If that could be formed, and its objects for the present be only offensive and defensive, and guaranty respecting Colonial Rights, perhaps dispatch might be had, and the adjustment of Representation and other lesser matters, be postponed without injury. May not the Fishery be a tempting object? I think from the great French force now in the West Indies, some person, of eminent rank must be there to guide it. The Mississippi should be tho't. of. I thank you for the hint of the back lands. I gave an opinion, as a lawyer, to Brent on the subject of his and Croghan's purchase, and notwithstanding solicitations from every great land company in the West, I've refused to join them. I think a general confederation of Royal and British property should be made. The Fruits would be great, and the measure, in its utmost latitude, warranted by the late act of Parliament. The good work of forming a constitution for Virginia is now before the convention, where your love of equal liberty and your skill in public counsels, might so eminently serve the cause of your country. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I feel no great a Byass to Aristocracy prevails among the opulent. I own myself a Democratic on the plan of our admired friend J. Adams, whose pamphlet I read with great pleasure. A performance from Philaa. is just come here, ushered in, I'm told, by a colleague of yours B— and greatly recommended by him. I don't like it. Is the author a whig? One or (two) expressions in the Book make me ask. I wish to divide you, and have you here to animate by your manly eloquence, the sometimes drooping spirits of our country, and in Congress to be the ornament of yr. nation country, and the vigilant determined foe of Tyranny. To give you colleagues of kindred sentiments, is my wish. I doubt you have them not at present. A confidential agent of the matter to Col. Tom desiring him to use it according to his discretion, might greatly serve the public and vindicate Virga. from suspicions. Vigor, animation, and all the powers of mind and body, must now be summoned and collected together into one grand effort. Moderation, falsely so called, hath nearly bro't on us final Ruin. And to us those who have so fatally advised us, still guiding, or at least sharing our public counsels, alarms me. Adieu my dear sir, present me to my much esteemed F. L. L. and believe me

Yr. very affect. and obliged

(Signed) P. HENRY, Sr.

Pray drop me a line now and then.

To COLO. LEE.

I certify that the above is a correct and true copy—now inserted in a parenthesis

Geo. S. Brown

This postscript copied below, is on the back of the original letter, and partly destroyed.

P. S. Our mutual friend the General will be hampered if gra — not taken. Some Gentry throw out alarms that a Cong — power have swallowed up everything. My all to ju — I know how to feel for him.

True copy—

GEO. S. BROWN.

All the above papers, except the letters of Richd. H. Lee, were found among others, obtained by the late Genl. Henry Lee, from his illustrious relative R. H. Lee, probably at a time when he contemplated a more extended work on the Revolution than he accomplished in his limited memoirs. From him, they descended to his son Henry, from whom they came to me. The letters of R. H. Lee were obtained from Col. R. W. Carter of Sabine Hall, to whom they descended from Col. Landon Carter, to whom they were addressed. As materials for history, and to preserve them, I offer them to the public, Mr. White, through your valuable periodical. To authenticate them it may be proper to add my name. If so, you can do it.

CHARLES CARTER LEE.

THE ENTHUSIAST—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY J. MOSS BROWNE.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions; and that it is as absurd to expect them without it, as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.—*Bailey's Essays.*

I.

While many, of higher pretensions than I can boast, have passed away much of their life in the refined circles of fashionable society, I have been content to spend my leisure hours in solitary and pleasing thought. Nevertheless, it has been my fortune through life to be associated with a great variety of characters—from the political lion, whose stentorian voice resounds over the Union, to the most insignificant biped that 'ever trod shoe-leather.' My catalogue of acquaintances has many oddities of character in it. By far the most numerous of these, however, consist of poets, painters, critics, amateur musicians, and scribblers for fame. Without an exception, ambition is their ruling desire; and each secretly indulges in the hope, that he is destined to outstrip his fellows in the march of intellect. Surrounded from early youth by such persons as these, it cannot be wondered that I have imbibed many of their peculiarities, and shades of thought. My object in giving this cursory autobiography to the world, is to show the varied effects of an enthusiastic temperament, and to delineate, in some measure, the class to which I belong.

What little I know of my genealogy, would be uninteresting to the reader. I shall therefore dis-
pose of this part by simply referring to the fact,

that before I was fifteen years of age, Providence, at the death of my parents, left me to shift for myself. Unfortunately, I was not what is termed a quick-witted youth, being shy and silent, though sanguine in my disposition; and hence my education had been entirely neglected. No one could discover in any thing I undertook, whether to wrestle, jump, or deliver an extemporaneous speech in a Juvenile Lyceum, of which I was a member, the slightest promise of future excellence, physical or mental. This did not discourage me. I secretly enjoyed the belief that I was destined to be the envy and the admiration of mankind. For hours would I, in some pleasant alcove near my native village, indulge in those delightful flights of fancy which have tended so much to mislead me through life.

I have alluded to the neglect of my education. It must not be inferred, however, that I was altogether illiterate. How I learned to read, I can hardly say. If I may be excused a little egotism, I think I never did learn to read; for it strikes me I always knew something of that branch of a literary education. The village library, to which I had access, contained many tempting productions. Among the most useful of these were biographies, and sketches of distinguished poets, painters, and musicians. I had a peculiar taste for this sort of reading. Nothing in the range of fiction, possessed half so many charms for me, as the romantic career of a neglected genius—especially as I imagined my own life was destined to be fraught with similar interest.

The great Italian painters, whose history afforded me most unbounded pleasure, I looked upon as men inspired and godlike—to whose merits, no human tribute could do justice. Those quaint English poets, from the time of Chaucer to that of the great dramatist, seemed to me to be touched with the true spirit of poetry and romance; and in their lives, I found but a realization of the ideals which existed in their works. Mozart, Hayden, and all the great masters of harmony, were men for whom I entertained the most enthusiastic admiration. I needed but to read their biographies, and find myself transported into a world of euphony, in which the soul could revel in harmless yet intoxicating delight. Hoffmann, who combined so many of my favorite attributes, was an author whose devotion to music, and strange, eventful career, filled my mind with a thousand conflicting sensations. I almost adored him for his genius; and while I deprecated his vices, I must confess they afforded me the most intense interest. Thus, caring little whether my heroes—for the exuberance of my imagination caused me to view them in that light—were of the Sunny South, of the land of mystic fancy, or of that hallowed by the great masters of philosophy and song—I lived in a world, whose shadowy, spirit-like inhabitants, were my

Vinci. But here it was that the little god Cupid stepped in and frustrated all my arrangements.

The old gentleman who took such an interest in my welfare, was not only generous but wealthy. I believe I have hitherto omitted to mention his name, which was Belfin. Owing to his kindness, I spent many happy hours at his house; and it was there I first met her, who may be regarded as the heroine of my narrative. The practice of describing a beauty has become somewhat trite; but as a description is generally looked for, I cannot evade paying a slight tribute to the charms of my *dulcina*.

Fayette Belfin—a pretty name, by the way—was of course a most bewitching little creature. If I should describe her as my heart dictates, I would be thought very extravagant; but I promise the courteous reader, what I intend to say, shall be pure matter of fact.

Imagine her about the height of Pauline Bonaparte, or, to be classical, of Cleopatra—just sufficiently tall for a perfect beauty. She was perfectly formed—the first and most important consideration. A full, snowy, voluptuous bosom; a most exquisitely rounded arm; and, altogether, a cast of enbon-point truly captivating, were the chief characteristics of her person. Her face was purely classical in its contour. I think I never saw features more delicately chiselled. The lips were just of that delicious shape and color, which an enthusiastic admirer of beauty would delight to press in a

“Long, long kiss of youth and love.”

She had a fair skin; and a complexion of that warm, loving richness,

“Which wakes the wish, and melts the heart.”

Her eyes were blue. I have a partiality for blue eyes. Within Fayette's, sat the mischievous little god, shooting arrows of love into every tender heart. Her heart was formed, phrenologically speaking, for love and poetry; and her brilliant brown hair indicated the warmth of her temperament. I soon discovered that her disposition was exactly in accordance with this description.

To make an end of the matter, I fell desperately in love with this little goddess of beauty. But ‘the course of true love never did run smooth,’ and circumstances made it necessary that I should leave N—— forever.

V.

Slender as my resources were, I managed to reach the place of my destination—a village most romantically situated on the Ohio. I had heard so much of the scenery surrounding this place, and was so ardent an admirer of the picturesque, that I made it my embryo residence. I was not disappointed in my expectations, respecting the scenic beauty of the village. It was really a spot upon which nature had lavished her choicest charms.

There was one moonlight scene, and an event connected with it, which I can never forget.

Having succeeded in procuring a situation as assistant teacher in the village school, I found myself at leisure every evening to indulge in my favorite rhapsodies. I usually devoted an hour to traversing the neighboring cliffs, and admiring the splendors of a Western sunset; or musing in some leafy glen, over undefined aspirations of future greatness. The scene to which I have alluded, was one well calculated to inflame my romantic imagination.

Late one night, I wandered to the highest cliff in the neighborhood of the little village in which I sojourned. The moon was just peeping over a distant hill, giving a ghost-like appearance to the tall trees intervening; and gilding the Ohio, which swept in graceful curves beneath me, with such brilliant light, that it well merited its title—the “Silver Wave.” Immediately back, was a deep, dark ravine, echoing at intervals with the ominous cry of the owl. A range of craggy cliffs emerged from the gloom on the opposite side; the moonlit rocks, jutting up in various forms, looked like so many turrets and abutments of a magnificent city of palaces. At a distance of several leagues, in a bend of the river, which wound through the woods like a stream of pure silver, a steamer was pursuing its swift career, leaving behind it a long brilliant string of scintillations, producing a striking and beautiful effect. The measured sound of the steam echoed from hill to hill, with a thousand reverberations; between which, ever and anon, dying strains of music were borne to the ear. In a leafy glen to the left, the village of W—— could just be discerned—its white cottage-roofs glancing modestly through the surrounding foliage. Away on the distant horizon, were ranges of mystic hills—each growing fainter as they receded, till all were lost in a rich silvery haze. Over the whole, was a sky so calm—so delightfully illumined with pale, sleeping stars—so vast in its serene beauties, that the soul was awed and elevated with indescribable sensations, acknowledging the might and majesty of the Creator. Well might an enthusiastic admirer of nature feast his senses upon such a scene as this! Well might he seek to imbibe from it, that inspiration which would prompt the glory he desired to attain!

While I gazed in mute admiration on the sublime scene before me, I heard a rustling among the leaves close by. Before I could turn, to ascertain the cause, a tall ghost-like form rushed past me to the very verge of the cliff. His features were distinctly visible in the moonlight. They were noble, and beautifully chiselled, but deathly pale. His person was erect, yet too emaciated to be perfect. It was evident that he did not belong to the neighborhood. There was something about him which had the air of a city debau-

choe; and the scene I have endeavored to describe, seemed to fill him with remorse for a mis-spent life. Inspired with the serenity and grandeur of every thing around him, he turned his face to the orb that was rising from the distant hill, and poured forth an apostrophe so sublime—so eloquent, that I was transfixed to the spot. I had never listened to such language from human lips. It was powerful—beautiful—godlike. In a deep, melodious voice, he concluded with an affecting allusion to the death of hope, and to our final release from the troubles of this life. A presentiment of something terrible seized upon me. Before I could guess his purpose, the mysterious stranger cast one lingering look on the scene before him, and dashed headlong over the precipice! There was a wild, unearthly shriek—the dull echo of a falling body—a crashing sound among the rocks below—and all was still!

With sensations of the deepest horror, I hurried back to the village. Next morning the body of the unfortunate suicide was found crushed and mangled, beyond all hopes of identity. No clue was ever discovered to his name or history. A few scraps of impassioned poetry, without date or title, were found upon his person. Thus died one who was evidently gifted beyond the common lot of humanity. A lesson of the dreadful effects of intemperance was taught me, which I never forgot, or ceased to profit by.

VI.

The five years ensuing, formed somewhat of a hiatus in my life. It is true, they were not without incident; but that was of a nature uninteresting to a reader, fond, as I presume mine is, of romance. There are few things in the life of a village school-master, calculated to attract attention. The ample leisure which such an avocation afforded me, for reading and cultivating my favorite art, was the only inducement I had for remaining so long in W—; although the primitive manners, and simplicity of character of the villagers, were not without their charms for a reflective mind like mine.

Tired, at length, of the monotony of my life, I removed farther west, to a town proverbial for the refined taste of its inhabitants. I there set up a drawing-school on a new system. Among my pupils was a lady of a somewhat uncertain age, who had long enjoyed her single blessedness. This appeared to me rather strange, as she was not ill-looking; and, moreover, had a considerable fortune to recommend her. Poverty had cramped my mental energies long enough; so I thought there was no readier method of bettering my condition, than connecting myself with my pupil, Miss Claudia Langua. My advances were received with great favor; and in less than a month after first sight, I was a married man. Alas, how soon was I led to repent this mercenary act! My wife's temper was dreadful. When she discovered that it was

not exactly love for her person that induced me to take her as a partner, there was no end to her reproaches. Nothing could appease her. On my devoted head the direst abuse was poured.

Imagine a year of misery to have passed away, during which I had meekly submitted to every indignity that could be devised for my discomfiture.

The matrimonial miseries I suffered, had reached a point beyond human endurance. Night and day, my ears were beset with opprobrious epithets. I had no peace, save when nature's balmy restorer quitted, for a moment, my wife's tongue. Never was there a more pitifully, consummately, hen-pecked man! I did not pretend to retort, for I detested contention. Being ever peaceably disposed, I endeavored to adjust all matters amicably; but to no purpose. Claudia scorned to listen to reason. The less I said, the more she scolded; and yet, if I ventured to assert my rights, her vituperations were increased to a lamentable extent. My enthusiasm for the fine arts was rapidly evaporating. I was becoming one of the most fretful, miserable creatures in existence. Every day my face became paler, and my person more attenuated, till at length I was a mere walking skeleton. If, in the course of a short peregrination I met with some pleasant or lucky adventure, it was always my custom to impart it with joy and kindness to Claudia; but she treated my good intentions with contempt. My condition was really pitiable. I secretly resolved to leave her; for the bare idea of mentioning the subject of a separation in her presence, put me in a cold tremor. The valorous resolution formed, I chuckled to myself, in the words of Massinger,

"Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose renown time nor medicine could assuage,—
Thus do I put thee off!"

With the greatest secrecy, and not a few misgivings, I made my preparations. Every thing succeeded to my satisfaction. Claudia never discovered my absence, till she received a letter which I had left in the post-office, informing her of my resolution never again to show her the light of my countenance. I have since been told that on reading this epistle, her rage was ungovernable; and, indeed, it is with becoming grief I add, that after losing the only object upon which she could lawfully exercise her tongue, she gradually pined away, till death silenced her forever. Peace be with thee, Claudia! Mayest thou find that rest in the grave, which was unknown to thee while living!

VII.

By this time I had begun to despair of attaining any celebrity in the art which I had chosen for my profession. Disappointment, and want of patronage damped the ardor of my enthusiasm. In a fit of disgust, I resolved to give up painting, and try something more profitable.

I took up my residence in a large city, where I fancied my talents would be appreciated. Having sufficient money to meet my immediate wants, I turned my attention to writing poetry and plays. The first I soon discovered was a flat, stale, and unprofitable business. Whether the fact was owing to a want of merit in me, or a want of taste in the publishers, I cannot say; but it is quite certain, nothing from my pen in the poetical way, produced me a single cent. My plays were highly spoken of; and the managers of the theatres, to whom I submitted them, took great pleasure in having the productions decently murdered before the public; but, alas! I could get nothing for them—not even enough to cover the funeral expenses.

Driven to despair by want and disappointment, I resolved to try my hand, as a last resource, at novel-writing. In due time I produced a very grand affair. Elated with the successful manner in which I had disposed of my task, I took the work to the nearest publisher, persuaded he would jump at the lucrative offer I intended to make him. Here again I was taught a lesson. He turned over the pages—said the bibliography was pretty—spoke of hard times—great press of business—no time to examine the work, &c. Cursing the illiterate boor, I carried my manuscript to another publisher, rejoicing in the idea that the last had suffered a considerable loss. The next spoke in very condescending and encouraging terms. He even took the trouble to read a few pages, which he pronounced capital,—pithy—excellent—well calculated to be popular! But unfortunately he had too much business on hand, to attempt the publication of so great a work. Disgusted with the numerous replies of a similar nature, with which the publishers generally, favored me, I returned to my lodgings, and did no doubt the most prudent thing I ever did in my life—burned my novel!

This cursory and somewhat irregular autobiography draws to a close. I have been for many years an adventurer. My life has not been without its charms, fraught as it was with every vicissitude of fortune, from youth to age. There are many things which I might have done—many which should have been avoided. It is too late now, however, to fret about them. If I had the power to live again, I might do better. My history, I trust, is not without a moral. I have shown, in accordance with the motto which stands at its head, that application and study are the surest means of attaining intellectual distinction. However lofty may be our aspirations, and great as nature's gifts may be, they will avail very little, if not aided by sound thought, and severe study. I am now nearly thirty, and what have I done? Literally, nothing! Those hours which should have been employed in laying the foundation of that eminence to which I aspired, have been wasted in visionary dreams of greatness. I have depended

too much on my natural gifts of mind. The enthusiasm which should have led me to look well to the cause, has been concentrated on the effect; and thus the first has been overlooked, and the last has never been attained. I must confess, however, that I am still an enthusiast. What is inherent in me, cannot be eradicated. If I have failed in the realization of those ambitious dreams which have ever been my solace, I have profited by them, and afforded an example to the world which cannot fail to be of advantage. Thus, in some measure, I am consoled for my disappointments.

It is now my most delightful task to sit down, in some solitary nook, away from the bustle and turmoil of mankind, and think over the past. I am one of the happiest of mortals. I look only at the bright side of past events; and with a heart full of kindly feelings towards all living things, and an imagination unimpaired by age, I await that decree of time which will mingle me with the dust from which I came.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART V.

The French Knights supposing that the catastrophe at Gozo, related in the last chapter, might be told in Europe to their general disgrace, clamorously called for a council, by which all the circumstances of the siege, and surrender of the castle, might be made publicly known. Omedes, as a friend and countryman of De Sessa, rejected their proposition, saying that an absent commander, who was either dead, or a prisoner among his enemies, could not be justly tried for his conduct. Through the instrumentality of the Grand-Master, it was commonly believed that the Governor of Gozo died in its defence; and it was not until many years after, when De Sessa returned to the convent, having effected his escape by bribing his jailors, that people were aware of his existence. Being put under arrest, he underwent a trial, was acquitted of cowardice, and restored to his former dignity. This clemency, he owed rather to the commiseration of the monks for his long confinement, than to what he actually deserved.

When Gozo was depopulated, and all its dwellings destroyed, the Janizaries returned to their ships; and the Admiral, with a light but favorable breeze, shaped his course for Tripoli, the Lepis Magna of the ancients, a town built on the sand near the sea, and defended by old and dilapidated walls. Sinam arriving safely at Tachara, a small town distant some twelve miles from the westward of the city he had gone to besiege, was kindly received by Morat Aga, the Arab governor of the

district; who, not only gave him every facility for landing his army, but even sent one of his own cavalry with a summons to Gaspard La Vallier, promising that should he surrender, the garrison would be permitted to depart in peace; but should he refuse, and the place be taken by storm, he would treat it as a conquered town, and give it up to be sacked by his troops. The answer of the intrepid old Knight was as laconic, as brave. He said he had been entrusted by the Grand-Master with the defence of Tripoli, and so long as he had his existence, he would faithfully perform his duty.

The Turkish commander, well knowing the character of La Vallier, and being satisfied that nothing could be gained by threats, advanced with forty pieces of cannon to begin the siege. He had not, however, commenced his operations, when a vessel, under the French flag, having on board Gabriel D'Amaront, the ambassador of Henry II. to the Sublime Porte, arrived, and came to anchor in the midst of the Ottoman fleet. D'Amaront, while on his voyage to Constantinople, had accidentally stopt at Malta. Omedes, taking advantage of this circumstance, and fearing that all the European powers would blame him for his negligence should Tripoli be captured, earnestly begged of the French ambassador to change his destination and act as a mediator between Sinam and himself.

D'Amaront, going to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, was graciously received by the Turks, to whom he quickly made known the object of his visit. The Admiral as quickly however put an end to all negotiation, by showing the instructions which he had received from the Sultan, and saying that if he did not obey them, he should, on his return to Constantinople, pay for his disobedience by the loss of his head. This argument was conclusive, and the Frenchman was preparing to take his departure for the purpose of carrying the petition in person to Selyman, when he found himself detained by the Ottoman Admiral, who had ordered his vessel to be completely unrigged. D'Amaront strongly protested against this detention, remarking that he was the representative of a powerful monarch, who was at peace with the Sultan; that he was charged with despatches from his government, which were of the utmost importance to both powers, and which ought to be immediately delivered to the Turkish Divan, to whom they were directed by the hand of his King. Sinam, not wishing to take the responsibility of refusing to grant the ambassador his liberty, called his councillors together; they decided that he should be kept where he was, though his every other wish should be gratified; and all in the camp were ordered to treat him with the most marked attention.

On the 8th of August, the Turkish batteries were opened upon the Tripoline castle; but with

little execution, as it was the only well fortified point of all the fortifications.

Several days after the siege was commenced; and when, under the spirited fire of the Knights, many of the Infidels had fallen, an apostate villain, who was born in Provence; and who acted as a spy to Aga Morat, escaped from the city, and advised Dragut to turn his attention to another place, where the walls could be soon overthrown, and his soldiers effect an entrance. Forty hours after this advice was given, La Vallier, being persuaded that Tripoli could no longer be defended, left his fortress; and, through the intercession of D'Amaront, succeeded in making a favorable capitulation with the Ottoman general. The soldiers, not knowing the terms of the treaty, and supposing they were to have their liberty, tumultuously left their quarters, and took to the plains. Aga Morat, however, soon convinced them of their error; for, surrounding the whole body with his cavalry, he made them all his slaves. Bitterly did these poor captives repent of their cowardly conduct during the siege; for they thought that their sufferings in bondage would be more grievous than death.

Des Roches, who commanded a fort, and had a garrison of two hundred Calabrians, resolutely refused to submit, unless Dragut would promise to him and his soldiers a safe conveyance to Malta. As it was a position which could be desperately defended, the Turk was obliged to accede to the terms; he sent a ring from his finger, as a token that he would faithfully fulfil his promise. Thus was Tripoli conquered on the 15th of August, 1551, after having been held by the Christians something more than forty years from the time of its capture by the Count of Navarre.

When Sinam had got all the Knights in his power, wholly regardless of his oaths, he stripped them of their habits, and treated them as slaves. He expected that he should receive for their ransom, a sum which might be sufficient to defray the whole expense which he had been at, to get possession of their city. The French ambassador, enraged at this behavior, boldly told the haughty mussulman, that should he not strictly fulfil the terms of the treaty, the Sultan would lose all the honor of his victories by the treachery of his conduct. This language, so plainly spoken, had the desired effect; for the monks were soon released from their chains, and permitted to embark on the galleys which were to carry them to their convent.

The day after the Turkish Admiral hoisted his flag on the bastions of Tripoli, he had a splendid pavilion erected, and sent an invitation to D'Amaront and La Vallier to dine with him. This they accepted, hoping, that when the wine was passing, they might obtain a promise for the liberation of some of their friends, who were still held in bondage. Their hopes were not fruitless; for twenty

more Christians were released, on condition that thirty Janizaries, who were made prisoners at Malta, should be set at liberty on their arrival.

There unfortunately chanced to be among the Christian captives, an old gunner, named John de Chabas, who was known to have shot off the hand of the "Clarke general" of the Mussulmen army. When the dinner was finished, which had been of the most magnificent description, and while the hundred Turkish guests, dressed in their long robes of golden cloth, of velvet, and damask, were still seated around the festive board, a call was made for de Chabas; he was soon brought, accompanied by a few savage wretches, who were to act as his executioners. When the hoary-headed old soldier was told of the manner in which he was to die, his fortitude for a moment failed him; but he quickly recovered his firmness, and bravely perished as a martyr to the Christian religion. The Turks after lopping off the ears and nose of the Spaniard, inhumed him to his breast in the earth, and fired at his head and shoulders, until they saw he was nearly dead, when they put an end to his existence by cutting his throat.

The Ambassador and Knight, after being compelled to witness this sad tragedy, took their leave; and, embarking, set sail for Malta, where they arrived on the afternoon of the second day of their passage. Much to the surprise of D'Amaront, when he was preparing to enter the harbor, he found the progress of his vessel impeded by a chain, and the soldiers of St. Angelo under arms. Laying off the island under easy sail during the night, he made his appearance again in the morning, when he was allowed to anchor, and received permission to land. The ambassador, immediately going to the palace, was received by the Grand-Master in a most distant and uncourteous manner. Being told by Omedes of the suspicion which the Order entertained of his having, in his recent embassy to Tripoli, leagued in a treacherous manner with La Vallier to surrender the place, he repelled the charge with the utmost indignation, and demanded to be publicly heard. A council being called, D'Amaront stated, that he accepted of the thankless service at the earnest desire of the Grand-Master, who, being aware of the error he had committed in not sending a sufficient force for the defence of Tripoli, now that it was captured, was trying to throw the blame of it on the shoulders of others, which he alone ought only to bear. He stated also that his duty had been faithfully performed; and he sincerely trusted that the conditions which he had made with the Turkish Admiral for the ransom of the Knights, would be strictly and honorably performed. The ambassador, finding his statements were not generally believed, and his requests were not likely to be complied with, left the assembly in disgust; and returning to his galley, did not again land, while he

remained at the island. He even carried his enmity so far, that when sailing out of the port for Constantinople, he would not salute the garrison; which was always customary with a Christian ship.

At the suggestion of Omedes, La Vallier and three others of the principal monks, who had returned from Tripoli, were thrown in prison, and there detained until a court had been formed, over which a secular judge, named Anthony de Combe, was called to preside. The Grand-Master, who was a known enemy of La Vallier, and who had given him his appointment in Barbary, only to have him absent from the Chapter, was particularly anxious that he should be found guilty of having betrayed his trust; therefore he appointed only those to sit in judgment, who were his creatures, and who would bring in just such a verdict as he might wish. Villegagnon, who was present during the time the witnesses were undergoing their examination, and who observed the unjust manner in which the trial was conducted, rose in court, and with that generous intrepidity for which he was famed, openly declared, that he would act as counsel for the accused, who would certainly be found guilty, if no one was permitted to speak in their defence. He stated that in his opinion, the loss of Tripoli was only to be ascribed to the negligence and avarice of the Grand-Master, who was more desirous of enriching his relatives, than of sustaining the dignity of the Order. Villegagnon further declared in a still louder voice, that the funds which were placed aside only for the defence of that city, been lawfully appropriated, the prisoners at the bar would have never been found in their present unfortunate situation.

The French Knights were pleased with the manly conduct of their leader, and coincided with him in their opinions. Omedes, enraged at this accusation, was aroused to greater exertions, that he might carry his point, and have La Vallier condemned. But the statements of all those who testified against the accused, were declared by Villegagnon to be false; and he called sixty respectable persons to sustain him in this his sweeping declaration.

The trial being finished, de Combe, in full council, gave the following verdict: that although it was true the loss of Tripoli was occasioned in a measure by the cowardice of the garrison; yet any Knight, who yielded a post with which he had been charged, without the consent of the Grand-Master, was liable to be degraded; and he therefore adjudged all the prisoners to be deprived of their habits and expelled from the Order. Omedes, expressing himself dissatisfied with this sentence, as he wished to save the three Spanish monks who had been condemned, reversed the verdict of de Combe, and declared that La Vallier only should suffer; he having been the chief in

command, and having signed the terms of the capitulation. This contemptible conduct of the judge so enraged the Knights of the different languages, that they swore on their honors not to permit the sentence to be carried into execution, unless made to bear equally on all. The bailiff, Sobilling, in his excitement, publicly called de Combe a profligate villain; while Niguer, a Castilian, as openly said he was a wretch, and only a fit instrument to carry the wishes of the Grand-Master into effect, be they what they might.

Omedes was, much to his mortification, obliged to succumb to the popular will; but it was only for a time, as he shortly after reinstated Fuster, de Sousa, and Herrera, to their former dignities; though his hostility to La Vallier never ceased; and this aged Knight, who was more imprudent than culpable, was left to linger in confinement.

Henry II., having been informed of the treatment which D'Amaront received from the Grand-Master, sent a messenger, named Belloy, with a letter demanding of him an explanation, and to be made acquainted whether his envoy had been guilty of those transactions, which he had been pleased, by his emissaries, to circulate in Europe against him. After much deliberation in his council, Omedes retracted his accusations; though the friends of Charles V. would never believe but that the statements were true.

While the convent was disturbed by these dissensions, Leo Strozzi, the Prior of Capua, and the same Florentine Knight, whom we have before named as having been appointed by Omedes Admiral of his galleys, but who afterwards accepted of a French command, arrived at Malta, and sought the Grand-Master's protection. This request not being granted—it being the wish of Omedes to compel him to enter the Spanish service—Strozzi, calling himself "the friend of God alone," put to sea, and for a year made prizes of every thing which came in his way; though he landed the crews of all Christian vessels in safety, and gave them their personal effects. Having been particularly fortunate in his cruise in the Levant, he purchased a magnificent church ornament, which he sent to the image of our lady of Philermo, at Malta. On the borders of this ornament, were embroidered these words of St. John—"He came to his own, and his own received him not." Strozzi directed his messenger, by whom he sent his gift, to make an application that he might be admitted as one of the convent; but this petition was sternly refused; Omedes declaring that should the Prior of Capua make his appearance, he would be treated as an enemy, and be fired upon from his batteries. When this answer was made known to the Knights, a meeting was called, and a letter written to Strozzi, informing him, that were he to come he would be well received, and his wishes complied with. This intimation was sufficient for the Prior to act upon.

Sailing directly for Malta, he was joined on his landing by many of the most respectable monks, who accompanied him to the palace of the Grand-Master, and urgently requested that he might be reinstated as one of their body. Omedes, awed by the high bearing of Strozzi, and aware that he could not refuse the request of his companions without running the risk of having a rebellion in the Order, made a merit of necessity, and received him as a friend—expressing a hope that when he had recovered from the fatigues of his voyage, he would make a survey of the island, and observe what places might be the most easily and most effectually defended. The Prior executed this service with the utmost alacrity, and reported a plan to the council, which, if it could have been accepted, would have rendered Malta impregnable. The suggestions which he made were every way worthy of his talents and character. He proposed the erection of a town on Mount Sceberras, and the building of a splendid fortress for its defence. The idea was only abandoned because the state of the treasury would not sanction so heavy an expense. Two forts, however, were ordered to be immediately built; the one on Sceberras, to be called St. Elmo; and the other on Mount St. Julian, to be designated as St. Michael; both being named in commemoration of the castles which defended the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes. Engineers and building materials were sent from Sicily with the greatest expedition; and so anxiously did the Knights labor, that in the brief space of six months both fortifications were finished. St. Elmo still remains as a monument to the memory of Strozzi; it being one of the most perfect fortresses of the present age.

Omedes, finding he could not prevail upon the Prior of Capua to enter in the Spanish service, and dreading his every-day increasing influence in the Order, expressed a wish that he would take charge of an expedition that he was preparing to send against Zoara, a wealthy town in the province of Tripoli; and which, from its exposed situation by land, he had understood could be easily captured. Strozzi, wishing to distinguish himself, willingly accepted of this command; setting sail on the 6th of August, with a few galleys, having on board one thousand men and three hundred monks, he arrived safely on the coast of Barbary, and near to the place which he had gone to attack. By an unfortunate mistake of the pilot, the troops were landed some two leagues more distant from Zoara than was necessary, which caused them, during the night, a tedious march of several hours over a long and sandy plain.

The Christians were divided into three bodies, and led by experienced Knights. Passing through the gates of the town, which they found open and unguarded, they had perfect possession of the place before the citizens were aroused to their danger,

by the sound of the drums, and the clangor of arms. When the soldiers found they had nothing to fear from the inhabitants, they scattered themselves in every direction, and committed all those excesses which were usual in a captured city. As the commander, La Vallette, was employed in conducting some fifteen hundred prisoners, of all ages, down to the beach, to have them embarked, he was saluted by a Moor, who had formerly been in his service, and who inquired if he was aware that a body of four thousand Turks were in full march to attack him? Strozzi, on his receiving this information, quickly sounded a retreat; but the troops were so scattered, that the signal was not generally heard; and Mogat Aga entering at the moment with his army, a desperate conflict took place in the streets of the half sacked town. Though the Maltese fought with their usual bravery, yet they could not, against such numbers, gain any signal advantage. The Prior hearing of the death of his nephew, and anxious to avenge it, advanced at the head of some soldiers, and threw himself in the midst of the fight. Being severely wounded, he would have certainly been killed, had not Torcillas, a Majorcan Knight of great strength and courage, taken him up in his arms, and carried him to the shore; whence he was taken to his galley. The commander Copier, and the monks Soto Major and St. Jaille, magnanimously lost their lives, while assisting in the escape of De Strozzi. Cassiere, the standard-bearer, forming his few remaining men in a square, successfully repelled the numerous attacks of the Turkish cavalry; and, getting to the beach, waded off to the boats, which had been brought as near as the shallow water would permit.

During the whole of this anxious period, never, for a moment, was the flag of the Order furled; and though its folds had been pierced with bullets, its fragments were preserved. In this sad attempt on Zoara, many distinguished Knights perished. The language of Italy lost three who were particularly renowned, Valperga, Sporza, and Justiniani; while of the French, sixteen, all descended from the first families in their country, were left among the slain.

It would appear as if the Christians brought their misfortunes upon themselves; for had they been content with merely sacking the town, they could have executed their object, and retired in safety. It was the permission they gave to their soldiers to ravish the Moorish women, that brought down the vengeance of God upon them, and caused their destruction. Strozzi was so weak from his wounds, that when he returned to Malta, he was carried to his palace on a plank.

Fauncyng that he did not receive that attention from the Grand-Master which his conduct deserved, he took command of some galleys, and sailed on a cruise even before he had recovered his health. In

this service he was so fortunate, that when his prizes arrived, "opulence and plenty were restored to the whole island."

Early in the summer of 1553, an envoy, named Hosmadon, was sent to Omedes, from Mary Queen of England, requesting that an accredited agent might be sent to her court, as she was disposed to restore to the Order those possessions of which she thought it had been unjustly deprived by her father. The Chevalier de Montferrat was employed on this embassy, and reinvested in the estates which formerly belonged to the convent. Sir Richard Seely, for his exertions in this negotiation, was appointed Grand-Prior of London. During the reign of Elizabeth, this investment was annulled; and never after were the British Knights permitted to draw any public revenues from England.

D'Omedes, who had been for a long time in ill health, breathed his last on the 6th of September, 1553, in the seventeenth year of his sovereignty, and eightieth year of his age. So unpopular was he with the monks, that it was even proposed to have his funeral expenses paid from his private property. This proposition, however, was rejected; and he was buried with the usual ceremonies, not at the public charge.

When a council was called to appoint a successor to D'Omedes, Leo de Strozzi was named, and would have surely been chosen, had not Gagnon, the great defender of the Order, and one of the elective number, been called upon for his opinion; which he gave to the following purport: He observed, that no one could respect the Prior of Capua for his courage, good conduct and experience, more than he did; but he was a sworn enemy to the house of Medicis; and, should he be elected as their chief, what security had they, that he would not, on some pretence or other, employ their galleys against that family, and thus bring upon them the hatred of the Spanish Emperor; and, in the event of their being attacked by the Turks, then effectually prevent their getting any assistance from Italy?

So true and disinterested did this argument appear, that the electors almost unanimously declared in favor of Claudius de la Sangle, a Frenchman, who was Grand-Hospitaller of the Order, and ambassador at the court of Rome. The Pope was so pleased with the choice, that he made his election known to the Romans, by a general salute from his fortress of St. Angelo. Three Knights, Gagnon, Pascatore and Bernardin, who had been chiefly instrumental in the appointment of La Sangle, not long after, suddenly died, and under circumstances which led it to be generally believed, that they had been poisoned by Perpaille, one of Strozzi's servants. The Prior never recovered from the imputation of having been concerned in this villainous transaction.

Charles V., having heard that the Grand-Master

would embark from Messina, where some Maltese galleys were to be present to receive him, sent an envoy, Acugna, with instructions to the Viceroy, to pay him the most marked honors; saying he could not show too much attention to one, "who was at the head of an Order, which was the bulwark of his Italian dominions." Acugna was ordered to inform La Sangle, that he had visited Sicily only for the purpose of bringing to him the congratulations of the Emperor on his election. This statement might have been believed, had he not, at his interview, made mention of another subject which appeared to be of more importance to the interests of the Spanish court. Charles V. was anxious to rid himself of the trouble and expense of supporting a garrison at Mehedra; therefore he proposed that the convent should be removed from Malta to that city; flattering himself that the Knights would readily accept of his offer, as it would recompense them, in a measure, for the loss of Tripoli, and give them a tenable position in the midst of their enemies on the African shore. To make the proposition the more palatable, the Emperor promised to allow for the expense of their removal, the continual yearly sum of seventy-two thousand livres, which were to be paid out of his Sicilian revenues. As La Sangle did not feel himself authorized to give a definite answer, he invited Acugna to accompany him to Malta; which invitation was accepted. They both arrived there on the 1st of January, 1554.

After the Grand-Master had been installed on his throne, a council was called, and the envoy requested to make known the object of his mission. When the subject had been discussed, it was unanimously resolved to send a deputation of eight of the most experienced commanders to visit Mehedra, and make a report whether or not it would be advisable to accept of the Emperor's offer. The account which the Knights gave on their return, was not at all favorable for their removal. They admitted that its fortifications were in good order; but they stated that the situation of them could have hardly been worse; for they were built on a peninsula which jutted into the sea; they could afford but little protection to their galleys, which to them, as a maritime Order, was so absolutely necessary. Two monks were sent to Spain to inform the Emperor of the reasons which had influenced the convent to remain where it was.

Although Charles V. appeared satisfied with this decision, yet the Viceroy of Sicily took umbrage at it, and forbid the exportation of corn; supplies of which were so necessary for the Maltese. To get this edict removed, La Sangle was compelled to send several galleys, commanded by Strozzi, to drive away the Moslem pirates, who were cruising on the Sicilian coast.

While the Prior of Capua was employed on this duty, and laying with his squadron at Palermo, he

received a letter from his brother, stating that Henry II. had given him the command of his army in Italy, and was desirous that he should take charge of his fleet. This appointment Strozzi was determined to accept, hoping that he might, with the aid of his friends on shore, be enabled to overthrow that dynasty, which had driven his father, in desperation, to seek that peace in the tomb which he could not find on earth.

The Viceroy, fearing that Strozzi might be thus bought, was preparing to obey the instructions of Charles V., and to prevent the Maltese galleys from leaving the harbor, when the Prior effected his escape by a stratagem, which one only of his talent and courage could plan and carry into execution. Being seated at dinner with the Viceroy, one of the Knights entered and remarked, that he had seen some Turkish galleys on the coast which he thought might be easily surprised and taken. The Prior, rising from the table, said, with a smile, that he hoped to have them in a few hours safely anchored in port. The Governor, never supposing that it was a trick, permitted him quietly to take his leave, and wished him all the success which his promptness deserved.

When the Admiral got outside of the island, he set sail for Malta; and on his arrival, resigned his situation, giving it to be understood, that with two galleys of his own, and one of his brothers, he intended to cruise on his private account. Many of the young monks, anxious to serve under so experienced a leader, engaged in this expedition. Some few Italians and Spaniards, on Strozzi's making known his true intentions, asked their dismissal; but a large number still remained, saying, that they were willing to engage in any service where he should be their chief.

Sailing for the coast of Tuscany, the Prior stopt at Ercole; here he was advised by the French General, who occupied the place, not to make any movement, until he should be joined by a squadron of Provençal ships, which, from the time they had been at sea, might be daily expected. Strozzi, observing that where his enemies were so near he could never be quiet, formed the rash and insignificant project of seizing upon the fortress of Scarlino. Landing to reconnoitre the position, he was unfortunately recognized by an ignorant mountaineer, who was laying in ambush, and shot him in the side; causing a wound, which terminated his existence in less than twenty-four hours after it was given.

Thus ignobly fell one of the most distinguished naval commanders of his day; a man who, had his moral character been equal to his courage, would have doubtless been seated on the Maltese throne.

Less than a year after Strozzi had been entombed in the cathedral of Porte Ercole, Cosmo de Medicis, with a feeling unbecoming a Christian

warrior, had his ashes removed from their resting-place and thrown into the sea.*

Pariot de La Vallette, who succeeded to the command of the galleys of the Order, soon became celebrated for his successes against the Turkish pirates, whom he compelled to leave their cruising grounds, on the coasts of Sicily and Naples, and keep more confined to their havens. Several of the commanders, stimulated by his exertions, fitted out vessels at their own expense, and sailed with such good fortune, as to prevent the Barbary corsairs from making their appearance between the straits of Gibraltar, and the mouths of the Nile.

The Sultan, incensed at their daring, made a promise to his Divan, that he would expel the Knights from Malta as he had done from Rhodes. This information having been conveyed to the convent by some spies whom they had always in their employ at Constantinople, La Sangle turned his attention to the repairing of his forts, and in sending messengers to the different Christian powers, begging them to give their assistance should Selyman attempt to carry his threat into execution. So thoroughly did the Grand-Master fortify the peninsula of St. Michael, that in honor of him it was called the Isle of La Sangle, which name it bears to this day.

On the afternoon of the 23d of September, 1556, a dreadful hurricane passed over Malta, destroying many buildings, and killing five hundred of its inhabitants. It continued but half an hour, and was accompanied with torrents of rain. Four galleys were overset, and most of the officers, with their crews, perished. The monks, Lescat and Romegas, are particularly named; whose sad fate on this occasion was severely mourned. When the Grand-Master was personally employed in righting one of these vessels, he heard a noise, which induced him to have a hole cut in the bottom, from which first issued a monkey, and afterwards out of the same aperture, the Chevalier de l'Escure and several other Knights made their appearance; they had miserably passed the night, up to their chins in water, and with hardly air enough to preserve them from suffocation.

Dragut, ever watchful to seize any opportunity, which should present itself, to distress the Knights, when he heard of this disaster, set sail with a large fleet, and made his appearance off their island. Not thinking himself sufficiently strong to attack the forts, he was content to land some Janizaries and ravage the villages. Before, however, he had

* When Lewis of France was advised by his friends to overthrow the monument which covered the remains of the Duke of Bedford at Roan, he made this memorable answer: "God forbid that I should give way to such a dishonorable act, as to disquiet his dead bones, who when he was alive made all France fear and dread him. It savors too much of a base and sordid mind, to insult upon a dead lion." A striking contrast this of the conduct of Cosmo de Medici, to the ashes of Strozzi.

time to embark with his prisoners and spoil, the commander Lustic, Grand-Marshal of the Order, sallied out with three hundred monks, and attacked him so fiercely that he lost many of his men, and with difficulty himself escaped.

Francis de Lorraine, getting his squadron in readiness, put to sea for the purpose of meeting with Dragut, and giving him battle. Not falling in with the Turkish Corsair, he cruised along the Barbary coast, and made so many captures, that on his return to Malta his galleys were laden with spoil.

One of the last acts which the Grand-Master performed prior to his decease, was to make himself acquainted with the circumstances of La Vallier's trial and condemnation. Being satisfied that the verdict was given more from party spirit than justice, he ordered the commander to be released from his confinement, though he did not reinstate him as a Knight.

La Sangle died on the 15th of September, 1557, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and fourth of his reign. The monks, in gratitude for his magnificent bequest of sixty thousand crowns to their treasury, ordered that twelve thousand livres should be added to the dowry of his niece, Mademoiselle de Montchanar; they moreover purchased some splendid church ornaments, on which they caused the name and arms of their deceased Prince to be richly embroidered.

It is said that La Sangle was the first who introduced the round velvet cap; as before his time, the Grand-Masters had the antique toque, with three points and a fold, very like those now worn by priests.

This epitaph remains on La Sangle's monument.

D. O. M.

Frater Claudius De La SANGLE,

Vir animo libero, modestoque post expugnatam, eo triremium duce, Aphricam; dum Romæ secundo legatum, hospitarius ageret, ad magistratum hospitalis inde vocatus, mores exemplo, legibusque componens, procellis temporum superior; arcem novamque Sangleam condens sibi parrus, magnis opibus ærario congestis, sexagesimo tertio ætatis anno cum veterem urbem inviserit, ibi lætali, deliquio correptus festinantur, ut castra, sed pie et constanter obiit XV Kal Septembris, MDLVII. Sedit annos tres, menses undecim, dies septem.

Frater Carolus De Angeat Seneschallus
Et Christophorus De Montegauldrit œconomus,
Propensum erga se Domini memores,
Supremum hoc pietatis officium curavere.

PEDANTS.

The profound logician, Samuel Clarke, was fond of robust exercise, and was frequently found leaping over tables and chairs. Once, perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, "Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in."

THE PROTECTIVE POLICY.

[Whilst the Messenger has been chiefly designed for the lighter and more elegant departments of Literature, yet we have never excluded discussions upon graver subjects, and especially such as may be ranked as National Questions, involving the interests and happiness of our Country. We have never dabbled in mere party politics, and, knowingly, never shall; but we do not consider an essay, or argument, on the tariff policy, as belonging to that narrow field of opinion. The expediency of fostering, by adequate duties, our own industry,—whether Manufacturing, Commercial, or Agricultural,—is a great American question; and ought to be decided by the lights of philosophy and experience,—not by the baleful prejudices of over-excited party zeal. Great and good men of all parties, and of all opinions on other subjects, have differed respecting it,—and this very diversity, ought to be promotive of the cause of Truth—if the pursuit of it be characterized by temper and candor. We persuade ourselves that the following article, though upon a subject usually esteemed dry and barren, will be found by no means uninteresting. The embellishments and illustrations which the author has employed, will even be acceptable to our fair readers,—for we have a much higher opinion of the dignity of the sex, than to suppose that nothing but a sentimental love tale, or a beautiful sonnet, can interest them. We need scarcely say, that an essay or article defending the opposite side of the question, if not of greater length, and written in the right spirit and temper, shall be cheerfully inserted in the Messenger.]—*Ed. Soc. Lit. Mess.*

The subject of the protective policy, at all times one of deep interest to the country, has assumed in the present posture of our national affairs, the most commanding importance. Perhaps no one question, agitated in our public councils since the last war with England, has excited such fierce and bitter contests, or brought into conflict superior energies of mind. The din of battle in the Halls of Congress has been echoed and re-echoed by the Legislatures of the States, and by a powerful press; and, what is always to be dreaded in a Republic like ours, the discussions upon abstract points of political economy, have been sharpened by a sense of supposed injustice to geographical portions of the Union. The writer of this article, a native of this state, and connected with Southern interests and feelings by every tie of social existence, has entertained for nearly a quarter of a century, a deep and settled conviction, that in reference to this subject, great and mischievous errors have prevailed, and do still prevail, in the Southern portion of our country. Cherishing this conviction with perfect sincerity, and after the most impartial investigation, it is natural that he should be desirous of impressing his own views upon other minds; especially as the vital interests of the country are believed to be deeply involved in the final issue of the controversy. The proposition therefore, which it is proposed to discuss, and to which the candid attention of the readers of the Messenger is invited, is this:—*that there is an absolute obligation upon every parental government, and particularly ours, to protect the industry of its own citizens*

against foreign rivalry. In sustaining this proposition, it will not be necessary to enter into tedious statistical details; and far less, will it be important to combat the shadowy subtleties and air-built theories of political economy. Some allusion, it is true, to the lofty and high-sounding pretensions of that science, will be unavoidable; but the subject itself, will be treated as a plain and practical one;—and, where illustrations are necessary, those will be preferred, which are drawn from the volume of experience,—a volume, of far greater value as a guide to human conduct and political legislation, than all the specious and delusive fallacies of the schools. Let it not be supposed either, that there is the slightest desire or design to tread upon party ground. It is much to be deplored that this great question—which equally concerns every party and every class in society—which is alike interesting to the hardy pioneer of the West,—to the laborious artizan or enterprising merchant of the North and East,—and to the opulent planter or farmer of the South;—which, in its solution, needs the calmness of matured reflection—the wisdom of long experience, and the integrity of tried patriotism; it is much to be lamented, we say, that such a question, should be degraded from the high rank it is entitled to occupy,—and should be constantly thrown like a foot-ball, into the arena of party strife. Is it not painfully true, that the very word *tariff*—which is susceptible of the most precise definition,—and which, in itself, is as harmless and inoffensive as any other term in the English language, has not only been totally perverted from its true meaning,—but has also been employed, and employed successfully, as a powerful weapon of attack, in the strategy of party warfare? In the minds of many, this innocent word of two syllables, is associated with images of plunder and oppression; and if, at any time, unluckily, the adjective *protective*, be prefixed to it, there is hardly any limit to the horror which seems to be inspired. A *tariff* is dreadful enough of itself,—but a *tariff of protection*, is a huge, horrid and deformed monster,—the apparition of some giant Polyphemus,—which every chivalrous Ulysses of the age, is eager to encounter and destroy. It has been often said, and said most truly, that words are things. They are not merely significant signs or sounds,—but frequently, without reference to their true meaning, they exercise a magical sway over the imagination,—revive the faded impressions of memory,—kindle the liveliest emotions of the heart,—and rouse the most turbulent passions of our nature. The adroit and hackneyed tactician, who aspires to control popular sentiment, well understands their power and use.

What is a tariff?—Simply a schedule of the rates of tax or duty, which the government imposes upon the introduction of foreign products, or merchandize—designed generally for the two-fold

purpose of raising a revenue, and of guarding and preserving the domestic, home-born, and vital interests of the country. Yet how different is this definition from that which is usually given by the mere trader in party politics, who looks at the subject through the dim medium of his own narrow prejudices. Let it be considered in its true character, and upon its own intrinsic merits.

Most persons admit the expediency of raising money for public purposes by a tax on imports. It is not only collected with more ease and convenience, but, of all the forms of contribution to the national treasury, it is by far the most just and equitable,—being a tax (when it operates at all as a tax,) on voluntary consumption. Some few visionaries are to be found even in our own country, who, impelled by blind hostility and prejudice towards the whole system, would prefer to see the custom-houses demolished in our seaports, and the land covered with swarms of tax gatherers and excisemen; invading, like the plagues of Egypt, the privacy, security and comfort of domestic life. Fortunately however, the advocates of this most wild and pernicious doctrine, are altogether powerless in numbers, if not in reputation. The true point upon which the whole tariff controversy has turned, in reference to manufactures,—is the *expediency* and the *constitutional right*, of so regulating the duties, as to afford adequate protection to the home-manufacturer or mechanic. In support of the affirmative of the proposition, the question of expediency will be first considered.

The poet Burns,—in his beautiful epistle to a young friend,—expressed a desire to bask in the golden smile of fortune,—not for the sake of the gew-gaws and vanities which wealth bestows,—but for the “glorious privilege of being independent.” If individual independence be so desirable,—how much more so is that of a nation! If the protective system therefore, will produce this enviable result,—if it will give to the great mass of society—the working men of the nation—constant and regular employment, and the means of acquiring the comforts and necessities of life,—if it will develop and expand to an indefinite extent, the resources of this Giant Republic,—if it will exert a powerful influence in extending the boundaries of practical and scientific knowledge,—and thereby improve and invigorate the human mind,—if it will effect all this, and that too without inflicting injury upon any individual or class of society, it should surely commend itself to the approbation of every rational and benevolent being. These beneficent effects are ascribed by its advocates, to the protective system.

It is curious to trace the origin and progress of the peculiar prejudice, which has long prevailed on this subject, in our good old Commonwealth of Virginia. Our original settlements, we know, were strongly tinctured with the Baronial pride and

spirit of the parent country; and it was a cardinal principle of the colonial policy of England, to monopolize the agricultural products of its various plantations, and to give in exchange the fabrics of her own manufacture. The primitive Virginians yielded to this policy; partly from a feeling of loyalty, and partly from a sense of dependance; but even with them, as our early annals will attest,—whenever the fire of liberty was kindled by the oppressions of the mother country,—the very first expedient to which they resorted, and which was suggested by natural reason, was the encouragement of the mechanical and manufacturing arts. The earliest germ of civil and political independence, was entwined with the idea of fostering the useful arts, as a sure reliance in extremities;—but, strange to tell, when the day of their political emancipation came, there was manifested a strong disposition to return to commercial bondage, and embrace the delusive notion of keeping their workshops in Europe. England—ever vigilant, where her own interests are concerned—saw this leaning, and encouraged it. It was during the memorable struggle with her colonies, that the famous work of Adam Smith, the “Wealth of Nations,”—but which should have been styled the “Wealth of England, and the Poverty of other Nations,”—was ushered into the world,—and in the specious, but deceptive ingenuity of its doctrines, she instantly saw revealed to her, a great moral and political lever, by which the destiny of other nations might be awayed, and her own raised to the highest summit of power. That work was translated into all the European languages, and very liberally exported to the United States; and for a long period of time was regarded—especially in Schools and Colleges—as the unanswerable oracle of true political economy. This ingenious book, inculcates for the edification of all other nations except England, the celebrated and captivating doctrine of *free trade*—a doctrine, which has about as much reality in the affairs of this world, as the Utopian visions of Sir Thomas More, or the moral parallelograms of Robert Dale Owen,—a doctrine which, according to the British interpretation, means, that the ports of all the world shall be opened wide to British goods,—but that the ports of Britain herself, should be hermetically sealed against the rival products of all other nations. Is it not marvellous, that we, the people of these United States, should be so easily gulled?

What is free trade?—If the words be understood to mean an exchange of commodities upon equal terms between different individuals, or geographical parts of the same country,—why then we understand them. The cotton and rice and tobacco of some of the States of this Union, for example, are purchased by the bread stuffs and manufactures of other States. This is all fairness and reciprocity in the transactions and interchanges

of a single people ;—but when we come to apply the principle, as regulating the intercourse of separate and distinct nations or communities,—it is a principle which never was, and never can be, reduced to practice. This may sound like bold assertion,—but let us attempt to prove it. Suppose there should convene a great diplomatic Congress of all the civilized nations ; and it was solemnly stipulated that the productions of all of them, whether of the earth—the water—the forest, or the loom—should be freely admitted into the ports of each other, either free of duty, or at some uniform nominal duty ? Will it be contended that such a policy would equalize the condition of nations,—that it would diffuse happiness and comfort among all the individuals of society in each nation ; and that industry would everywhere be adequately rewarded ? Is it believed that nations would prosper and flourish more under such a system, than under that, which the world has practised for so many ages ? Are there many so credulous as to suppose, that, under such circumstances, things would *regulate themselves*, and that all would be equally benefitted ? If there be, let them dismiss the delusion !

Nations are, in many respects, like individuals. Some are strong and powerful—others, weak and feeble. Some are endued with great moral and mental qualities,—others, are sunk in gross depravity and ignorance. Some are active, enterprising, and self-denying,—others, prefer the repose of indolence, or the pleasures of luxurious indulgence. Nations differ in the endless varieties of soil, climate, and production. They differ in their natural capacities for peculiar employments and branches of industry. Some, with scanty agricultural resources, are commercial and manufacturing, from necessity,—others possess neither commerce nor shipping—because entirely excluded from the world of waters. To expect, therefore, anything like equality in the intercourse of principalities and powers, so unequal in themselves,—is about as rational, as to expect a pigmy to be victorious in a contest with an armed giant,—or that the sluggish dray-horse should eclipse in speed, the fiery and high-bred courser.

The truth is, that the idea of absolute free trade between nations, is a mere figment of the brain !—We repeat, that it never did, and never can exist ; because it violates the laws of nature, and the very order of Providence !—It supposes equality and reciprocity, which, in the very nature of things, cannot be found. It supposes an identity of interests among nations, when, in truth, their interests rarely harmonise, and are generally in conflict. An alliance between nations, upon free trade principles, would be very much like a compact between a gentleman of large fortune and a pauper,—with the express stipulation of the free and equal enjoyment of each other's property. But imagine, for the sake of argument, that a Congress of nations, like

that referred to, could be induced to assemble, and form a treaty of perpetual friendship and free trade !—How long would it last ?—a day—a year—or a century ? Precisely so long, and no longer, than the treaty mentioned in the fable between the owl and the eagle—that is, as long as it should be convenient and agreeable ;—as long as rapacity could be gentle and forbearing, and selfishness liberal and kind.

But, say the disciples of Adam Smith,—England is desirous of setting us a noble example of liberality. Her statesmen are rapidly becoming converts to the sublime doctrines of free trade ! It is certain that John Bull, in some respects at least, is a credulous old gentleman,—but in this little matter of exporting theories in political economy, for the exclusive use and benefit of other nations, he has not only outwitted the sagacious and clear-sighted brother Jonathan, but many of the nations of Europe besides.

England has always been playing at this game. She has talked about free trade for nearly a century,—and never practised it a week. It is the old story of promise without performance—theory without practice, and faith without works. She points out to us the road, which she solemnly protests will lead to a temporal Elysium,—but so far from ever treading it herself, prefers the primrose path of national prosperity.

When American Statesmen, in the true spirit of patriotism, were revising our tariff some years since, in reference to protection, Mr. Huskisson, and other members of the British Parliament became greatly alarmed. At first, they scolded and blustered, and threatened retaliation ; but deeming that exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, they suddenly changed their note, and sung for our enchantment the Syren song of Free Trade. They actually carried the jest so far, as to make some show of reducing their own imposts on some articles, from 500 to 100 per cent,—whilst, unfortunately, both duties were equally prohibitory : either excluded effectually the rival fabrics of other nations. After the passage by Congress of the celebrated Compromise Act, as it is called, which provided for the gradual reduction of all duties to 20 per cent., the golden promises of unrestricted trade were heard no longer in the Parliament of England. Her liberal economists took a comfortable nap of eight or nine years. Recently indeed, they seem to have waked up from their slumbers ; and her Russels and Humes, were lately chanting the melodious strains of their illustrious predecessors. Why was all this ? The answer is obvious. The American tariff was about to be revised, and it was therefore expedient that the great farming interest of this nation should be lulled once more with the delusive promise that British ports would be speedily opened to American bread stuffs. The repeal of the corn laws was made the test question

in the election of a new parliament, in the course of last summer,—and what was the result!—Discomfiture and defeat to the Melbourne ministry, which proposed the measure, and their utter expulsion from office and emolument. A fine commentary truly upon the British doctrine of free trade!*

As to the actual and fixed policy of England, reference could be had if necessary to a mass of authority, to prove that her practice and professions were never intended to harmonize. The sentiments of her greatest warrior, if not one of her first statesmen, as delivered in the House of Lords, will be given as a single specimen.

In replying to Earl Grey and others, the Duke of Wellington remarked, with the frankness and candor of a soldier, "that when free trade was talked of as existing in England, it was an absurdity. *There was no such thing, and there could be no such thing as free trade in that country.*" "We proceeded," he said, "on the system of protecting our manufactures and our produce—the produce of our labor and our soil—of protecting them for exportation, and protecting them for home consumption; and on that universal system of protection it was absurd to talk of free trade."†

The Duke ought certainly to be presumed to understand something of British politics!

France too, it seems,—our ancient ally and friend—could not disguise her resentment and ill feeling, because Congress, at the extra session, exercised the indubitable right of imposing a moderate duty, for purposes of revenue, upon certain free articles of luxury which she had been in the habit of supplying us; and even Portugal, little Portugal, scarcely discernible on the map of Europe, had the effrontery to swagger and bluster for the same reason. It is humiliating, that some of the European nations should have so long regarded us as specially created for their own exclusive benefit and convenience.

But the United States is not the only country which has suffered severely, by occasionally embracing the pleasing, but pernicious heresy of free trade. After the fall of Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, with other crowned heads, paid a visit to England; and it is by no means improbable that the great autocrat was invited to peruse the fascinating pages of Adam Smith. Certain it is, that a year or two after his return to St. Petersburg, he issued his Imperial Ukase, re-

ducing his system of imposts to mere revenue rates. And what was the result?

The whole country was immediately flooded with British and other foreign manufactures. Their novelty, variety, and perhaps cheapness, tempted purchasers in abundance. Imports greatly exceeded exports, and the surplus was paid for in specie. Circulation, as necessary to the body politic, as blood to the human system, was suspended. Distress and wretchedness overspread the land. The Russian manufacturers were the first victims of this fatal experiment; agriculture next felt the shock; and finally, a large proportion of those great commercial houses, whose cupidity had tempted them to advise the free trade policy, were swept as with the besom of destruction. The government hoped, but hoped in vain, that the evil was but temporary, and would work its own cure,—that trade would regulate itself,—that specie would find its level:—in other words, that all the dreams and phantasies of the new-school economists would be realized. After two years of intense suffering, the Emperor, by another imperial decree, restored his tariff of restriction and prohibition. And ever since that period, Russia, though a military despotism, has been advancing rapidly in all the arts, comforts, and improvements, which constitute the prosperity of a nation.*

It is useless to dwell upon the example of Holland, which, though famed for its steady habits, was induced, like Russia, in the year 1816, to embrace the charming theories of Smith and Say; and, like Russia, soon found herself in the valley and shadow of national distress, bitterness and disappointment.

We come then to the important proposition, that whilst nations, like individuals, should practice justice, forbearance, and even generosity towards each other,—yet it is a high and solemn obligation imposed upon them, to guard and preserve their own peculiar interests from all injurious rivalry and interference. If the man who neglects to provide for his own household, is worse than an infidel—the government which does not provide for its household, is much more criminal; as the happiness of millions is of more importance than the comfort of a single family. It is useless to discuss the question, how much or how little protection may be necessary;—whether a paltry tax of 14, 20, or 30 per cent. will produce the desired result; the result itself is the great object to be accomplished. It is the sacred duty of government, at every hazard, and at any cost, first to provide the means and materials of national defence and protection; and secondly, to secure to its citizens that constant and regular employment which will yield to all the necessaries and comforts of life. In a free country especially,—where a portion of the sovereignty is possessed by each individual, the

* The introduction into Parliament of the sliding scale of duties on foreign corn, by the present Premier, Sir Robert Peel, may be regarded as another ingenious effort to throw dust into the eyes of the people of this country. The American Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool has distinctly set forth, in a memorial addressed to the House of Commons, that nothing less than a moderate fixed duty can, in any respect, benefit American grain growers. Sir Robert, however, has not the least idea of such a concession to his good customers on this side of the Atlantic.

† See Niles' Register.

* Vide Carey on Manufactures.

poor should never be allowed to suffer the pangs of hunger and cold, in order that the wealthy may purchase a little cheaper the luxuries and delicacies of foreign climes.

But, say the advocates of free trade,—all this may be very true, and yet protection not necessary. *Let us alone*, they say,—things will regulate themselves,—men are always wise enough to discern and follow their true interests,—they can take very good care of themselves, without government's intermeddling in private concerns. These, and many other similar sayings, constitute the vocabulary of these amiable theorists. It is a species of small change—which, like copper medals resembling genuine coin, being repeatedly forced into circulation, acquire some degree of credit, though of no intrinsic value. If there be any truth in this self-regulating principle; why is it not applicable to other things besides the commercial policy of a nation? Why not let men settle their own disputes and controversies, without the intervention of courts and juries?—Why not abolish the laws against usury—gaming—and other offences, which are so many inconvenient restraints upon the freedom of individual action,—but which have been placed on the Statute Book for the general welfare of society? If men are sufficiently astute in perceiving and pursuing their own interests, why deprive the wealthy proprietors of the soil, of the privilege of entailing their estates on their eldest sons? In truth, these specious, but sophistical maxims,—lose sight altogether of the great ruling principle, that society is bound so to legislate, as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. The interests of individuals, and the general interests, so far from always harmonizing, are frequently in direct hostility. Men might derive great profits from some occupations which would be dangerous to the peace, morals or health of the community,—and commerce with other nations, might be so conducted as to produce great individual wealth, and much national impoverishment. The maxim of *let us alone*, might serve as a very convenient protection to outlaws and pirates,—but is altogether inapplicable to a law-governed community. It is only another version of the trite quotation from the poet—"that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can."

But there are other popular objections urged against the protection of American industry. To foster manufactures, by high duties, say some, is not only injurious to agriculture, but is taxing one portion or division of the country for the benefit of another. Even if such were the fact, it is still maintained on the principle of the general good, that one half the population ought not to be reduced to low diet and scanty clothing, in order that the other half may be provided with superfluities and luxuries. But the fact itself is

not admitted. Injurious to agriculture?—Why, it has grown into a familiar saying, that commerce and manufactures are the handmaids of agriculture. She is mistress it is true,—and the extent and magnificence of her domain,—her venerable antiquity,—the variety of her riches, and the splendor of her temple and its garniture, have all given her a queenly superiority over her less pretending, but not less industrious handmaids. She too, indirectly gives them their support, but they yield her an ample equivalent. Whilst commerce wafts her productions to other climes,—manufactures provide a more constant and unvarying market at her door. If she extracts from earth's bosom the sustenance of life,—her ever faithful ministers provide for her in return, by their ingenuity and toil, an endless variety of comforts and facilities.

"To encourage manufactures," says a late writer on political economy,* "is the most effectual mode of encouraging agriculture. Agriculture is never carried to such perfection in countries exclusively agricultural, as in those, where both pursuits flourish together, and are equally protected by the government." This is undoubtedly true, as the experience of nations will fully attest. The most wretched people on earth, are those who till the earth for a scanty subsistence, without the mechanic arts, and without commerce to transport the surplus fruits of their labor.

But the objection most frequently urged, is not so much to manufactures, as such, as to those of domestic origin; upon the frequently unfounded supposition, that, when protected, they cost more to the American consumer than would the products of foreign industry in the absence of protection. This, it is apprehended, is the chief point in the controversy which has so long agitated the country on this subject. The selfish chord in the human heart has been played upon by the oft-repeated assertion, that the operatives of Leeds and Birmingham, of Sheffield and Manchester, could furnish us the fruits of their labor, upon cheaper terms than the ingenious and enterprising artisans of our own country. In vain has it been urged a thousand times, that if even foreign fabrics could be purchased on better terms, yet that the spirit of true patriotism should incline us to pay the tax for the sake of our country's independence. In vain has it been urged, that no nation can be truly wise or free, which looks for foreign supplies in the essential articles of bread and clothing, and the materials of national defence. In vain has it been alleged, upon the testimony of fact and experience, that the consumer of manufactures is more than indemnified for any supposed enhancement of price, by the regularity and steadiness of a home market, in addition to the foreign one, for all his raw materials and agricultural productions. In vain also, has it been repeatedly argued as more humane,—

* Raymond.

more congenial with republican institutions,—and, in fact, less expensive, to pay a reasonable tax on our own consumption,—provided, by so doing, our fellow citizens, of all classes, are kept in regular employment,—than to incur the more burdensome obligation of sustaining those receptacles of vice and misery, the poor-houses and jails of the country. These, of course, will always be filled, if there be no employment for the people.

But, in truth, is not this whole doctrine of the superior cheapness of foreign productions a palpable delusion? Without descending to particulars, which in this general view of the protective policy it is desirable to avoid,—may not the experience of the country be appealed to, in order to demonstrate that the high duties imposed by successive tariffs in the last twenty years, have had the direct effect of cheapening the home fabric, as well as the foreign importation? In order to illustrate this subject, let it be remembered that there are two classes of articles imported from abroad; *first*, such as our own climate, soil, the possession of the raw material, skill, capital, surplus labor, water power and machinery, will enable us to produce among ourselves;—and, *secondly*, such as, from some peculiarities of soil or climate, or other unknown causes, cannot be produced in our own country. Among the first, may be enumerated the great manufactures of cotton, woollens, and iron; and among the second, the teas and spices, gums and drugs of foreign and distant climes. Now, in regard to the first class, it is indisputably true, however paradoxical it may seem, that the protected articles have become cheaper in proportion as the tax has been increased,—that is to say,—the domestic article has fallen in price below what the foreign import commanded before the high duty was imposed. The British capitalists and tradesmen understand this matter thoroughly. If our manufactories could be destroyed in a single day by a great conflagration, or what is just as bad, in a single year, by an overwhelming and unrestricted foreign rivalry,—the home competition being beaten down, the prices of foreign importations would instantly ascend as the necessary consequence of foreign monopoly. Take, for example, the important coarse cotton manufacture of this country, as illustrating the system of protection. Before the last war with England, our excellent friends on that side of the water, were in the habit of supplying us with a miserable fabric, chiefly imported by the East India Company—for which we paid from 25 to 40 cents per yard. At the close of the war, the duty was fixed at 25 per cent. *ad valorem*; and subsequently, it was increased to nearly 50 per cent. Now, according to the favorite theory, that the duty is added to the price, and to that extent augments the burden to the consumer, this flimsy article of coarse cotton, or something like it, would have

seen in value to 60 cents per yard. But what was

the fact? Our own manufacture not only expelled the foreign rival from our shores, but, through the irresistible influence of home competition, supplied the whole United States, and even foreign nations, with an article at one fourth the price, and a dozen times superior in quality. And upon this subject it may not be inappropriate to quote from a speech of Mr. Clay, delivered in the United States Senate, in February 1832. "The next article," says Mr. Clay, "to which I would call the attention of the Senate, is that of cotton fabrics. The success of our manufacture of coarse cottons is generally admitted. It is demonstrated by the fact, that they meet the cotton fabrics of other countries in foreign markets, and maintain a successful competition with them. There has been a gradual increase of the exports of this article, which is sent to Mexico and the South American Republics, to the Mediterranean and even to Asia. The remarkable fact was lately communicated to me, that the *same* individual who twenty-five years ago, was engaged in the importation of cotton cloth from Asia for American consumption, is now engaged in the exportation of coarse American cottons to Asia, for Asiatic consumption!—And my honorable friend from Massachusetts (Mr. Silsbee) informed me that on his departure from home, among the last orders which he gave, one was for the exportation of coarse cottons to Sumatra, in the vicinity of Calcutta! I hold in my hand a statement," continued Mr. Clay, "derived from the most authentic source, showing that the *identical* description of cotton cloth, which sold in 1817 at 29 cents per yard, was sold in 1819 at 21 cents; in 1821 at 19½ cents; in 1823 at 17 cents; in 1825 at 14½ cents; in 1827 at 13 cents; in 1829 at 9 cents; in 1830 a 9½ cents; and in 1831 at from 10½ to 11 cents. Such is the wonderful effect of protection, competition, and improvement in skill, combined!"

The orator then expatiates upon the similar great success achieved by American ingenuity in the manufacture of superior cottons. "The introduction of calico printing into the United States," he says, "constitutes an important era in our manufacturing industry. It commenced about the year 1825, and has since made such astonishing advances that the whole quantity now annually printed is but little short of forty millions of yards, about two-thirds of our whole consumption. It is a beautiful manufacture, combining great mechanical skill, with scientific discoveries in chemistry. The engraved cylinders for making the impression require much taste, and put in requisition the genius of the fine arts of design and engraving. Are the fine graceful forms of our fair countrywomen less lovely, when enveloped in the chintzes and calicoes produced by *native* industry, than when clothed with the tinsel of foreign drapery?"

Here then is the solution of the apparent enigma,

that the higher the tax, the cheaper the article. It is home competition, created and excited by protection; and without protection, home competition would die. Prostrate this barrier, as some benevolent theorists would do—to-morrow if they could—and the fate of Russia and Holland would overtake these United States! Ruin and desolation would stalk through the land!

A very interesting aspect, in which this whole subject might be considered, is presented in the operation of the famous Compromise Act of 1832—by which it will be remembered, the duties were to be biennially reduced to the maximum of 20 per cent. This Compromise Act, as is perfectly notorious, was forced upon the country, not at a season of calm and sober thought, but at a time when the seeds of discord had been thrown broadcast through the Republic, and threatened to ripen daily into civil war. Whatever may be thought now, posterity will regard it as a magnanimous sacrifice on the part of the Manufacturing States, of the highest and soundest convictions of national policy upon the altar of domestic peace. A Southern Star of this Confederacy, confounded and bewildered by false lights in political economy, threatened to shoot madly from its sphere; and her more considerate sisters believed that our precious Union was of far too much value, to be calculated in dollars and cents. They yielded. And what benefit has this proud member of the federal compact derived from the concession? Nothing—literally nothing; and if evil, instead of good, may be taken into the account, worse than nothing! Her great staple has regularly declined in value; and the time will, in all probability, shortly arrive, when the overwhelming competition in the cotton culture, both at home and abroad, will cause her to reach out her supplicating hands to the Manufacturing States and exclaim, “help me, Cassius, or I sink!”*

Those who predicted relief to the country, and cheapness to the consumer, from the operation of the Compromise Act, have been sadly mistaken. It is conscientiously believed, that that measure, however well intended, has contributed more to the present embarrassments of the country, than any other single cause, or any other two combined. It stimulated excessive importation far beyond the value of our exports;—it engendered extravagance in the use of foreign luxuries;—it prostrated manufacturing industry. And in all these baleful effects, it exerted a strong influence in corrupting the simplicity of public and private morals. Up to the period of its passage, as already shown, every augmentation of duty had the effect of diminishing

prices; and since that time, the equally singular result has been produced of increased prices under a regular diminution of duty.*

But there are other objections frequently urged to the manufacturing policy, which it may not be improper to notice. It is said, for example, to be no less hostile to commerce than to agriculture; but the assertion as to both these great interests, is equally unfounded. In the acute perception of all the subtle operations of trade and currency, and in sound practical knowledge of our business relations with other countries, the mercantile class is unquestionably superior to any other—and they well know that adequate protection to manufactures, has the direct effect of quickening and invigorating commerce. England, the greatest manufacturing nation in the world, is also the most commercial; and of all the portions of our own country, New-England is entitled to the palm of superiority in both pursuits, excepting always the commercial emporium of the Empire State. Protection does not imply, nor necessarily lead to prohibition; on the contrary it stimulates and increases production, and production is the very life-blood of commercial operations. But it would be altogether useless to dwell upon this branch of the subject, or to attempt to elucidate what in itself is so perfectly obvious.

England is referred to as furnishing proof, that as a class of society, manufacturers—especially the operatives—are often reduced to severe distress. But is it necessary seriously to refute the argument derived from this fact? Is it not obvious that by proving too much, it proves nothing? If no interest is to be encouraged, because it suffers occasional vicissitude, in spite of encouragement—then even commerce and agriculture ought to be abandoned, as unworthy of protection; inasmuch as from a variety of causes, both these great interests are subject to frequent depression. A distinguished statistical writer of Great Britain has long since demonstrated, that in the agricultural districts of that kingdom, pauperism often prevailed in as frightful a degree, as in those which were exclu-

* There is no greater popular error than that which supposes that, in all cases and under all circumstances, the price of an imported article is enhanced to the consumer by the amount of the duty—or that the diminution of the duty necessarily cheapens the article. The truth is, that the duty as often falls on the exporter in foreign countries, as upon the consumer here. Sometimes it is borne by the merchant or carrier, and is not unfrequently lost in the price, which is always regulated by the irresistible law of supply and demand. If exporters were not sometimes burthened with the duty on imports, why do the tobacco planters raise such a clamor about the enormous taxes imposed by England, France and Germany, upon their staple?—Vide the admirable speeches of Mr. Evans of Maine, delivered at the Extra Session, and of Mr. Hudson of New-York, at the present Session of Congress—both of which are distinguished for sound, practical common-sense views of the subject.

* Recent accounts render it extremely probable, that, in the course of no very distant period, American raw cotton will be altogether superseded in British markets. Some late proceedings in the South-Western States, seem to indicate that the cotton planters are yielding rapidly to this conviction.

sively manufacturing. The wails of distress which have recently reached us across the Atlantic from her manufacturing towns, may indeed have been partially occasioned by the operation of the corn laws, augmenting as they do the price of bread to the starving operative,—but it would be the height of folly to contend that the repeal or reduction of British duties upon rival fabrics from other countries, would have any other effect than to aggravate the prevailing wretchedness.

The condition of Great Britain in reference to the manufacturing interest, is totally different from that of the United States. She is emphatically, or was until lately, the workshop of the world. The products of her skill and industry have floated over every sea, and have found their way into almost every inhabited region. She not only fully supplies her own population, but the nations of the earth have long been her willing customers. The slightest change therefore in her foreign relations, must operate to obstruct the channels of industry at home, and produce embarrassment more or less permanent. A variety of other causes may be attended with like consequences in that country. Even the caprices of fashion have been known to produce the most desolating effects. A George IV, or a Beau Brummel—who in the world of fashion held even royalty itself for a time in vassalage—could ruin a dozen manufactories, by renouncing the use of a particular button, or a fashionable shoe-buckle. These causes, however, cannot for ages to come, operate with us. Our boundless territory and resources—the extraordinary energy and enterprise of our citizens, and the ease and dexterity with which they can shift from one occupation to another, are so many safeguards against absolute suffering;—and whilst it is true that there have been periods of great depression in our own manufacturing interest, in almost every instance it may be traced directly to the fatal and unwise policy of the government. But manufactories—say those who are determined at all hazards to object—are not only the destroyers of health, but the nurseries of crime! It would require more space than can now be conveniently occupied, to refute this assertion, so far at least as it applies to this country, by an array of facts and authorities, which would to every ingenuous mind, be perfectly convincing. Those who are curious to investigate the subject, are for the present referred to an able and interesting article in the January No. (1841) of the *North American Review*, containing statistical statements, from two recent publications, on the cotton manufacture—one of English, and the other of American origin. It may be confidently asserted, not only on the authority of the article referred to, but upon the testimony of impartial travellers and close observers, that the operatives in the New-England factories, not only enjoy as great a share of health as any

other class of society, but are equally free from the stain of immorality and vice. It would perhaps surprise a Southern lady to learn, that of the 6000 female operatives at Lowell, a large majority are the daughters of respectable New-England farmers; and that the instances are rare in which after a few years employment, they do not return to the paternal roof, not only with unsullied names, but with sufficient earnings to constitute a comfortable outfit for the voyage of life. It would probably create still greater surprise to be informed, that many of these young women are not only beautiful in face and form, (for beauty is confined to no one rank in society,) but are also highly accomplished. They find leisure in the intervals of toil, to cultivate the elegant art of music, and to study the languages of Europe; and what perhaps is more extraordinary than all, the constant and “confounding whirl and clatter” of machinery has not been sufficient to banish the tuneful Nine—“the heavenly maids of Castalia”—from the banks and waterfalls of the Merrimac and Concord. At the confluence of these two humble streams, the flourishing town of Lowell has, within a few years past, sprung into existence, like the creations of oriental fable. The highly gifted of the female operatives have actually established a literary periodical, sustained by their own contributions, in prose and poetry,—of which the specimens already published would do honor to any publication in our country;—and as to their means of moral and religious instruction, the fact need only be stated, that in a population of 20,000, there are as many as sixteen regularly organized religious societies.

But it is useless to dwell longer upon this branch of the subject.

So far, we have been confined to an examination of the influences which a proper system of protection to domestic industry is calculated to exert upon the comfort and happiness of the social state. Our limits will only allow a brief reference to another important bearing, which such a system has upon the more artificial, but not less essential wants and relations of society, in its political capacity. The great question of the currency, which has long agitated the country, and which will probably continue to distract and divide political parties, is beyond all doubt intimately connected with a sound system of commercial regulations. So long as the country is subject by low rates of import to an overwhelming tide of foreign importation, it is vain and futile to expect a stable and uniform currency, resting upon the basis of the precious metals. Let it be remembered too, that this tide of foreign importation is not the sober result of American mercantile calculation and adventure, but the desperate effort of foreigners to force the products of their pauper-labor into competition with our own native industry. If there be not wisdom enough in our national councils to ar-

rest the accomplishment of so fearful and disastrous a scheme, we shall soon experience a degree of national distress, dismay and darkness—compared with which, the present calamitous condition of affairs, may be considered as absolute prosperity. This is a topic, however, which of itself would cover a wide field of argument and illustration. It is therefore, for the present at least, postponed to the consideration of another important objection, which is frequently urged on this side of the Potomac, to the protective policy.

We have reference of course to the stereotyped assertion; that all such legislation by Congress, is unconstitutional. This objection is certainly formidable, if true. The covenant of our Union was bequeathed to us by an illustrious race; and we, their descendants, ought not to profane with unhalloved touch, the work of our fathers. But, is it not certain that there exists to a considerable extent, a morbid feeling on this subject; which is as irrational as it is hurtful to the best interests of society? If the Constitution of the United States, be the instrument which some represent it,—so far from the bond of union, and the blessing which our ancestors designed it to be—it would sit, like an incubus, upon the expanding energies of a mighty nation,—trammelling its every movement, and paralyzing its best efforts to promote the public happiness. What would be thought of that constitution or form of government, whose framers—obeying the suggestions of a wild and fanatical philanthropy—should design, by its adoption, to promote the interests of all the rest of mankind, in preference to their own? And yet, if the power of protection be denied to the federal legislature; and the nation's representatives are impotent on so vital a question, such would precisely be the very effect in regard to ourselves. In truth, it is almost impossible to treat the momentous trifles and elaborate nothings of political metaphysics, with any thing like becoming gravity. The inveterate propensity supposed to be peculiar to Southern minds, to desert the plain-beaten track of just reasoning and common sense; and to dwell in the far-off and intangible regions of abstraction, might indeed serve as a fitting theme for pleasantry, if its actual effect on society was not so decidedly pernicious. Why it is that Southern latitudes are thought to be most favorable to the propagation of this singular mental malady, is not in our philosophy to determine; but certain it is that, even in Old England, and at a distant past period, there are proofs revealed to us of the existence of a similar distemper. The immortal author of *Hudibras* tells us of one who was so acutely analytic, that he could with ease

“divide

A hair ’twixt south and south-west side;”

and Cowper—the amiable Cowper—has described a class of beings who were always

“Throwing buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.”

That severe, and as many think malevolent satirist, Dean Swift, speaks of a small knot of philosophers, in one of his imaginary islands, who had spent about sixty winters in the profitable experiment of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; but as Swift lived in a far distant age and generation from ours, of course we cannot suppose that he had any allusion to those who are so extravagantly fond of weaving their airy tissues about strict construction and constitutional law.

But there are some, undoubtedly, who cherish these refinements and peculiarities of sentiment, with an earnestness and devotion that fully attest their sincerity. Such are entitled to all that respect which is due to purity of motive, even though mixed up with incurable error of opinion. May not they be appealed to, however, to think upon this subject as American patriots, and not as the disciples of a particular school or party, or as the inhabitants of any particular section of the Union? All honest men ought, and it is presumed, do desire, that the Constitution or national compact under which we live, should be honestly, faithfully, and truly expounded; and it may be asked by what authority it is, that *any one State*, or any one individual, or any five hundred individuals—apart from the organized tribunals of the nation—can claim the prerogative of dictating to millions besides, the only true and oracular interpretation of that instrument! The celebrated and eccentric—but erudite Emanuel Swedenborg; declared before the world (and his followers implicitly believed him), that to him alone was entrusted the golden key by which the hidden mysteries of the Sacred Text were unlocked;—but we know of no political Swedenborg in this country, who is either sufficiently inspired, or who can claim an exclusive patent to expound the Federal Constitution. Most of our readers have heard of, if they have not all read, Mr. Madison's celebrated Report and Resolutions of 1798-'99—and, undoubtedly, it is an admirable State Paper,—but there are thousands who, in the exercise of their own private judgment, prefer appealing to the text itself, from even that able commentary: precisely as the great body of Christians appeal from the creeds and traditions of the Church, if not in their opinion conformable to the Sacred Records. The real difficulty is, that the Report and Resolutions referred to, which were intended to settle the true meaning of the Constitution, have received almost as many interpretations as the Constitution itself. The chivalrous State of South Carolina, some years since, disdaining any other construction but her own, buckled on the armor of war; and by way of manifesting her excessive attachment to the Union, deliberately resolved to tear the Union into pieces. On the other hand, this good old

Commonwealth of ours, or rather the recognized elders of her faith, guided by milder counsels, have always contended that the Report and Resolutions did not authorise the States, or any one of them, to fight against the General Government, but only most respectfully to "interpose" and *protest* against its doings. Which of these two schools is the true and orthodox one, the living or future generations must determine. One thing, however, is absolutely certain; that Mr. Madison, the distinguished author of this celebrated exposition, as well as one of the main founders of the Federal Charter itself, never for a moment imagined that the right was denied to Congress, to impose in its discretion discriminating and countervailing duties upon foreign importations. In the letter of that great man, addressed in September 1828 to Mr. Cabell, the present President of the James River and Kanawha Company, among the other cogent points of view in which he places the argument, he emphatically says—"If Congress have not the power, it is annihilated for the nation; a policy without example in any other nation." And why did he say so? Because the power of taxing imports is expressly prohibited to the States, and as expressly conferred upon the Federal Legislature,—and Mr. Madison was wise enough to know, that this power, in conjunction with that greater prerogative to regulate exclusively trade with other countries, was sufficient to invest the National Government with all the power, in reference to the whole subject, which could possibly be exercised by any independent nation. No man, moreover, knew better than Mr. Madison, that to give to the General Government supreme and unlimited control over trade and commerce, was one of the main inducements to the formation of the Federal Constitution.

We shall, however, leap over these thorny points of constitutional law; and at once arrive at the great conclusion, that Congress has not only the legal and constitutional right to protect and foster manufactures—but that there rests upon that body a solemn moral obligation to do so; and we moreover trust, that statesmen will be found, of sufficient wisdom and firmness, to assume whatever responsibility may be necessary in the performance of so high a duty. Let them stand up for their whole country; and rest in the sure confidence that, notwithstanding temporary and sectional discontents, their labors will be ultimately rewarded, by the approbation of posterity, if not of the present generation. Their enviable lot will be

"The applause of listening Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes."

In this great achievement, they will not only find themselves sustained by the precepts, and associated in their country's annals with the illustrious names of Jefferson and Madison—but with

one also whose immortal example is in itself a tower of strength,—whose extraordinary qualities procured him the distinguishing title of the Father of his Country, and whose matchless virtues rendered him an ornament to the human race.

In reference to ourselves, Virginia should be the very last State in the Union to resist the accomplishment of so desirable an object,—for there is perhaps no territory in the world of the same extent, which abounds more in natural resources, or which possesses greater facilities for manufacturing and mechanical enterprise.

In conclusion; we will quote a passage from an eloquent address of the "American Institute of the City of New-York:—"

"Our mountains are full of iron and coal, but we prefer the mountains of Wales to those of Pennsylvania or Virginia. Our hills might be covered with flocks, and our fields with the mulberry—but the flocks of England and the silks of France can furnish a foreign surplus cheaper, while our own industry is unoccupied, and our own resources remain idle. Broken down in credit, the States are driven to shifts and subterfuges, rather than assume a bold confidence in our energies, which successful active industry would create, rendering us fearless of taxes, to sustain the credit which now lies prostrate. Eighteen millions of people boasting of freedom and intelligence, to be thus basely truckling, is a spectacle to move the contempt of the world. Why is it so? There must be some radical defect in our policy, or such things could never be. That defect, depend upon it, is the blighting system of our so called free trade—which cuts up our industry at the roots, overthrows our currency, and abstracts the soul of our energies, till we are left weak, helpless and contemptible, to be mocked at by those who fatten by our folly."

H.

ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. LINN BANKS.

To walk on honor's height, with stainless brow,
With patriot aim, the public weal to serve,
Nor shrink from toil in halcyon bowers of ease,
Nor in the trial-hour from duty swerve,—

To win the plaudit of a lofty fame,—
A noble purpose, free from all disguise,
Seal'd with the love of those from whom it came,—
This was his meed,—for whom Virginia sighs.

This was his meed, who rose in health, at morn,
With eye exulting in the golden ray,—
Yet ere chill evening drew its darken'd pall,
Was swept from life, and all its joys away.

But she, whose heart with his, was early bound.
That kindred spirit, whom he held so dear,—
The fond companion of his cherish'd home,—
How sinks her soul beneath this stroke severe!

How sinks her soul,—yet not in dark despair,—
O'er the wild deluge gleams the radiant bow,—
A solace hath she, which no mortal hand
Can skill to mingle with her cup of woe ;—

A cordial trust in Heaven's unerring will,
Which daily strives to make that will its own,—
A faith, that in each pang of sorrow views
A surer passport to its Father's Throne ;—

A glorious hope, that 'mid its tears can smile,—
And through the clouds a beckoning spirit see,—
Pursue its lonely path, a little while,—
Then join the lov'd one, in Eternity.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

vs.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

No American reader of Blackwood's Magazine, can have perused, in its December number, an article on his country, without mingled indignation and disgust. The abuse of Republican institutions, the harsh language applied to our conduct in matters affecting British rights and interests, the ridicule of our manners, are all too common with English travellers and periodicals, to excite our sensibilities, or even to command our attention. To quote from the writer of the offensive article; "we are not going to fight that controversy now." The world will do justice to our character and that of our institutions, and disregard these censures so evidently dictated by rancorous enmity and blind prejudice. This article contains one paragraph, not only so atrocious in itself, but so different from anything which we have hitherto encountered in the most rabid of English writers, that it seems to us worthy of being brought into especial notice, and to be branded with the infamy which its language and spirit eminently deserve. We mean that derogatory to the spotless character of Washington. We could hardly have supposed that the editors, or any of the contributors of this magazine would have degraded themselves so far, as to follow the example of the hireling patriot, O'Connell, by venting their viper-like malignity on one long since dead, and known by the whole civilized world, to have lived "without fear and without reproach."

We shall not contest the often mooted points, whether we eat faster or slower, are more or less riotous, worse or better mannered, more or less eager for territorial accessions *per fas et nefas*, than the English. The whole tribe of British tourists and journalists is at liberty to think, to say, and to write anything on these subjects. But when a writer in a literary periodical of deservedly high reputation as such, attempts, in utter disregard of truth and decency, to fix a stain on the

hitherto unsullied escutcheon of the hero and statesman, whom we justly regard as the purest model of republican virtue, we feel that the base assailant's "foot is on the honor of our country;" we know that no defence is necessary; indeed, the charges are not only disbelieved by others, but can never have been credited by their author. We may be asked then, why notice them at all? Our answer is, that we mean to carry the war into Africa; we mean to infer that the author of a slander contradicted by every act of its illustrious object, and by every word that ever fell from his lips or his pen, betrays the weakness of the cause which he advocates. We are fully prepared to make every allowance for national and political prejudice in regard to men, measures and manners. We are ready to admit that many things go wrong in our own country; that a spirit of lawlessness has sometimes been manifested by our citizens, which we would gladly see suppressed; that our politicians too often yield to the caprices of the people, instead of endeavoring to convince them of their errors. We were never fools enough to suppose that our institutions, or our people, were free from human frailty. But having made all these admissions, we know full well, that another side of the picture will present monarchy and its subjects in an equally unfavorable point of view.

But to the obnoxious passage. Col. Maxwell, a British traveller in the United States, is thus castigated for applying the epithet "immortal" to General Washington.

"We shall have no quarrel with any man for expressing his sentiments, if he has taken any trouble to form them. But the epithet "immortal" applied to Washington, is not put in any other sense than as it may be applied to any other successful culprit. If ever man was a rebel, that man was George Washington. We are not going to fight that controversy now; but if an oath of allegiance was ever worth a straw, it is impossible to reconcile Washington's conduct with honor. He was undoubtedly a very able man, and a very successful one; but, that he had the right on his side, that he was justified in his revolt, or that he was anything beyond the slave of an unconscientious ambition in his own person, and the instrument of a corrupt and unprincipled revolt in that of others, facts give the most unanswerable testimony. He was immortal in no other sense than any lucky transgressor is immortal; and this the Colonel ought to have known."

Now we could scarcely have expected a writer for Blackwood, to think "that Washington had right on his side, or was justified in his revolt." But we had not supposed there was a man living, with information and talent enough to write 'a penny-a-liner,' and yet reckless enough to assert, that George Washington was the "slave of an unconscientious ambition." We are no man-wor

shippers, and never believed Washington himself exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. We have examined the history of his life, with all the impartiality that we could command; and, we are entirely at a loss to conjecture, what portion of that history can seem at all to justify the charge of "unconscientious ambition." That he had ambition of another and more exalted order, no man can doubt. That he desired to live in the memory of his fellow-men, to promote the true welfare of his country, and to preserve his own character unsullied, there can be no question. But that he had none of that vulgar ambition which would have induced him to trample on the rights of others for its gratification, to wade through blood to a throne, "facts give the most unanswerable testimony." We cannot say that, like Julius Cæsar, he thrice rejected a kingly crown. But it is a well ascertained fact that the idea of royalty, once suggested to him by some of his officers, was scouted with an unaffected horror that silenced its advisers forever. To appreciate the merit of his conduct on that occasion, it is necessary to recollect the peculiar circumstances of his education and situation. He was not born, as Cæsar was, in a republic, either real or nominal. He had been educated in the belief, that the British government, at least on the other side of the Atlantic, was the best that ever existed. He had seen and felt far more acutely than any other man living, the manifold evils of an inefficient confederation. He had seen his own exertions constantly paralysed, the public credit destroyed, the public safety endangered by the weakness of Congress and the divisions of the states. When the sense of mutual interest and peril, which, during the war, had held the union together, had been forgotten in success and peace, there was but too much reason to fear the horrors of anarchy. His unpaid troops were at the time of the suggestion, murmuring around him, and many of them no doubt ready to promote any views of their beloved leader, provided his first step should be the satisfaction of their own just claims. At this alarming crisis, some of his ablest officers attempted to persuade him, that he could not only compel Congress to pay his war-worn troops, but secure the permanent tranquillity and prosperity of his country, by assuming the authority, if not the name of king. Was ever a more tempting opportunity presented to unconscientious ambition? Not that we believe such an attempt would have been either successful or justifiable. But a mind infatuated with the love of power, would have been too readily convinced that such an usurpation was both practicable and right.

It has been said, and said perhaps with truth, that, when Cromwell and Bonaparte and Cæsar, assumed supreme power in their respective countries, they thereby preserved them from still greater evils. The people were unfit for freedom, and

could be preserved from falling into the yawning gulf of anarchy, by nothing but the strong arm of despotism. Such a pretext, although subsequently shown to have been groundless by our glorious experience, might have been plausibly urged in that alarming emergency. But far different were the conduct and language of Washington. The simplicity and earnestness with which he rebuked the authors of the proposal, when connected with the unvaried tenor of his whole life, must convince every candid inquirer, that lawless power had no charms for his noble spirit. But the tory of Blackwood's Magazine, says "he was ambitious;" and tories "are all honorable men." His *ipse dixit* is no doubt amply sufficient to reverse all the facts of history, and the long-settled opinion of Christendom.

The same conscientious writer tells us that Washington violated his oath of allegiance, and thereby forfeited his honor. We do not pretend to understand the obligations which he supposes are incurred by taking an oath of allegiance. But unless Sir Robert Filmer's doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance be assumed as true, we cannot perceive how an oath of allegiance, once taken, can imply perpetual submission to a government, which deliberately violates the conditions, necessarily, although tacitly, annexed to such oath. A zealous supporter of the house of Hanover would find it difficult to reconcile this doctrine with the conduct of those who placed that house on the throne. Had not Marlborough and Somers, and the host of great men who dethroned the bigot James, because he attempted to trample on their rights of conscience, taken an oath of allegiance? Will any subject of Queen Victoria charge them with dishonor, because they exercised the undoubted rights of freemen, in expelling a monarch, who had disregarded his duties and his oath, and was laboring to restore the corrupt tyranny of Rome?

It is well-known that Lord Chatham, not only the most eloquent, but the most able prime minister that England has ever had, denied that the British parliament possessed the power of taxation in the American colonies, except for the purpose of regulating commerce. It is equally well-known, that the continued and obstinate exercise of this very unconstitutional power, produced our revolution, and made Washington "a rebel." Washington and his compeers carried out into action the great principles of constitutional liberty, which were wrung by the confederate barons from the hands of John at Runnymede, which had been strengthened and enlarged by the wisdom of successive ages, had been sustained by the profound philosophy and fervid imagination of Burke, the irresistible eloquence and dauntless energy of the "immortal" Chatham, and are still cherished as the pride and essence of the British Government. We can well conceive that an advocate of the exploded doc-

trines of Sir Robert Filmer, could, with consistency and sincerity, attach the epithets of "dishonor" and "rebel" to the name of Washington. But when a professed admirer of the British constitution, as it now is, and as it was made by the famous revolution of 1688, uses such language, we can ascribe it to nothing but a base malignity, which will allow no man's character, no matter how pure and exalted, to interfere with its darling object, the disgrace and overthrow of republican institutions.

The writer of this highly liberal essay, which is calculated to give us so exalted an idea of the refinement, fairness and virtue which are the offspring of monarchical theories and aristocratic associations, tells us, that "The speeches of her (America's) rabble, we may disregard; her vulgar newspapers we may disdain." We might expect that a magazine which looks with such merited contempt on newspaper vulgarity, would, on all occasions, be exempt from the charge of coarse abuse and partizan violence. Yet those who are acquainted with the political articles of Blackwood's Magazine, must admit that there cannot be found, in the dirtiest pages of the lowest partisan scribbler in these *vulgar* United States, specimens of more outrageous scurrility and unjustifiable denunciation, than are common in this double-refined organ of aristocracy and monarchy.

We are far from justifying or approving the coarse abuse and reckless violence of many American newspapers. All men lament this licentiousness, as an evil, perhaps inseparably connected with unlimited freedom of the press. But we are much mistaken, if the same excesses of sweeping denunciation, and coarse unfairness, do not disgrace the British political press.

Giving up to just censure that portion of the periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic, we can turn proudly to another class devoted to literature among us, and say that as far as we know them, they are unstained by these malignant assaults on the characters of the illustrious men either in this, or other countries. The political articles which they contain, if they do not possess entire impartiality, which is scarcely to be expected from writers at all conversant with such topics, show, at least, an effort to preserve that dignified fairness and measured language, which become authors professedly withdrawn from the heated atmosphere of party strife. The last administration in the United States, encountered the most determined opposition and unmeasured denunciation from a party which ultimately triumphed. We hazard little in saying, that in the very crisis of the battle between these inflamed parties, no *literary* periodical could have been found so lost to decency and propriety, as to pronounce Mr. Van Buren and his whole cabinet, or General Harrison and his leading friends, utterly destitute, not only of talent, but of princi-

ple. Yet, if we mistake not, this has been repeatedly said during some years past by Blackwood's Magazine concerning the Melbourne cabinet. To read those articles, one would suppose that not only the gifts of genius, and the sagacity of the statesman, but the ordinary principles of morality, were confined within the pale of the high tory party.

We have been often mortified and disgusted at seeing such wholesale political denunciation, so connected with articles of high literary merit. But we did not conceive ourselves called on to interfere, because the abuse was confined to those living within the British seas, and, because we were not sufficiently acquainted with the characters of those assailed, to draw the precise line between malicious slander and merited censure.

But when the best and greatest of our own countrymen is not spared, when the repose of that tomb at which the genius of Byron and the eloquence of Brougham, have done homage, is disturbed by the hyena-spirit of a monarchical slave, we believe that "forbearance ceases to be a virtue." We say here, with still greater confidence, that American literary periodicals would scorn such an insult to the illustrious dead who sleep in British earth. We cherish the memory of such men as Chatham and Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and Wilberforce, as the common glory and treasure of those who are sprung from Anglo-Saxon blood. We may believe that they had errors in political theory, and private conduct. But we brand them not with dishonor; we call them neither rebels nor anarchists, nor the blind worshippers of royal prerogative. In spite of the change of opinion, which, in the declining years of the great Burke, threw a shade of suspicion over his integrity, while it gave occasion to some of the brightest displays of his transcendent genius, we cannot, and we will not believe, that this political sage stooped to barter his unsullied fame for sordid lucre, or the sunshine of court-favor.

And yet, if we were the unscrupulous advocates of republicanism, ready, like the writer in Blackwood, to blacken the character of every man who stands foremost among our opponents, we should not let slip this opportunity of shooting our envenomed arrows at a "shining mark." But let us come down to our own times.

We are thoroughly convinced, that the rights, nay the lives, of the starving operatives of Britain, are disregarded by those, who, like Peel and Wellington, uphold the corn-law monopoly. Yet far be it from us, to charge those distinguished men with personal dishonor. We believe them to be widely mistaken; we believe them to be governed by those mixed motives that always operate on frail humanity; but we should despise ourselves, if we were capable of applying the epithets of selfish tyrants and murderers, to men, whose

private and political integrity, we have no reason to question.

Nay, we recollect well, that, when Wellington, after consenting to Catholic emancipation, refused to crown his popularity as premier, by supporting parliamentary reform, although differing with him *toto calo*, as to the policy and justice of the latter measure, we applauded the moral firmness with which he resisted what he conceived to be a dangerous innovation. We claim no credit for this exercise of common justice and charity, in judging the motives of opponents, except in contrast with the unsparing malignity of the article which we have been endeavoring to expose. We contend, that it is a contrast highly honorable to our republican institutions, by showing that those, at least, who have been educated under their influence, and are devoted to literature, are incapable of stooping to misrepresentation and falsehood, even for the purpose of advancing their darling political theories. That jesuitical course is left for those who are loudest in denouncing republican coarseness, ingratitude and immorality. But shall we imitate the example of illiberality which we have censured in the obnoxious paragraph, by supposing that the well-educated Tories of Great Britain generally entertained the sentiment which it contains, or rather would sanction its promulgation? (for no well-informed man living, holds the sentiment.) No.

We have a better opinion of the morality prevalent in the party that now controls the destinies of our father-land. We believe, that there are many among the steady opponents of republicanism on principle, and conscientious supporters of monarchy, who, yet, after "taking pains to form their opinions," agree with Col. Maxwell in admiring the *immortal* Washington. We believe that there are many who, in spite of their mortification at the loss of the colonies now composing these United States, their disgust at the occasional bad taste of our popular orators, and the occasional outbreaks of popular violence (which however are just as frequent in the fast-anchored isle,) are not blind to the high talent, and noble virtues of many leaders in the revolution which they disapprove, and framers of the government which they abhor. But if we do more than justice to the high-minded Tories of Britain, in supposing that they cannot approve the conduct of a literary periodical, which although widely circulated and admired for its literary merits, in this country, yet causelessly and recklessly defames a man, who is not only enshrined in our hearts, but is universally regarded as one of the ornaments of his race, we feel certain that this unprovoked slander must recoil with tenfold force on its authors and abettors. We are sure that we have no *reptile* that will revenge this insult by attempting to shed its venom on any of the proud names which adorn British history.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. EDITH SANDERS.

Vale Evergreen was bright and fair,—
In Nature's beauty drest,—
And there a cherish'd mother found
A sweet abode of rest.

The care that o'er her children watch'd
Through years of widow'd pain,—
The love that for their welfare strove,
Was render'd back again.

Fresh seeds for Heaven, in woodbine cot,
She serv'd both night and day,—
And God had bade them richly bloom
Around her temples grey.

Serene, upon her couch she lay,—
"This home is dear," she said,—
"But to another fain I'd rise,"—
And meekly bow'd her head.

A dark-wing'd form was hovering near,—
Within the curtain's fold,—
His hand upon her heart he press'd,—
And its red stream grew cold.

The kneeling daughter mark'd his deed,
And prayers with tears were given,—
But when her trembling glance she rais'd
That Mother was in Heaven.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MONALDI.*

We opened this volume with mingled hope and fear. We had known the author (Washington Allston,) as an artist, and had been ourselves almost inspired by the fascinations of his pencil. We hoped that he who had shown himself the foremost of our day, in that divine art, might also embody, not less perfectly, some of the creations of his ever-teeming fancy, in the less plastic material of words. Yet we feared disappointment.

The elements which make up the true Artist, be he painter, sculptor, or architect, have the same origin with those which make the poet; they seem unlike, more from their style of dress, than they really are in their own nature: the painter chooses colors and the brush; the sculptor, the rigid marble; and the poet, words. The means and instruments thus selected, are used to embody the same idea; they only determine the matters of form and drapery, which do not touch the intimate nature of the conception. Not to insist that the aim of the artist in either case, is the development of ideal beauty:—there are few subjects, within the province of either, which may not be expressed under the forms of all. As an example: the sculptured agonies of Laocoon afford as fit and fine a study for the painter, as they have done for the poet. The

* MONALDI: *A Tale*. Boston: Little & Brown; 1841. Well known to be Washington Allston.

same sentiments and ideas may be expressed by each:—priestly horror, paternal anguish, and the helplessness of infant and human strength struggling with brute nature. But each artist may choose the conditions under which he will give utterance to his thought, though he cannot go beyond them. The sculptor, while he has the advantage of distinctness, is shut up to a moment of time, to a single attitude of the protracted tenor of the conflict; he can give only the chief actors in the melancholy scene: the painter, while he excels in vividness, is subject to the first two of the limitations mentioned, and can only introduce more actors: as the terror-smitten spectators, and those accessories which nature furnishes to enhance the mournfulness of the spectacle; and the poet, while he loses both in distinctness and vividness by his use of words, has fewer restraints, and a wider scope for the selection of his circumstances, and may, as words may, carve or paint in the minutest particulars the whole of the sad history. And this community will be often found to exist, even in subjects which, at first thought, may seem appropriate only to one branch of art. The sculptor can allegorize no less successfully than the poet. Homer has painted a didactic poem of most intense morality. In each artist, the elements of thought and character, from which the creation springs, must be the same; and, in a large degree, they must be combined and matured by the same culture. There must be in each, a sincere love of ideal beauty, and the power to recognize it in its faintest and minutest manifestations:—a temper of mind and heart, at once lofty and lowly, from which is excluded every selfish and unworthy aim; and from which we cast out as alien, every impure thought and emotion, while it indulges in the roughest aspirations; feeling itself to be of kin with all that is beautiful and sublime in the universe, it is ready to acknowledge itself but the organ and instrument, not the author, of the ideal it sees, and would fain represent. There must be a sympathy with nature;—not merely an admiration of its fair and glorious features, (though that, if it be genuine, is no slight attainment,) but a fellow feeling with its life, and an appreciation of the fine spirit that is every where infused throughout its works. Then the eye must be disciplined to an exact discernment of its varied forms, and the judgment trained to a skilful combination of them, and the taste to an intuitive perception of true adjustment and proportions. Then too, there must be an almost religious devotion to the art—an enthusiasm which pursues it for its own excellence, and which is led by it by a swaying impulse of the artist's own being, and which therefore judges of it by its own principles, and by no caprice of fashion, nor standard of other men's opinions.

All this and much more, which all true artists have in common, and which shows an original iden-

tity, is not enough. Each must make himself master, or rather prove himself an apt scholar, of the conditions which constitute the peculiarity of his art. To pass by things less obvious, the dextrous use of the chisel, the judicious mixing of colors, and the delicate sense of words which the poet needs, are matters of practice, of mechanical trial, and of an organization that is not given alike to all. So simple an illustration may show, that, in the leading qualities of mind and of heart which make the painter and the poet, there is a substantial identity, and an entire resemblance; and yet there are differences, in culture, if not in nature, which render it difficult for one to excel in both branches of art. Especially does this difference distinguish the poet (and we mean the painter in words, not the mere versifier,) from his fellow-artists. The instrument he uses is the most difficult, and the most rarely mastered. The symbols are the most remote from the nature he would represent; though of so strange a power in his hand who wields them well. Words stir our hearts, not by their plain meaning only, but by fitful, shadowy, and forgotten associations. They open to us scenes of splendor and beauty, by no conventional necessity, but by hints, and in the way of indirectness. They disclose invisible relations, as the face of a friend reveals his heart to us. In rude hands, words have no power of themselves; they are bald and bare, or harsh and crude; but, for him who has learned to command them, they, like the wand of Prospero, will people desert islands with spirits; or, like the midnight revellers in Comus, utter music that shall "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smile." Such skill is no accomplishment for a holiday, to be learned in an hour; it can be attained only by toil and assiduous observation; by study long continued with the eye perpetually upon it. It was therefore not without some apprehension, that we received a book from one who has given his studious nights, and the fullest effort of his powers, to an art so widely different from that of book-making, and which demands such a diversity of attainments.

Some few summers ago, it was our fortune to be in Boston: and while there, no place was so attractive as the gallery of Allston's pictures. They had been gathered from distant parts of the country, where wealth and taste had separated them; and they were opened for a few months to the inspection of the curious, and for the benefit of the art. There were all, nearly all, the works of one whom it is bare justice to call the master of his art in our day,—the early efforts of conscious genius, and the transcendent productions of the same genius in its maturity—the transcript and history of a rare mind and of a noble heart:—exhibiting a strength and delicacy of conception, a grace and perfectness of coloring, and a singular accuracy of finish, which have given the author a place among

the great masters of olden time. We shall not soon forget with what emotion we gazed on them, as we may never again; how we looked, with astonishment and awe, on the raising of the dead; and with what sense of a holy presence, on the rapt prophet; and with what feeling akin to love, on the twilight beauty of Rosalie. We have been hardly less surprised than pleased at the artist's success in this new sphere. Though his fame will in no way rest on this, his unusual occupation, it will live to prove the extent and versatility of his powers. We had known him many years ago, as the author of another work, which was, as we recollect, a graceful play of fancy. We find him here more truly a poet; and of a high order, though not in his "singing robes." The characters in this tale, modestly so called, are wrought with great distinctness and effect; the descriptions are glowing and life-like; the dialogue most fit and happy; and, humble as its pretensions are, there is genius and taste enough displayed in it, to have made a dozen ordinary novelists. The grouping and contrasts are skilful, and the disposition of the plot consummate. It is a sad tale; but it is a tale of that sadness which attracts human sadness. We will only add, that we have been struck with the harmony, as well as with the nice choice of the language—the sentences wearing no appearance of elaboration, but running naturally into a graceful and most various melody.

We cannot analyze it, and we need not commend it further. We prefer to add a few passages, which may have an interest independent of the general structure of the work.

And first, hear how nobly he discourses, in the person of Monaldi, of the artist and of his art:

"He accepted the commission," (to paint for the pontiff a companion to a Madonna of Raffaele,) he said, 'not with the arrogant hope of producing a rival to the picture of Raffaele, but in grateful compliance with the wishes of his patron.' Besides, with a just reverence for his art, he looked upon all competition as unworthy a true artist; nay, he even doubted whether any one could command the powers of his own genius, whilst his mind was under the influence of so vulgar a motive. 'For what,' he would say, 'is that which you call my genius, but the love and perception of excellence—the twin power that incites and directs to successful production! which can never co-exist with the desire to diminish, or even contend with, that in another. It would be rather self-love, than a true love of excellence, did I value it less in Raffaele than in myself.' He might have added another reason; that competition implying comparison, and comparison a difference only of *degree*, could not *really* exist between men of genius; since the individualizing power by which we recognize genius, or the originating faculty, must necessarily mark man's several productions by a dif-

ference in *kind*. But he needed not this deduction of the understanding:—his own lofty impulses placed him on surer ground."

We are not sure that the instinct of Monaldi was not truer than the logic of the author; at any rate, we are better satisfied of the fact, than we are with the reason given to account for it. But take this description:

"The day had begun sultry, but was now closing, after a refreshing shower, with one of those delicious atmospheres known only in the South; so sweet! so bright!—as if the common air had suddenly given place to the humid sighs of answering orange groves, and the intermingled breath of enamored flowers—as if the dripping trees and fields had actually been flooded by liquid gold from the sun; then the hum of insects, the twittering of birds, and the ceaseless darting of innumerable lizards, so filling the ear and eye with sound and motion, as if the very ground and air were exulting in life! . . . It was the bay of Naples; a scene not to be painted by words—even though its waters were likened to a sea of sapphire, its mountains to amethysts, and its skirting city to a fillet of snow; these indeed might give their color, but not the harmony of lines, nor the light and shadow, nor the dazzling expanse—and never the living, conscious joy, with which they seemed to send up their shout of praise to the immeasurable depths above. There is a voice in nature ever audible to the heart—which no hardness can shut out—and for its weal or wo, as the heart may be; Maldini heard it now, breaking upon him like a clap of thunder. He instinctively turned from the scene, and looked towards Vesuvius: but even from that he shrank: for the terrible Vesuvius was now smiling in purple, and reposing beneath his pillars of smoke as under a gorgeous canopy: the very type of himself—gay and peaceful without, yet restless and racked with fire within."

Read too, this true and simple sketch of the relations of insanity:

"If it be hard to part with the dead, and to see one borne to the grave with whom we have been accustomed to associate all our wishes and schemes of happiness, and without whom nothing in life seems capable of imparting enjoyment, there is yet a consolation in the thought, that our grief is only for our own suffering, since it cannot reach one to whom our loss is a gain. What then must it be to feel this entire revulsion from the living; to know that the object with whom our very soul was mixed and who is thus parted from our common being still walks the same earth, breathes the same air, and wears the same form: yet lives, as to us, as if dead—closed, sealed up from all our thoughts and sympathies, like to a statue of adamant. What must it be to know too that this second self, though callous and impenetrable from without, is yet within, all sense. The partial palsy-death of the

body, is but a faint image of this half-death of the twin-being wife and husband. And Rosalia soon felt it in all its agony."

Such passages of just sentiment and beauty are numerous throughout the work. In the delineation of passion, there are scenes awfully terrific: and many exquisite pictures of the most subdued and delicate emotions. Take a single example which combines description, with the pain of a trusting heart, that fears it may have been deceived, and grieves most for the degradation of what it loved:

"It was one of those evenings never to be forgotten by a painter—but one which must come upon him in misery as a gorgeous mockery. The sun was yet up, and resting on the highest peak of a ridge of mountain-shaped clouds, that seemed to make a part of the distance; suddenly he disappeared, and the landscape was overspread with a cold lurid hue; then, as if molten in a furnace, the fictitious mountains began to glow; in a moment more they tumbled asunder; in another he was seen again, piercing their fragments, and darting his shafts to the remotest east, till, reaching the horizon, he appeared to recall them, and with a parting flash, to wrap the whole heavens in flame.

• • • Monaldi groaned aloud: 'No, thou art nothing to me now, thou glorious sun—nothing. To me thou art dead, buried—and forever—in *her* darkness; *her's*, whose own glory once made me to love thee; who clothed me with a brightness even more than thine; who followed me like a spirit, in sleep even, visiting my dreams, as if to fill up the blank of night—to give a continuous splendor to my existence. Oh, idiot, driveller! so to cling to a shadow—a cheat of the senses! What is she to me now? what can she ever be? she that is—that ever was— He could not utter the word.

• • • A desolate vacancy now spread over him, and leaning over the bridge, he seemed to lose himself in the deepening gloom of the scene, till the black river, that moved beneath him, appeared almost a part of his mind, and its imageless waters but the visible current of his own dark thoughts."

We will extract but one more passage, and one worthy of the artist. It is a description of an early painting by Monaldi:

"The subject of the picture was the first sacrifice of Noah after the subsiding of the waters; a subject of little promise from an ordinary hand, but of all others perhaps the best suited to exhibit that rare union of intense feeling and lofty imagination which characterized Monaldi. The composition consisted of the patriarch and his family at the altar, which occupied the foreground; a distant view of Mount Ararat, with the ark resting on its peak, and the intermediate vale. These were scanty materials for a picture; but the fulness with which they seemed to distend the spectator's mind, left no room for the thought. There was no dramatic

variety in the kneeling father and his kneeling children; they expressed but one sentiment—adoration; and it seemed to go up as with a single voice. This gave the soul which the spectator felt; but it was one that could not have gone forth under common daylight, nor ever have pervaded with such emphatic life other than the shadowy valley, the misty mountain, the mysterious ark—again floating as it were on a sea of clouds—and the lurid, deep-toned sky, dark, yet bright, which spoke to the imagination of a lost and recovered world—once dead, now alive, and pouring out her first song of praise even from under the pall of death."

But the peculiar excellences of this work can in no way be represented by quotations: they lie rather in the completeness and finish of the successive scenes, the easy and natural development of the characters, and the exquisite taste which presides over the whole, and lets off no point with a slovenly execution, and yet suffers no one to swell to undue dimensions.

Cheraw, S. C.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

[It would be sheer affectation in us to disguise the feelings of pride and pleasure with which we lay the following article from the pen of Lieut. M. F. MAURY, of the U. S. Navy, before his countrymen—assured as we are, that it will strike the proper chord in every American bosom. We freely confess that, in the simplicity of our heart, we had thought the reasoning of the Earl of Aberdeen, in his correspondence with Mr. Stevenson, on the propriety of a mutual right of search, not only plausible, but almost irresistibly conclusive; and the bland and moderate tone of his Lordship served, in no slight degree, to allay any momentary suspicions that may have flitted athwart our mind; but the film is now removed from our eyes, and, thanks to "HARRY BLUFF," we have been made to see, clearly, the designs of that all-grasping nation, on whose empire altho' the sun never sets, yet, whose appetite for conquest is no nearer satiety now, nor a whit more squeamish, than when Captain Clive outwitted Omichund by a forged treaty, and placed his puppet Meer Jaffer on the throne of Surajah Dowlah. It is in vain to conceal from ourselves that we are on the verge of a Crisis, and we should accustom ourselves, now, to look it in the face. We should not act the part of the silly ostrich, who, in burying her head in the sands of the desert, vainly supposes she has secured herself from the arrows of her pursuers. We have, it is true, at the head of our department for foreign affairs, a man whose gigantic intellect will favorably compare with that of any man, of any nation; but even he, will not despise such auxiliaries as Gov. Cass and Lieut. MAURY. The reputation of the former as a statesman and a diplomatist, is so familiar to his countrymen, that no production of his, however able, can create surprise; but when we see a man scarcely arrived at the age of thirty-five years, the greater part of whose manhood has had its home upon the billow, and whose occupation has been, by no means, especially favorable to profound reflection on matters of national concernment; when we see such a man, enter the amphitheatre of statesmanship, and look proud defiance on the enemies

of "sailor's rights"—we hail the gallant champion of his country's "Star-Spangled Banner," and with him we "nail it to the mast," come weal, come woe! In conclusion, we most respectfully invite the attention of every genuine American, but more especially, of those to whose guardianship are entrusted the national honor and safety, to the lucid and *unanswerable* argument set forth in the following essay.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Messenger.*

HARRY BLUFF, ON THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

1. Correspondence relating to the detention of American vessels on the African coast, by British Armed Cruisers.—Doc. No. 2, H. Rep., 2nd Session, 27th Congress.
2. An examination of the question now in discussion between the American and British Governments concerning the right of search. By an American. Paris, 21st January, 1842.

In 1840-'41, the American Minister, near the Court of St. James, complained to her Britannic Majesty's Government, of the detention, search, and ill-treatment, by her Majesty's armed cruisers, of the American vessels, the Douglass, Iago, Hero, and Mary. The Douglass was boarded in October, 1839; her hatches were broken open, and a prize crew sent on board, who kept possession of her eight days; they consumed her provisions without pay, and so maltreated her crew, that three of them died in consequence. (We take the American statement of the case on the oath of respectable citizens, in preference to the mere assertion of an English Lieutenant, who had to make out a clear case, or lose his commission.) But, notwithstanding the statement of Lieut. Seagram in his own justification, Lord Palmerston admits, that the act of this British officer, in detaining the Douglass, was, *in the abstract*, irregular; yet the *impression* under which he did it, and the *motives* which prompted him to do it, exempt him from any just blame. And that is the satisfaction given by the British government, in this case.

The Iago, also, was detained by Lieut. Seagram, and a watch and chronometer stolen from her by his men. The cargo of the Hero was damaged during her search by the British cruiser, Lynx. The indemnity awarded in these two cases of spoliation, is contained in the expression of a *doubt* by Lord Palmerston, whether "any *wilful* damage was done to the cargo of either of the two vessels in question, by the crews of the detaining ships."

A most flagrant and daring outrage was committed upon the Mary by the British armed cruiser Forester: and, Mr. Stevenson, upon information furnished by an American Consul, prefers a claim for indemnity to the owner of the Mary, and is further authorised by his government to ask for the exemplary punishment of the English Commander, and of those concerned with him in his proceedings against this vessel—proceedings which our Minister pronounced, to "want very little, if

any thing, to sink them into an act of open and direct piracy." The judges of the British and Spanish court refused to allow the Mary even to be libelled in their court, on the ground *that the mere fact of her having the American flag hoisted should have protected her from visitation and search by a British cruiser.* And our Minister takes the same grounds, and also insists that her flag should so have protected her, for she was an American vessel. The reparation obtained in this case, is a full justification of the officer, accompanied by pretensions on the part of Great Britain of the most extraordinary, dangerous and alarming character, being not *more* nor less than a proposition to blot out from the law of nations, the most precious rights of neutrality, and to constitute herself the HIGH CON-STABLE OF THE SEAS!

In her graspings after the departing Trident, her Secretary informs the American Envoy,

"That her Majesty's government have decided, that the "flag of the United States, shall exempt no vessel from "search by her Majesty's cruisers in the African seas, unless such vessel shall be found provided with papers (and they are to search for these of course) entitling her to the "protection of the flag she wears, and proving her to be U. States property, and navigating the ocean according to law."

What law? Why the law *to be enacted*, to be sure, by the *Christian League*; from which France has happily receded, and of which Great Britain is the lion-hearted chief. And who shall be the judge? The noble Lord significantly tells us: *Her Majesty's armed cruisers.* But hear him:

"But this fact cannot be ascertained unless an officer of "the cruiser whose duty it is to ascertain this fact, shall "board the vessel, or unless the master of the merchant-man shall bring his papers on board the cruiser; and thus "examination of papers of merchantmen suspected of being engaged in the slave trade, even though they may hoist "an United States flag, is a proceeding which it is *absolutely necessary* [the words here and elsewhere are italicized by me] that British cruisers employed in the suppression of the slave trade, should continue to practice."

This is the first occasion, in the eventful history of the maritime code, that the right to search the vessels of friends in times of profound peace, has ever been set up by any nation, people or tongue. It is at variance with the uniform practice of every civilized and christian nation in the round world: it is in violation of the principles expressly laid down by all writers upon the international code; and it is directly in the teeth of the expounders themselves of British rights and British law. In the case of a French vessel seized upon the coast of Africa, and brought before the English court of Admiralty, in 1817, Sir William Scott—(Lord Stowell) held this language:

"I can find no authority that gives the right of interruption to the navigation of states upon the high seas, except "that which the right of war gives to belligerents against neutrals. No nation can exercise the right of visitation and "search upon the common and unappropriated parts of the "Ocean, except upon the belligerent claim." And still

more emphatic: "No nation has the right to force their way for the liberation of Africa, by trampling upon the independence of other States, on the pretence of an eminent good, by means that are unlawful, or to press forward to a great principle by breaking through other great principles that are in the way."

And our own Kent!

"No nation has a right, in time of peace, to interfere with, or interrupt, any commerce which is lawful by the law of nations, and carried on between other independent powers!"

In 1839, it was proposed in Parliament to authorise British cruisers to visit, detain, and examine the papers of, American vessels on the high seas. The Duke of Wellington then said in his place:

"The clause in question makes it lawful to detain any vessels whatever, on suspicion, on the high seas, and demand their papers; and the persons exercising such authority are moreover indemnified for all the consequences. Is it intended that the vessels of any power in Europe may be searched and afterwards allowed to proceed on their voyage, whether we have treaties with those powers or not? Such a law would be a perfect novelty in the legislation of this country, and the House ought to well pause before they adopt it."

And a few weeks after, when this subject came up again, he remarked with great pointedness:

"It is well known that with the U. States we have no convention; there are indeed engagements made by diplomatic notes, but nothing to show the least disposition on their part to permit the right of detention and the search of papers; and, if there be one point more to be avoided than another, it is that relating to the visitation of vessels belonging to the Union. I warn government not to proceed, but rather to issue an order in council, or a declaration of war."

Upon this hint, his government proceeded to back herself in quintuple alliance, by the great maritime powers of Europe. She used great exertions, it was officially announced, to effect this Christian Alliance; and after having succeeded, as she thought, she comes forward with renewed pretensions, and prefers, not in her own behalf indeed, but in the name of this devout 'Christian League,' 'of the States of Christendom,'* as Lord Aberdeen loves to style them, this benevolent request—a request, which, if granted, would have renewed all the horrors of impressment; and in one month, would have plunged this country in a war with the whole of Europe. We are asked to delegate to an ambitious and grasping people, the right of jurisdiction upon American soil; for in law, the vessels of any nation are a part of her soil. This is a right of the most delicate nature—because of its dangerous tendency;—

* *States of Christendom.* England, Bavaria, Prussia, Austria, and Russia: these being the only contracting parties to the Quintuple Alliance, the American people will be pained to learn that Lord Aberdeen has not only discovered a Shibboleth by which England is to try all vessels that attempt the passage of the seas; but that he has ruled us and all other church-going nations, except the righteous few, out of the pale of Christianity, simply because we will not 'lap with the tongue like a dog.'

of its liability to abuse; and of the great interests to be reached through it. For these reasons, it is viewed by all nations with extreme jealousy; so much so, that the sister States of this confederacy dare not trust each other with it. Would an officer of New-York, in the execution of New-York law, be permitted to put so much even as his foot upon Virginia soil? Or would Virginia grant New York the right to send him? The mere attempt of any one of the States, to enforce her laws upon the territory of her neighbor, would lead to the shedding of blood, if not to a dissolution of the Union. Nay, we have seen sister States of this confederacy, actually arrayed in arms against each other for this very cause. Can it be safe then, for these States collectively, to grant to a foreign and rival power, rights and privileges, with which, as individuals, they dare not trust each other? It is not safe to trust others with any of our rights of sovereignty whatever; and, with such a jealous eye have they been regarded in our Republican circle, that even one of the American States cannot of right extend her jurisdiction over the soil of another, upon any pretence whatever. Yet Great Britain demands us to yield to the arbitrary exercise of her cruisers, the right, not only to visit and make our merchantmen—the injured party!—prove that they are Americans, and proceeding according to law; but she extends her pretensions still farther, and claims it as to all vessels;—by which she includes men-of-war also. I have strangely misconceived the character of American seamen, and the spirit of my brother-officers, if there be one, in the whole Navy, who would quietly brook the visit of a British officer to examine into his character, or tamely submit to have his crew mustered. It would be quite as safe for those on board ship, to allow Midshipmen to sky-lark with fire-brands in the magazine, as it would be for this country, to grant Great Britain this right of visitation to American ships on the Ocean. It is a claim that is not lightly set up; and we should show to the 'States of Christendom,' that we are not only resolved, but prepared to resist it with something more than diplomatic bulletins.

These high-handed pretensions were rebuked in the true spirit by our Minister; he met them in limine, and opposed them like an American, as he has shown himself to be, upon the true principles. He took the broad grounds, that these United States, so long as they hold sacred, as they ever have done, and, by the grace of God, ever will do—their national honor and the rights of neutrality,—so long as they value their commercial welfare and their maritime rights—and so long as they have a decent respect for the opinions of the world, or any regard for their republican dignity and national independence, never can nor never will submit to such an innovation upon the rights of their citizens. He denied to Great Britain, and to every other pow-

er, any right to visit our vessels on the high seas in times of profound peace, or to look behind the American flag for proof of their nationality. He insisted, in effect, that the doctrines of 'free trade and sailors' rights' of which the universal law of nations is the expounder, and Republican America the champion, should not be violated; but, that they should be left undisturbed in those wholesome operations which they had acquired from the last war.

The rejoinders, both of Palmerston and Aberdeen, are in keeping with the designs of their government upon the freedom of the seas. They are of grave import; and convey to the mind, more than meets the eye of casual observers. Here they are; let the reader *reflect* and judge for himself:

"The undersigned is bound in duty frankly to declare to Mr. Stevenson, that to such a doctrine, the British government *never could or would subscribe*. The cruisers employed by her Majesty's government for the suppression of the slave trade, *must* ascertain by inspection of papers, the nationality of vessels met with by them, under circumstances which justify a suspicion that such vessels are engaged in slave trade."

PALMERSTON.

"But the undersigned must observe, that the present happy concurrence of the *States of Christendom* in this great object, (the suppression of the slave trade,) not merely *justifies*, but renders *indispensable*, the right *now* claimed and exercised by the British government."

ABERDEEN.

I am limited in my remarks to space by the Editor, and to time by the Compositor; and have therefore stated as briefly as I well know how, the extraordinary pretensions which have been suddenly started up, and which our Ministers abroad met, and opposed with so much promptness and decision of character.

My Lords Palmerston and Aberdeen breached this new doctrine touching the police of the seas, in a manner, which, for the most part, threw our people at home off their guard. We abandon, say they, the right of *searching* American vessels—after they have *proven* themselves to be such. All that we ask now, is, that you will give us the right to go on board simply to see if the vessel hoisting the American flag, be entitled to wear it—for if you will not allow us to look behind a mere piece of *bunting*, with the American colors and emblems upon it, the American flag will be used by every Pirate and Spanish slaver that sails the Ocean, and by every English vessel of illicit traffic on the water, to protect them from British cruisers. Peaceably surrender to us this right of visitation, and we will assist you to protect your own flag, by preventing its abuse by others.

This appeal was all reasonable enough to many of our honest-hearted citizens; for the manner in which the American flag, in the absence of any armed force, had been abused a few years ago on the coast of Africa, was fresh in the minds of the people; and plain men—at least many of them—

considered the denial of this right a kind of ab-

straction, only a little worse than a practical absurdity. Hence, when this correspondence first appeared, it was wittily remarked that the American Minister had thrown a Parthian dart; and had left, by way of a diplomatic legacy, a wound, which his successor at the Court of St. James, would find difficult of cure. Even the partisan press gave the Minister but a feeble support. His correspondence was assailed in an elaborate article published in the Boston papers, and copied extensively into others, siding with the English view of the question. Very feeble, if any, defence was made; and it was not until Gov. Cass' pamphlet, mentioned at the head of this article, was received, that the eyes of the press and the people were fairly opened to the enormity of the claim set forth. Never was a shaft sped with an aim more truly American. That Ocean-giant claims the right to examine *all*, in order to ascertain what ships are *not* American. Had this right been granted, strangulation, on every sea, awaited our commerce.

The question has been frequently asked,—If we deny to Great Britain the right to look behind our flag, are we not, in effect, protecting the pirates and man-stealers of every nation? for they have only to hoist the American flag, to make sure their escape from British cruisers. With the immunity claimed by our Minister, might not British vessels and British capital, as Lord Aberdeen says, carry on before the eyes of British officers, the detestable slave trade, merely because such vessels should have the audacity to commit an additional offence, by fraudulently usurping the American flag? And would not the stars and stripes be prostituted to all the nefarious practices of the sea?

These apparently are practical difficulties, which have presented themselves to the minds of plain, straight forward men; for such questions have been asked of Navy officers, over and over again.

It is for the purpose of meeting these questions; of satisfying those who ask them, that we have all the right on our side; of shewing the tendency of the British pretensions; and of explaining the practical operation of American principles upon the police of the seas, that I have opened the 'Lucky Bag' again, which as I told you before, is like the witches' cauldron—containing a little of every thing. Moreover, I have myself, used the sea for many years, have sailed the world around, and boarded vessels in all Latitudes; and therefore may claim to speak somewhat from experience.

It is a standing order in the Navy, that our men-of-war shall board no merchantmen except American and those wearing the American flag. This order has been in force since the war; it has been repeated, issued and re-issued over and over again, until it was considered supererogatory to remind officers of it,—having acquired by usage all the force of law. When Commodore Porter, in 1822-'3 was sent out with his *Musquito* fleet

after pirates in the West Indies, his orders were positive not to go on board any other merchantmen but our own, unless they should hoist the American flag. Now, here was an order, which, according to the English view of this question, would have rendered altogether nugatory the object of the expedition.

But did it so? Far from it. The vessels of the American squadron were as active, and as successful in the detection, pursuit and capture of pirates, as those of any other nation whatever. This order had then, as it has ever had, the very wholesome effect of taxing the ingenuity of officers, in disguising their vessels and concealing their national character from all suspicious looking craft, until the proper moment arrives for making themselves known. Some years ago, the boats of the U. S. S. *Cyane*, captured a slaver on the coast of Africa. The man-of-war hoisted English—the slaver, American colours of course. And our boats actually boarded her under the English flag—nor was she undeceived, until Capt. Stringham announced himself on her decks, as an American officer, and claimed her as his prize. A vessel in which I once sailed, went in search of a pirate that had been depredating between St. Helena and the coast of Africa. As we approached the *suspicious* Latitudes, we discovered a vessel which we took to be a French merchantman; sail was made, and chase given, that we might speak her, thinking perhaps, she could give us some intelligence as to the object of our pursuit. She immediately altered her course, crowded on canvass, and fled with her utmost speed. *This was suspicious.* We spread every sail to the breeze, and continued the chase for many hours—for she was a fast sailer—before we could come up with her. We not only threw a shot over her, but actually ranged up within hail along side of her, and, with lighted matches, pointed to our guns trained upon her, before she would reduce one stitch of canvass. She then hove to for our boat, and hoisted French colors. She proved to be a French vessel of good intent, bound from Bordeaux to the Mauritius; and just before we first discovered her, she had fallen in with a vessel plundered by pirates. The boarding boat was armed; and when the captain and crew were assured of our American character, they leaped for very joy; for in their fright, they had taken us to be the pirate, and as such, they sought to escape us. Here was a case in which the American captain violated the orders of his government, and committed a trespass upon the French flag. But that trespass was a trespass without damage; for it was not considered by the Frenchman as a grievance, and never a word of complaint was heard on the subject.

Vessels of good intent and honest purpose, crossing the track of each other on the Ocean, are like lonely travellers meeting in the desert. They are,

for the most part, glad to speak and be spoken. The defenceless merchant trader likes to be assured of safety, and her reckoning;—to learn her Longitude, and perhaps the state of trade and the markets whence her warlike companion comes;—or, it may be, she herself has commercial intelligence of importance for her owners or friends in the country whither the other is bound. The armed cruiser too, has her inquiries to make; and thus the advantages of the interview are reciprocal. If the American Navy officer be remarkable on shore for his gentlemanly bearing and courteous manners—he is much more so at sea; for it is through courtesy only that he visits the foreign merchantman, and obtains from her the information which he desires; and it is through the exercise of this courtesy, instead of '*arbitrary habits*,' that the proper and faithful discharge of his duty frequently depends; and to the credit of merchant captains, I will here say, that I have entered ships commanded by them, of all nations. And in every instance, I have been met at the gangway as the Virginia country gentleman meets the stranger at his door, and been welcomed on board in a manner invariably civil and polite. It is as rare for a Navy officer, who conducts himself properly, to be treated rudely on board the merchantman at sea, as it is for any one, who behaves himself with decency, to be insulted in the private house of a gentleman on shore. I mention this fact, because Lord Palmerston, states in justification of Lient. Scragram's breaking open the hatches of the American vessel '*Douglass*,' that he *was received on board with great incivility!* And well he might be. The London Sun gives the true key as to the cause of this incivility, when it says of the British Navy—"arbitrary habits are engendered in our Naval officers, by the mode employed to procure men for the fleet, and those habits make them treat foreign vessels in an arbitrary manner." This is true to the letter, and borne out by facts. Look at the diplomatic correspondence between the two countries—that on our part is filled with complaints of the insolence and mal-treatment of British officers to American masters and crews. And if the first complaint have ever yet been preferred to our government, of such conduct on the part of an American Navy officer, towards a British vessel or seaman, I have yet to learn of it. And this is not because British vessels are never boarded by American officers. But it is because of this difference of manner. When we board a British vessel at sea, we know we are trespassing—and we are careful not to give offence. We meet an English merchantman on the seas, as you meet your neighbor's carriage on the public highway; he is not in it, and you may stop it, to make inquiries as to the news—whence it comes and whither it goes, perhaps also to warn it of robbers, and to give some other important intelligence, or valuable informa-

tion—and so long as you are courteous and civil, the trespass is not considered as a grievance. But immediately after, some other person comes along, and rudely demands it to be stopped, hauls the driver from the box, orders the footman to open the door and let down the steps, breaks open the packages, presses one of the horses into his own service, and vexatiously detains the carriage for hours on the common highway. This last, is just such a trespasser upon your neighbor's premises, as English officers are upon American merchantmen. Under no pretence and on no account, should we give *such* officers a right to stop our ships. If they do visit, let it be at their own peril, with the warning from us, that we hold them as trespassers, liable at any time to be treated as intruders, and held responsible for damages. We cannot prevent by any physical force, armed British cruisers from boarding one of our defenceless merchantmen, when met alone in the middle of the Ocean; but we can, and do say to their government, we deny your right to do it, and shall hold you as a trespasser if you do. Of course, reason and common sense tell you, that if you trespass upon us without damage, and by consent of master or owner, there will be nothing to complain of, and we shall never be the wiser for it. But, we are afraid to trust you; and on account of the overbearing manners and habits of British officers, we are unwilling to give them, above all others, any right to interfere in any manner whatever, with our peaceful traders—and we give them and you, to understand distinctly, that if they do it upon any pretext or pretence whatsoever, they do it at their and your peril.

The barriers which public opinion and community of interest, throw around the civil magistrate in the exercise of his power, and the safeguards with which the rights of persons and property are hedged about to protect them from the abuse of this power on shore, are all, or nearly all, inoperative at sea. The tendency of power is to abuse, even in the hands of the best men; and no where are the restraints upon it so feeble, as they are upon the master-spirits of armed cruisers out upon the Ocean. If power be entrusted, it is the nature of man to exercise it, in order to display to others his authority—and as it regards the Navy officers of the old world, I recollect a case in point, besides the numerous instances of the just complaints of our merchantmen against them. A messmate was once asked by a Dutch midshipman, "What authority have you American midshipmen over your sailors?" "None but verbal authority." Upon which the Dutchman took up the tiller of his boat and knocked down a sailor. "Why did you do that?" said the other. "To show mine authority," was the reply. The impressment of sailors is a part of the education of British Naval officers; and so sure as we give them any authority whatever over our vessels, just so sure will they display their autho-

rity in a summary manner. And though Englishmen *will* sometimes visit our merchantmen, there would be the same difference in their conduct when we deny them, and when we give them, the right, as there would be in the conduct of men generally, under similar circumstances. A and B are two rivals in business. A is disposed to trespass upon B; B warns him, and tells him that he does it at his peril. A therefore acts with great caution and circumspection, and takes care, if he find it *necessary* to trespass now and then, to trespass without damage. But A gets the Legislature to pass a special act, as England sought of the Quintuple Alliance—of the maritime powers of the old world—authorising him to trespass—and how different is the conduct of A, when he enters the premises of B, then! In the proneness of his nature, he breaks down and tramples under foot, without remorse.

But, let us suppose that this right of visitation to our vessels in the 'Suspicious Latitudes,' which extend over one half of the Globe, were granted to Great Britain, and that she exercised it in good faith, and granted our merchants indemnity whenever she detained their vessels without cause. What would be the effect! Our trade with Africa is rapidly increasing. And the effect would be this. The summary habits, and arbitrary character of British officers are well understood by our merchantmen, and the mere proclamation that the right of visiting them had been granted to England, would immediately divert a great portion of this flourishing trade into other channels, and the vessels would be laid up. Gov. Cass tells us, on the authority of the Paris journals, that the French vessel 'Sophie,' changed her destination at once, rather than encounter the vexations claimed to be exercised under this treaty, by British officers. What of our commerce that remained, would be driven away by the vexations of visitation and search. Our vessels would be all suspicious, because in the 'Suspicious Latitudes;' they would be visited to-day by the boats of one vessel, and to-morrow by the boats of another, and finally, after they had run the gauntlet, and completed the voyage, the owner would find, that the delays caused by these interruptions, had increased the wages of the crew, swelled the expenses of the voyage, and taken away the best part of his profits. But suppose the voyage to be broken up by the cruisers. Indemnity is uncertain at best, and may require years of negotiation. Delay is equal to ruin; and in a few years from this time, there would not be found an American merchantman any where, from the Gut of Canso to the Bight of Benin.

Lord Aberdeen tells Mr. Stevenson that it has been

"The invariable practice of all Navies in the world, to ascertain by visit the real nationality of merchant vessels

"met with on the high seas, if there be good reason to apprehend their national character."

This is true, so far as the American Navy is concerned, only as it regards the *suspicious*, not the national, character of vessels; and it is lamentably true, we all know, of the English Navy. But, so far from pretending to derive this practice from any *right*, except when the vessels prove to be Americans or outlaws, our officers acknowledge it to be merely and entirely the usurpation of the power which *might* gives them upon the Ocean. And, to protect from abuse a power so liable to be misused, the American government, true to her own principles, has hedged it about with all the safeguards that she can set around it: she has thrown the onus of personal responsibility upon her officers whenever they exercise it; thus telling them in fact, that their government is like the common law, regardless of *good intentions*, for, 'it will not hold you quit, if you abuse that *might*, or those powers, or any lawful authority, with which you have been clothed for the public good.'

A few years ago, one of our cruisers in the Pacific, captured a Peruvian man-of-war upon the high seas. Her crew, when last in port, had risen upon their officers; and, after killing or forcing them overboard, had put to sea, as mutineers; they were pirates in will, and only wanted to fall in with a merchantman, to be so in deed. Having it in his power, had he neglected to make a prize of this vessel, the American officer would have been dismissed the service. Or, had he made her his prize, and not been justified by the circumstances of the case in so doing, he would have forfeited his commission, and perhaps his life. When civil authorities direct a *capias* against the person of A; and instead, the sheriff brings into court the dead body of B; it is in vain for him to urge by way of excuse, that he had never seen A, and thought this to be he. He is an *officer*, and the law holds him bound to know the right person—and notwithstanding his *good intentions*, his hands are stained with innocent blood; he is cast into prison as a murderer, to be tried for his life. And justice will not hold him guiltless, for he had been daily taught, both in precept and example, by the benign spirit of the law, that it was better to permit ninety and nine such as guilty A to escape, than that he should have hurt even so much as one hair on the head of innocent B. And so too with the American Navy officer; his government holds him bound to do his duty; but in doing it, he may not invade the rights of others, nor injure the innocent.—And when he does it, it is in vain for him to urge his good intentions. "The way to hell is paved with *good intentions*," says the apophthegm; and if government, or the law would regard these in her officers, except through grace and mercy, some ambitious spirit would soon be found, to rise up and pave the way to war and his country's ruin

with what he might choose to term his 'good intentions.'

By these means, the U. States has secured from her officers, the exercise of the soundest discretion, as it regards this most delicate matter. In proof of this assertion, I refer to history; for I believe that facts sustain me in the belief, that no claim has ever been preferred by any nation, against this country for indemnity on account of injuries sustained by its merchantmen from an American man-of-war. Hence the practice of the two Navies tells a very different tale; one seldom suspects, and has ever trespassed without damage; when the other doubts—'it takes the trick,' abuses its power, and trespasses without the fear of consequences.

That the stand taken by the United States in this matter, would not, in practice, have the effect of prostituting our flag, as Lord Aberdeen and those who side with him, assert it would, we may appeal to history and actual results. We have set up no new claims as England has done. The maritime rights which we insist shall not be disturbed, we have been in the quiet enjoyment of for thirty years. They are the usages of the sea. Ever since the war, we have denied the right of any nation to visit and search our vessels upon the high seas. Our principles therefore have been tried by thirty years of practice: and, if we except the cases which occurred a few years ago in the absence of any American force whatever on the coast of Africa, we do not find that our flag has been so prostituted as Lord Aberdeen tells us it would be. On the contrary; under the vigilance of our men-of-war, the stars and stripes have been as little used as the cross of St. George, for the shelter and protection of Ocean scape-graces.

But, we are told, England disclaims any right to interfere with our vessels after their papers have been *examined* and they have been *proven* to be *bona fide* Americans; and that she will make good any damages sustained in consequence of her visits. *Timeo Danaos*. We should get such reparation as we received in the case of those vessels about which this correspondence was commenced. As in the case of the Douglass and Mary, though wrong in the *abstract*, there would be something, which, in her eyes, would always justify the detention of *American* vessels, and the interruption of *American* commerce—the motives of her officers in harassing us, would be always *good*, and therefore justifiable. At least so England now tells us in her diplomatic notes; and what would be her language, were the *right* to go on board and examine, given her?

This right, let it be borne in mind, would be exercised by captains, lieutenants and midshipmen. Let us suppose one of the last—a 'Snotty' as he is called in the English Navy, just out of the highland heather of Scotland, or the bogs of Ireland, as the case may be, to be sent to board one of our

merchantmen in the 'Suspicious Latitudes.'—They were boarded and sailors impressed out of them before the last war, by a less responsible person, the coxswain of a boat—He demands her papers, and they are shown; why, says he, these are as easily counterfeited as that bit of striped *bunting* you have hoisted. How do I know that this signature is genuine? This is *very* suspicious. You must open your hatches, and show that your cargo corresponds with your invoice. You must go to your log, calculate the difference of latitude and departure, for every course and distance sailed, for every hour that you have been from port, and project them upon your chart, that I may see whether your track leads back to the place whence you profess to have come. Innocent or guilty, here is a detention, which in nine times out of ten, will break up the voyage; or render trade to that part of the world, a losing business to those who should have the hardihood to undertake it.

Governor Cass analyzes the grounds taken by the English secretaries in support of this new doctrine; and when stripped of the foreign matter with which they are surrounded, he sums them up under three heads:

1st. "Without it, flags may sometimes be abused, and 'the guilty escape.'"

With it, American commerce will be vexed beyond endurance; our vessels will be detained and searched upon the most vague suspicions, and our sailors be impressed and carried away into a worse than African bondage. The humane spirit of the law, the experience of history, and the observation of all good men, agree and teach us that 'it is better that ninety and nine guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer.'

2nd. "Without it, English cruisers may sometimes be 'prevented from boarding their own vessels, and thus the 'municipal laws of England may be violated.'"

It is almost as impossible for an English built merchantman to pass herself off upon a seaman, as an American, as it would be for a Choctaw chief to pass himself off for an English nobleman. The traders of the two countries are not built after the same fashion, nor sparred by the same rules; and, as there is an indescribable something about men which enables a close observer to tell the citizens of one country from the subjects of another, so there is about ships, some peculiarity of fit, rig, or construction—the mere 'cut of the Jib'—which enables the experienced and well practised eye of the sailor, to distinguish with almost unerring certainty, and from outward appearances, the nationality of merchantmen. And if it be borne in mind, that for the protection of her ship-builders, the laws of England forbid that her subjects should be so much even as part owner of an American built vessel; that under no circumstances whatever, can such a vessel take out English papers; that her own laws make null and void, the sale of an American ves-

sel to an English subject;—under these circumstances, I repeat, it is difficult to perceive any practical force whatever, in this objection. But if these things were not so, are we bound by any treaty, or any obligation whatever, either written, or implied, to enforce British laws, or to assist her, or her officers in the execution of them? We are asked in effect, to allow British law—all booted and spurred, to ride over our own; and whenever they come in conflict, even within our own jurisdiction, to give it precedence. But on the other hand, when she is requested to restore our property, and to deliver up the servants of our citizens who have murdered their masters, and fled to English soil; her reply is, O no! the English municipal law holds them guiltless and sets them free, for they have done it no violence. Verily this request comes with a good grace to us, from proud and haughty England!

3rd. "Without it, the treaty stipulations for the suppression of the slave trade, cannot be as well executed."

Guilty ships are governed in their actions by guilty men; and the guilty conscience is just as apt to betray the ship as the man. There is always some little circumstance, difficult indeed to be described, but something in appearance or manner, which directs suspicion to the kidnapper among us, and leads to his detection even as he passes along our public highways. So too, on the highway of nations; the guilty ship is moved by her guilty crew, and whithersoever she is turned, she obeys their guilty spirit. When discovered prowling about the Ocean, the Argus-eyes of the man-of-war, *looking to suspect*, are upon her; so that the actions of the slaver before the cruiser, are even more liable than the conduct of the kidnapper before the officer, to betray and detect. But even if the Great Moral Governor of the Universe had not, in his ways that are past finding out, invested the slaver, as he has other men, with the workings of a guilty conscience, and had not exposed man in his worst character, to the liabilities of self-betrayal, this position would still have no force in it: it is English doctrine and English law, expounded by the high courts of England—and it is the most valuable feature in the conservative principles which guard and protect the international rights of sovereignties—that,

"No nation can exercise the right of visitation and search upon the common and unappropriated parts of the Ocean." And that, "No nation has the right to force her way for the liberation of Africa, by trampling upon the independence of other States, on the pretence of an ancient good, by means that are unlawful; or to press forward to a great principle, through other great principles that stand in the way."

Grant Great Britain but the *right* to enter our merchantmen, and her foot is forever upon the neck of this young giant, already her most powerful rival upon the Ocean. Such was her impatient eagerness to effect her purposes, that before her

allies had confirmed the treaty, she proceeded, with indecent haste, to demand our assent to an interpolation upon the law of nations: and this interpolated clause, her ministerial functionary tells us, the happy concurrence of *five* powers, magniloquently termed by him, the *STATES OF CHRISTENDOM*, not merely *justifies*, but renders *indispensable*. With these threatenings trembling on her lips, she has been suddenly arrested: the scales were removed from the eyes of France, by the hands of a political Ananias sent from us; she saw the dangers in the way, repented, and turned back in good time from the league. And thus the vaulting ambition of England has overleaped itself for once.

It is no new thing for Great Britain to league together with other powers, to interfere with the political affairs of unoffending people, and with whose concerns she has no right, save and except the highway right of her Robin Hood. It is not necessary to go back to remote history, to show that England, as well as other European Monarchies, whenever they have had designs upon friendly nations, have proceeded to effect their purposes by banding themselves together in leagues and alliances.

To show this, we need only recite what has been done within our own times, and to our own knowledge. In 1826, a Turkish province was found in unsuccessful rebellion. She, it is true, had the sympathies of the American people with her, as every people always have, who possess the spirit to be free. But Great Britain leagued herself in triple alliance, and determined that this province should be lopped off as a dependency of the Grand Turk; not because the rights and privileges of the contracting parties were invaded; but because they, in their sovereignty of might, willed it. Accordingly they sent forth their combined squadrons, which burned, sunk and destroyed the whole Turkish fleet. And then, after bandying about among the petty princes of Europe, the new-made Crown of this ancient Republic, they proceeded to put it upon the head of a spluttering German, and to make him the king of classic Greece.

One complete revolution of the seasons has scarcely past and gone, since other Turkish dependencies were found in successful rebellion—and carrying on a revolution which we recognize the right in man everywhere to make. Busy England again forms another league; by virtue of which, and for the settlement of what she calls the *Eastern Question*, she proceeded to batter down the strong hold of the revolutionists, and to dispose of the sovereignty and provinces of a people, with whom she has nothing in common, and of right, as little to do. And now leagued again, she turns upon us with the *Western question*.

We recollect the mystical combination of princes in a 'Holy Alliance' against the cause of civil liberty, not joined indeed, but approved of, by Great Britain.

By these alliances beyond the black waters, we have not only seen kings set up and fleets destroyed, and people transferred, but we have seen kings pulled down, and nations of that continent blotted out from the map forever.

Nor are we unmindful of the many leagues and alliances, at the head and front of which, Great Britain, in times past, has first placed herself; when backed by these, she has proceeded, with a high hand and her strong arm, to inflict upon other nations, private wrongs, and public calamities of the most grievous character. But so long as she confined her designs and the operations of her alliances to European affairs, and crossed not the waters with them, we had nothing to say, and pretended no interference whatever. Once indeed, when the 'Allied Powers' had adjusted the affairs of Europe, and Alexander-like, craved for more worlds to operate upon, they turned their eyes from the old to the new, and had some intent, it was thought, of interfering with the Spanish American States. But the United States at once declared by solemn proclamation to the whole world, that they would consider the interference of any European power, in the affairs of Spain and her American colonies, as a declaration of war against us. Thus the intentions of the 'Allies' were staid, and their operations kept within the bounds of the old world; and we ceased to regard the Triple Alliances and the Quadruple Alliances in which Great Britain chose to unite herself; though we could not forget the terrible struggles to which they gave rise. With the recollection of these fresh upon their minds, it was not without the most serious apprehensions that American diplomatists, in Europe, beheld this great nation strengthening herself in Quintuple Alliance, and then deliberately proceeding, with intent to break down and trample under foot, those time-honored principles of national law, which stand in the way of her designs. There was unfeigned cause of alarm, when she commenced to tell us of a 'Christian league' that she had formed; and of a *new* right of search that was necessary to its purposes. "My course," said she, "is taken: this *right* shall be enforced;" and she added, with a taunt—"It is for the American government alone to determine what may be due to a just regard for their national dignity and national interests."^{*}

Thanks to Governor Cass: France has been induced to hesitate; and we now hope for the best. But for this hesitation, as sure as I write and you read, this most Christian alliance would have made the green sea red. In opposing the unhallowed designs of England, through this League, upon us, it cannot fail to be a source of deep regret and mortification to all good citizens, that we are not in a condition to authorize our Ministers to use the lan-

* Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Stevenson.

guage of prepared resistance. In times like these, much depends upon the mere state of preparation. War and all its horrors may often be averted, simply by being prepared for it. And not being so prepared, invites aggression.

Intelligent Americans need not be reminded of the constant and systematic efforts that have been made for years, by a portion of the English people, to exclude the produce of slave labor from their markets. Had her wary neighbor not been induced to suspect and to falter, the next step of this great Ocean Behemoth, backed by the 'States of Christendom,' would have been to declare, that no ships, laden with slaves, or the fruits of their labor, should sail either within the *Suspicious*,* or any other Latitudes. After this, the next steamer to cross the Atlantic, would have borne us a message from this high priest of the 'Christian League' and Captain of the seas, intimating that a certain domestic institution of ours, stinks in her nostrils—and abolition, prompt and immediate, must be done! Nor was it the intention of its master-spirit, that the coalition should end here. The United States have some naval and commercial pretensions, that are gall and wormwood to her ambitious soul: therefore the wings of our commerce must be clipped. Yankee sailors are brave and hardy, and may be wanted again to fight English battles: therefore a plan must be contrived for getting the right to board American ships. 'Once a subject always a subject,' is British ethics; and the right to impress British seamen *wherever* found, is British municipal law. Therefore said, or thought John Bull, if we can only get the right to enter Brother Jonathan's merchantmen, we have already the right to impress our own seamen *wherever* we find them—and thus, we will have *secured* to us the old right of impressment, about which the Americans went to war.

Rightly to appreciate these grounds of apprehension, it should be borne in mind, that in 1813 the Executive of England, in his reply to the American manifesto, as to the cause of the war, said, when speaking of the belligerent right of *search* for *contraband*—

"His Royal Highness can never admit that in the exercise of the undoubted and hitherto undisputed right of searching neutral merchant vessels in time of war, (for *contraband only*, such as implements and munitions of war, enemies' troops, etc.); the impressment of British seamen found therein, can be deemed any violation of a neutral flag—or considered by any neutral state, as a hostile measure, or a cause of war."

Here is the express declaration from England, that her officers carry with them wherever they go, this right of impressment. It matters not *how*

**'Suspicious Latitudes.'* A belt of Ocean 5000 miles broad, and more than 10,000 miles long, which was to have extended from South Carolina on the North, and Patagonia on the South, beyond Africa, over half the globe, to the shores of India.

her officers get on board our merchantmen; being there, they have the right to impress seamen; and 'when they doubt, they take the trick.' This was British doctrine in 1813; let us see what it is in 1842. I quote from the *London Times*, the official organ of the British government. In speaking of the bearings of the Quintuple Treaty, it says:

"This dispute (right of impressment) now sleeps, though it will have to be revived, at latest on the next occasion, when we find ourselves invested, by a war, with the right of which it is the consequence; and indeed it might be *raised upon the contemplated treaty*, giving a mutual right of search for the prevention of the slave trade."

In 1812 the people of these United States decided that they would resist, by force of arms, the impressment of our seamen. And war was declared against Great Britain, not because she *searched* our vessels, but because she stopped them on the high seas, and impressed our people out of them. After England made peace with France, she no longer had need of American sailors, and they were no longer impressed. Consequently, when impressments ceased, the cause of the war ceased. Therefore, Mr. Monroe instructed the American Commissioners not to bring forward at the treaty of Ghent, the subject of impressment at all; for we had resisted it by war when it did exist, and should be prepared so to resist it again, should it ever be revived.

As peace found this vexatious question, so it has remained until renewed by this Quintuple Alliance: or more properly speaking, this league of the maritime powers of the old world against 'sailors' rights,' and the commercial prosperity of the new. In January last, the *London Times* began to moot it as a corollary, that, as in time of war, they might take from foreign ships the persons of the King's enemies; therefore, they might also, by the same right, take from them the persons of the Queen's subjects. It continues:

"In the practical enforcement, however, of this right or wrong, for on that point it is not necessary to pronounce, the searching party, being, from the nature of the case, the strongest, and moreover, ordinarily speaking, persons of *summary habits*, were apt to be somewhat arbitrary in their judgments as to who was *American* and who was *English* 'when they doubted they took the trick,' at least so thought and said the Americans; and any one may remember, that once taken and lodged in an English man-of-war, by right or by wrong, it was not easy to get out of it; and accordingly the American had to stay with just as good a chance of being cut off by a French cannon ball, before he could get his right again, as any of his English fellow sailors."

The *Times* intimates that the European powers, parties to this treaty, *will not brook to be thwarted*.

"A single war with Great Britain, the (United States) has already tried, a war on her part with all Europe will be a novelty."

Here then, is a distinct intimation, that this Christian League is armed against the United States. The same view is taken by the Scotsman, another respectable journal, when, in speaking of the real

object of the right of search as formerly exercised upon us, it says :

"It was to discover British sailors in American vessels, and *practically* give our Naval officers a power to impress seamen from the ships of another state." And again—"We have little doubt that the arrogant and indefensible right of search, claimed by Great Britain in the last war, lies at the bottom of the stubborn hostility of the Americans to the reasonable propositions of our government."

"The Americans," says the London Sun, whose remarks are made with much candor, "may very properly object to *our* right of search, and may still have a great inclination to suppress the slave trade; but of the two evils, we have no doubt, but the Americans would prefer the eternal existence of the slave trade, to allowing their ships to be overhauled by our men-of-war. If they sanction the examination, for the mere purpose of ascertaining if a vessel bearing the American flag is, *bona fide*, an American vessel, they sanction a rigid examination of the vessel herself. The papers may be simulated. How is that to be proved? By examining the crew, by ascertaining that the cargo of the vessel corresponds to the manifest; by tracing her route in the Log Book; in short, by subjecting her to a complete search. If that be not done, papers will at once be produced to correspond to the flag; and merely to prove that they do correspond, will be of no use whatever. The Americans are well aware of the insults and injuries they would submit themselves to, by admitting this claim to visit their ships; and the Morning Chronicle does them egregious injustice, when it represents their resistance to that claim as grounded in unrighteousness."* And again. "It is impossible for the Americans to admit this claim. By committing injustice on our own people, we have bred up our officers in arbitrary habits, which have made them arbitrary to other nations; and the consequences debar England from following out her humane wishes to suppress the slave trade."

Taking therefore the solemn declarations since made in Parliament by Lord Brongham, in candor and good faith, and admitting Great Britain to be sincere, honest, and single-minded in her purpose—that it is really the suppression of the African slave trade on the coast of Africa, and nothing else that she has in view—here is an *insuperable* objection to our yielding one title of our sovereign rights. The overbearing character of her officers is quite as well known to our merchantmen, as it

is to English journals. And there is an objection to *our* yielding this right, which does not apply to any other of the contracting parties.—English and American seamen spring from the same stock, and speak the same language; it is easy to mistake one for the other; and when there's any doubt, the English officer, to make sure, 'takes the trick,' and carries him off. Not so with the other powers; their national characteristics are more exclusive, and their seamen speak in a peculiar language, and can never be mistaken, as to their nation. Admitting England to be never so honest in this matter, and that we were willing to trust those who manage her ship of state at home, we could not trust those who manage her ships of war at sea.

The statesmen of England should have recollected, how, in the exercise of this right of search, she had trampled our flag under foot, aggrieved our people, and driven us to war, and they would have known that the American people never would consent to this treaty. Half a century ago, the U. States set their face against the slave trade, and declared it piracy; they were the first among nations, to move its suppression; and to this day, they have striven to put it down. They view it with as much horror as Great Britain herself does—and are prepared to go for the suppression of it as far as they can go, without forcing down those great bulwarks which protect the freedom of the seas, and secure to maritime nations—to the strong and weak alike—the peaceful enjoyment of the rights of commerce. Were the suppression of the African slave trade the only object which Great Britain has in view, she might have secured, readily enough, the hearty coöperation of the United States. They would have stipulated to maintain on the coast of Africa, for this purpose, any reasonable force. At short notice, we could have sent there armed brigs and schooners, equal, at least in number, to the cruisers which Great Britain has now employed there. There would have been no objection for one of her cruisers, to accompany each of ours on their cruising grounds. When they made a suspicious sail, they both could join in pursuit, until the chase should show her colours. If they were American, she would be boarded only by our vessel. But should she hoist the flag of any other nation, the American officer would have nothing to do with her; he would leave the Englishman to board, detain, search, and dispose of her as he pleased. It would be no concern of ours. By this arrangement, Lord Aberdeen might dismiss his fears lest British subjects and British capital would usurp the American flag for illicit traffic.

It may be said in reply, grant British cruisers the right to visit vessels under the American flag also, and one-half of this force might be dispensed with, without impairing the efficiency of the whole.

* *Grounded (?) in righteousness.* At a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, recently held in Ireland—Mr. O'Connell, who we all know to be rabid on the subject of slavery, said with regard to this question of search, "The Americans unquestionably have a right to resist any search made on their own ships * * *, but why, I will ask, are they so very stringent in their refusal to allow any meddling with vessels sailing under their flag? Oh, England ought to read a lesson from the circumstance. In the last war she acted with the most atrocious barbarity towards American vessels. She trampled their flag under foot—insisted on the right of search—insisted on the right of British subjects to go on board American vessels, and act as they thought proper. England was then in the insolence of her power—she committed the grossest outrages on the rights of the American people; those outrages irritated and provoked them in the highest degree, and that irritation continues to the present hour, (loud cries of hear, hear.) Oh! England ought to recollect that while she had the power—that while it was safe to insult, she did so; but a day of retribution may come" (cheers.)

True it would be *cheaper*; and it would be economical too, if nations could but safely trust their interests to the keeping of each other, and their affairs to the management of their neighbors. If we could with security entrust to the 'Christian Alliance' the safe keeping of our commercial interests, within the 'Suspicious Latitudes'—we might at once recall nine-tenths of our ships—dismantle them, and lay them up to rot. We might say to France, look out for our interests in the Mediterranean—to England, protect our commerce in the East-Indies—to another power, watch for us in the Pacific—and in turn, we will guard and protect, as the apple of our eye, the commercial welfare and prosperity of you all in the West-Indies. If nations were but honest, just, and upright, we need have no Navy at all. But as long as they are not so, each one must look out for its own interests as well in the 'Suspicious Latitudes' and on the coast of Africa, as in the Mediterranean and elsewhere.

The arrangement suggested above would add to, and not impair, the efficiency of the cruisers, both English and American; nor would it have broken thro' any of the great principles which stand in the way to the suppression of the *African* slave trade. It would have been received with acclamation by the great body of the American people. But instead of that, England proceeded to extend within 200 miles of this city, the *suspicious* parallel, and to stretch the borders thereof along the very shores of our Southern States. There is something dark in this, and well calculated to excite suspicion. Had we taken the bait which was held out so alluringly to us, no vessel with slaves on board, could have left the ports of one State for another, or for one of the same State, without being liable to seizure by English cruisers. This much gained, it would have required no latitudinous construction of the treaty itself, to bring within its intent and meaning, the body-servant of every passenger that sails in or out of the Gulf of Mexico.

But to return to the quotations: I have hastily thrown the above together, on some of which Gov. Cass—*there on the spot*, lays great stress; and it is thought not without reason. This is done to show our readers, that there is more in these pretensions than meets the eye; and that G. Britain has not yet avowed her real purpose. In the case of the *Creole*, we are told that we have no just right of complaint, for that our property was taken from us, the murderers of our citizens protected, and our slaves set free, all by the beautiful operations of the benign municipal laws of England. And so, when she gets the right to put her foot on board of our merchantmen, she will impress our seamen and call them subjects, and tell us it was done according to Hoyle and British municipal law—that when we granted her the right to visit, we knew of this law, and therefore its exercise was implied in the grant;

and if it were not, we had no right to complain of the operations of her own laws upon her own subjects.

This kind request to visit our merchantmen to keep our flag from being abused, tends really to the ridiculous, and strikingly reminds one of the friendly visit of the Fox to Piggy, in the nursery story. "Open the door." "O no, I'm afraid you'll eat me." "No I wont, just let me get *one foot* in." Having got an entrance for the foot, room was was soon made for the head also; and Piggy was devoured. And so it would be with our sailors if British officers were allowed these *rights of visitation*; though the full-blooded Yankee tar, like the mate in *Don Juan*, might be rather tough eating, yet the English fleet would receive its recruits from American ships.

How times have changed! A little while ago, and England was as a mother to us; she is now our rival; and has been our foe. So long as she sought to carry out her schemes of aggrandizement, not upon us, and was content to plot her alliances against European Sovereigns and Asiatic Despots, we had not one word to say in the way of protest against her or them. But when, in her dark designs, she attempts to push her plans across the 'great waters,' and, under the *black* flag, preaches up a crusade against the rights of neutrality and American principles, it is high time that the country should be waked up from its slumbers, should examine its arms, and look to its defences.

The relations of the United States both foreign and domestic, were never in a more critical or *ticklish* condition: the monetary concerns of the government and people are deranged—confidence in public institutions and the good faith of bodies corporate, is shaken; the character of the American States abroad has suffered injury; business at home is dull; prospects are gloomy; 'hard times' are at hand; and the minds of men are soured with the reverses of fortune. The damp air grows pestilential, and the still waters of the sea become fetid in the calm, when no strong wind comes to agitate and purify. The storm and the tempest, though frightful in their ravages, are necessary to the well-being of man in the physical world; and in the moral, revolution and war sometimes become essential for his political independence and welfare. Many are the men who argue that the effects upon this country, of a war now, would be to put in motion the stagnant pools of business, and to order aright, for the public good, the deranged elements of our political economy. The 'Caroline affair' has sunk deep, and yet rankles in the bosom of many a true-hearted American; the public mind in the North, is worn and fretted with the question of the 'Maine Boundary.' The *Creole* case vexes the South; and the perplexed questions of visitation and search have revived the recollection of former wrongs and animosities.—In

the present feverish and excitable state of the public mind, the agitation of this subject, by pressing it upon us, would excite but one determined feeling throughout the land—there is nothing sectional about it, it is altogether national in its bearings. But touch the American people through their ships and sailors, and, from the St. John's around to the Sabine, from the Atlantic back to the Rocky mountains, there is a war-spirit raised, which it would be difficult to lay. With so many elements at work, both within and without, anxious eyes from all quarters are turned upon the patriots and statesmen of the land; and, while we hope for the best, we are warned by the restive and feverish state of two great nations about to hold a parley, to prepare for the worst.

Six years ago, and a war with England, would have produced a commotion in the political elements of this country, that would have shaken its institutions to their very foundations. Since that, difficulties have arisen, war has been talked of and threatened, until the idea of war has become familiar to the people, and they, in a great measure, have become reconciled to it; and far different would be its effects now. A war at this time would tend mightily to unite us, to strengthen the bonds of the Union, and to brighten the links in the chain which binds us together in brotherhood. And, as before remarked, there are many reflecting men, who think that war now, would be more of a blessing than a curse.

But, I am not given to panic making, nor subject to war fevers. Neither do I think a war necessary or desirable. On the contrary, I should view a war between the United States and Great Britain, as one of the greatest calamities, except a scourge direct from the hand of God, that could befall my country. Doubtless, there are many irritating causes at work in the public mind and feelings on both sides; and so far as any international questions have been raised upon them as yet, the right is clearly ours. But to the peaceful settlement of them—a mutual spirit of conciliation and forbearance is of the first importance. There is room, much room for hope in the character of the negotiators concerned; and so long as there is hope, it is wise and brave to indulge it, though it is equally the part of prudence and of wisdom to *fear the worst and to prepare for it*. When nations go to war, *right*, in the day of battle, is more regarded than brute force by a Christian people. We already occupy this tower of strength, and I fear not its surrender—whatever be the *defences* about it which tardy legislation shall fail to provide. In the Navy, there is but one sentiment and one feeling on this subject: it is, avert war, honorably, if you can; if not, let it come: right or wrong, the stars and stripes shall not be disgraced on the Ocean.

HARRY BLUFF.

April 2, 1842.

Notices of New Works.

POPULAR LECTURES ON ETHICS OR MORAL OBLIGATION.
For the use of Schools. By Margaret Mercer.

We have been surprised upon reading this little volume, to find that it is not in more general circulation, and that it has not excited, in a greater degree, the attention and admiration of the reading public. With regard to this production it appears to us, that admiration would be a necessary consequence of attention—but this is difficult to procure for a book professedly "For the use of Schools." These words suggest to most minds all that is trite and tedious, mingled perhaps, with a feeling of self-gratulation at having passed those days which were necessarily devoted to school-books. It is, unfortunately, not true that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" our associations are awakened by names; and words influence opinion and feeling to an almost incredible degree. One would suppose, however, that the use for which this book is specially intended, would at least promote its circulation among the class for whose peculiar benefit it was designed. But here again it is difficult, without some aid or patronage from those versed in the mysteries of the literary trade, to supersede books which are already in use in schools, however defective they may be. There is so much to discourage and depress teachers, so much to reduce their minds to a state almost mechanical, that they are little likely to introduce a new book into use simply from a perception of its merits. They prefer treading the accustomed path, in which their footsteps move almost unconsciously; they generally like best to use those books in which the greatest possible knowledge is crowded into the smallest possible space. The satirical and playful humor of Theodore Hook, has sketched a caricature of fashionable boarding-schools in Mrs. Brandyball's academy, at which we sigh, even while we smile—so much of truth is visible in its exaggerated outlines. For this state of things, we pity rather than blame teachers of such schools: for we believe it to be chiefly attributable to the want of interest felt by parents and guardians generally, on the subject of education; or, perhaps we should rather say, to the little reflection bestowed on it. When parents and guardians are aware, that to be taught to think is one of the first requisites of education—then such books as excite reflection, will be brought into use in schools. The demand only is necessary to create them, or to bring from obscurity those which have already been written.

We think yet another cause exists which has prevented this little volume from obtaining a circulation commensurate with its merits; we mean the total want of all that aid from puffers, which, in our times at least, has unfortunately become necessary to insure literary success. It is not that our age is deficient in literary taste, far from it; but rather that the endless variety of new publications, which are continually issuing from the press, makes it utterly impossible for the most indefatigable reader not to overlook a large portion of these works; and our attention is naturally attracted to those productions, of whose character and merits we have heard something. Some honest chronicler to tell one's merits, seems almost indispensable to obtain even a hearing from the public. We do not profess to belong to the tribe of puffers, and we do not believe that any of the tricks of the literary trade can do more than give an ephemeral existence to books that do not possess real merit; but to declare our admiration of what is excellent, and to endeavor to assist the circulation of a work so well calculated to inform the understanding, to touch the heart, to implant the noblest principles of action, appears to us a debt due to the cause of truth, and a tribute of gratitude due also to the writer, who presents the best fruits of her mind and heart

to the public, at the expense of time, of thought, and of all the risks and vexations incident to authorship.

We feel yet another claim, which to us is a very strong one, that this work is one of the very few original publications that have ever issued from a Virginia press. It is time that the sons and daughters of the "Old Dominion," should arouse themselves from the lethargy which has so long oppressed them;—it is time they were taking their stand in the literary world;—it is time they were putting out to interest the talents, with which, it is no vain boast, when we think what children Virginia has produced, to say they have been liberally endowed. As yet native literature amongst us has scarcely an existence; and genius so rare, which might have embalmed itself in imperishable records for the admiration and instruction of posterity, has passed from the earth, like the fleeting beauty of the summer-flower, or the fading leaf of autumn. It is necessary to the very existence of literature, that it should be fostered in its infancy. It is impossible for any country, however gifted with natural talent its inhabitants may be, to take an elevated station in the literary or scientific world, unless her children be animated by the spirit, which Burns so forcibly expresses, and without which his genius would have perished with him:

"E'en then, a wish, I mind its power
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or hook might make,
Or sing a sang at least."

We would not limit this feeling to any portion of a country such as ours, as we feel that we are all brethren of one great family; yet, as it is not only natural but justifiable that a man should be bound by stronger ties to his own household than to the rest of the community, just so we regard our own state with reference to the great union of which it is a member.

The subject of which this book treats is one of the deepest and most universal interest, and yet it is one on which most persons have reflected least. While all the languages and all the 'ologies' are considered of indispensable importance in education, the science of moral obligation—that science to which all others are comparatively of small importance—is scarcely thought of; it seems taken for granted that a knowledge of duty is intuitive, and that just ideas of morality and religion will suggest themselves spontaneously to the mind. Indeed, it is surprising to converse with many persons of intelligence, and possessing various information, to observe how very vague and incorrect their ideas of duty are, and how imperfect their understanding of the reasons and grounds of moral obligation. It cannot fail to be evident, that the subject has scarcely ever been the object of their serious thought and attention; and yet it must excite the deepest interest and awaken a feeling of moral elevation in any reflecting mind, which will consider it attentively.

A new world opens to those who consider even their most trifling actions as fulfilling the intentions of their Creator, as strengthening the good cause as a means of discipline and purification for an immortal spirit who has an eternal destiny to fulfil. We think we can venture to predict, that few persons, who possess minds capable of reflection, or hearts susceptible of noble and tender impressions, can give this little volume an attentive perusal, without deriving from it, pleasure and benefit. "Seeds of thought" are every where scattered through its pages, with an abundance that evinces great fertility and originality of mind; while passages, rich with poetic imagery, or elevating in their influence, from the purest and noblest strains of moral sentiment, attest alike the beautiful imagination and the exalted principle possessed by the writer.

Although of "making books there is no end," so there is scarcely any conceivable subject upon which something has not been written; yet all who have ever endeavored to find suitable books for any specific purpose, must have discovered how many departments, even in the most explored branches of knowledge, yet remain to be filled. Perhaps, in the course of such an investigation, a single book may never be found, which places the subject exactly in the light you most wish to see it considered, or contains the information respecting it, you most desire to obtain. This is especially the case with moral philosophy; for there is no subject on which authors have written, more "variously, uncertainly, and unsatisfyingly;" and the ground which Miss Mercer occupies, appears to us the very strongest that can be taken. We think even those who do not believe the Gospel to be a Divine Revelation, admit it to be the purest system of ethics ever offered to mankind, and the character of Jesus Christ to be a faultless model for human imitation. Granting these premises, it seems to follow necessarily, that the best system of ethics must be that which is based on the Christian Religion. Why should we recur to the "dim lights of philosophy," when the "day-star from on high" sheds its radiance on our path—or why dignify the errors of antiquity with the name of philosophy? Very beautiful, very noble were the speculations of many of those who sought to understand the science of moral obligation, from the light of nature—containing too, bright and partial glimpses of truth, but never presenting a rational and consistent system of ethics. A brighter, a steadier light than that of reason and natural religion, was wanting to enable the eye of man to discern clearly and in its whole extent, the foundation on which the temple of moral science must be reared, to insure the beauty of proportion and durability of the fabric.

But it is time that we should offer some specimens of the work before us to our readers, to enable them to form some judgment as to its merits, or rather its beauties of style and thought; for the higher excellencies of a book, treating of so serious a subject, cannot be illustrated by short extracts. The opening paragraph appears to us a good example of the beautiful imagery and language, which may be found interspersed in numerous passages through the volume:

"Bright and glorious is the morning of life, when youth and inexperience launch their light bark upon the sparkling tide of a new existence. Their broad pennon bears in its silken folds, hope on the wing pursuing distant pleasures; their bright streamers flutter in the stirring breeze, revealing curious devices of anticipated joys; the spray casts around the vessel's prow showers of diamonds; the dipping oars send back on their circling waves patines of burnished silver, and flashes of living gold; and softly as the receding waters close behind the storm, they murmur a gentle, kind adieu. Life is then all poetry—all pleasure: and well do the aged remember the magic power of youthful feelings and imaginations, and what a dazzling glow their own enthusiasm spreads over the sober realities of life. But far from the promised haven for which they sailed, is the shore where their broken voyage has ended. Many and sorrowful have been the shipwrecks which they have witnessed: gay hearts swept away before the receding tide of fate; confident spirits sunk in the raging deep; or dashed on the rocky coast of disappointment and despair. To one who looks back upon the sad vicissitudes of a past life, there is something deeply affecting in the unconscious mirth of the young, sporting heedlessly on the verge of an ocean of trouble, upon which they are but too willing to embark, without rudder and without compass."

It is obvious that the aim of the writer is the enforcement of moral and religious principles of action; and

the bright flowers of imagination are scattered almost unconsciously through the pages of her work—springing as naturally from the soil of her mind, as the wild-flower on the mossy dell or shady bank. There are also passages to be found of exquisite pathos, such as the following :

"Open your heart to the deepest sympathies of our nature in commiserating the keenest of earthly sorrows, that of a mother bereaved of a daughter, who has lived to become the solace and delight, the companion and friend of her declining age, as she has been the hope of her more youthful affections. Walking through her desolated dwelling, the aching void produced in her thoughts and affections, is felt at every step; in her lone chamber, or by the cheerful fireside, some seat is vacant that she was wont to fill, and reminds her that she who contributed so much to the happiness of the domestic circle, is gone forever. In all her youthful loveliness we have laid her in the cold, damp grave. Every sense is busy in ministering to grief, and suggesting their own peculiar associations of sorrow; and memory, that importunate and unfeeling faculty that cares not for the anguish it inflicts, whispers—'Those soft beams of affection with which those beautiful eyes so fondly turned on you, you will never meet again; the gentle tones of that dove-like voice will never again vibrate on your ear, with the mysterious charm which belongs to the simple word mother; no more shall you feel the sacred thrill of holy emotion, with which you met the pressure of her lips, in the warm, pure salutations of a daughter's love.' Here, oh thou God of heaven and earth, what a lesson dost thou give us of the danger of fixing our thoughts and affections upon earthly things; by what terrible dispensations dost thou sever our souls from earth, and force them to follow thee into the invisible hereafter! How dost thou cast up the foundations of dust, and tear the deep roots of our affections forth, and leave us like a tree which the whirlwind has overthrown? Who that looks on the giant oak, in the strength of its centurion growth, could have thought that in one minute, an invisible power could wrench it from its hold, and leave it prostrate in the dust? So are the strong ties of human affection severed in an instant. But let the expression of animal feeling be hushed. Be silent earth! and listen to one who comes among you, with the power of Him who has overthrown your earthly joys, and the sympathy of a man who feels for you as a brother. Hear those precious words—'The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.' Yes, bereaved mother, your daughter sleeps sweetly in Christ: safe from such pangs as now rends your heart, she rests in hope of a glorious resurrection. Yet a little while and you shall stand side by side, and you will say, 'Is this indeed my drooping, perishing child, who fell away from my side, like a withering flower? Is this my daughter, radiant with glory, smiling in the eternal light of God's throne, resplendent in the purity of a heavenly nature, exulting in the victory over sin and sorrow and the grave?' Can you not, even now, see the celestial ray of her angelic eye beaming upon you? Do you not hear the silvery tones of her voice, in ravishing sweetness, say, 'Oh mother! it was for this we mourned—it was for this we suffered—it was for this I died. Can you not, then, wait your appointed time—go on rejoicing in faith, performing the assumed duties of your mortal pilgrimage, till your end come? Did not sorrow wean me—did not suffering purify me—did not death release me from the bondage of corruption; and do you not know that our Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in the flesh shall we see God, whom we shall see for ourselves, and our eyes shall behold? Do you not know that it is gain to die, and be with Christ; and would you have me bound longer in the chains of mortality, and perhaps have lived to see my soul whelmed in the cares and griefs—or worse, the tempting, deceptive,

misnamed pleasures of that world which is at enmity with God?' Such is the spirit of consolation which visits the broken heart of the Christian mourner; and to young and old, it seems forever to sound our warning—'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

We must not, however, in gathering flowers by the way-side, forget the more important objects we have in view in endeavoring to recommend this work to the attention of the public. It has merits of a higher order than to charm the imagination, or touch the sensibility; it informs the reason, gives rules of practical good sense for the conduct of life, awakens thought as to our own natures, and excites devotional feeling. It is difficult to illustrate such merits as these by short extracts, so that we must refer the reader to the work itself, believing that he will not fail to perceive them in its perusal. We admire the power of generalization and capacity for clear definition which sentences such as the following often exhibit :

"The whole business, then, of education is, to study the moral peculiarities of the mind, to form the best estimate of the probable destiny of the being, and then to surround the subject (whether ourself or another) with such influences from without, as will tend to develop the faculties in due proportion, to suit the duties and conditions of life to which we may reasonably anticipate being called."

We have seen volumes on education which did not explain the subject so well as this single sentence. Guided by principles of education such as these, it will be of comparatively little importance to what languages, or to what branches of science, the attention is devoted. The cultivation, the enlargement of the mind, the due balancing of its powers, are the great ends of education; the positive knowledge gained in most studies, is often of little practical use in after life; but the power to use and regulate the faculties of the mind, is an inestimable and every-day advantage.

The principles of moral action are so strongly and clearly defined in these lectures, that if once well understood, their application would be easy in almost every situation in which an individual could be placed. We think not only young ladies (though to this class of society they are especially applicable) would be benefited by reading this volume, but all persons who have never seriously and frequently considered the subject of moral obligation; and even these, we believe, would find that it awakened new trains of thought, and gave rise to many valuable suggestions. We should regret to see a book so useful, so ennobling in its tendency, as we deem this to be, perish almost as soon as it has appeared, from chilling neglect; and we should think we had made an ungrateful return for the pure and tender feelings of the heart, the striking and luminous ideas of the mind, offered us by our countrywoman. We hope to see another edition, in which the inaccuracies of style, that are so apt to be found in writings that are composed, with rapidity, will be corrected. These *blemishes* are slight, and do not at all affect the chief merits of this work; but they would no doubt be removed in a subsequent edition, as it is easy to perceive from the facility of expression, and command of language possessed by the writer, that these errors could not have proceeded from any want of knowledge of the rules of composition. We should rejoice to see it in general use in schools throughout the country, as it appears to us that a book of this very kind is greatly wanted: and we believe that many a youthful mind would receive from it moral and religious light, which would shine on their paths even until they passed through "the valley and shadow of death."

PARLOR MELODIES. *The Moore Harper, N York, has put forth a collection of music with the same title. It is edited by two ladies, who state in their preface, that the motive of the publication was a desire to improve the taste,*

and elevate the spirit of family music. For this purpose, many original pieces are given, and not a few well-established favorites are furnished with new words of a more devotional character than those with which they were formerly united. Mr. Wm. Cutter, a poet of fine sentiment, is the author of most of the songs.

PSYCHOLOGY. *or, Elements of a New System of Mental Philosophy, on the Basis of Consciousness and Common Sense.* Designed for Colleges and Academies. By S. S. Schmucker, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Seminary, Gettysburg. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1842.

The learned and reverend author devoted ten years to the study of his own mind, not counting the leisure time of several additional years employed to review and mature his views. As the fruit of so much labor and research, he has put forth a treatise on metaphysics, founded, he says, on *common sense*—no small desideratum—and which, he modestly informs the reader, is the most *natural, faithful, and intelligible* exhibition that has ever been given, of the operations of the human mind. With such a flourish of trumpets in the preface, our expectations were raised to the highest pitch. But 'Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν,' *know thyself*, is a wise precept, which we doubt whether even the learned Dr. Schmucker, with his ten years and more of self-research, has been able to follow; for, notwithstanding his labored preparation, and the inward satisfaction, with which he views his work—the result of a deliberate self-examination—he was at length induced to publish by the frequent solicitations of learned and scientific friends. Why is it, that so many authors, after having prepared their MS., will lay the sin of publication on kind friends? We always take it to be a bad sign; for when we are told of the persuasion of friends in book-making, we never expect more than a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. We would know of Professor Schmucker whether he was really induced to publish by the solicitations of his pupils and others? or whether he did not intend to publish at any rate, and was only confirmed in this intention by their opinions? Referring to his preface, he says in the opening paragraph, that his work "owes its existence to the author's desire to promote the cause of truth and science." He then informs us what an admirable work *he* thinks it is; and in the penultimate paragraph, he gives the public to understand that they may thank his pupils and others for the work, for he intimates that he consented to its publication only with great reluctance and after much persuasion—"with frequent solicitations, this work is at length submitted to the public." We mention these trivial circumstances simply with the view of showing to what little practical effect this author has studied, for ten years, the operations of his own mind. Here is the expounder of a *new and common sense* (!) system of mental philosophy, putting forth his theories as the *dicta* of wisdom, and setting himself up to teach the manifold workings of the human understanding; yet he cannot simply tell the motives which operated in his own mind, to induce the publication of his system! Doctor Schmucker is an eminent divine, and an instructor of youth—but as to this new system of psychology, we must have something more than his mere exclamation of Εὐρηκα! εὐρηκα! before we can admit that he has discovered any thing new in the science. We certainly cannot allow him, unless he will show his authority, to speak *ex cathedra*, as to the operations of the human mind; and, before we can commend his system of mental philosophy to our schools and colleges, we must have better proof than any afforded by the lines drawn in it, that he has himself made some advances towards the solution of the great problem, 'Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν.'

We do not perceive that the learned Professor has added

one iota to the present stock of psychological information; on the contrary, he has done much by the vagueness of his terms and the broad generalities of his rules, to obscure and mystify what we already possess—e. g., he lays down 16 laws of *FEELING*. From them, we quote his 12th—a mere dictum, without one word of comment, or note of explanation. "The susceptibility for feeling, naturally declines with age and with the decline of the constitution, even if that be premature:" p. 118. *Sensation and emotion* are both included under the term *feeling*—and our readers no doubt will be surprised to learn, that females of delicate constitutions and nervous persons have less susceptibility of feeling than the robust ploughman or hardy mountaineer. We see persons who, with enfeebled constitutions, have become hysterical, actually thrown into the most violent convulsions by their feelings—so sharpened, intense and acute do they become in a state of declining health. It is customary to conceal from persons when in the low stages of disease—i. e. when their constitution and healthy tone of the system are for the time destroyed—all intelligence that is calculated to produce any considerable emotion, because their susceptibility to feeling then, is so great, that physicians tell us, the most serious consequences are to be apprehended. As for the feelings of old persons, perhaps their susceptibility to *sensation* does decline with age; for we often hear of their sight, hearing, etc. failing them—their susceptibility too to the feelings of emotion for the most part perhaps may also decrease; but in some respects it actually increases. We are told by Solomon and the Bible, that the susceptibility to the emotions of fear is one of the characteristics of old age. "When they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, * * * because man goeth to his long home." Such are a few only of the contradictions and practical absurdities to which the Professor's new system of common sense philosophy, leads him! When he laid down his *Laws*, he seems to have had only some one or two particular cases in view—from them to generalize, and shaped his law only so as to include them: hence his law will cover no other but the special cases after which he framed it. Generally speaking, loss of susceptibility in one set of organs is attended by a gain in the others. Hence the acute sense of touch is lost in blind persons; and hence it is, that, in conformity with this principle, we see mutes manifesting the liveliest emotions of pleasure or pain, to the mere atmospheric vibrations caused by musical sounds. So too with those that are whole: we find them at one period of life more susceptible to the emotions of love, at another to the emotions of fear and so on. We have rarely seen a work which hits more widely of its mark than this, and which we have felt a duty more decidedly to condemn.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL MELODIES. By John Graham. New-York: Charles T. Geslain; 1842.

Who was it that said, 'let me make the ballads for the people, and I care not who makes the laws for the nation?' It was a wise remark by whomsoever made; and the truth of it was fully exemplified in the effect produced by the political song books in the last presidential canvass. Ballads for the people could not be dressed in a more pleasing manner, than in the rich melodies of Scottish music. 'Scotland is emphatically the land of legend, poetry and song; and Mr. Graham, himself a poet, has presented to the public, in the volume before us, some of the sweetest airs that were ever breathed 'mang the bonnie highland heather.' To the American people, there are no tunes half so sweet as many of the old fashioned Scottish songs. Mr. Graham has a beautiful collection of these arranged to music, and we commend them heartily to our fair readers, and to those who love soul-sustaining airs.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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VOL. VIII,

RICHMOND, MAY, 1842.

NO. 5.

SONG.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

I think of thee!—at MORN, my Love!—
At earliest dawn of day,
'When matin-bells do chime,'—above
My soul is sent to pray
For THEE!

I think of thee!—at NOON, my Love!
My heart, each parted hour,
Pants, as the weary, wand'ring Dove,
To seek again its bower,
Near THEE.

I think of thee!—at EVE, my Love!
'Mid scenes most bright and fair;—
To thee my thoughts in sadness rove,
And sigh to wish me there,
With THEE!

I think of thee!—at NIGHT, my Love!
When thou art gone to rest;
Bright may thine every vision prove,
Be all thy slumbers blest
To THEE!

SPAIN.

POPULAR ERRORS—THEIR CAUSES—TRAVELLERS.

NO. III.

Those of our readers who are blessed with good memories, will perhaps recollect, that in our March and July numbers, of 1841, we gave some little space to a review of matters connected with the Spanish nation. In our first essay, we examined into the connection between the history of Columbus, by Mr. Washington Irving, and the great work of Don Martin Fernandez Navarrete—endeavoring, with all respect and impartiality, to strike the just balance of obligation between them. Unfortunately, we found ourselves compelled to lay to the charge of Mr. Irving, an absence of that spirit of full and frank acknowledgment, which was demanded alike by his own reputation, and the extent and value of the materials which he had pressed into his service. More than a year has elapsed, without any notice or refutation, by Mr. Irving or his friends, of the grave facts and conclusions, which our investigation elicited and established. By all the rules then, which govern in such cases, we are bound to infer, that our distinguished countryman has preferred the quiet disparagement of a judgment by default, to the notoriety of a verdict, after a fruitless contest. This inference we feel ourselves at the fullest liberty to draw. Literary

eminence may relieve a man, perhaps, from the necessity of caring for criticism upon his style or opinions, and such an immunity may be but a just reward for a lifetime of labor and merit. Not so however, where the delicate question arises, whether he has not, without fair notice, borrowed other men's commodities, and sold them for his own. Good character is, in such a case, merely *prima facie* evidence of the weakest kind. The true issue is on the facts, without respect to persons, and no man can place himself above responsibility on such an accusation, or meet that responsibility, otherwise than by a defence on the actual merits.

We have lately seen a discourse, pronounced, during the last autumn or winter by Martinez de la Rosa, before the Historical Institute of Paris, and having reference to the discoveries of Columbus. The author, with that mildness which is conspicuous in all his critical essays, contents himself with the following observation: "Mr. Navarrete has contributed much to the just success, in the United States, of the work published there, by Mr. Washington Irving, under the title of the History of Christopher Columbus. This historian, who unites so much elegance and facility, lived some time in Spain, and derived therefrom materials of great value." We have also before us, an article upon the literature of the United States, written for the "Pensamiento," by a Spanish author of reputation, Don Enrique Gil. It presents to us the following paragraph. "By the side of others, are found Prescott and Washington Irving—the first, as successful in the character of an exact and dispassionate historian of the Catholic monarchs, as the second in that of a skilful colourer (*colorista*) of the great enterprise of Columbus." To this passage a note is appended, in which the author remarks—"The word *colorista* is here used intentionally, for every one who may read the Collection of Voyages, by Navarrete, will be convinced that the narrative of Irving contains nothing that belongs to its author, save the coloring of his beautiful style."

We do not quote these passages to fortify our views, because we are content that they should rest upon the facts and arguments, without the support of any man's authority. Our object is, merely to show that we have not been starting at visions of signs and wonders, unseen by all the world but ourselves—but that the opinions which we have expressed, have extended themselves in more than one direction. Mr. Irving moreover, has recently been selected as our Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid, and these publications by

Spanish authors, may indicate that his literary position is not unknown to the people whom he is about to visit.¹ Upon this side of the Atlantic, as is most natural, his appointment has been received with universal approbation, as a just tribute to one, who has given to his country far more honor than office and dignity can repay. These very expressions of satisfaction have, however, elicited new proofs of the fact which we have hitherto alleged—that the preface to the History of Columbus has created an almost universal impression, that the whole work was the result of its author's individual labor and research. The following paragraph, from the New World of February 19th, 1842, (to which others of the same tone might easily be added) affords us a good illustration.

"WASHINGTON IRVING, MINISTER TO SPAIN.—We are sincerely gratified by this appointment, and we heartily thank Mr. Tyler for so acceptable an indication of his respect for lofty genius and pure integrity. Aside from his eminent reputation, no man could have been found better suited to discharge in a dignified and able manner the duties of this office, than Mr. Irving. During his laborious compilation of materials for his splendid work, '*The Life of Columbus*,' he was for years a resident in Spain. He perfectly understands the language, manners and customs of that distracted but deeply interesting country, and he will nobly assert the character of our government at the Spanish Court. By such men as Edward Everett and Washington Irving, will the American name be made brighter in the kingdoms of the Old World."

Of course we quarrel with no part of the above, but that which we have italicised. To that part however, appearing as it does in a periodical of acknowledged ability and information, we may refer with confidence, to show how far the "laborious compilation" by Navarrete, for thirty years, to which the "splendid work" is indebted for its "materials," has been, from some strange cause or other, entirely hidden from public observation. What that cause may be, we will not go over our old ground to show—for it is not our purpose to press Mr. Irving further. He has gone from among us, and we wish him God speed! When his diplomatic career shall have ended, he will return, we trust, at the helm of another argosy, laden with Castilian romance and history. We must be pardoned however, if we presume to scan his future prefaces, with cautious eyes—for we confess ourselves anxious to discover, whether the pen, so faultless in the blending and harmonizing of materials, may not prove itself equally graceful, in acknowledging the sources of its inspiration.

In our article of July last, we discussed, among other things, the absurdities of a school-book, called Whelpley's Compend of History, and selected by us, as a specimen of a whole class of

works, to which may be attributed in a high degree, the vulgar errors in regard to Spanish literature and character. We only now refer to the Compend, that we may remind our readers, of the basis on which the compiler rests some of his most ridiculous and objectionable statements—"the testimony of travellers." These words describe to us the raw material of almost every thing which we have proposed to ourselves to combat, and we have consequently selected them as a text for some of the observations by which we intend to redeem our promise to the reader.

The "testimony of travellers" has always been suspicious proof, since the days when Herodotus sought the cradle of history, among the balrushes by the waters of fable. There was a time however, when the world was not troubled with a very thick cloud of witnesses. "It is a strange thing," says Lord Bacon, "that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it." Sadly have such days passed—for now the only strange thing would be, that man or woman should travel by land or by sea, in balloon or diving-bell, without furnishing his or her quota of "testimony," in the shape of letters to newspapers, if not of graver volumes. As these productions are meant, oftentimes, to answer the double purpose of paying expenses and purchasing immortality—it is no wonder that they should have largely increased the stock of what, by an amiable compromise between politeness and common sense, we designate by the paraphrase of "travellers stories." Now, to speak in all seriousness, we think there is no injustice in placing most books of travel in this category; for if we compare what is needed to produce such works, as they should be written, with what is actually possessed by those who generally write them, we will but rarely find an apology for yielding them moderate confidence. If a man profess to do no more than to write a picturesque tour—to describe the external world—the views—the ruins—the palaces—the costume and the crowd—we can understand that it is possible for him to execute his task, without much time, ability or study. It is another thing, however, to go from the surface of nature and art into the moral and political mysteries of a nation; to give, as most tourists profess to give, after a very brief examination and inquiry, the philosophy of all the phenomena, which develop and illustrate national character. A whole people do by no means furnish a page, which a man may read as he runs. If every individual be, as he is, a microcosm, hard to understand; requiring long study, and even then—according to the moral of Sancho, drawn from the adventure of Rozinante and the Yangusians—not too much to be trusted; it cannot be supposed that a nation, which is as infinity to the unit, can be a

¹ A friend has forwarded to us the *Espectador* of Madrid, and the *Diario* of Havana, in each of which our article of March 1841 has been translated. It appeared in the former in November—in the latter in January last.

much easier or simpler subject for the pencil. Let any well informed man, of respectable ability, who has reached the meridian of life, in the exercise of powers of observation, ordinarily acute, take up his pen, to describe the institutions social and civil, among which he was born. Let him undertake to set out, at length and philosophically, the intellectual and physical developments of his own land—to trace, fairly, the virtues and the foibles of her national character—to unravel the mingled yarn of contradictions, woven around all the men and things, which have been about him since his infancy. How many men shall we find who will not shrink from the toil and magnitude of the undertaking—how many of those who may be willing to assume it, will the better judgment of the community acquit of the charge of presumption? All will unite in pronouncing it to be a work for a life-time of care, responsibility and exclusive devotion. *A fortiori* then, if it be so difficult to see, save “through a glass, darkly,” the things which have been as familiar to us as the common light, how shall we trust our faith to those, who set foot for the first time upon a foreign soil, on the day which commences their career as its historians! In this dearly beloved land of ours, we have certainly had experience enough, to leave us at no loss for an answer to the question. “*Fremuerunt gentes*”—the whole confederacy has more than once had its pride and its sense of truth in open rebellion, against the ignorant misrepresentations of superficial or prejudiced observers. How can we then, with justice or consistency, commend to the lips of others, the cup which we spurn so indignantly from our own?

Of course we would not be understood, as stating these objections, for the purpose of contending therefrom, that no confidence at all should be given to the narratives of travellers. Extensive as may be the requisite qualifications, there are still those who possess them. That the number however is not very great, a little further consideration will conclusively prove to us.

As an indispensable prerequisite, a traveller who means to print, should be familiar with the language of the people whom he visits. “He that travelleth into a country” (says Lord Bacon, in his *Essay on Travel*, of which we avail ourselves) “before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.” Possessing the language, he must next be enabled to use his advantages, by free admission to all classes of society. He must study the drawing room and the family circle, as well as the highways; he must visit city and country, to mingle with men in the field, the warehouse and the workshop. His observation must be quick and penetrating, and he must give it full time to range, wherever there is any thing for it to light on. He must see for himself, where it is practicable, and where it is not,

he must seek from intelligent natives,* and the most accurate sources of written information, the knowledge which has been generalized from past facts. He must make himself familiar with the history of the country, and the general aspect of its laws. He must be able to trace the influence of these last upon manners, customs and thought—for in this lies, perhaps, the deepest and most difficult problem he must solve. With nightly and daily hand, he must turn over the literature of the country; for it will present to him a true reflection of the public mind and heart, in times past, as well as in times present. Placed upon all these vantage grounds, he will still be at fault, unless he possess a philosophical and impartial spirit; unfettered by the prejudices of political, social and religious education. He should be disposed to sympathize, to a reasonable extent, with the spirit of the people, and to yield his assent readily, to their peculiar observances. He must be sufficiently deliberate, to avoid being deluded by the first erroneous impressions of novelty, and sufficiently dispassionate, to draw no unfavorable inferences, from the clash between his own ingrained tastes and those with which he has been brought suddenly into contact. Last, but not least, he must write for truth—not for popularity nor sale. He must be above the baseness of pandering to received opinion, and proof against the temptation of sacrificing candour, to ludicrous caricature or pointed satire.

We do not pretend to have made our enumeration of requisites, by any means complete—and yet how many men can we select, who have them all at command? Moreover, we have hitherto spoken, only of countries which present but a single surface, alike all over, and which, being studied in one point, may be comprehended in all. With Spain, the case is still more difficult. Geographically isolated from the other nations of the continent—she has segregated herself, even more, by standing still in most things, while they have chopped and changed, for good or evil, and by adhering with unvarying tenacity to her ancient arts and customs. Necessarily therefore, a traveller from any other European state, and more especially from America, will require no little time and familiarity, to reach that level field of observation, which he would tread, at the first step, in countries less unlike his own. But, in addition to this,

* The difficulty of learning from natives, what ought to be known, is well set forth in one of Sterne's sermons—an odd place to be sure, for such matters. “Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you—the trade drops at once—and this is the reason—however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little, (especially good) conversation with natives—owing to their suspicion—or, perhaps, conviction that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language—or the interruption of their visits.” Sermon XX.

Spain is not one nation made up of homogeneous parts. Her territory is split up into many large provinces, whose inhabitants preserve their distinctive dialects, costume and character, like the citizens of independent nations. Some of these provinces have retained, through whole centuries of despotism, the forms, and something of the substance of republicanism, to which they owe in connection with their occupation—mostly agricultural—not only a hardy and independent spirit, but much of frugality, industry and plenty. In others again, the enervating influence of climate, and the thousand temptations to indolence which their almost spontaneous harvests afford—have combined with bad laws, to corrupt the character of the people, and to sap the foundations of their prosperity. Between these numerous provinces, thus separated by political and moral barriers, there is comparatively little communication. Inaccessible mountains frequently divide them, and oftentimes their necessary trade is carried on through rugged defiles, where the hand of nature seems to have thrown obstacles, almost invincible, in the path of human enterprise. Thus then, their feelings, customs and opinions run on in different channels, and though they are bound together by a common government, and have jointly felt its oppression, they have kept themselves apart, in those things, which a traveller must read and know, before he has a right to claim the merit of a faithful limner.

It might have been hoped that Spain, with characteristics so diversified and difficult to be drawn, would have been fortunate enough to escape the visitations of scribbling peripatetics. She has, on the contrary, been the victim of tourists without number—who, like Byron's critic,

"With just enough of learning to misquote,"

have acquired sufficient knowledge, from a bird's-eye view, to be ignorant with ostentation, and to misrepresent, with *vrai-semblance*. How far the pilgrims from great Britain, have been exceptions to this remark, may be inferred from the following caustic notice, admitted by the *Edinburgh Review* to be just!² It was written by Don Nicolas Azara, and prefixed to Bowles' *Geografia Fisica*!³ The travels of Swinburne to which it relates, have been of high repute, and may be taken as affording a very favorable specimen of the class to which they belong. Before we shall have concluded this article, it may be seen that some of the strictures are by no means exclusively applicable to British productions.

"It appears," says Don Nicolas, "that England has lately taken great pains in the description of Spain. Mr. Swinburne, it is true, has given her information on which she cannot rely—but nevertheless, he has amused her with an infinity of observations, made among the taverns and lodging-

houses, and produced in a style, the most appropriate that could be chosen, to ridicule our government, our customs and religion. * * * So acute is his penetration, that in three days after his entrance into Spain, he had discovered that all the roads were bad—the taverns worse—the whole country vastly similar to the infernal regions. He saw stupidity reigning every where, and found no Spaniards of good breeding, but those who had humanized themselves by French or English *politesse*. He perceived that the Catalonians drink *la gargalleta*, and eat meat on Friday—placing on the table a very tricky little image of the Virgin, &c.—with a million of other things after the same fashion. It caused him but little delay to acquire the most minute information in regard to our army—even the colours of its several uniforms; and although he blunders in names, numbers, colours, and the quality of the regiments, it is no matter. These little details are always useful, if not to the nation that receives them, at least to that of which they are written—as has been proved more than once. * * * For an occasion to divert his companions in their clubs, with some miracles and rancid superstitious, he takes the trouble to write a new history of Catalonia. Travelling through the rest of Spain, he loses no chance of inserting the very important observations which ought to be made upon hosts and hostesses—their costumes, &c. Neither does he forget the guitar and the fandango—nor omit to cite continually Don Quixote and Gil Blas, the two perennial fountains of his erudition. * * * In general, all Spain seems to him to be stupid, even to lethargy—poor, dishonest, jealous and melancholy. That he might not die of hypochondria, he took refuge in the paradise of Gibraltar. Every Englishman whom he meets seems to him an angel, and serves him by way of contrast to the Spaniards. For the same purpose he speaks immensely of the Moors—their history and architecture, especially in Granada and Cordova—rising to a high flight in praise of that wretched people—that he may show the humble pretensions of ours in comparison. * * * He says that his valet disappeared in Toledo, and that after two days of diligent search, he was found to have been shut up, all that time, to comb the wig of a statue of the Virgin! Of course we must not smile. Mr. Swinburne assures us, that he relates nothing but the truth. His singular erudition might have been profitably employed in describing the Roman antiquities still preserved in the Peninsula. * * * Yet these he scarcely notices. The same fails shared by our Academies, Libraries, Cabinets of Antiquities and Natural History—our Botanical garden—the Fine Arts, Commerce and Manufactures—our splendid roads already made, and others in construction. Such trifles he no doubt thought unworthy the curiosity of his countrymen—particularly when he informed them that the liter-

² 5. Ed. Rev. 136. ³ Madrid 1782.

of Spain do not amount to more than half a dozen. Besides this; in order that no one may mistake the learning of Spain, and suppose it to be like that of other countries, he explains what we mean by a literary man. This, according to him, is just such a person as an English gentleman of the most ordinary education—a Spaniard who knows how to read Greek, being taken for an extraordinary phenomenon. With all this, Mr. Swinburne tells us, in his prologue, that he is going to give a description of Spain, so complete, interesting, exact and truthful, that it will throw into the shade, all the extant histories of our country."

The reader will pardon us the length of the extract; but if he would be convinced that it is not out of place, let him take from the shelf of his library, the first book of Spanish travel that may be at hand, and judge how far the criticism is applicable to almost the whole clan who have been "takin notes."

As it is our object to render our views upon this subject as practical and demonstrative as possible—and inasmuch as we consider our American writers, *ceteris paribus*, entitled to be preferred, where they will suit our purposes—we shall devote the remainder of this article, to the work of a fellow countryman who has acquired considerable reputation. "A Year in Spain, by a Young American," is understood to have been the production of Lieutenant Slidell (now Mackenzie) of the United States Navy. Both in England and this country, it has enjoyed extensive popularity, and is, in fact, a most attractive volume. Its style is gay and gossiping; its descriptions are lively and life-like; its epitomies and selections of history, full of point and interest; so that on the whole, as far as the *dulce* is concerned, it possesses very great merit. It professes, however, to go farther than this, to have the *utile* for its end and aim. In the preface, the author states that the "work originated in a desire to convey some notion of the manners and customs of the Spanish nation," and to enable those who might not have visited Spain, "to form an idea of the country and its inhabitants." Towards the close,* it is repeated that it was "the chief design of the work, to convey some notion of Spanish character and manners." It is but fair to suppose, that these "notions" and "ideas" were designed to be correct. Whether they are so, or are not, is certainly a matter of very serious importance—for, just or unjust, the conclusions arrived at are scattered with no sparing hand, and have been adopted, far and wide, wherever the popularity of the book has borne them. We propose to examine, very briefly, how far the author's opportunities of observation were such, as would have entitled his deductions to weight, under any circumstances; and still further, how much

consideration is actually due to them, under the peculiar state of facts to which we shall have occasion to advert.

The work is called, as we said, "A year in Spain." At first blush, a year, even when not curtailed of its fair proportions, and when well and assiduously used, is but a very short period for reading the riddle of any nation, and more especially such an one as we have described the Peninsular to be. In Mr. Slidell's case however, years are only to be considered in a Pickwickian sense. In October of 1826,[†] he was in Rousillon, and until then, had not concluded to carry his design of visiting Spain, into immediate execution.[‡] On the 23d of April 1827, he left Seville for Cadiz, which he reached in two or three days, and having spent but one Sunday[§] in that city, he found himself at Gibraltar, a few days afterwards, and in sight of the United States ship North Carolina, which "he had been anxious to meet."[¶] This, according to the edition to which we have referred, was the end of his journey; and this, by the most liberal computation, would only give him until the middle of May 1827—making his year, by a wide calculation, between six and seven months long. We learn, however, from a new edition published in 1836, that he made a trip to Granada, not mentioned in the old one, and which, by the dates to which it refers, may be computed with sufficient accuracy, to have occupied him some five or six weeks longer, at the utmost; making his year, with all allowances, not more than eight, or eight and a half months long. This must certainly be considered, in our planet, short enough for a poet's dream of the fleeting years of childhood, whatever might be the opinion of its length, in some globe, yet nearer to the sun. So much for the time employed. Let us next look at the mode of its application.

If the reader will take the map of Spain in his hand, we will proceed, understandingly, together. Mr. Slidell entered by the way of Catalonia, and coasted the Mediterranean to Barcelona, thence to Valencia. From Valencia he crossed to Madrid, passing, on the road, through a corner of the kingdom of Murcia. From Madrid, he made an excursion into Old Castile, as far as Segovia. Having visited Toledo, he took Cordova on his way to Seville, whence he proceeded to Cadiz, Gibraltar, Granada, and Gibraltar once more. By his own showing then, he touched the soil of but seven provinces—viz. Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia, New Castile, Old Castile, Andalusia and Granada. The other half of the provinces—Aragon, Biscay, Navarre, Asturias, Galicia, Leon and Estremadura, he left entirely unvisited. It will be borne in mind too, that this unvisited portion of the Kingdom, contains nearly one half of its inhabitants, differing in

* Year in Spain, 392. Ed. of Boston 1829.

† Id. p. 9. ‡ Id. 11. § Id. 311. ¶ Id. 347.

all respects from those whom he actually saw, and presenting the most interesting and peculiar features of character and institutions, to a philosophical observer.⁹ If we read the lists of those who have been prominent, for many years, in the civil or military service of their country, it will be found, that from some of these unnoticed provinces, most of the ablest have sprung. It is among them, that there is most of personal and political independence, that property is most equally divided, industry most habitual and successful. In fine, they constitute so essential a part of the whole, they blend so many of its most admirable qualities, that to pass them by in the circle of consideration, is to perform the tragedy, omitting the part of Hamlet.

Unless, however, our young American had visited these provinces, in a different mode from that in which he passed through the rest, we cannot say that the world has lost much by his neglect. From the frontier to Barcelona, he passed with all the speed of the public conveyance. In that city, the capital of Catalonia, and containing 120,000 inhabitants, he found a stay of one week;¹⁰ long enough to form his "idea" or "notion" of the people. His field of view was his inn, and his only acquaintances, to all appearance, were a French fellow-traveller, and a captain of the same nation, whom he met on the route. From Barcelona to Valencia, he proceeded in the diligence, availing himself of those admirable opportunities for observation and study, which are presented by the open windows of such a conveyance, or by the hostleries on the road side. In Valencia, with a population of 80,000 souls, he tarried for three days, at¹¹ his inn, apparently without acquaintances; and at the expiration of that period, he again mounted the diligence for Madrid. Leaving on the South the fertile fields of Valencia and Murcia—their agricultural perfection unseen, where most deserving observation¹²—neglecting also the prosperous and extensive manufacturing establishments of Alcoy and its vicinity, of which Mr. Cushing speaks with so much enthusiasm,¹³ our traveller quietly surrendered himself to the guidance of his *mayoral*, and dreaming of robbers and Don Quixotto, followed the high road to the capital. Thus fortified with solid information, in regard to men, things, and manners—he spent in Madrid five of the eight months, to which his sojourn in the country extended. To Toledo, Cordova, Cadiz and Malaga, he gave a few days each, and concluded with a fortnight among the wonders of Granada.

Upon such a statement of facts then, as this which we have taken, without malice or extenuation, from the book itself, we should very naturally conclude, that a man must needs have been gifted with extraordinary powers, and wonderful

facilities, to have been able, after such a race through the Kingdom, to write an octavo volume, of trust-worthy facts, from his own knowledge. Three months only, devoted to Spain, out of the capital, and that capital too, not like Paris, the guide and type and spirit of the Kingdom—but a city of itself, telling no tale of places at a distance; of these three months, the best part necessarily spent upon the road, among grooms and male-teers—landlords and tapsters! One would think it were not easy, from such teaching, to learn a wise lesson for one's self, or to draw food for others. But this is not all. Mr. Slidell did not know the tongue of the country.¹⁴ One of the objects of his visit was "to perfect himself in the language." In Bacon's words, quoted above, he went "to school and not to travel." His first effort in Madrid, was to settle himself in a family, in search of "favourable circumstances for learning the language." Thus, pressed for time, and deprived of the great essential which alone could have made a longer stay thoroughly advantageous, he does not seem to have mingled extensively in social intercourse with the inhabitants. Such at least is the inference we should draw from the information which he gives us, that his own life and occupations in Madrid, "had little connection with the customs of the country."¹⁵ In his subsequent work, "Spain Revisited,"¹⁶ it is true he informs us, that on his first visit to Spain, he had enjoyed the advantage of mingling in the polished circles of the metropolis—but that he then, and afterwards, forbore to describe the manners and peculiarities, which he had only seen, through the medium of private hospitality. In the propriety and excellent taste of a resolution, so becoming to Mr. Slidell's character as an officer and a gentleman, we concur to a very great extent—not however without believing it possible for him to have given a general outline of well-bred manners, without violating the sanctity of individual life. We cannot, besides, fail to observe the consequences of his total silence on that subject. A short extract will serve as an illustration. "It is (says he) a very common and very true remark, that well-bred people are every where the same. A description of them, can of course have little of that dramatic interest, which has its origin in picturesque and peculiar manners, or in the eccentricities and absurdities which are banished from polite circles."¹⁷ But will not any one perceive, that although the manners of well-bred people may be destitute of "dramatic interest"—it is hardly fair to leave them altogether out of the picture, and after having painted nothing but the "eccentricities and absurdities" of the vulgar, to say, that he has given a correct "impression," or a true "idea," of the manners and character of the whole people. If it be so, then the Tra-

⁹ Tableau de l'Esp. Mod. vol. 1, p. 21. ¹⁰ Year in Spain, pp. 23-31. ¹¹ Id. 66. ¹² 1 Cushing's Rem. of Spain 193 to 197. ¹³ 2 Id. 110 to 123.

¹⁴ Year in Spain 39.

¹⁵ Id. 11.

¹⁶ Id. 52-56.

¹⁷ Id. 99. ¹⁸ Vol. 1. 247. * Id. Ib.

lopes and Fiddlers, the Halls, Hamiltons and Marrats, have been most wrongfully vilified among ourselves. It is this writing for "dramatic interest," of which we have had occasion, in the course of our remarks, so often to complain. If travellers will forget that they are in some degree historians—gatherers of the materials which other men will and must use, for purposes of gravest interest; if they will neglect to give a faithful portraiture of all the good and the evil, the high and the low, and will seek in the corners and byeways, all that is absurd and eccentric, merely because it is "picturesque and peculiar"—then, there is an end of truth and justice, and we have caricature and ridicule in their stead. There will not perhaps be much harm done, if the thing be once thoroughly understood; but, that all the world may be upon their guard, let men, when they write the history of travel, make it history, if they so call it—and when they write romances, let them candidly give them that title.

So far as the mere descriptions of Mr. Slidell extend, his object would seem to be easily comprehended. Scarce any thing but the visible material world is spread before us. Here, a lovely girl displays an ankle quite as beautiful. There, a fat ferocious gentleman looks daggers from the corner of a diligence. Here, the *mayoral* says sweet or harsh things to his mules, as the case may be; there, is a robbery and horrid tragedy. The Ramblas and the Prados, with the *mantillas* and the *capas*—the theatres, convents and churches—the roads, streets and taverns are all gaily and admirably described. In justice too, we must bear witness to a faithful description of the libraries, cabinets, and various philosophical, benevolent and literary institutions, to be found in Madrid, where the author was, long enough to look around him at his leisure. There seems too, to be every disposition to appreciate their excellence, and give credit to their number and extent. Were this all—did not the author go on to describe and detail, what, in the nature of things, he could not know, and did not see and understand—we should end our commentary, without a word of further disapprobation. To be sure, it might be a matter of necessity, for us to say, of some facts, that they were the property of Mariana; of others that they belonged to Antillon, and of many observations and conclusions, that they were the offspring of Laborde; but then we should refer to the author's candid admission of his indebtedness, as a sufficient apology for the fact, and should attribute its extent, to the pressure of that temptation to write a book, with which, according to the motto of the volume, Cervantes says that Satan so sorely besets us. We might apply, too, the strictures of Azara, which we have previously quoted, to Mr. Slidell's admiration of every thing English, and to his ecstasies at finding himself in the "paradise of Gib-

raltar."¹⁹ For instance; when he visits the old castle of Taric, he describes the residence of the public hangman, who lives there "out of sight and out of mind," and then proceeds to observe that "this worthy functionary is occasionally called upon to do justice on a Spaniard, who, forgetting that he is in a land of law, has appealed, according to the custom of his country, to the arbitration of the knife."²⁰ A notice of this trait of superior refinement in the English system, cannot fail to remind the reader of the bewildered wayfarer, who after wandering long and wearily, at last came in sight of a gibbet, and thanked God that he had reached some signs of civilization! We can pardon all this, nevertheless; for we find that our author, in his latter edition,²¹ contrasts, most favorably, the condition of the Spanish laboring classes, with that of the miserable millions, whose taxed and toilsome slavery goes to make up the aggregate of Great Britain's commercial and political greatness. In his second work too, we are further told, that the tendency of the Spanish laws "is in favor of the poor"—a fact in which he is fully sustained by the testimony of Mr. Cushing, who speaks, with pleasure, of the absence in the manufacturing towns which he visited, of that squalid wretchedness, so universal in English cities devoted to the same purposes.²² With such concessions, the Spanish people may spare a host of empty praises, for true philosophy cannot consider a nation much behind hand in genuine civilization, when its title is based on the protection and social happiness it tenders to the mass.

As we said before, our author does not content himself with describing what he actually saw and knew; but proceeds in his twentieth chapter, to give a general view of Spain; and, it is to this narrative of what he did not and could not know, that we are compelled to take exception. He portrays the whole character—physical and moral—political, civil and literary—of the whole people—their arts and industry, their classes, power and peculiarities—matters, upon which it is palpable, from what we have already written, that he could, in no manner less than supernatural, have qualified himself to express an opinion. Were it not of serious consequence, it would be amusing to contemplate the gravity with which he discusses the prostration of the arts, of agriculture, commerce and manufactures—when we know that from the nature of things, he must testify to nothing but hearsay. Still more diverting is it, to hear him describe the "peculiarities of the different provinces."²³—one half of which he had never seen—and critically examine a language, which he did not understand. Finance and political economy, revenues and expenditures, laws and institutions, seem

¹⁹ Year in Spain 344. ²⁰ Id. 343. ²¹ Vol 3d. 313. ²² Spain Revisited 180. ²³ Rem. of Spain, 2, 115. ²⁴ Year in Spain 392.

to have volunteered to be understood without examination. If all this be the legitimate effect of travelling, it might be a happy thought to set our national Congress into immediate locomotion. We might then have some chance of seeing them acquire a familiarity with the whole vast interests of their country, which does not seem likely to come to them, amid the riotous travesties of deliberation, which are performed at the capitol.

It would be foreign to our purpose, to examine the correctness of Mr. Slidell's views upon all the points which he touches. They may be correct, and probably are, in many particulars. Not so however, in what especially concerns us here. His remarks upon the national literature, if not conspicuous for length, atone for their brevity, by their comprehensiveness. "Literature," he says, "may not merely be said to be dying in Spain, but actually dead. The illustrious race of writers, &c, is now extinct. A single living poet alone remains, or is known to fame. Yriarte, whose fables are equal to those of Esop or La Fontaine, will long be read with equal profit and pleasure."²² We trust that we may be mistaken, in supposing that Mr. Slidell meant to speak of Yriarte, as a poet living in 1826—though we hardly see how we can give his sentences any other construction. If we are right, then it is unfortunate that we should have before us, a copy of Yriarte's "Lessons on Geography and History," published in Madrid in 1823—wherein the Editor deeply deplores the death of his author, before he had been able to put a finishing hand to the work. This work itself was commenced in 1782—and not being of very great bulk—it is fairly to be inferred, that Yriarte died before the close of the century. Feller²³ asserts that his death was in 1793. Besides this, the assertion that there was in 1827, but one living Spanish poet known to fame,²⁴ is of so extraordinary a character, to one at all familiar with the history of literature, that we must attribute it to a typographical error. It is too gross for a premeditated mistake. Where was Quintana,—where Martinez de la Rosa—Nicasio Gallego—Arriaza—Lista—Frias—Saavedra—Carnicero—Ruiz de la Vega—Tapia—Sabinon—Mora—Cambronero—Alcala Galiano, with the multitude whose lesser lights shone brightly, in the atmosphere of constitutional freedom? But our traveller continues in the same strain. "Her Lope de Vega, her Calderon, Gongora, Garcilaso, Quevedo, her Aleman, are only known to Spain traditionally, or to the curious few, through a scarce collection of antique tomes. Hardly any of these authors are reprinted at the present day, and were it not for fear of a tumult among the Spaniards,

nothing would prevent the censor from proscribing their beloved champion, Don Quixotte."

Now it is perfectly well known to those at all acquainted with the matter, that the Spanish classics, never rare, were reprinted in very great variety and excellent editions, during the last quarter of the past century, and that portion of the present which preceded Mr. Slidell's visit; more especially in and about the years 1812 and 1831, when the press was most active and unrestrained. So grossly is Mr. Slidell mistaken, as to the fact of his "antique tomes," that even in this country, we have the means of establishing his error. In the Library of Congress, there is a splendid copy of the works of Lope de Vega, in twenty-one volumes, royal octavo, printed in Madrid in 1776. In the same collection, is a series of the comedies of Caldera, in ten volumes, the several numbers of which were printed in the various principal cities of Spain, and at dates ranging from the middle to the close of the last century. Upon the table before us, there is now lying a copy of Garcilaso, elegantly printed at Madrid in 1788. By its side, are the works of Queredo, printed in the same city, in 1821. In company also is Quintana's collection of the best efforts of the national muse, in four volumes—Madrid 1817—containing the choice effusions of Gongora; and we doubt not that the *Guzman de Alfarache*, the great work of Aleman, is to be found in more than one American library, of an edition current in Spain in 1826. Our own limited collection presents us, in poetry alone, Juan de Mena, Madrid 1804—Fray Luis de Leon, Madrid 1816—Ercilla's Epic and the poems of Melendez, Madrid 1822. So much for books only known "traditionally," to the "curious few." As for Cervantes, so far was he from all risk of the censor, that in 1819, a new and admirable edition of the *Quixotte*, was published in Madrid, by the Royal Academy; and at the very time when our author was in Spain. Cervantez must have already commenced (though perhaps in exile) the preparation of his illustrated edition, which saw the light in Madrid, in 1833, and which has left nothing for the ingenuity and learning of future commentators.

In view of all these facts, we see considerable propriety in Mr. Slidell's conscious doubts of his own capacity, to give a critical opinion upon Spanish literature, or to weigh its merits with those of English writers. It seems strange however, that he should endeavor²⁵ to fortify his conclusions by a concurrent letter from a "German friend," who seems, like himself, to have a greater fancy for general principles, than particular examples. Mr. Slidell however, enumerates the English writers, of whom he declares that he was unable to find any Spanish counterparts, and adds to the list, the name of Mr. Irving. Now besides the limited study which Mr. Slidell had given

²² Year in Spain 367. ²³ Diet. His. ²⁴ In the new edition, vol. 3d p. 263, this sentence is altered so as to read "A single living poet alone remains, or, at least, is known to fame."

²⁵ Id. 368 in note.

to the Castilian language, previously to making this comparison, there are two things which strike us as somewhat remarkable therein. The first is, that in so short a time as that occupied by his visit, he should have been able, in the scarcity of books which he describes, to find classics enough for a fair parallel; and the other is the fact, that, at the very moment alluded to, Mr. Irving was in Madrid, drawing from a literature in which no "counterpart" to himself could be found—and from a work, just published, where literature was "actually dead"—the materials of a production, on which he rests his own claims to immortality!

While upon this branch of the subject, we will present two further illustrations. In the last edition of 'A Year in Spain,' we find the following assertion: "Spanish literature testifies to the national indifference to rural attractions. The catalogue of her poets contains no prototype to the name of Thompson, and the silly and sheepish pastorals of Cervantes, are the most eloquent proofs of the deficiency."²²

It is hard to tell what pastorals of Cervantes are here alluded to, (unless the *Galatea*); but it is certain, that to none of his poetry, did that great writer himself attach much importance. As to the general fact embraced in the remark, we have to ask, with surprise, whether Mr. Slidell could possibly have forgotten, that Garcilaso,²³ whom he himself refers to as classic, derives his highest reputation from his exquisite pastorals! Could he have heard of Montemayor, of Lope de Vega, of Valbuena,²⁴ of Gil Polo?²⁵ Is it easy for him to find a single Spanish bard, of established reputation, who did not seek, from time to time, new and refreshing inspiration, from the flower and the greensward—from springtime and autumn! It was the peculiar trait of their muse in the sixteenth century, according to Mr. Hallam;²⁶ not less so in the age which followed, and down to the rich pictures of rural beauty, which have been painted by Zorilla in our own day; it has continued a pervading spirit. Some of the highest efforts of Leon and Melendez were elevated and purified by its influence, and it has furnished to almost all, a refuge, in which they were safe from the persecution, to which a tyrannical government would have condemned the attempt to move in a bolder sphere.

The next task which devolves on us, is one of charity. In our last number, we rescued the historian Conde from the hands of the North American Review, which, of its own mere motion, had transformed him into a Frenchman. It is now for us to protest against the right of Mr. Slidell (with no canonical authority that we wot off), to clothe the same unfortunate and persecuted individual, in the habit of a "Jeromite monk."²⁷ According to

²² Vol. 3 p. 146. ²³ 1 Hallam's Lit. 219. ²⁴ 1 Mart. de a Rosa 205. ²⁵ Id. 287. Clemencin, Don Quij. Intro. IVIII. ²⁶ 1 Hall. Lit. 338. ²⁷ Year in Sp., vol. 3, p. 65.

the enumeration of his own titles, prefixed by Mr. Conde, to his "Domination of the Arabs in Spain,"²⁸ he was librarian and antiquarian of the Academy of History—a doctor of laws, and not of theology. He was a learned and able man, a diligent and faithful historian.²⁹ His premature death, in 1820, after the first volume of his work had just gone through the press, was a heavy loss to his country and to literature. After the good services which he rendered while living, he would seem to deserve a little repose in his grave. It is fortunate indeed for him, that he has passed away. A few more travellers—a few more reviewers, would soon effectually disguise him from himself.

From the literature we pass with Mr. Slidell to the universities of Spain, and to the state of public education. His conclusion is, of course, a round one. "The Spaniards, as a people, are ignorant—supremely ignorant."³⁰ The blame of such a state of things is next thrown on the clergy, who likewise have a section devoted to their benefit. We are not anxious to provoke any of the *odium theologicum*, which would inevitably follow any discussion, involving the delicate question of clerical purity and intelligence. We will only remark, that in the "Discussions on the Inquisition,"³¹ which took place in the Cortes of 1812 and 1813, and to which we referred in our last number, the efforts of many of the clergy who participated, were conspicuous, not only for erudition, logic and elegance, but for the most liberal and expanded sentiments.* As an act too of justice, and somewhat germane to the subject, as illustrating our traveller's spirit, we will here apologize for having, in our last, given credit to Mr. Goodrich, for what was in reality a merit of Mr. Slidell's. We mean the introduction to the American public, of "the glorious martyr, San Ponce, advocate and protector against bed-bugs." In his first edition, our traveller omitted this good saint, by some extraordinary oversight; but, no doubt, deeming the mention of his existence very important in conveying a proper "notion" of Spanish character and manners—besides being somewhat "picturesque and peculiar"—he produced him in his more elaborate publication.³² We trust that the "glorious martyr" will not be unmindful of this good turn, but will ever hover the guardian spirit of our author's "bug"-less bed, whispering Titania's

"Music—such as charmeth sleep."

To the evil of general ignorance, Mr. Slidell sees no remedy, save the influence of "free, happy and enlightened France."³³ We are not here, in the face of history, to deny that Spain, at the mo-

²⁸ Madrid 1820. ²⁹ Prescott, 313 note. ³⁰ Old edit. 387. ³¹ Cadiz 1813. ³² Vol. 1, p. 140. ³³ Old edit. 393.

* In the 5th vol. of the History of Spain, in the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, p. 258, it is asserted that the Spanish secular clergy will compare advantageously with the clergy of the Church of England.

ment of Mr. Slidell's visit, was in a state of deep and melancholy despotism. The constitution had, not long before, been broken down by the assistance of the Duc D'Angoulême—the champion of legitimacy and ignorance—the stone given by “free, happy and enlightened France,” to a sister nation, calling for the bread of similar happiness, freedom and cultivation. The institutions of civilized improvement having been removed—absolute powers, tremendous in reaction, had almost annihilated every thing but hope. It is not however to be inferred, that because King Ferdinand had fettered men's tongues and hands, he had likewise paralyzed every thought and feeling. Despotism edicts cannot make men unlearn what they know. It is one thing to enforce silence: another, to take away the faculty of speech. If we look at the outbreak of the Spanish mind, during the two intervals of constitutional rule, the activity of the press, the political movement, the philosophical examination of the old system, and the arguments adduced in support of the new, we shall soon convince ourselves that a spirit was then abroad, totally irreconcilable with the supreme ignorance predicated above.⁴¹ In the discussions of the Cortes of 1812, which were published in twenty-three volumes, evidence will be found, to satisfy the most skeptical, as to the existence of a class, whose sentiments, acquirements and ability, would be honorable to any people.

In the thorough reform which followed the death of Ferdinand in 1833, and which has gone on, widening the sphere of literature and freedom, as well as of the arts and sciences, to a degree which those who have not examined the subject will hardly believe—there is every demonstration, that the heaven which once existed, continued to work, actively though noiselessly, through the interval of tyrannical dominion. The sudden expansion of every department of knowledge—the establishment of presses and the swarm of publications—the universal development of energy and thought, in the midst of a devastating civil war—must all have required the agency of men of cultivated minds, stimulated and sustained by congeniality among the mass. Whence then did these men spring at so brief a summons? There is no legend, even in legendary Spain, that they came down from the clouds, when Ferdinand, according to the charitable but doubtful assertion of the royal bulletin, ascended to the regions above them. Who were their teachers? Where did they find, among their “antique tomes,” the materials for so rapid and complete a revolution? A slight review of historical facts, will enable us to answer these questions.

Down to the year 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled from Spain, they had the general control

of education. That their system was a wise and liberal one, we have the subsequent testimony of Mr. Slidell himself to prove. In “Spain Revisited,”⁴² he calls them “the most enlightened of Spanish clergymen,” and laments the probable misfortune of their second expulsion. In the absence too of any such admission, the history of that celebrated order, everywhere, demonstrates, that in the matter of the diffusion of learning, there was, with them, no want of industry, ability and success. Their political influence may be a matter of discussion, but there is no one who will assert that the atmosphere which was around their institutions could be that of “supreme ignorance.” Upon their expulsion, and towards the close of his reign, Charles III, surrounded by able ministers and counsellors, gave a new impulse to public instruction. From these enlightened men, he learned the errors which had crept into the preceding system, and endeavored to counteract its too scholastic and abstract tendency.⁴³ Campomanes, Jovellanos and Cadalso, lent him their suggestions and assistance.* Institutes and academies were established for the purpose of popularizing knowledge. The lesser universities were discarded as nests of subtle and disputatious frivolity—while in their stead, primary schools, and seminaries for more advanced instruction, were scattered through the kingdom.⁴⁴ The care which had been so long monopolized by the higher and less available branches, was now more usefully devoted to the dissemination of scientific and practical information. The institute of Oviedo, established by Jovellanos and others, produced the two Arguelles and the Count of Toreno, with many more who made themselves prominent during the troubled movements to which we have heretofore referred. To Toreno, we owe a masterly history of the invasion of Napoleon, and the wars and revolutions consequent thereupon.⁴⁵ To Canga Arguelles, his country is indebted for a defence against the misrepresentations of English historians, upon the same subject,⁴⁶ as well as for various other political and economical productions. Agustin Arguelles was regarded as the Cicero of the Cortes of 1812 and 1822⁴⁷—has subsequently distinguished himself by his written efforts, and is now the guardian of the infant Queen. All of these gentlemen are yet living to attest the excellence of the system, which fitted them to tread their several walks with honor.

The reign of Charles IV, as it brought little of glory or of benefit to the Spanish people, in any way, preserved its consistency, by doing nothing for the cause of education. The establishments of

⁴¹ Vol 2, p. 111. ⁴² Jovellanos *Infor. de ley Agrar.* 297 to 325. ⁴³ *Gaceta de Madrid*, Univ. Men. ⁴⁴ Madrid 1835, 5 vols. oct. ⁴⁵ London 1829. ⁴⁶ *Ed. Rev.*, No. 79, p. 55.

* Valdes, Quintana and other kindred spirits, quickened the impulse thus given.

his predecessor, continued however to exercise an extensive and profitable influence—although great neglect was shown to the primary schools.⁴² Notwithstanding this depression, the education of many who figured in the Cortes of 1820, and who are now prominent, belonged to this era. The invasion of Napoleon of course threw all things in confusion; but we find that public instruction was the first care of the constitutionalists in 1812. The committee by whom the Constitution was reported, accompanied it by a preliminary discourse, in which its complicated variety of subjects, and all the difficulties which surrounded the task, are set forth and analyzed, with views so liberal and statesman-like, that the document will bear a favorable comparison with the best state-papers of its day. Among the ends to be gained by the Constitution, they enumerate the extension of education, and enlarge upon the benefits to arise from a comprehensive system, in which a strict supervision was to be kept over the morals and fitness of the instructors, and a liberal support to be given to those who might occupy so responsible a situation.⁴³ Accordingly, the ninth Title of the Constitution is "Of Public Instruction;" and provision is therein made for the establishment of a general Directory of Studies, and a uniform system of education throughout the kingdom. Primary schools were directed in all the towns of the monarchy. From these, the system passed through intermediate institutions up to universities—all to be subject to the control of the Cortes, and all to be placed on the same footing, of visitation and inspection. In all, it was made obligatory, to instil a knowledge of the principles of freedom and the constitution, jointly with the lore of the past, and the discoveries of science and the arts.

The short duration of constitutional rule, in 1812, prevented this plan from being realized; but in 1820 it went into operation, with the veteran biographer, poet and statesman, Don Manuel Josef Quintana, at its head.⁴⁴ The wants of the nation were then actively investigated, and the remedy applied with so much energy, that at the end of twenty months, three-fourths of the people had been supplied with primary schools, commodious buildings, and capable instructors. Poor children were admitted gratuitously; and it was made the duty of every parent, under a penalty, to have his offspring thus instructed. The universities were reorganized, and a central university and a polytechnic school were established in Madrid. The medical colleges were placed on a new footing; in fine, an impulse was given to every department of learning, while over all were extended the zealous care of the constituted authorities, and the wings of a liberated press. Crowds of youth rushed to the fountains of improvement. The whole intel-

lect of the nation and its promise were up, and burning with enthusiasm.⁴⁵ A bright light seemed to gild the whole soil, which for so many years had been stained with blood, and darkened by oppression. Suddenly that light went out. Despotism, unable to triumph of itself, sought elsewhere the elements of success, and found them among the "free, happy, and enlightened." Properly indeed, but sadly, is it remarked by the writer, from whom we have collected some of these details—"This noble system, the Spaniards had the honor of forming; to others belongs the responsibility of its overthrow."⁴⁶

Upon the downfall of the Constitution, in 1823, not only the subjects but the modes of instruction were changed. A new system, suited to the principles of the government,⁴⁷ was adopted; and although primary schools were not actually abolished, they were so scantily supplied with support⁴⁸ that few of them lingered long. The universities returned, once more, to those unprofitable studies, in which despotism is always willing that the intellect of those whom it oppresses, shall waste its strength and freshness.

It seems to us that the brief historical review which we have taken, must negative, to a candid mind, the extreme conclusions which Mr. Slidell has promulgated. It is impossible that a nation—agitated for more than a quarter of a century by great political and moral revolutions—with systems of education, such as we have described, for so much longer time abroad among its people—with the popular mind, attracted by so many causes, to a knowledge of these systems—with so many evidences of deep thought upon government and political science—it is, we submit, impossible that such a nation could have relapsed, in three years, into the state of supreme and degraded ignorance, which Mr. Slidell has described. It is too, very questionable whether the land would have been nearer to redemption, had Mr. Slidell been chosen for its political guide. In his first edition,⁴⁹ he seemed to think that the prostration of the clergy, and the quiet influence of French vicinity, would work out the regeneration to which the Constitution had been inadequate. In that of 1836,⁵⁰ he brings himself to the widely different conclusion, that "a despotism under clerical influence," was the only settled form of government then practicable, or likely to be so for years to come. Under such a government, headed by Don Carlos, he concludes that Spain would find her surest path to improvement and peace. Recent events do seem to have falsified this prophecy. The popularity which was supposed to belong to Don Carlos, but which was, in effect, the zealous love of the Northern Provinces for their *fueros* or privileges, of

⁴² Journ. Lit. Con. 232. ⁴³ Prel. Disc 113-14. ⁴⁴ Journ. Lit. Conven. 234.

⁴⁵ Ed. Rev. ub. sup. ⁴⁶ Prof. Pizarro—Journ. Lit. Conven. ub. sup. ⁴⁷ 2 Spain Revis. 21. ⁴⁸ Proc. Am. Lyc., No. IV. ⁴⁹ p. 393. ⁵⁰ Vol. 3, p. 312.

which they imagined him to be the friend—that popularity has passed away. New ideas have triumphed. Don Carlos is an exile; and, after so many years of bloodshed and of misery, during which he was ever unable to possess himself of a single fortified city, it cannot be much feared that the people will willingly return to the ancient order of despotism, and encounter again therefor, the sacrifices which have cost them so many tears of bitterness already. The truth is, that the old generation, to whom ignorance and slavery were a habit, have now nearly all been buried. The people of this day, are the children of this century, and of its movements and opinions. Under the regency of the soldier of fortune, who has gathered the reins of government in his strong hand, and who yet wears honorably the temporary crown which he won by good service, they find that the energies of their country have come forth. They see an undivided and a manly front presented to the world—they feel a protecting arm stretched over their domestic prosperity. If the rule be as yet a stern one, it is because sternness is needed—but, in the multitude of able men and tried patriots, whom Espartero has gathered around him, and who cling to his government as their salvation, the people have found a security and a pledge, which are fast removing all doubts from their minds. Spain, it is true, may yet be considered as unsettled in her destiny—but though she waver from the line, she cannot leave it altogether. There is a point beyond which nations must pass, before they can be sure of their stability; that once gained, they will find it harder to retrograde than to advance. If the liberal powers of Europe, instead of vexing the new government with childish disputes and embarrassing intrigue, would give it an honest, sympathetic support, or allow it to flourish of itself, they would act, even as to their own interests, with a wisdom which seems now to be foreign to their councils. In the coming and not far distant contest, which is to shake the foundations of Europe, it needs no cunning discernment, to foresee that the Spanish Peninsula may be an agent, mighty for weal or for woe. Her fruitful soil—her innumerable resources—cultivated and developed by industry and enterprise, and all tending to heighten and strengthen the established constancy of her people—would make her, under the guidance of free institutions, a precious ally, and a formidable foe. France, Spain and England united, would be irresistible. Let her, on the contrary, be crippled by jealousy—wounded by reproach, and broken by strife—with her energies wasted, her intellect darkened, her fountains dried up—and there would pour into her territories, hordes that would make her a Russia of the South, a nucleus of triumph for the enemies of man. It was with a view to this, that Carlos, without any revenue but pillage, was sustained, by foreign but secret aid, for so many

years. It is for this that his downfall should be hailed, as a triumph, far more important than the mere overthrow of a bad dynasty by a single people.

Before we take leave of Mr. Slidell, it may be as well to mention that the "Year in Spain" was suppressed in that country by royal order, and the reëntance of the author into the kingdom expressly forbidden. Now we are very far from supposing that this movement of his Majesty was prompted by any of the objections which the work presents to ourselves. We rather imagine that the censure of Ferdinand himself and his disgraceful rule, procured for Mr. Slidell the honor of being invited to remain beyond the frontier. It is needless to say that in this part of his views, Mr. Slidell and ourselves have no difference of opinion. We cannot however avoid thinking, that the King was right in deeming the book not over well-digested; and there is a tone in Mr. Slidell's reference to the order,⁶⁷ which half inclines us to believe that he himself did not feel disposed altogether to deny it. In spite of this effusion of royal indignation, so very childishly put forth, Mr. Slidell did visit the kingdom again in 1834; and to that visit we owe two more very pleasant and popular volumes, in which the author appears anxious to atone for his abuse of despotism, by extending a profusion of similar compliments to the then liberal party. From the tone of this work, which is altogether sketchy, and which contains the substance of a short ramble to and from Madrid, through some of the northern provinces, we cannot fail to see that it contains the material of the political reflections attached to the new edition of the old work, and to which we have heretofore extended our notice. In "Spain Revisited," the reader will find the "picturesque and peculiar"—the "eccentricities and absurdities," plentifully and graphically described. Like the great master of fable, the author makes little distinction between men and beasts, if they will subserve his purpose. Mules and their muleteers—pigs, donkeys and innkeepers, fill, in their respective turns, equally prominent places in his pictures. In no place does the narrative languish for want of poignancy, or the illustration grow dull from the absence of caricature. Yet with all this, who shall quarrel! The jokes and the stories, the adventures of men and animals, are not made loops whereon to hang profound political disquisitions, or moral apophthegms. The work professes to amuse, not to instruct. In the very dedication to his estimable friend and brother officer, Lieut. Upshur, the author puts us on our guard, by contrasting, with his own habit of lingering on their travel, "to join in idle gossip with peasant or muleteer," his companion's graver devotion to scientific and philosophical observation. Thus forewarned, we

⁶⁷ Spain Revisited, 13.

look for gossip only, and we find it. We have the written conversation of a clever, ready man, whose imagination is not too conscientious, nor his temper too severe "to set the table on a roar"—and who has been so willing to see and hear wonders, that he has provoked other folk's desire to gratify his curiosity. We rise from the perusal of such a book, not much edified to be sure, but still grateful for an hour of lively intellectual pastime. Our rarer feelings are not disappointed, for they were not enlisted; and if we find sins to condemn, they are of omission, not of perpetration. If we are not enlightened, neither are we misled; and so in point of usefulness, we place the lighter volume above its more pretending, but more mistaken fellow.

We could have wished that Mr. Slidell had enjoyed opportunities of time, labor and observation, which would have enabled him to do justice to himself and his subject. Familiarized with the Spanish people, their language and institutions—devoted assiduously to the depths and not the surface of observation, he might have produced a work, which would not have fitted by, like a butterfly, gay, brilliant and summer-lived. With talents which few can command—with fancy and humor and poetry enough in his composition, he might have made the field his own, and himself the rescuer of American scribe-errantry. For Spain's sake, we could have wished that his book had been more stupid or less erroneous. In either case, it would have saved us the task of accumulating evidences of superficial "testimony," against one to whom we have been indebted for much entertainment, and whose literary merit has not been overshadowed, in our minds, by his failure to discharge the duties of an impartial guide to public opinion.

S. Jackson Wallis?

ODE TO CHESAPEAKE BAY.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Thou Ocean Bay!
Though now with sails unfurl'd,
Collecting from the mighty deep,
Over thy curling waters sweep
The fleets of half the world;
There was a day,
Nor distant far the time,
When in thy solitude sublime,
Saw light canoe by artless savage plied,
No sail was ever seen to skim thy billowy tide.

Bright Chesapeake—
Though now thy shores are crown'd
With grassy lawns and fields of grain,
That smile and cheer the laboring swain,
And songs go blithely round,
That well bespeak
How peasant joys may flow;
Yet two short centuries ago

No human voice was here, save savage yell,
And dark upon thy wave the forest shadows fell.

Mother of waters—
Thy noble streams did glide
Beneath a woody canopy,
Through countless years; and bright and free,
And lovely by thy side,
As beauteous daughters,
They lift their voice on high,
And clap their hands as they go by
Proud Baltimore's rich monuments and domes,
Columbia's palace-halls, and Richmond's patriot homes.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART VI.

Election of L'Isle Adam as Grand-Master; Siege of Rhodes; Expulsion of the Order from Rhodes; Cession of Malta, Gozo and Tripoli, as a residence for the Knights; Death of Pope Clement; History of the English Reformation; Death of L'Isle Adam.

Villiers De L'Isle Adam, the last of the Grand-Masters at Rhodes, and the first at Malta, was the forty-second who had risen to that dignity since the establishment of the Order. On the decease of Fabricio Cabretto, in 1521, three Knights were named to fill the vacancy, Andrew D'Amaral of Castile, Sir Thomas Docray of England, and L'Isle Adam of France. The first received but a trifling support; for he had rendered himself unpopular by his austere character and overbearing conduct to his brother monks. After a few ballotings, the name of D'Amaral was dropt; and there remained only two candidates for the vacant throne. L'Isle Adam succeeded in his election by the great preponderance of French interest. Historians allow he had only a strong mind to recommend him; while the Englishman had at his command a princely fortune, was of good natural abilities, and well skilled in diplomacy.

As one of the first questions asked, may be, by whom was the Order of "St. John" established, and for what purpose? I trust I may be excused for this digression, while I give a brief account of the Knights in 1099, the time when the foundation of the Order was laid at Jerusalem by the pious Gerard. Never could this worthy individual have thought, when he was collecting a few friends in his own humble dwelling for the purpose of charity, that he should be called the founder of an institution, the power of which was destined to make the Sultan quake on his throne; and wherein all the Princes of Europe would seek to enter.

Gerard and his companions, becoming more and more pious, and desirous of being known as a religious body, asked of the Pope a "regular habit." Their request was granted; that of St. Augustin being given, on condition that each one of the mem-

bers should make a vow before the Patriarch of Jerusalem, of chastity, obedience, and poverty. From this period the society came under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of him who was at the head of the papal church, and was called the "Hospitaller Brothers of St. John the Baptist, of Jerusalem."

At the decease of Gerard, Raimond Dupuis was appointed to succeed him. It was during his administration that the Hospitallers were permitted by the Pope to wear arms; from this circumstance they became a military order. It oftentimes occurred, after a poor and sick Christian had been cured of his illness, and relieved from his poverty, that he was, while on his way from Jerusalem to some port on the coast, to seek passage for Europe, fallen upon by the Infidels, robbed and murdered. It was for the protection of these wandering followers of Christ, that the patriarch in person armed these monks to accompany them on their route, and safely see them to some haven, from which they might embark for their homes. Charity was the corner-stone of the Order of St. John, while chastity, religion, and obedience to the Pope, were its main pillars.

L'Isle Adam, who chanced to be in France at the time he received information of his election as Grand-Master, made speedy arrangements for his departure for Rhodes. Hardly had the ship on which he took passage from Marseilles, left the gulf of Lyons, ere, by the carelessness of one of the crew, she took fire, and was much injured. It was only owing to the firmness of L'Isle Adam that she was not entirely destroyed; he threatening to kill the first man who should leave his post, to seek safety by taking to the boats. This danger being overcome, the "great carrack" was overtaken by a heavy storm, and struck by lightning; the thunderbolt fell on her stern, killed nine men, and "shivered the Grand-Master's sword to pieces in its scabbard." Putting into Syracuse, where he refitted his ship, he made sail for Rhodes, notwithstanding he was made aware, that the noted Infidel corsair, Costoglu, was laying off St. Angelo, a headland of Sicily, with a superior force, to attack him. Doubling the cape at night, it being thick weather and stormy, he escaped from his enemy, and arrived at the port of his destination, to the great joy of the Knights, who met him on the Marina at his landing; and with music and a military guard accompanied him to the palace, which had been prepared for his reception.

Costoglu, on hearing of the safe arrival of the Grand-Master at Rhodes, immediately repaired with his squadron to cruise in the vicinity of that island. He was fortunate in making many prizes before it was known by the Rhodians what had become of their vessels and of the Grecian crews who navigated them. This corsair bore towards the Order a deadly hatred; and with some cause: his two

elder brothers had been recently slain in a naval engagement with a Rhodian ship, while the younger still remained as a prisoner in chains among his enemies. In those days no mercy was shown to the vanquished; and if a prisoner's life was spared by the victors, it was only that he might suffer the more before the day should arrive for his execution.

At the close of August, 1521, the Sultan, Solyman IV., returned to Constantinople in triumph, having routed the army of the Hungarian King, and taken Belgrade, their capital, which he left garrisoned with his Albanian soldiers. Costoglu, arriving at the same time, when the Sultan was flushed by his conquests, took the opportunity to make mention of an attack on Rhodes. This suggestion was ably seconded by Mustapha Pasha, who was a distinguished warrior, had married the sister of Solyman, and was a great favorite with the Turkish troops. The Sultan, after a little hesitation, referred the subject to the Divan, which it appears was divided as to the propriety of the enterprise. Not much valuing the opinion of his counsellors, he was induced to write to L'Isle Adam a note, couched in the following terms:

"Solyman, by the Grace of God, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Most High Emperor of Byzantium and Trebisonde, Most Mighty King of Persia, Arabia, Syria and Egypt, Supreme Lord of Europe and Asia, Prince of Mecca and Aleppo, Master of Jerusalem, and Ruler of the Universal Sea—To Philip Villiers, L'Isle Adam, greeting:

"We congratulate thee on thy new dignity, and thy arrival in thy dominions. Mayest thou reign there long and happily, and obscure the glory of thy predecessors! We offer thee our friendship, and entreat thee not to be the last of our allies to give us joy for our triumphs over the Hungarian King, whom we have stripped of the strong fortress of Belgrade, after having wasted his territories with fire and sword, and carried away many of his people. From Constantinople; farewell."

L'Isle Adam well understood the hidden threat contained in this communication. With the consent of the Order, he sent an answer by a Greek messenger—fearing to trust a Knight in the presence of Solyman, when the news carried by him might tend rather to excite than pacify his irritable feelings, suffering, as the Sultan doubtless did, by the recollection of defeats, which his grandfathers had met with before the bastions of these same warring monks.

After-actions made it evident that the Grand-Master was not wrong in his conjectures. Whenever the Turks were desirous of communicating with the Order, they were accustomed to kindle fires on the Lycian hills. On one occasion, when these were observed, Menneton, a French Knight, was despatched in a well armed galley, taking with him an interpreter who was acquainted with

the people with whom he was to have communication. Nearing the shore, a number of Turks were seen seated on the earth, with their goods, which they were wont to barter with the Christian merchants, spread out before them. Xaycus, a paymaster in the service of the Order, was appointed to land on this occasion. This service he most willingly undertook, recognizing many of his acquaintances in the group before him. Menneton, having some fear of treachery, would not permit the Rhodian to leave, until a hostage was sent on board his galley, as a pledge for his safe return. The Turks, laughing at his fears, agreed not only to send one of their companions, but also all their goods with him; which being done, Xaycus landed.

Hardly was he on shore, before he was seized, made prisoner, and taken to Constantinople. Arriving at that capital, he was made to endure the most cruel tortures; and in his agony, he gave all the information which the minions of the Sultan desired, as to the number of the Knights, the strength of their garrisons, the state of their fortifications, and the feelings of the Rhodian people. It is thought that, by his confessions, the Sultan was induced immediately to declare war. He made his intentions known by a letter to the Grand-Master, from his own hands, in which he demanded that he should either entirely surrender his strong holds and retire from Rhodes, or retain his possessions by acknowledging fealty to him. To neither of these propositions would the Order consent; and as the Knights varied in their opinions, as to the best answer which should be given to this demand, some preferring policy and peace, while others wished, by defiance, to produce a war;—it was at last determined by L'Isle Adam to give no answer at all; which affront so enraged the Sultan, as to cause him to say, that the Knights had brought their destruction on their own heads; that he would immolate them, one by one, at their own guns, and so completely overthrow their fortifications, that not one stone should be found upon another.

L'Isle Adam had hardly been in command one year, before he was called upon to defend his Order, and their possessions, against an army of nearly two hundred thousand men; and at a time too, when his force consisted only of six hundred Knights, five hundred Cretan archers, and some four thousand Grecian soldiers. The Rhodians generally were not to be trusted; they cared not by whom they were governed, could they only succeed in retaining their property: in their nature, they were cowards; and in their language, braggers. The character of the soldiers in the service of the Order was totally different: though natives of the island, yet they had been continually exposed to danger. During the siege, they proved themselves, by their conduct, brave and efficient troops, willingly repairing to all posts of danger, where their duty called them, and defending the

same to the utmost. At the close of June, 1522, two hundred sail of Turkish ships were seen from the tower of St. Stephens, making for the harbor of Rhodes. They failed, however, in their attempt to enter the port, owing to the warm reception they met with from the forts which guarded its entrance.

By the command of the Admiral of Callipolis, the fleet bore away for the small anchorage of Bo, which, with a favorable westerly breeze, they soon entered, it being but three miles distant from the city. For the fortnight, during which Mustapha Pasha was employed in landing his artillery and ammunitions of war, the Rhodians were not idle: the bastions were repaired; the ditches deepened; and all the fortifications placed in as good defence, as their time and means would permit: no hand was so aged, no rank so exalted, as to be exempt from the meanest of these labors.

At length the sad moment arrived, when the first shot from a Turkish battery, told to the weeping mothers, who had fled to the city for protection, that their sufferings had commenced. The Knights of each language, had their leaders appointed by the Grand-Master; all were men of tried courage, who had, in other days, signalized themselves, while defending their flag, both at sea and on land, against the attacks of their turbaned enemies. Mustapha Pasha had brought with him from Constantinople some thirty thousand slaves from the forests of Belgrade and Hungary—whenever a redoubt was to be thrown up within the range of the Rhodian batteries, these poor, half clad and unprotected wretches, were pushed forward to execute the work; each sally from the garrison, each discharge from the fortifications, furnished hundreds of these “Dacian boors” a grave in the very trenches they themselves were digging. The Turkiak general cared not how many of these people he sacrificed, were his work but executed.

The city of Rhodes was situated on a plain; and save at the north, where it was bounded by the harbor, it was exposed on all sides to an attack. The natural position of the place could have hardly been more unfortunate; the besieging army being so numerous, and the besieged so few, and consequently so scattered. It repeatedly occurred during the siege that when the Turks had effected a breach in any of the fortifications, the Knights were compelled to leave their own quarters, from which they might have done much execution, and fly to the assistance of their friends; indeed, when the English bastion was blown up, and the Janizaries had made a footing upon its ruins, L'Isle Adam was obliged to advance in person with his body guard, carrying the ensign of the Order. Here it was, that, hand to hand, the fight was maintained for three hours. The Turks did not retreat until they had left upwards of two thousand of their comrades dead on the platform of this single bastion.

It cannot be supposed, that in an engagement where so many of their enemies fell, the Order should have altogether escaped. Many Knights were killed; and among the most distinguished, was the standard-bearer, Joachimus Cluys, who lost both of his eyes by a shot, and shortly after died.

Mustapha Pasha, mortified at his defeat, resolved to make another attempt to carry the English bastion, supposing it to be the only quarter by which his soldiers would have a chance of entering the city. Achimetes was, at the same moment, to cannonade the Spanish wall—which had already been well battered; and which, he hoped, would easily fall, and afford a second entrance for the Turkish army. The Turks came bravely to the assault. They fought for hours with the most determined courage and resolution. For a long time, the result of the conflict was doubtful; and the battle, at last, was only won by the desperate resistance of the Greeks, sustained by the bravery of their commanders. The Sultan, when he had seen his soldiers thrice defeated, and with great slaughter, advanced in front of the army, and addressed them as follows:

"I myself am fully resolved here to conquer, or end my days. If I depart from my resolution, let my head, my fleet, my army, and my empire, be ever accursed, and unfortunate."

Solyman then called his captains around him, and ordered them to encourage the soldiers of their several companies, giving them to understand, that Rhodes was the "castle, store-house, treasury, of all such as trouble the Turks by sea;" and that, by destroying this one place, they had the way open before them to enter all the dominions of the Christians, and to have their revenge for their murdered brothers.

On the 24th September, the Sultan ordered a general attack to be made on those five fortifications, which were defended by the English, Spanish, Narbonenses, Avignons, and Italian Knights. The Janizaries advanced with a horrible cry, to enter the breaches, which had been made in the previous conflicts, whilst the Rhodians poured down upon them, as they approached, scalding oil and boiling pitch; which, "as it fell, stuck fast," and so sorely wounded the besiegers, that they were glad to throw down their arms and retreat to the rear, where they might find assistance to remove their clothes, and be in a measure relieved of their horrible pains.

About this juncture, a Jewish physician was discovered in an attempt to give information to the Turks. Having acknowledged his crime, he suffered an ignominious death. Foul suspicion of the same nature, soon fastened itself upon a nobler victim, one who, the reader might think, would have been the last to be branded with the title of a traitor. The Chancellor D'Amaral, whom we have

before named, as having been the candidate for the Grand-Mastership, was the person suspected. The only proof against him, was the confession of his servant Diaz, given on the rack, and the statement of a Greek priest, who had, on one occasion, seen the Knight and his attendant on a bastion, with crossbow and an arrow, to which a paper was affixed; and which, it appeared to him, they were desirous of throwing into the Mahomedan camp. This Knight when tortured, repelled the accusation with scorn—and stated, that after his long period of forty years of faithful services to the Order no bodily pangs would ever force him to say that he was guilty of so base a crime. D'Amaral and his servant were condemned to death—and both, as it is generally thought, unjustly. The monk was stripped of his habit and then decapitated, while Diaz suffered by the hands of the hangman.

After a lapse of a short period, Solyman, having witnessed the fight from a distance, and seeing there was no chance of being victorious, ordered retreat. During this conflict, the bastions of England, Italy and Spain, had been several times taken and retaken; alternately was seen the flag of the Infidel and of the cross waving over the walls as either party got possession. The Sultan, enraged at these continual defeats, ordered the Turkish General, Mustapha Pasha, to be executed: but having advised the attack on Rhodes, and failed in his promise to take the city. Pyrrhus Pasha, who was a great friend of the General, hearing he was condemned to die, sought the Sultan, and begged his life. For this interference, he was sentenced to suffer the same punishment; which would certainly have been carried into effect, had not all the councillors of Solyman, seeing the danger of these two noble personages, unanimously on their knees craved their pardon. The Sultan granted their request, ostensibly, unto Mustapha, because one of his wives had Ottoman blood running in her veins—being his natural sister; and to Pyrrhus, for his great age and wisdom in legislation.

Solyman determined not to leave the island until he had subdued the city; and to make his determination known to the Grand-Master, he ordered a castle to be built for his residence on Mount Pilermus. The Sultan, after a six months' siege during which he lost one hundred and sixty thousand men, appeared not so desirous of exposing his men to danger; and in this, the last hour as it were of the conflict, sought, by bribery, to obtain possession of the city. Failing in this first attempt to bribe the sentinels, he appointed Monilio, a Genoese who was in the Turkish army, to carry letters to L'Isle Adam, asking a surrender of the place; and adding, should this be done, that he would be permitted to name the terms of capitulation.

The Grand-Master would not listen to the proposition, preferring death to a surrender of his Order. The Rhodians, however, when they heard

that Solymán was willing to treat for the place, and fearing that should his offer be refused, and their city be taken in fight, their wives and daughters would be exposed to slavery, and they themselves to death, sent a deputation to L'Isle Adam, requesting him to make the best terms he could with the Sultan, as they were weary of fight, and grieving for the death of those who had met a fate, which, should they continue in arms, might shortly be their own.

L'Isle Adam, even with this request from the Rhodians, would not think of a capitulation, until most of the members of the Order had recommended the measure—not so much, as they said, to save their own lives; but to preserve the maidens, and mothers of Rhodes from violation and slavery.

From the report of Martinigo, the chief engineer, and the Grand-Prior of St. Giles, it was evident that the place could no longer be defended. The Turks had possession of a portion of the city; the flower of the Rhodian forces had perished; in addition to which, they had but little ammunition, and less food; and would at last be compelled to surrender, even should they maintain their ground from street to street, and as they retreated make every house a bulwark of defence.

THE CHILD OF HEAVEN:

A Counterpart to Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Child of Earth."

BY MISS HARRIET M. JENES.

"I thank thee, blessed God, for these rich gifts
Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn!
I thank Thee, that the loveliness of earth
Higher than earth can raise me! Are not these
But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
Beside th' immortal streams? Shall I not find
The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
In the serene and ever balmy air,
In the clear starry light of angel eyes,
A thousand-fold more glorious?"—*Hemans.*

Grateful in health, her young step treads the earth,
And Heaven, around her path, its light hath thrown,
Yet, saith she, "Father, where the stars have birth,
I am prepared to go!—make me thine own!
Now 'mid the joyousness of opening spring,
My soul is gushing with a grateful love;
Now the young birds amid the forest sing,
And with their lays, my full heart soars above.
Hear me, O! Father!—are my duties done?—
I am prepared to go,—make me thine own!"

Summer, with beautiful sweets, the spring, supplants;
Thro' woodland paths the Child of Heaven doth roam;
Her voice ascends from mid her cherished haunts;—
"These are but shadows of my Heavenly home.
Now, while my every sense is filled with Thee,
And beauty glows in tender summer time;
And the low murmur of the rolling sea,
Tunefully soothes me with its lulling chime;
Sourceless and endless Lord! Thou holy One!
Take me to dwell near Thee,—make me thine own!"

Earth's summer glories fleetly pass away,
And autumn's sun, the waving corn doth gild;
While brilliantly the colored leaves display
The gorgeous decking of the forest wild.
And merrily at morn the reaper sings,
Binds the full sheaf, and whistles oft in glee;—
Floating 'mid air a thousand fluttering wings,
Chaunt a farewell in richest melody.
The Child of Heaven doth gaze abroad and say,
"For Thee my spirit pants,—call me away!"

The tow'ring pine upon the mountain shakes;
And howling 'round, the wintry wind doth moan;
The skies are veil'd with the light, falling flakes,
That gently fill the winding wood-paths lone,
Where the still moonbeam slept. "O, pleasantly
My little brothers frolic at my feet,
Or kneel with me at even-tide to pray,
And the loved voices of our home are sweet;
If so to Thee, it seemeth good,—I stay;
Yet would I rather be where living waters play!"

Again returns, the gladsome budding spring!
Amid the green, the streamlet wanders free;
The sprightly wood-bird dallies on its wing,—
The Child of Heaven doth brighter glories see!—
Thee, never more, discordant notes shall pain;
And where the twilight stars dim not at day,
Sweet spirit-voices from their blest domain,
Shall gently whisper,—“Sister, come away!
Thy work, the Father saith, hath well been done,
And Heaven is now eternally thine own!”
Boston, Mass.

MIDDLE CHURCH.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

—Such the destiny of all on Earth,
So flourishes and fades majestic Man. *Beattie.*

I love to visit, occasionally, the place where
"Earth's highest honors end, in 'here he lies'
—;" and from amid the broken memorials of the
past, to trace the record—half effaced by the mould-
ering finger of time—of those who in past ages,
trod, as we now do, the shores of time, and had the
same hopes, the same aspirations, the same joys,
and the same sorrows, that alternately possess our
bosoms.

The subject, it is true, is trite. A Young has
moralized above the grave of treasured and de-
parted worth,—a Hervey has meditated among the
tombs; and the solemn spot, where sleep the loved
and the lost, has waked many a touching elegy, or
suggested the lofty rhyme of inspired bards. Trite
as it may seem—and it is *as trite as DEATH* itself;
still, it may, as a subject for contemplation, be not
altogether unprofitable.

These reflections have been suggested by a
visit, which was recently made with a young friend
from Massachusetts, to "Middle Church," situated
in Middlesex county, Virginia, about three miles
from the county seat, Urbana.

More than a century, yea, near two centuries have passed since the ringing of the mason's trowel, broke the stillness of the surrounding forest, when the walls of this temple of the living God rose like a flower in the wilderness of Middlesex, and invited the wayfarer to its sacred precincts. More than half a century has gone by, since last the solemn organ pealed forth its sublime symphonies, and the anthems of the choir told upon the feelings of rapt worshippers,—now the church is a desolate ruin; and the choir, and the worshippers—where are they! There is scarcely a vestige of the interior left; the pulpit, the tablets, the altar, the chancel, the —, all gone! The house is roofless, windowless. The walls alone are standing. The walls surrounding the spot constituting the church-yard, are in ruins too, portions only, remaining to mark their boundaries. The tombs are nearly all in a dilapidated condition; but of many, there is enough left to mark them as having been monuments of the most exquisite sculpture.

I have loved to visit the church-yard,—the village church-yard—in the beautiful month of May, or in “leafy June”—when the flowers smell sweetly, and the grass waves luxuriantly, and the cool breezes play among the green leaves of the forest,—when here and there the daisy spots the little grave of some gentle child, whose life was like the existence of the flower that nestles amid the grass above its little resting place—briefly sweet,—when even the eulogy seemed not so very formal in its studied phraseology, upon the tall monument, (for there is aristocracy sometimes even in a village, and they will carry it even to the grave with them,) and the white marble glittered not so coldly in the sunlight, and here and there some bright winged bird would perch upon a tomb, and plume its pinion in the balmy breeze.

I have loved these things, I say, and the church-yard did not seem the gloomy place to me, that I had heard others say it did to them. But the visit to “Middle Church” was characterized by no such soothing and inviting circumstances. The day was cold and rainy, and the wind howled mournfully through the leafless branches of the trees that surrounded the spot.

The young friend who accompanied me, (and who, by the way, bids fair one day, with perseverance in the divine art of painting, to make some noise in the world,) assisted me in decyphering the inscriptions, a few of which I now furnish for the “Messenger.”

The one which immediately follows interested me much, and will, I hope, gratify the patrons of the Messenger, in reading, as it did me to transcribe it. I give it verbatim.*

* I have, however, taken the liberty of punctuating the MS.; as there was not a point on the stone.

Here lies the Remains of the
Rev. Mr. BARTHOLOMEW YATES,
who departed this life the 26 day of July 1776,
57 year of His age.

He was one of the visitors of William and Mary's
AND ALSO

Professor of Divinity in that Royal Foundation
In the conscientious discharge of his Duty
Few ever Equalled Him.
None ever surpassed Him.

He explained His Doctrine by His practice, and thus
Led the way to Heaven. Cheerfulness, the
Innocence, always sparkled in His face; as
the sweetness of His Temper, He gained Universal Good will. His Consort enjoys
in Him a tender Husband; His children
an indulgent Father; His
Servants a gentle Master;
His Acquaintance a
Faithful Friend.

He was Minister of this Parish upwards of 20
to Perpetuate His Memory, this Monument is
in the charge of His Friends and Parishioners.

I could but mentally repeat, as I contribute to one who was distinguished more
century ago, the lines of the poet—

“The coffin'd sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and blissful waking.”

Near the tomb of the Rev. Mr. YATES
monuments of the Hon. John Grymes and

These are, or rather have been, the monuments
ficient in the yard. The marble of the front
on what was once splendid sculptured face
portion of these are shivered. The tablet
of Mrs. Grymes, has, by some Goth, been
from its supporters, and the facings lie
about the yard, and the tablet itself is
three pieces. With some difficulty, we
the fragments of the latter, and transcribe
scription—nevertheless, there were parts
we could not find—those omissions, (not
being lost,) I have supplied with asterisk

HERE LIES INTERRED

The Body of the Honorable JOHN GRYMES,
Who many years acted in the Public affairs of
union with Honour, Fortitude, Fidelity to their
King George I and II. Of the Council of State, of
Prerogative, the Liberty and Property of the
A ZEALOUS ASSERTER.

On the Seat of Judgment clear, sound, and
The Office of Receiver General Punctual, A
Of the College of WILLIAM and MARY, an
Visitor, Patron, Beneficent to all. A supporter
Distressed, A Pattern of True Piety, Respected
revered.

Lamented by His Family, Acquaintance, &c.
He departed This Life the 2nd Day of Nov. 17
57 year of His Age.

Here follows the inscription on the tomb
wife—

THIS MONUMENTAL MARBLE,
In Remembrance of all that could endear ye liv'd
the dead lamented * * * for Benevolence and
Is PLACED HERE.

mine of an Excellent Person * * * ial* is
more lastingly Recorded * * * sed†. Ten-
timesials of the Wise and Good.

ty of Her earlier years, was an earnest of
d Excellence, which all Her after life United
in the wife, the Parent, and the Friend.

GENEROSITY,

Motive. An Unbounded charity, * * * ta§
Virtuous Prudence, gained Her as many
friends, as she had Acquaintance.

HUMILITY,

se of Her Maker and Herself * * * from
arose, preserved Her from the Envy usually
attendant

ON HER EXALTED STATION,
Her the undissembled Affections of all Ranks;
ed in Her Goodness without Ostentation,
thout Pride, and without Meanness Conde-
m even to the lowest of Her Inferiors.

Such was

Mrs. LUCY GRAYNES,

RELICT

he Honorable JOHN GRAYNES, Esqr.,
dy reposes near this of His beloved Wife.)

DAUGHTER

Honourable PHILIP LUDWELL, Esqr.

PARENT

a numerous and deserving Family.
Jay of March, in the Year of our Lord 1749,
12 Year of Her age, the Divine Command
lerto receive the Rewards of a well spent life.
ed with ready and devout Resignment;
, having given an Illustrious Pattern

OF LIVING WELL,

She taught the next great lesson,

How to DIE.

from the dates of their decease that
ady, lived only four months after her
band. Perhaps, 'twould have been per-
certainly apposite to have inscribed upon

Lovely and pleasant in their life
ad in their death not divided."
tra levis."

ely in the rear of what, I presume, was
ar, stands a tomb, upon which the fin-
has written "decay";—the inscription
and stands in the following arrangement.

His

JOHANNES WORMLEY, ARMIGER.
s admodum amplam
joribus, antiquis loci incolis,
ma munia dignie administrata,
e humanis acceptam:
um Officiorum nunquam appetens:
aquillo privatoque Contentus Lare:
nerosæ et formosæ prolis:
i bonus præter valetudinem usus:
durimos vita, ac spectata: erga Omnes,
egenos, hospitalitatis exemplari proposito;
Febry MDCCXXVI, Ann Æt XXXVII.
imaturus debilis multis Maxime Conjugi.
to bene merenti moestissima posuit

HOC MONUMENTUM.

emorial, &c. † Probably by the blessed, &c.
s soul's &c. § Probably the heart's &c.

Adjoining the latter stands another mouldering
and half effaced memorial reading thus,

HERE LIES INTERRED

The Body of MRS. SARAH WORMLEY,
First wife of RALPH WORMLEY, of the County of Mid-
dlesex, Esqr. She was third Daughter of Hon. EDMD.
BERKLEY, Esqr. of this County.

She Departed this life ye 2nd day of Decem. 1741.

Aged 26 Years.

There are several standing of more modern
dates; an extract from one must close the present
notice of "Middle Church." It is on the stone
which *once* lay over the grave of Mrs. Lucy Sayre,
the great granddaughter of Philip Ludwell, but it
has been dragged several yards from its original
location as a tomb. Here is the extract—

Rest here, oppressed by pale disease no more;
Here find that calm thou sought so oft before;
Rest undisturbed within this humble shrine,
Till Angels wake thee with a Voice like thine.

And this, thought I, is the end of man, as far
as this world is concerned! But the recollection
that "after death, the *Judgment*," came over my
spirit, and as I sighed an adieu to those moulder-
ing memorials, I thought of that hour, when the
cemetery of "Middle Church," should yield its
quota to the great assize!

THE FATE OF LOVE.

The muse of Fancy high may soar,
And roam from distant shore to shore;
Be mine the part to paint with truth,
A single scene of happy youth.

Fortune, 'tis said, both comes and goes,—
Friends are the beings of an hour,—
From morning's dawn to evening's close,
Misfortune's clouds forever lower.

But different far my fate has been,
And on my brow no clouds are seen;
I meet the pleasures of the day
With morning's study and even's play.

'Twas when a child—a happy boy,
I formed a love for a being bright;—
We played with each as a gilded toy,
We danced and played from morn till night.

We lived and loved for months and years,—
Our time was spent 'twixt love and fears;
But then at last the parting came—
And now I only love her name.

She was a proud and haughty girl,
And loved the round of Fashion's whirl;
I too was proud, but too sedate,
For her to link with mine her fate.

There came at last, a being, who
Could seem to love and flatter too,
He flattered, and she shut her eyes—
He flattered, and he took the prize.

You now might think I'd grieve to see
One so much loved estranged from me;—
But no! this last great act has op'd my eyes,
I'm glad that I have lost the prize.

She who to flattery thus could yield,
Leaves me the victor of the field;
I now rejoice the truth to state,
That joy and I are linked by fate.

Whate'er of ill the world betide,
I still shall seek the storm to ride;
And hope Dame Fortune me will name,
When'er she makes the gifts of fame.
Alexandria, 1842.

TRUE VALUE OF A COLLEGE REPUTATION.

It is no uncommon remark, that a college reputation is worth nothing; indeed, it has been sometimes asserted that college honors are unfavorable omens of the future career. On the other hand, some young men attach undue importance to the mere badges of scholarship. I shall endeavor to steer between these extremes, and to show the true value of such distinctions.

The belief, that he who wins college premiums, is unlikely to win more solid fame and rewards in after life, is at variance with experience and common sense. Doctor Johnson, I believe, said that the same man possessed the same intellectual power at every period of life.

Although this may be going a little too far, yet it seems reasonable that the same emulation, industry, and vigor of mind, which confer superiority in youth, should also do it in manhood and old age. It may be; and unfortunately is the case, that some of those who manage schools and colleges, require but little scholarship; their mode of instruction does not call forth the intellectual powers of their pupils; in such institutions, it is evident, that reputation, without real merit, may be acquired by a ready memory, and a little application. But, when the course of study is thoroughly taught; when mere unreasoning memory is insufficient to answer the questions of an instructor; then, a high standing must indicate either the possession of real talent, or of that ardent and energetic temperament, and patient steadiness, which so often serve as a substitute for great talent in after, as well as in college life.

If we turn to the biographies of distinguished men, we shall find, that while some of them, from indolence, or peculiarities of mind or character, have not attracted attention in their scholastic career, a far greater proportion has displayed, in the morning of their lives, the same powers that brightened and adorned the evening of their greatness. Look at Robert Hall, who, at age of eleven, overtasked the industry and ac-

quirements of his feeble instructor, and at college displayed those same great reasoning powers, and that elegance of taste, which made him, not only an ornament of the pulpit, but the finest of English writers. At twelve, Pascal had made considerable progress in geometry, without the aid of books, and contrary to the wishes of his parent. His profound and original thoughts, and the elegant, but irresistible satire of his Provincial Letters, are living evidences that the high promise of his youth was completely realized. The talents of Bacon and Newton were well-known and appreciated in early youth. In our country, many of our great men have evinced their mental superiority at a very early age. James Madison and Aaron Burr, (great in intellect, if not in virtue,) and our great financier, Nicholas Biddle, bore off the first honors of the same institution; the two last mentioned, at the age of sixteen. Thomas Jefferson, John Randolph, Tazewell, and many others well-known to fame, were distinguished at their venerable alma mater. Indeed, if we should examine the lives of most great men, we should find that far the greater number rose superior to their school-fellows.

It is however true that in the best regulated institutions, medals, prizes, and all the badges of scholarship, cannot and ought not to be always bestowed on those known to possess the most genius. This proceeds, not only from the indolence that often checks the progress of youths endowed with fine capacity, but from another circumstance often observable in our mental operations. One who has a ready apprehension, and retentive memory, with the requisite industry, becomes the most brilliant scholar, but he is often far from possessing the most valuable talent. Because a student of this description necessarily bears off the honors, it by no means follows, that he excites the highest hopes in judicious instructors, or has most fame among his fellows. The readiness with which he masters the ideas of others, may proceed from the paucity of his own; or from his incapacity or unwillingness to scrutinize the correctness of those ideas. The questions of a professor, especially in any of the higher branches of study, if they do not detect such a scholar in ignorance of his text-book or lecture, must assuredly prove that he never thinks for himself. On the contrary, the learner who thinks, who examines into the truth or falsehood of the principles laid down by his author, and, from that very circumstance, sometimes appears slow of apprehension, must disclose the resources of his mind in this process of interrogation. Judicious questions, indeed, constitute the very essence of good teaching. By them, an instructor, accustomed to the study of human nature, will often discover, that most is to be expected in subsequent life from those who, according to the ordinary principles of decision, cannot be crowned with the honors of scholarship. Composition and

speaking too, are much better tests than the mere acquisition of knowledge, of intellectual power. Indeed it is excellence in those exercises, which, above everything, gives the student reputation among his fellows. It must be admitted, that from immaturity of taste and want of experience, these often make very extravagant and erroneous estimates. But the conclusions of an observant teacher are far more worthy of reliance.

When we speak of college reputation, we must recollect, that it is made up of the opinions both of instructors and fellow-students; and that it depends not merely on scholarship, but on success in all the intellectual exercises of the institution. It is admitted, that honors, when bestowed with judgment, and after the most thorough examination, are not conclusive evidences of genius. Yet we must beware of bringing them into contempt. They are intended to stimulate the memory and the reasoning powers concerning those principles and facts, which, although they cannot create intellect, are admirably calculated for its exercise. When properly regulated and bestowed, it cannot be denied, that they go far towards accomplishing their purpose. If they sometimes fall to the lot of the undeserving, and create expectations of future renown, which are never realized, it only proves that they, like all human contrivances, are imperfect. Such instances are far from justifying their abandonment or the sneers of those who seek an apology for indolence or dulness, in a professed contempt of all such distinctions. That contempt, as far as it really exists, must evidently injure the cause of education. The idea, that diligence and its consequence, good scholarship, are indications of a plodding genius, is so seductive and dangerous to the indolent mind of youth, that it should be met and resisted in every shape which it assumes.

The hill of science is proverbially steep; and we must remove every excuse for declining the arduous ascent. All experience proves, that emulation is the most powerful of all incentives to exertion, whether in youth, manhood or old age. Because, in some perverted souls, it has led to envy, slander, and even bloodshed, it by no means follows, that this powerful spring of human action, should be left to rust in inactivity. Our passions may be all made conducive to some good end, if they be subjected to a proper control. After all the abuse of avarice and ambition, what would become of society without the love of money and the love of distinction? Without the existence of these stimulants, it is plain that its whole machinery must stop. If this be true of the world at large, it seems absurd and irrational, that we should not address the same motives in the miniature world of a school. The old-fashioned common-sense plan has been disapproved of in late years; but that disapprobation is founded in speculation,

rather than in experience. Like all other instruments of influence on human nature, emulation should be kept within due bounds, and every means should be used to make intellectual distinction appear insignificant, when compared with the principles of truth and honor.

There is a class of men to whom our previous reasoning does not apply. It is that class, so numerous in this country, that has risen to the height of fame like Washington and Franklin, without advantages, and in spite of obstacles. We have compared those only, who have been liberally educated; and have endeavored to show that preëminence at school, is the usual, but by no means the invariable, precursor of preëminence in the world. We may, here and there, meet with a Walter Scott, or a Dean Swift, who from indolence or waywardness, did not become distinguished scholars at college; and yet afterwards, were the pride and wonder of their respective ages.

But if we examine, we shall commonly find that, in such instances, the evidences of talent were too plain to be mistaken, unless concealed by some peculiarity of disposition. Swift passed through the university unnoticed and unknown, because his singular temper and melancholy circumstances gave an unusual direction to his studies, and made him shrink from a display of his acquirements and powers of composition. The teacher of Scott, Doctor Adam of grammatical memory, discovered the genius of his pupil, although he could not make him relish or retain the niceties of Latin syntax.

He saw that he appreciated the beauties of an author in a manner uncommon for a boy; and that he evinced a quickness of apprehension, and a taste in composition, entirely unknown to many of his more accurate school-fellows. Thus, a judicious teacher can almost always detect the germs of talent which, under a distaste for the dry and abstract portions of ordinary education, are concealed from less observant eyes. In such cases, although the rewards of accurate and profound scholarship, ought not to be, and are not, given; yet, reputation is always acquired.

We have mentioned an extreme just opposite to that which we have been combating. Those who study entirely for the evanescent honors of a college, and carry their acquisitions only far enough to attain them, being stimulated by no desire of comprehensive knowledge, but merely by the spirit of emulation, invariably sink into the insignificance which they deserve. He who aspires to be ranked among Wisdom's chief favorites, must woo her from a love of her own charms, and not from a fondness for the honors which she sometimes brings in her train.

I have endeavored to show how a ready memory, and unhesitating reception of all an author's, or of a teacher's dogmas, may give one young man distinction over another whose progress is slow,

because it is cautious, and accompanied by reflection. It is obvious that their relative positions must often be reversed, when they come to act on the theatre of real life. Even on that theatre however, a ready recollection, and the bold fluency which usually accompanies it, are advantages not to be despised. They invariably take the groundlings, and the groundlings are no inconsiderable part of the spectators. But occasions often occur when these showy qualities are insufficient. When real difficulties occur either in private or public life, it is not enough for a man to know and retail the opinions of others; he must be capable of forming and defending his own. In such cases, all must see that the solid ore of a well-balanced judgment, outweighs the tinsel of ready quotation, and showy declamation.

Nor is this the only circumstance which may, in subsequent life, sink the collegian "with all his blushing honors" into obscurity; while his scarcely-noticed comrade rises gradually up to eminence. Other qualities, beside intellect, are not less essential to success in active business. Those who escape from indolence and vice—the rocks on which so many youthful hopes are wrecked—may yet find their voyage interrupted by many other obstacles. A capacity for the highest investigations of science, a taste for elegant erudition, or a genius for composition, may be accompanied by a sensitive bashfulness, excessive fastidiousness, indecision, or some other quality, as fatal to worldly prosperity, as the most abandoned licentiousness, or utter idleness. The mortification of disappointment, operating on an ambitious temper, too often converts these original weaknesses into poisons that corrode the feelings, and at last corrupt the principles. The manners too, especially in a country where everything depends on popular favor, are often decisive of a young man's fate.

It is evident therefore, that literary and scientific acquirements, and intellectual accomplishments, form only part of the auguries to be observed by those setting out on the voyage of human existence. He who sets sail with a heart elated by scholastic distinctions, being unconscious of his deficiencies in other particulars, will meet with sad disappointments.

In the first place, he is too apt to forget, that even his literary and scientific education is just commenced, and that all his honors are nothing but tokens of an auspicious commencement. His humble ambition is satisfied with the narrow limits of his elementary acquirements; and, as it is impossible for him to remain stationary, it is plain that he must retrograde. From the influence of the same contracted views, he perhaps attaches undue importance to mere book knowledge, and forgets that the study of man and physical nature, is essential to the performance of his active duties. Again, great devotion to literary pursuits, without

active exertion, often engenders indecisive want of manliness.

These considerations should serve as to those inclined to set their hearts too on those marks of scholastic distinction although useful for their immediate purpose, morning of life, are no unerring indices will be its meridian. These badges of should neither be derided and neglected worthy of attainment, nor exaggerated importance which they do not really possess.

TO THE OLD BOWL AT MOUNT

I.

Of all thy race, thou ancient bowl!
Few now are in the land;
Insulted by neglect, they have
On sideboard cease'd to stand.
Time was, when goblet shared thy throne
When water pitcher was unknown.

II.

The parvenu! it seeks to rule,
And enters ev'ry dome,
While exiled bowls, are noticed not,
And may not have a home.
But for our fathers' sakes will we,
Securely guard, and treasure thee!

III.

From summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Thy guardian virtues saved,
By land and sea, in storm and calm,
All, thy assistance, craved.
A powerful sceptre thou did'st wield;
From every ill, thou wert a shield.

IV.

Potations from thee, parsons quaff'd,
To keep devotion up.
They of the rosy, jocund face,
Paid homage to the cup!
(The sacred priests of this our day
Refuse to drink, or hunt, or play.)

V.

Like their own glebes, they're with the
Those sportsmen-parsons all,
And graver men dispense the rites,
To heaven, the sinner call.
And it is well, the sages say
That thou hast not thy former sway.

VI.

The churchman sought thy aid to pray
The huntsman for the chase—
None till'd the land unless'd by thee,
Nor thought to win the race.
For ev'ry one thou had'st a boon,
Or sought by midnight, or by noon.

VII.

Ay, countless nights have worn away,
In feast and flow of soul,
And when the revelers met the dawn,
They cursed thee, tempting bowl!
Then too, when came the noontide
They strangely tried thy soothing pow

VIII.

The princely planter, trusted thee,
The pilgrim scorn'd thee not;
Thy matchless qualities they prized—
To serve thee, ne'er forgot:
They deem'd the chalice still the same,
As in the land from whence they came.

IX.

Methinks with dim, and shadow-form,
Before me now, they come;
They who, by strong affection bound,
Dial call old England "home!"
Those colonists! they wish'd to be
Ruled by the isle beyond the sea.

X.

If so that isle had nourish'd them,
And loved them as her own,
They'd been content to live and die,
In fealty to the throne.
But when despotic, she became,
A new Republic, had a name.

XI.

I see them now, those men of old,
So staid and dignified.
With powder'd wigs, and waistcoats long,
Like courtiers in their pride—
And a broad frill hangs o'er the hand,
And o'er the wrist, a broader band.

XII.

The massy buckles of their shoes—
They were of gold, 'tis said;
Of their small clothes and silken hose,
In books were often read.
And they were studied in their dress,
And far removed from slovenness.

XIII.

Thou hadst thy origin before
This ancient pile was rear'd;
Baronial, by planter then,
By subjects too revered—
They doff'd the hat, and bowing low,
Began, "Your Honor," so and so.

XIV.

And like the chieftain of a clan,
He ruled his little realm,
And all did move so orderly,
When he did guide the helm.
I doubt me much, if in these days
Men have like system in their ways.

XV.

Mortals are frail, and perishing,
And soon they fade away,
But thou in thy unbrokenness,
Seem'st at never to decay.
No trace of years, is on thee now,
Not thine, a furrow'd, time-worn brow.

XVI.

But fair, as if of yesterday,
Thou dost the sideboard grace,
Thou reliet of the *olden time*!
As 'erst, it is thy place.
For aged men do gravely say,
That thou didst stand there, in thy day.

XVII.

And then with sadden'd smile and sigh,
They tell how times have been,

And doubtless think, their grandsires were
A better race of men—
In truth they were a jovial band,
With customs like the father-land.

XVIII.

In turf and field-sports, they excelled,
Full oft, they victors came;
They gloried in the coat of arms,
The herald of their name,
And haughtily they bore them then,
Like true and lordly Englishmen.

XIX.

Capacious bowl! 'twere long to tell,
Thy each convivial scene;
Thou centre of the festal board,
Could we thy annals glean,
We'd have a fund of joke and jest,
Of mirthful tales—the liquor's zest.

XX.

Pour in one flood the beverage,
Which has been drunk from thee,
'Twould make of old Virginia,
An overflowing sea!
And vessels gallantly might ride,
Upon the foaming, glittering tide!

XXI.

If all the wit thou hast inspired,
Were uttered in a breath,
The people sage, of this grave age,
Would laugh themselves to death!
'Twould years suffice for this wide earth!
And all would die for very mirth!

XXII.

And write the toasts that have been drunk,
Around thy sparkling fount—
They'd make a folio volume large,
In fact, a mimic mount!
And should we live for ages, we
Could not one-half the contents see!

XXIII.

Could all the strength, sipped from thy brim,
Be sinew'd in one frame,
The drinker would do daring deeds,
That Hercules would shame!
He'd rouse the elements to war!
His earthquake-tread, would all things jar!

XXIV.

If all the liveried valets, grooms,
And waiters, dressed by thee,
Were marshall'd in a living host,
They'd reach from sea to sea!
If once they'd cheer 'hurra! hurra!'
'Twould shake the earth, the loud huzza.

XXV.

The grief and wo, thou hast entailed,
(Thou and thy race, old bowl!)
If view'd, oh! like a tempest-wave
Sorrow would o'er us roll!
At minds degraded—mad, insane,
All nature writhes, and groans again!

XXVI.

Could all the music of thy day,
(Like echoes of the spheres,)
Gush, in one strain of melody,
We'd melt away to tears!
Th' ancestral portraits, in the halls,
Would come to life, and leave the walls!

XXVII.

Mount Airy, with the magic spell,
Would be enchanted quite!
Its aged park, (with trees and deer,)
Would smile with new delight!
Its graceful fawns (alas-the-day!)
Would fairly bound themselves away!

XXVIII.

To number all the nuptial fetes,
Graced with festivity,
Would keep us figuring, 'till at last,
Bereft of patience, we!
Those joyous bridals flitted by,
Like brilliant clouds, in sunset's sky!

XXIX.

The stately grandames of the land,
Did view thee jealously,
(Those courtly ladies of brocade,
Long since they've ceased to be!)
And they did wear a sudden'd frown,
When thou didst bring the lofty down!

XXX.

And thy dominion passed away,
Since matrons served thee not;
Those rebels conquered,—there had been
No changes of thy former lot!
But thou had'st swayed, "from shore to shore,"
The hearts of men till time was o'er!

Mount Airy, Va., Dec. 12th, 1841. E. C. CLEMONS.

PONCE DE LEON:

HIS QUEST AFTER THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

There is no incident, in the early history of our country, more affecting, than that contained in the simple account given by Irving, of the search, by Ponce de Leon, for the Fountain of Youth, which resulted in the discovery of Florida. It attaches a peculiar interest to the career of that adventurous man, who passed from the noise and tumult of a crowded camp, to the unbroken stillness of our primeval forests. Had he been some wild and hair-brained youth, whose imagination had been heated by tales of chivalry and adventure, we might only laugh at his folly; but when we find, that he was an experienced and hardy warrior, celebrated for his prowess at the siege of Granada, and conversant with courts, surprise and admiration are blent together; and we trace the spirit of the age in the conduct of this hardy warrior. The discovery of a New World, that startling fact, awoke the minds of men from the long slumber of satisfied ignorance—the strange and wild tales of the sun-burnt mariners, who wandered back, heated their fancies,—until at length no tale connected with the New World, could be so monstrous and incredible, as not to secure some degree of credence; and a craving for excitement and adventure was created, which sent, on voyages of discovery, many of the most gallant spirits of the time. Ponce was not behind his age; neither was he in advance of it;

the conquest of the Moors had given peace to Spain, and the warrior was tasting the sweets of repose, when he heard of this marvellous fountain which could restore him who drank of it, to a second youth; his adventurous spirit was aroused; and, buckling on his armour, he set forth to find, not the coveted fountain he sought, but that quiet resting-place of all earth's children—the grave. And has not his quest in one sense been accomplished? has it not given an immortality to a name, which otherwise might never have been known, beyond the Spanish hamlet where his bones reposed! and is not his name, now and forever, identified with the "land of flowers," whither his fiery spirit led him—to die!

In this age of scoffing and skepticism, when men, arrogantly proud of their own puny powers mock the ideal, and seek to convert this glorious world, with its matchless panorama of sea and sky mountain and plain, into a mere workshop and laboratory, and would degrade man, who was created in the image of his God, into a mere automaton and animated engine, it is pleasant to turn even to the wild errors of a man like this, who if he did err, was led astray by a vague but lofty craving after the Unknown and the Infinite.

He deceived himself, as well as others; and the faith must indeed have been strong, which could lead him over the wild waste of waters into the midst of enemies. The energy with which he prosecuted the search, proves the untiring and indomitable spirit of the man.

Let us picture to ourselves, the image of the wild enthusiast! Scarred with the trophies of many a hard-fought field—scorched with the Summer's sun—and worn with watching and with dangers—surrounded by savage and subtle foes, whose wild warwhoop broke upon the stillness of night and woke him from dreams of his distant home:—yet calm, fearless, and self-possessed; animated and inspiring the courage of his drooping followers and confident each day, that his goal was near:—won:—and we cannot refrain from admiring his courage, and envying the delusion which gave him so much happiness. How far superior the spirit which animated him, to that which swayed his contemporaries! With Balboa, Pizarro, Almagro and Cortes, two passions were predominant—the love of power, and the lust of gold. Hard, iron, pitiless men, whom neither love nor pity, the wail of mothers, nor the mute agony of patriots, could turn from their designs; yet fawning and kind at times to delude their victims—graceful and subtle as serpents, and as ravenous in their thirst for blood. To the simple Indian, who first hailed the white man as a being from some higher sphere—who cherished him in his bark-covered hut, and fed him the products of his hunting, how startling must have been the discovery that he had cherished in his bosom, the serpent which was to sting and

his life. The annals of human crime, dark as they are, do not possess a blacker page, than that on which is recorded the deeds of the early discoverers. It seemed as though these men on breaking loose from the restraints of civilized society, shook off all feelings of nature and humanity, and grew drunk with crime. Kindness, charity, benevolence, even interest finally seemed to be merged in the savage thirst for blood; but retribution came; and these monsters, against whose steel-clad breasts, the idle arrows of the Indian rattled in vain, perished by each others hands, in drunken revels, and midnight brawls. Such were the men who first adventured to our shores, wild desperadoes cut off from all hope at home, and reckless of man or God! One merit they did possess: that of dauntless courage! See Cortes and his little band in the capital of Mexico, hemmed in by thousands of enemies, yet triumphing at last over these countless hordes, by the energy of his iron will, which knew not fear,—a memorable instance of the mastery of moral superiority over mere physical force. Turn from these bloodstained men, who found, when they came, plenty and peace, and left behind them desolation and ruin; whose first and last question of the natives was "Give us gold,"—and contemplate the career of Ponce De Leon, whose hands were not stained with blood, nor his soul with crime; who sought not power nor gold, but the "Fountain of Youth." Wild dreamer that he was! Even had the fountain he sought, been found, would it not have been the height of folly to have dipped his lips within it? Had he found life so great a boon, that he wished to prolong his term of existence! or was it youth only that he coveted? Trembling as he was, on the verge of the grave, did he hope to renew the joys of his youth, when they who had shared with him the cares and pleasures of the former time, were sleeping the sleep of death! or did he vainly think to transfer to those he loved and cherished, the same boon of unfading youth? Might he not have known that it is one of the kindest gifts of our Creator, to dismiss us from this world, when we have run the brief career for which we were destined? And what curse could be more terrible, than that which the fancy of the poet has feigned of the wandering Jew, roving forever over a world to him but the tomb of buried hopes, and cut off from that solace to those whose burden is heavier than they can bear—the hope of death! And yet, the sentiment which animated that lone voyager was a high and a noble one; the dim aspiring of a spirit which soared beyond the narrow circle of the known; of an imagination, which, if restrained and cultivated, might have made a "Poet for Eternity." And is not the wish which prompted him, common to humanity? Does not every man look back, mournfully, upon his vanished years, and long to recall them? Does he not think how much more he could perform—

how many errors he would avoid—and recur with lingering fondness to the halcyon days of his youth? And thus do we not all grasp at the same shadow which the visionary Spaniard followed? and is not our illusion almost as great as his? For is *youth* indeed the happiest period of existence; or, is not distance that "lends enchantment to the view?" As, in viewing from afar some lovely prospect, we see the verdant mountain-side clad in the rich livery of Spring, musical with the warbling of birds and gushing of waters, and bathed in the rich glow of the setting sun; charming our eyes like an earthly elysium. We approach the spot; grim crags impend above us; the swollen torrent rushes down the mountain side, threatening to engulf us; from the green thicket above, glares the eye of the tiger; and foul and venomous things crawl in the grass at our feet.

Thus it is with youth. We note its gallant bearing and joyous laugh—we recall to memory hours of rapture and of joy—sunny spots in the waste of life,—but we remember not the hours and days of agony with which those joys were purchased and succeeded. Let us look back—gaze steadily into the magic mirror of the past, and look upon the picture it presents. We see the sanguine youth just emerging into the world, casting off the careless indifference of boyhood, and starting forward on his career with heart elate and full of confidence. He feels within his breast, the power of intellect and energy of will; he burns to emulate the great of old, and to achieve a name for himself. Men, he regards as brothers; and women, as angels. But this freshness of feeling fades and withers in the hot atmosphere of the world. He sees unfolded suddenly to his view, a vast theatre of fraud, corruption and selfishness; the chosen friend of his boyhood deceives and deserts him; the idol of his affections leaves him for a wealthier suitor; his eyes are opened from the ideal to the real; and, in the first bitter revulsion of feeling, he loathes all mankind. But time undeceives him; he finds that truth lies between these two extremes; but this lesson is not learned, until manhood has bought experience; and it is only through this weary path, that the youth can attain to "knowledge of the world"—of all knowledge that passeth not understanding, the most useful in our pilgrimage here below. Youth then, is the period of probation. On recurring to it we remember only the bright scenes which burst upon our view when life was young; but we recall not the long and wasting agony of hope deferred—the alternate flushings of hope and fear—the wild dreams of future distinction—the hours of languor and depression, when the conviction of failure would press heavily upon us—or the sudden tolling of the passing bell, would preach its solemn lesson of the fleeting stay of man on earth. No; we repeat that the even and steady pulse of manhood, whose feelings are regulated by reason,

never can feel those wild alternations of agony and rapture, which thrill through the rapid pulse of youth. And the "sleepless boy," who perished by his own rash hand, is but a type of many who have endured the same tortures, but passed unscathed through the trial. Yet every day from the lips of manhood, we hear the querulous lament for departed youth; as well might the racer, who has reached the goal, repine that his sinews were not still stretched to their utmost tension, in the fierce excitement of the race! Why then should we scoff at the visionary Spaniard, for seeking that which all desire! for he must have been far in advance of his age, had he not credited the tradition; and, what could seem strange or marvellous, after the wondrous fact of the discovery of a *NEW WORLD*! Of Ponce de Leon then, may be said, what could equally be applid to many who have filled a far larger space in the estimation of the world; that "His life was the chase of a flying shadow, which rested not, until it slept in gloom and forever upon his grave."

M. D.

Columbia, S. C., 1842.

THE HUNCHBACK: A PENNSYLVANIA STORY.

BY ARCHÆUS OCCIDENTALIS.

CHAPTER IV.

And the genius said "the very old man whom thou seest pursuing with feeble and measured step yet overtaking the swiftest steed, is TIME, that outrunneth and o'ercometh all things."—*Eastern Apologue.*

At the age of sixteen, Mary Walmesley was one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever beheld, and certainly the most excellent. Slight of figure, but singularly elastic and graceful, and, with all her arch demureness, very witty and playful, she more resembled one of Rubini's cherubs, than a creature of mere flesh and blood. Her skin was as snow; her cheeks slightly suffused with that tint which surpasses every other in creation; her eyes mild and soft; her eyebrows dark and beautifully arched; her hair, a shining, glossy brown; a mouth forever dimpled with good nature; and the sweet smile of youthful joy and cheerfulness, lent their aid to fill up the outline of a form and character almost faultless.

This is not a fancy sketch, my reader; this is no mere colouring of the imagination; but a sober vision, which rose on my eyes daily for ten brief years. I saw her every day the same bright, beautiful, cheerful, happy being; her voice, our best-loved music; her eye, the sun and star of our solar system. Do not indulge the thought that you see in me, the future lover of this fair girl. Oh, no; it

was never my happiness to move a female bosom to regard me, with more than pity. If aigh ever visited the bosom of woman on my account, or tear moistened her eye for me, it was when she beheld the uncouthness of the clod in which the ethereal essence was imprisoned. Is it for me to talk or dream of love, with one arm hanging from my side, misshapen and useless—my back, my shoulder!—but I will not shock you, by placing before your eyes, an image, which, if it should revisit you in sleep, would be pronounced the worst distortion of the nightmare. I will not blaspheme against that passion, which, under the guidance of reason, and when supported by mutual affection, affords the purest happiness our nature knows—and gives the nearest approach on earth to the perfect felicity of heaven, by representing that aught could love the Hunchback. Nature has been to me a hard and cruel mother. She has given me a heart bound up in the social sympathies and fireside affections—loving children intensely, coveting the "strange hearth," and the "new face" never; but, ever brooding over, recalling and nursing the memory of past sympathies and affections, I am denied the happiness that gladdens the hearts of most of my species. That which my nature most demands is totally wanting. I shall never hear the sweet sounds that gladden a father's heart. There will be no sweet prattler to throw its dear arms around my neck. My adopted child is not my child—the locks that curl down its white shoulders, are the shining locks of its fair mother, deepened in colour by a closer affinity with those of its other parent.

I stood and stand alone, remembered or forgot.

Children! sweet word! Dear creatures! There never was any one that loved them better than I do. Their sweet caresses and prattle—even their very roll-about of a walk, has something in it, which warms every drop of blood in my heart, whilst it fills my eyes with tears of truest feeling. It is evident that our kind Creator, in ordering children into existence, had another and more beneficent motive than the continuation of the species—the giving sweet solace to the heart oftentimes wearied almost to death, by the petty deceits and miserable affectations of those amongst whom they are to live and move. Man was appointed to labor through the long day—the sweat was to pour down from his pale brow, and toil was to rack his bones; but he was to be rewarded for it at night, by the thrilling spectacle of infant faces clustering at his knee. In his daily pilgrimages, he was to meet with much deceit—his heart was to be sorely bruised by the treacheries of the world,—but he was to be tranquillized at night, and coaxed back to a further patient endurance of misery, by the merry little voices which hailed him by the dear name of father.

It has been said, with perfect truth, that no very

bad man was ever fond of children; nor was any man fond of children, ever very bad. To love children is to possess a kindly disposition—a domestic and quiet nature, loving the home fireside; and its peaceful and happy joy is better pleased with infaney whispering its endearing petitions, than it is with the sounds of dissipation and revelry. I am not naturally given to envy;—I have seen men rolling in superabundant wealth, and others decked with the insignia of high office, without the most remote approach to a murmur; but I have gone apart from the crowd—have buried myself in solitude, to weep at the caresses I have seen a fair wife lavish on her husband, and the delightful endearments a father has poured out on his children.

By reference to the date of my last chapter, it will be perceived that the events of eight years remained undepicted. In the annals of the Old World such a portion of time might elapse, with few occurrences to deserve recital, save at those periods when they become the master-themes of the world; but in this land of restless enterprise and mad-den career, where men move as the wild horse moves when first subjected to the bit and the lash, the Months may remain without a record, but the Years must have their historian. Proceed we then to recount the chief events in that portion of time. They passed, then, bringing to the peaceful occupants of the embayment, the same calm and quiet joys, the same succession of pleasures and anxieties, summer and winter that marks the division of labor, seed time and harvest, God's promise and its fulfilment—the day for the field, the evening for social joy, and the dark night for rest. And we were the happiest of the happy. Sickness never entered our doors; and want, that came to them to beg the crumbs, went back full of gratitude and cheerful hopes.

During these years, the town of New Boston continued to grow slowly but steadily. Enterprise was not, at that day, quite so bustling and noisy a personage as he has since become, but was content with less than Aladdin's fairy work. Our town grew; and *Water-Street* filled up so as to require logs to be rolled into the mud, at the distance of three feet apart, for the inhabitants to walk upon with dry feet. There were many new comers; some of whom might be reckoned as acquisitions, and some classed amongst the doubtful. Our old friend Pepper became, by universal consent, the chief director of the village—his authority having been only once disputed, and that for a brief period, by Asa Caw, a peripatetic genius, whose birth-place was never known, nor cared for. But the judgment of Captain Pepper was singularly correct and discerning. Merit found a fast friend in the "Governor," but the Caws received a cold welcome.

Amongst the earlier settlers of these eight years,

was a gentleman from the Eastern Shore of Maryland by the name of Ramsay—descended from a family driven from France at the time of the persecution and dispersion of the Huguenots in the reign of Louis XIV. He was a very proud and haughty man, well educated, and with manners highly refined and intellectual. Their tone, however, was not well adapted to make him popular in the society in which he lived. But under this repulsive and inaccessible exterior, lay concealed a soul whose every thought was regulated by the highest principles of honor. High tempered, and withal imperious in his disposition, violent and nearly implacable in his aversions, he was yet one of the best of masters, best of fathers, and truest of friends.

And this man had one son. Whilst yet a boy in years, this son was in stature and strength, a man grown. It was pleasant to see Robert Ramsay engaged on any labor that required vigor and activity; for he undertook it with his whole soul, and performed the feats of a giant. But alas! it was seldom he was so worthily employed. It was far more in accordance with his disposition to perpetrate mischief and call it fun, the only redeeming trait of his wild enjoyment being the choice, for his subjects, of his equals in strength and courage.

From the earliest years of his residence in the village, he had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Walmesley's; where, though not exactly a favorite, he was yet welcome, for his father's sake at least. For some years he was the playmate of the little Quakeress, her attendant to and from the village school, the repairer in general of broken dolls, and architect of baby houses. But when juvenile feelings had given way to those of a more advanced age, he was a visitor on less familiar terms than before. At eighteen he was the declared, but not the accepted, lover of the beautiful Mary. Not "accepted," for Mary was but fifteen, and her parents the most prudent of the prudent. Besides, he was of a different faith, and "Marrying out," as the Friends call marrying one of a different faith, is regarded by them with especial horror, being a cause of rejection from the pale of the church. Her parents, remarking no symptom of her returning the passion of the handsome libertine, did not think themselves warranted in forbidding him the house, nor requiring of their daughter to use him with more than increased reserve. He continued to visit us very frequently, and to look, if not to utter, his regards, till Mary Walmesley had ripened into beautiful and accomplished womanhood.

Time lessened rather than increased his chances of winning her. What was at first "high spirits," then "love of mischief," became in the "young gentleman" dissipation and riot. As he grew older, he grew more reckless and turbulent; his

addictiveness to gallantry became more notorious; he associated more with Asa Caw, Ben Cuttle, and other low companions, than became one of his education and hopes, and that too in the prosecution of objects least likely to be forgiven by a sober Quaker—experimental fun pretty generally terminating in wrong and injury to somebody. Were the young maidens assailed in the streets, was the sound of crazy mirth heard at midnight, did morning rise upon battered tenements, and impassable highways, had children or half-witted people been frightened by hideous shapes and horrid sounds? men named Robin Ramsay as the master-demon of the storm; and the accusation travelled uncontradicted. These things were duly reported at Mr. Walmsley's, and caused the worthy pair much grief, coupled with reiterated expressions of gratitude to God, that their daughter had shown so little predilection for his society.

The human heart is a treacherous thing; who can know it? It was not till the libertinism of young Ramsay had become notorious, that Mary began to testify, unequivocally, a preference for the handsome *roué*. Let it not be supposed that the sentiments of favor, with which she regarded him grew out of, or were occasioned by, his vicious and irregular conduct. A certain degree of wildness in a suitor has been supposed to possess great weight in fixing the affections of a woman. If ever true of one individual of the sex, it certainly was not of Miss Walmsley. Her love had remained unknown to herself, till impediments, apparently insurmountable, were opposed to its course. And now, when her own good sense, and the anxious entreaties of her parents, told her to fly his approach, as one flies a beast of the desert, his presence had become essential to her happiness, and marriage with him promised to be the only event which could make life endurable. She seemed to live but in his presence, and to have no other thought but of him through the livelong day.

Though the Quaker appears mild in his general deportment, his parental government and household discipline have ever been accounted of the sternest forms of that rule. Mr. Walmsley tried persuasion—his daughter heard him with many tears, confessed the justice of his arguments, and threw herself on her knees in a passionate prayer for his consent to the unpropitious and ill-starred union. He tried what was meant for harshness, but the veil was too thin to conceal the anxious love and tenderness working beneath it, and the lesson of severity failed of its intended effect. The high-souled Major Ramsay was appealed to, and he added his entreaties to that of her father. Lamenting the vices of his son, and despairing of a change for the better, he urged her, by every plea that has weight with well-regulated minds, to forego the connection. The consequence of our entreaties—for I too was a pleader against the

lover—was the obtaining from her a promise to see him no more. He was forbidden to visit the house.

The year came around, and brought with it that pleasantest of all the seasons, autumn—with its temperate atmosphere, its harvest-home, its parterres kindled in the evening “just to take off the chill”—the beginning of those familiar conversations which instruct the mind, whilst they strengthen it, half-restores to the wearied limbs the activity of the morning, and quite dispels the gloom which may have hung over the day's transactions. And there is the family party, just large enough to be seated round a centre table—the family supper at nine o'clock, with its habitual and polished liveliness, and the host of other well-regulated pleasures of lesser account, which are the concomitants of living well and respectably, and of using freely the things needful to the welfare of the body. All the seasons are beautiful—each in its turn exceedingly so; but best, I love the mild and gentle autumn, calm and serene—like an inland lake at twilight—like a beautiful matron in the midday of her beauty—summer past, winter not yet come. And there is the forest donning its livery of scarlet, brown and gold, and the earth clad in a sober robe of russet, and the flocks congregating at night on the sheltered knoll, and the rill dancing along like a giddy boy on his return from the village school. All this is exceedingly beautiful:—like little Frank in the juvenile tale, I have oftentimes wished that it could always be September and October.

I do not remember exactly upon what day of the latter month it happened—I think about the middle—that Mr. Walmsley received tidings of the death of a friend, whose family was left in a state of afflictive destitution. The friend was worthy, his distress great, and the Quaker compassionate; an hour after the receipt of the intelligence, the worthy pair were on their way to the house of mourning, with the means of dispelling hunger and corporeal wretchedness, and of soothing the mind as far as man may minister to mental suffering. Mr. Walmsley, at his departure, appointed me superintendant of his household, and bade the family servants take their orders from me. It was an unusual thing for him to be absent from home at night; in the ten years I had dwelt beneath that roof, the circumstance had never happened before. It shed so great a gloom over our little family, that before the clock struck eight, the dispersion was complete. Each was in his bed, and striving to lose himself in oblivion of the all-pervading melancholy.

It could hardly have been midnight, when we were startled from our slumbers by a shriek and a cry to us for help, proceeding from the apartment of Mary Walmsley. We were entirely without the means to repel aggression; for the Quakers never permitted fire-arms, nor other offensive weapons.

pous to be kept or used in his house, or on his domains. By the time I was dressed, the men servants had also put on their apparel; and, snatching cudgels, we left our sleeping apartments for the chambers below. Scarce a minute elapsed between the alarm and the rush to the rescue, but we were too late. By the light of the moon, now approaching her full, we saw Miss Walmealey borne away at a furious rate by a band of Indians, at least a dozen in number. I am by nature quick of motion, and quick of thought—my perceptions are rapid in the extreme, and I am withal somewhat prone to suspicion. From these causes it is very difficult to deceive me. I remarked that the gait of one was different from the gait of the others—they were indeed savages; he was a white man. That it was Robert Ramsay was established by his mode of leaping the fence, which surrounded the mansion, in a way I had seen him do it a hundred times, but never saw an Indian attempt. He had in that respect a manner of his own, and his wonderful agility enabled him to achieve gymnastic feats confessedly beyond the power of any other man in our part of the country.

In less than five minutes one of the servants was on his way to Mr. Walmealey, with news of his daughter's abduction. I stated to him my belief that the deed was brought about by young Ramsay, and that I was going immediately to obtain tidings of her, and if possible to accomplish her deliverance. I had no clue to guide me, but trusted to a merciful Providence to aid me in freeing the bird from the snare of the fowler. Having despatched this note, I sat out to procure the aid of Capt. Pepper, of whose strong sense and native sagacity I wished to avail myself. He was withal a man of chivalrous courage and presence of mind—always cool and collected—probably he never forgot himself in his life, except when he chose a wife for her singing and dancing.

Speed, commensurate with the exigency of the occasion, soon carried me to Capt. Pepper's. It was his advice that the pursuit should be immediate; and, of his own accord, he offered to accompany me. Long before the sun rose, we were on our journey, with a Delaware Indian for our guide. Pathlomico, the guide, was as shrewd as an Indian should be;—in an hour, he was on the trail, and from circumstances, separately of small moment, but collectively amounting to full evidence, pointed out who were the criminals and the course they had taken, with shrewd conjectures as to the point to which they would tend. Behold us then equipped with weapons which the Quaker would have disdained to use, though they had purchased the deliverance of his child—with a scanty supply of provisions in our haversacks, but with courage well screwed to a most praiseworthy point, on our way to the frozen regions of the North.

CHAPTER V.

A wilderness—Defeat—Victory, and recognition of an old acquaintance.

Little occurred during the first eight days of our journey, to interest, and nothing to alarm. We threaded the mazes of many a dark forest, forded muddy streams, swam rapid rivers, and met with the usual but seldom insurmountable obstacles, encountered by those whose path leads through the wilderness. At that day there were no white people living in the region through which our course lay, and we carefully avoided the savage bands that might be in the interests of our enemies. So communication we had with none, till it was in the subsequent death-grapple.

On the eighth day, soon after it became light enough to discern objects, and to note the appearances which gave scope for the observation of the guide, his countenance assumed unusual seriousness, and his observation became more wary and circumspect. In his calm and deliberate manner, he assured us that we were so near the fugitives that we might count on overtaking them by the next morning at farthest. He showed us footprints, amongst which was one much smaller than the rest—that of a person at times walking, and then would be carried—proofs of fatigue and exhaustion. About four in the afternoon, we came in sight of Lake Erie, at that part of it where has since been located the town of Dunkirk. It is no light labor to travel eight days through an American wilderness; and weary were our steps, and heavy our souls. But fortune was soon to shine more brightly upon us. Following east the course of the Lake for the greatest part of an hour, we saw at the close of day, a short distance ahead, the bright flame of an Indian camp.

Between us and the band thus encamped, there ran up some ten miles into the woods a creek, *anglice* a river. (I have seen in England very parsimonious rivulets dignified with a title appropriated elsewhere to voluminous sheets of water.) The weather being dry, the stream was low, and easily forded. There was a deep, dark valley jutting into it from the east—a tangled and briery copse, with a deer-path down the middle. Through this path, our guide chose to approach and reconnoitre the enemy. In the deepest and darkest part of this path, there suddenly emerged from a cross-path, a tall, gaunt form, habited, as near as we could see, much as an Indian would be, walking as an Indian would walk—and yet, you could at once remark, not of the North American race. The wary eye, the stealthy tread, and the bronzed visage may not be wanting, still there is a something—a *feeling* as it were, which informs you that one of the Caucasian race is before you.

The individual thus suddenly seen, threw himself into our path, completely blocking it up. It was light enough to show that he was armed with

a long rifle. In the desert, saith the Eastern proverb, no man meeteth a friend,—and there, the law-maxim, “always ready,” is ever, in practice, before the wayfarer’s eye; but, so silent had been the approach of the stranger, that he came upon us unobserved. Approaching and leaning forward so as to be bent nearly double, he said in a low whisper,

“Ye seek the gal?”

“We do.”

“She is at the watch-fire.”

“So we supposed. And how many are with her?”

“Eight of them thievish Mingoes, and one with a white skin and a Mingo heart. Do you need help?”

“We are but three.”

“And the Crow and I make but five; but the Crow is a very great one, and Killdeer and I are two a-piece any time.”

“How came you to know whom we were seeking?”

“Laud a mercy! the Crow knows every thing—sees every thing—hears every thing. Nothing escapes the Crow. He was on the trail of them thieves when the party with the gal crossed his path. A wonderful eye for a trail has the Crow.”

“What are we to do to obtain the liberation of the captive?”

“To set the gal free! why kill the riptyles—what other way is there? If there be any other way to deal with Mingoes, I never hearn on it. I’ve been scout, man and boy, twenty years, and I never knowd one get the mastery of them bad fellows, but by a true, steady, and willing sight down the barrel of such a piece as this.”

“Granted that blood must be shed, when?”

“When! why wait till the watchfire gets low—human nater, and savage nater, and nater that’s neither, always sleeps soundest just afore day.”

At the time of night then, when the watchfire burns low, and men sleep soundest, we got ready for the onset. The scout crept first, and the others of the party followed upon all fours. Deep sleep was upon our foes, and our approach was unheard till we were near enough to do “execution upon Cawdor.” Two of the Indians fell by the first fire, a third was maimed so as to be incapable of flight, the remainder fled. In this feuillade, our aim was purposely arrested from Ramsay, as he was less feared than his savage auxiliaries. My part of the battle was to obtain possession of Mary. I was at her side in a moment, to be received for a brief space with exceeding joy, and by long and repeated fainting fits afterwards. Ramsay stood and fought it out like one of those bad heroes of romance, which form the burthen of the stories of chivalry—the church-girt champions of the fields of Palestine, fighting beneath the red cross in the morning, and plundering and drinking and wench-

ing at night. Disdaining to fly, the brave had youth advanced sword in hand upon his assailants. But young, athletic, and courageous as he was, he lacked the practical swordmanship of Captain Pepper. How this latter had acquired such a complete knowledge of the noble science of attack and defence, was not well known; but the period of his West-India voyages was a stormy one, and it was whilst he was engaged in them that he had managed to become a most expert fencer. Ramsay’s sword was in his possession but a moment. The next, he stood powerless, his weapon ten feet from him, his sword-arm nearly dislocated. The Captain coolly breaking his sword over his knee, bade him seek some savage band with which to ally himself. “Unfit company for white men, he ought to spend his days amongst the savages, if there were any so lost to self-respect as to receive him.” The proud and passionate youth received these bitter expressions, with a resignation and calmness so foreign to his nature, as to excite fear for the motives.

Morning now broke upon us, showing us the beautiful expanse of Lake Erie glowing with the sunlight. The day-beam also came to reveal to us the countenances of those who had come so opportunely to our assistance.

The scout or guide was a white man of the age perhaps of thirty years. His hard and repulsive features were lit up by such a smile, and look of goodness, that under the intellectual emanation he became almost handsome. His dress was the dress of the hunter in every age and every clime, fur and tanned leather, with a deer-skin cap. He wore a tanned hunting-shirt, and his feet were protected by the unfailing moccasins of the bush-ranger. Though tall, he was so spare and gaunt, that his weight could not have been more than a hundred and forty pounds. But this was altogether made up of bone, sinew, and gristle—the materials of a man capable of exceeding fatigue, exertion, and endurance.

The other, the Indian, was short of stature for an Indian, and with cheekbones so little prominent, and complexion so light, as to create doubt as to the purity of his blood. If there had been an admixture of blood, there had been none of disposition and habits—he was the Indian, and nothing but the Indian. With the singular composure that marks his race, he sate apart from the group, apparently nothing regarding, and yet, perhaps, the most curious of human observers; for a moment the impersonation of apathy, the next to cast off the character and assume that of a hungry tiger just roused from his lair.

Upon questioning Miss Walmealey, we learned that she had been treated during the journey as well as the circumstances would admit of. Ramsay had told her that immediately upon her arrival at any French post, where the aid of a priest could be procured, he would make her his wife, whether

she were willing or not. Her health had suffered some; but that sweet tranquillity and resignation which she inherited from her parents, and which had been strengthened by their precepts, had enabled her to bear up better than could have been expected.

We travelled by slow stages—twenty miles only during the first two days. It was necessary to move with great care and circumspection, as the woods were full of Indians who would be sure to learn our precise situation from the lately dispersed band. Our guides were ever on the watch, and with all the display of precaution that belongs to frontier movements in time of war. But the tactics of attack and defence, advance and retreat, are more dissimilar in Indian warfare, than in that of civilized armies. In wilderness warfare, there can be no outposts to protect the main body. The sentry dies by an unseen hand, and the ferocious onset of the foe follows his fall at the distance of a half minute. It is a word and a blow, and the blow comes first. There is nothing beneath the man that has so light and stealthy a tread as an Indian bent on mischief.

"I never know'd myself feel so skeary as I do to-night," said the scout, at the coming on of the second evening. "It is not for myself, but this pretty one that I fear. The woods are full of them Mingoes, and if they are down upon us in numbers, we few and tired can make no defence—and then what will become of her! I wish I know'd what had become of the Chief."

"What chief?" I asked.

"The Chief!—I don't know of but one *raal* Chief—no, I know but one Chief! He whom all redskins in these parts look up to. He is somewhere, not a great way off. We shall be attacked; I know we shall be attacked; I wish the Chief was here."

"This chief, so potent and feared, who is he?"

"Well, the name ant mine, and I have no right to mention it. You'll know one time, and soon enough, hist!"

"Do you hear Indians?"

"Who ever *heard* an Indian? I have been amongst them now thirty years, man and boy, and I never heard them by *listening*. No, no, no; if you hear an Indian 'tis never till he raises the whoop, and then he may be heard pretty easy. I'll tell you what I heard. I heard a bird in rising strike his wing against a bush. And there sure enough goes a buck out of the copse, scared by something close by him. There's mischief at hand."

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

"What shall we do?"

"What can we do? We can lie close, and perhaps pick off a few of the varmints, afore they get our scalps, and then die like men."

"Dear Mary! I wish she was safe."

"I wish she war; but wishing ant of no avail. She is not safe, and what's more, we can't make her safe till there's a brush."

All this was said in a low tone. The next minute was passed in low conversation with the Crow and Captain Pepper. The rifles of all were placed in a position for immediate use, and preparation was made for action to the death, if need were. A noise was now heard as of some one struggling through the woods on our left; and in a moment Robin Ramsay stood before us. The sight of this bold wretch produced on Miss Walmesley an effect which all her other sufferings had been unable to produce. He stood, this reckless man, with as much coolness and self-possession, as if his whole life, and in particular the last ten days of it, had been spent in the commission of upright and honorable deeds. There was abundant cause for his self-possession—he was evidently supported by a body of his savage allies, and they near at hand.

"I claim," said he, with all his effrontery, "this lady—mine as she herself knows, by her own promise."

"Shall she herself be allowed to decide upon that claim?" demanded the Captain.

"No; she is under compulsion."

"I am under no compulsion, nor fear of any one, but—but you," said the fear-stricken and weeping girl. "Oh Robert Ramsay! suffer me to go back to my dear, my beloved parents, and thy heart shall be lighter after the deed, than it would be if I were thy willing partner in the wretched lot thy principles and character prepare for all who shall be linked to thee."

"Preaching has been tried before without any benefit," said Ramsay: "I am given to few words when much speaking may be dispensed with; and therefore say that mine you shall be."

"Thine, Robert Ramsay, I will never be."

"Mary! once you said otherwise."

"I did indeed say otherwise—may God forgive me for the total eclipse of his spirit which prevailed whilst I said so. Go, Robin Ramsay, reform, and I will be almost happy when I hear of thy amendment. But I wish never to see thy face on earth again."

"Beautiful Mary! most beautiful in your anger! you cannot escape me now. These silly friends of yours, only rescued you before, to conduct you to a part of the forest where a second rescue is impossible. Within call is a band of fifty Sioux. If I whistle—thus twice, (he gave a shrill and peculiar whistle,) they are at my side."

The last word was scarcely out of his lips, when from another part of the wood, than that from which he came, a low cry arose, like that of a bittern in spring-time, which was answered by the scout in the same manner. To describe the fire that lit up the eye of the scout, at this moment, would be im-

possible. It was of brief duration however—merely a flash, with it faded the excitement, and he fell back on the earth, listless and composed as before. Throughout the whole scene, the Crow scarce showed sign of life. Such is the effect of education.

The scout now spoke for the first time—and something I could see had given him confidence—suddenly. "The gal," said he, in his harsh guttural accent, "never shall leave, not even by her own free will, here. Young man! I don't know your name, and for the matter of that, don't keare; but 'tis very clear to me, that you have got little manners, and less larning. If you will go away peaceable, we wont harm you; but I tell you candid, that there's a thunder cloud coming up which will have bolts too hot for you to handle. Be warned, and go in time."

"The warning will fit you best," said Ramsay, insolently. "I give you five minutes to surrender; and I say this, backed by fifty brave men."

"I cannot give you one—but I wish I could, poor creature."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the most frightful sounds that my ears have ever heard, burst from the woods on our right; and in five seconds of time, a band of savages passed, with the velocity of arrows, through our little encampment. As they passed, a tall Indian, a very Hercules, spoke one single word to the scout and passed on, followed by the latter and by our former Indian ally. Captain Pepper and myself remained with Mary, and prepared to defend her to the last. Ramsay, at the first cry, had bounded back into the woods, with an agility not inferior to theirs.

The terrible war-cry of the party which passed us, met an answering shout in that portion of the forest from which Ramsay had emerged. It was evident that this must be a terrible conflict. If Ramsay had truly reported the number of his supporters, and if the quick guess I had made at the number of the band which passed, was a correct one, the two parties were equally poised in numbers.

Five minutes passed in the most agonizing uncertainty. At times there would be as deep a silence in the woods as pervaded them at the creation, and then a horrible shout, making night hideous, would reach us, as one or the other party gained an ascendancy in the fight. Nothing except the sound of the last trumpet, and that *known* to be the sound of the last trumpet, would so horrify the human soul, as an Indian war-whoop.

An interval of five minutes of this deep, dead, appalling silence passed, and then a low moan, as of some wounded or dying person came borne to us on the wind. The moans grew louder and nearer.

"I think I know that voice," said Mary, tearfully. "Alas it is—it is *he* indeed!"

The thick shrubbery was pushed aside, and Robin Ramsay crept in upon his knees. He was

literally a mass of gore, so embued with blood that you could not distinguish his wounds. Before one word had been spoken, with a most appalling shout, the tall warrior whom we had seen pass to the attack, was upon us in a bound of twenty feet. He had raised his tomahawk, and flourished it around his head preparatory to a blow on the frail skull of the white youth, when, with an agility as great as his own, (the humming bird flies as fast as the eagle,) the Quakeress threw herself on the body of her discarded lover—here in death, but not in life. The warrior stayed his hand on the moment. At the same moment, the scout, followed by several warriors, each, excepting the first named with scalps at his war-belt, came into the glen.

The whole formed an appalling tableau. On the earth lay the lovers, the maiden protecting her defenceless charge. Looking on with characteristic apathy, were six or eight of those wild sons of the forest, painted with the usual murderous devices, and covered with the reeking blood of their enemies. The scout, in some respects, not less wild than themselves, and Captain Pepper, half from anxiety to glut a yet unsated vengeance, and my poor self, the genius of deformity, completed the group.

A few words passed between the chief and the scout, when the latter told Mary that the life of her lover was granted, and bade her rise. I know not what words were used, but they were effectual. Opportunity was now given us to examine the wounded man. He was badly but not dangerously hurt; the exertion of Indian skill, and the application of Indian simples, the scout told us would soon restore him.

All the while, the Indian chief never ceased looking at the Quakeress—never for one moment slackened in his painful intensity of gaze. The savage is little susceptible of female charms: that was to be wondered at; but the wonder continued for a brief space.

"The bird of beauty is a bird of beauty still, but no longer a fledgling," began the chief.

Seeing that he was not understood, he, after a moment's pause, resumed, with a repetition, "The bird," &c. and continued:

"Many moons ago there lived a Quekel* on the banks of the Rapid river that runs into the Great Salt Lake. He was a good man, and the Great Spirit blessed him for his goodness. His cabin was known to all the red men of the land;—no red man ever harmed him or his, for he seemed to all as a brother. Does the maiden hear! She does! it is well!

"To this cabin, there came in the acorn moon, a wounded chief of the Delawares. The foes of his people had been too strong for him—he alone of all his band escaped. There was in that cabin a bird, a very little bird; it gave to this chief the

* Quekel—Quaker.

welcome of childhood, and it also gave him the aid of age. The chief got food; he got rest, he went on his way strong; and before the moon grew old, there were six scalps on his belt, taken from the quivering crowns of Mohawk warriors. Does the maiden hear! She does; it is well! Before he went from the Quekel's cottage, he promised the bird of beauty—no wampum belt, no furs; but he promised, if need should be, to give his bear's meat for her support, and to raise his war-cry for her succor. I am Chengachcook, the great chief of the Delawares, the wounded warrior of the Quekel's cabin. The maid is free. I will take her back to the cabin on the Rapid river, that she may say to her father, he told no lie."

LOVE SKETCHES.

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAX, OF VIRGINIA.

I.

As a moonbeam on wild water, falleth,
And lendeth its light to the wave,
Yet leaveth no sign that recalleth,
The beauty and lustre it gave;
Thus trembled awhile in its lightness,
That ray of devotion on thee,
Then passed with its passionate brightness,
As passeth the moon from the sea.

The young man sat silently and alone; his forehead bent down on his clasped hands, over which his hair fell in tangled curls. Books and papers were scattered about his apartment, but they had evidently been neglected for many days: dust had gathered on the volumes, and the ink had dried in the pen that lay beside an unfinished writing. Yet it was a letter which a few weeks previous, would not have been left incomplete; but six months of city life had changed much in Charles Lesbourne's customs. And now, even familiar and once cherished ties were gradually growing colder.

It was the last night of the year, and reflection was busy with that dreamer. The period had come when old associations were passing away, to be followed by other and false ones; when the purer links of the past were breaking, and young pleasures returned stripped of their illusions; when absence was no longer a pain, and separation had ceased to seem the shadow of death. His was not the disposition which gains wisdom from memory; it brought him only the knowledge of his own feebleness. It was the only hour, for several weeks, that Lesbourne had looked calmly backward on his existence and his hopes; and the remembrance held for him no comfort. Few and happy are the hearts for which the closing night of the year, summons nothing of disappointment or regret!

Thought, as if to evince that its home is in eternity, takes no note of time; an hour had past, unheeded, when, with the freedom of an intimate friend, a gentleman entered the room. The new comer was apparently somewhat older than his companion, though his air of settled, and almost haughty self-possession, might have been less the result of years, than the consequence of proud reserve; for there are minds to which the lessons of experience are early taught—and men, who, looking around them with criticising coldness, see so much to condemn, that they learn prematurely to conceal both motive and impulse from the trivial world without. But the visitor's manner was winning in its composure, for it was in unison with the calm loftiness of his character, and bore that impress of sincerity which is attractive even to the insincere.

The two young men had been classmates at college, and companions in society; yet they were united more by recollections in common, than by any congeniality in nature. Lesbourne was gay in his tastes, fickle in his pursuits, with manners graceful and polished, but lacking earnestness; the other was grave in thought and action; and while inspiring confidence in others, he never lightly reposed it in himself. With all his outward calmness, there blended a young man's romance; and perhaps it was the contrast between his own visions, and his actual convictions, which induced him to veil those fancies, even while acting up to the ideal they pictured.

"I am thankful you have come Mordante," was Lesbourne's salutation, "for my reveries are terrible bores; and this gloomy evening has made them more tiresome than usual." He stirred the fire till it cast in the twilight, a cheerful glow around them.

"I have but a few moments to stay," was Mordante's reply, as he drew a chair closer to the fire; "I intend leaving town very early to-morrow, and have yet several *affaires de voyage* to arrange. Is your letter ready?"

"No, nor likely to be," returned Lesbourne carelessly; "for in truth, I feel too dull to attempt that dullest of all things, a sentimental epistle. Do be kind enough, Harry, to invent some graceful excuse for my negligence; you really would if you knew my aversion to writing, and Edith will never dream of doubting what you say."

"I certainly shall not test her credulity," said Mordante gravely; "you must plead your own apologies, for they are seldom worth being sent by another."

"Don't be impertinent, it makes me impatient, and I pride myself on my equanimity. Why will you not tell Edith I was prevented from sending her a letter by business, or study, or something of that kind?"

"For the very simple reason that it would be untrue," was the quiet reply.

"Indeed Mordante, you are ridiculously scrupulous about such trifles. If you are so particular now, what will you be some five years hence, when your punctiliousness will be confirmed, and you may rationally be presumed to have attained the age of discretion!"

"What, with your disregard of truth, you will never be, Lesbourne—an honorable man. You cannot laugh me out of scruples which are pure in motive, though probably not fashionable among your friends. The effects of your carelessness may be traced in every circumstance of your career: in unfulfilled engagements, in promises rashly given to be as lightly broken; in a thousand instances, trivial in themselves, yet forming a dangerous habit of hypocrisy. But lecturing aside, I am sincerely sorry you will not give me a note for Edith; cannot you write even a hasty one? it will be better than none."

"I cannot," returned Lesbourne petulantly; "I have been rather remiss lately, and if I write at all, I must send a whole page of regrets and excuses. She will not be much disappointed; I am not vain enough to suppose my attentions so valuable."

"Lesbourne," said Mordante very gravely, "this trifling is disgraceful in you, and degrading to the woman you profess to love. I have a right as her relation, and as one soon to have a yet nearer connexion, to censure your disregard of a tie you should reverence."

"I presume then," interrupted Lesbourne impatiently, "you intend exercising your double right, by informing your fair sister that is to be, that the true cause of my being silent, is want of inclination to be otherwise? I do not dispute your privilege, even if it be employed thus kindly."

A shade of anger at the sneering tone of these words, for an instant, darkened Mordante's face; but it passed away, and his look was calm and sorrowful as he said, "I never believed that, with all your frivolity, you would ever become as heartless as you now are. If you are earnest in your present conduct, our friendship, old as it is, and pleasant as it has been, must cease. But I entreat you to pause, remember how wholly another's happiness depends upon you, and be true to the love of her whose confidence you sought; for a purer heart than her's was never given. Believe me, you will spare her a sorrow passing expression, and take from yourself many hours of bitterness and repining."

As he spoke, Lesbourne seemed touched by his earnestness, and his manner was graver as he answered "You are right, Mordante, as you always are; I will really reform, and send Edith a long letter, as kind as you could wish, though I cannot write one as fond as she deserves. It will reach her nearly as soon as you will, and she shall not be disappointed. I believe I have grown a sad

trifler since I left home; would to heaven, I had never entered this city!"

"I should imagine you might quit it at any time without interfering with your studies," said Mordante with a smile, glancing at the forsaken books; "but *n'importe*; as you mean to reform, I will be merciful, and postpone my second lecture. And now I must bid you good-by for some weeks—don't neglect that letter."

Lesbourne sat lazily looking into the fire, for some moments after his friend's departure. It was evident his visitor had left his thoughts disturbed, without having altered their tenor. A mind at war with itself, wears an outward token; and the conflict of many varying feelings was traced on his brow. His features were regular, and their paleness suited their intellectual character well; but the expression of that face was not attractive;—it told of ungoverned inclinations, of hasty impulses, of cold and selfish wilfulness; and its beauty had been matured by the touch of passion rather than time. The smile which might have been so winning, had something of mockery in it; and the sneer too often on his lip, had the bitterness of contempt, without the dignity of scorn. For many weeks the warring between right and will, had been ceaseless in his soul; and who, that knows the weakness of the human heart, cannot predict how such a strife must end! We may prolong the struggle and go on battling for years, but the resistance of principle grows weaker till it fail, and wrong become the victor. Alas! for the vain spirit that would cope with, instead of fleeing from, temptation!

At last, from very weariness, Lesbourne shook off his dreamy mood, and drawing a table near him, proceeded to write the promised letter. He glanced over the one already commenced, and as if dissatisfied with its contents, threw it in the fire, put another sheet in its place, and wrote "Dearest Edith." Then he lighted a lamp, altered its brilliancy a dozen times, and mended his pen—apparently with much care; for it took him a great while; and finally he sat with eyes upraised, as if invoking inspiration from the ceiling. It came not at his bidding; and as a last resort he took an open note from a port-folio and looked over it, as if hoping to find some prompting for a beginning of his own. The lines he read were these:—"It has been a long, long while, dear Charles, since I received your last letter, and I have hoped anxiously and vainly for another. I scarcely know whether I ought to write to you again; but when I remember your kind promises, I feel certain you have some good reason for your silence. You have perhaps been engaged with business, or study, or you may have been ill. That fear has haunted my thoughts and dreams, till I cannot repel it; for I judge your feelings by my own, and I cannot believe any thing but illness could induce you to be

neglectful, when you know how your words bless my life. I fancy too—and you must deal gently with my girlish vanity—that you may wish to hear from me; for if you are debarred the pleasures of health, it may bring comfort to feel that the prayers of love are hovering around you. This is the reason I write to you, dear Charles, not because I would force you to recollect me. I am glad your gay life is such a happy one; your letters lately have been full of its joys, and you seem scarcely to think of the sweet old times when we were together, while I think of little else. But I almost wonder how you can remember me at all, amid the brilliant society you mingle with now; I often grieve to recollect how slight companionship my mind can offer for a lofty soul like yours. For your sake, I pine for talents which would enable me to sympathize with you; but yet I believe I am happier in my lowly reverence, and my simpler affection. Do you remember, how in the moonlit summer nights, we used to look forward so sadly to the time when we should be separated, and promise earnestly that no length of absence should change our hearts! The moonlight is not half so beautiful to me now; and the stars seem dimmer as they shine on our divided paths. I wish I could read your thoughts, and see if they dwell as mine do, on the delights of those bright hours; if love be to you, the holy solace it proves for me. I am sure life can have no lovelier tie, than one like ours, growing up with our childhood, and blessing our youth. Believe me, dearest, the fulfilment of your proudest aspirations, the realization of your most ambitious dreamings, can bestow no happiness more perfect, than that we knew when our existence had no separate hopes, and our thoughts were as sweet as the spring-flowers we loved to gather."

Lesbourne read no farther, but slowly refolded the letter, and once more attempted to answer it. Why was expression so languid now, with one who had usually such graceful eloquence at command! Alas! old ties had forsaken his heart; the tenderness of that letter found no response; for him, there were no green leaves of memory growing on the grave of the past. But repulse them as he might, glimpses of earlier and purer times, would rise upon him, remembrances of a period when the loveliness of earth's sweetest dream made his life beautiful. Well may regrets throng over us at the fading of that fairest of illusions, for there is nothing in this wide cold world to replace the first love-dream of our early years! It was with noble aspirations, and those vague visions of ambition which ever haunt us in our youth, that Lesbourne had left his home: but his was the susceptible disposition which the excitements of pleasure mislead, and they had confirmed the faults in a character, too habitually selfish to be lofty. He was in many respects, a favorite of fortune; and the possession of the means of self-indulgence had ripened his

natural traits into settled egotism. Yet there were high qualities in his mind still; but their influence daily grew weaker. His defects were rapidly dimming the lustre of his finer powers, as a few thin clouds will hide the shining of the brightest stars; and that twilight of feeling had begun, which shuts out all good but that immediately benefitting one's self. There had been an era when his *amour propre* had taken a sublime stand; when he had thought with the French philosopher, "plus on fait pour les autres, plus on fait pour soi;" when his vividness of intellect lent something of vastness to egotism itself. Now, the romance of such delusions had departed—his creed was of the world, worldly. The fairy palaces of youthful enchantment were crumbling to dust, and their ruins buried many a dazzling theory whose practice might have purified and blest a life.

The sound of a clock striking the hour, fell on the listener's ear with a deep and solemn tone, as if it were fraught with the consciousness of all the human suffering that hour was witnessing. Lesbourne counted the strokes as, one by one, they pealed over the city, and then died into silence. He arose as the last one ceased, tossed aside the papers over which he had been idling, and proceeded to arrange, with unusual care, his disordered curls. The round moon was floating in the heavens, when Lesbourne quitted his room, and wended his way through the streets. The shadows of the tall buildings lay long and dark on the pavement, save where the moonlight stole through some open space with a narrow stripe of brightness, checkering with strange mosaic those cold and beaten pathways, and giving something of beauty even to the common outlines in that wide wilderness of men's dwellings. It was calm and cold; the hum of business was over; and few were abroad but those on their way to some scene of pleasure. Lesbourne paused before the entrance of a mansion in a retired part of the city, as if uncertain whether or not to enter. The hesitation was only for a moment; the next saw him ushered into a large and gorgeously furnished apartment. The light in the room was soft and faint, falling with rich and mellow dimness; and the artificial twilight was in harmony with the luxurious splendor it heightened. Lesbourne forgot all his perplexities, as he found himself in the chamber, where for several months he had been a constant and favored visitor. The attraction which drew him there was powerful; for perhaps there is no infatuation so inexplicable, yet so difficult to limit, as that exercised by a politic and gifted mind, over the ardent imagination of an intellectual man. Lesbourne had been flattered by the graciousness, and dazzled by the grace of the woman he admired, till he had almost ceased to repel an influence his better thoughts condemned; he no longer struggled against the mental tyranny so delightful in its des-

potism. Yet there was much in the lady's mode of life open to censure; she was a traveller in a foreign country, without the attendance of a protector; she claimed too, the distinction of noble descent; yet she had left her home, to wander alone in a strange land. Of her past existence, or her present aims, she never spoke; to her hometies, she seldom alluded; and her only object seemed to be, to lose, amid new excitements, the remembrance of some old disappointment. She had spent the winter in the city where Lesbourne was residing; and, an acquaintance, commenced accidentally, had deepened on his part, into an enchantment reason tried in vain to dispel. The very mystery around her lot was a charm for him, and day after day found him by her side, till habit became necessity—till the sound of her voice made the music of his life, and that one face his only dream. He knew this delusion must end at last; that he was wasting youth and energy; that all the fair promises of his early years, were passing unrealized away. He felt this acutely in his lonely moments; it came bitterly over him when trifles touched the "electric chain" of former associations, and he thought of all he might have been, of all he was sacrificing—for what?

He was in no mood now for pondering on depressing reflections; for the door was noiselessly opened; and with graceful and elastic step, Nina de — approached her visitor. Her salutation was cordial, and her words, with their slight foreign accent, were peculiarly earnest, and spoken in a voice not easily to be forgotten. Her dress was in the fashion of her own land, and its drapery gave classic beauty to a form whose proportions were faultless. She was not strictly beautiful; but her eyes were dark and lustrous, and her smile lent softness to a countenance, which, though noble and intellectual, was too dark and haughty in its composure. Lesbourne had looked on many a fairer face; there was one, the worship of his boyhood, far lovelier than Nina's; but his self-love was gratified by the lady's admiration of his talents, and her many commendations were bestowed so earnestly, he could not resist their charm. Her praises were uttered with the ease and tact of one versed in reading hearts, and Lesbourne greeted them readily; for flattery is always most acceptable to those who least deserve sincere approbation. His time passed unprofitably; his studies were neglected; he opened no books but those he read with Nina; he had lost his interest in all pages but those they looked on together. Nina stood by the window, and Lesbourne was beside her. They had been attracted there by the sound of music in the street below; she still held aside the curtain, and the moonlight gave fairness to her proud features, and sparkled in the depths of her large dark eyes, as they looked up to the sky. Her attitude was grace itself; and her voice was low and thrill-

ling as she said, "This light brings mysterious softness to the feelings, as if some power from the outer world had subdued the troubled one in the heart. It is the time for memory and hope to rule; and I should become sentimental myself, had I not learned to view all things *en philosophe*, and to be equally indifferent to the past and the future."

"You have attained an enviable condition," returned Lesbourne. "Tell me how you gained a philosophy I have long sought in vain."

"It was taught me," she replied more gravely, "by trials *you* can never meet, by a career of thought wasted and saddened, by years of hope deferred—till expectation deepened into dread and died in despair, by the sacrifice of all the illusions, all the enjoyments of life; do not envy me, my friend, the indifference purchased so dearly!" And those deep eyes, bent on Lesbourne, were full of passionate tears. He met her gaze in silence, and hastily pressed his lips on her jewelled hand.

She gently withdrew it from his grasp, and smiled gayly as she lowered the curtain, "I must shut out this light, for it makes us both too romantic. I have been reading the poems you recommended," she continued, as she returned to her seat; "but my knowledge of your language is so imperfect, it scarcely unravels for me the mysteries of poetry. I must ask you to interpret them, for my ignorance will destroy their charm. When you are disengaged, and in a mood for sentiment, will you come and read to me?"

How could Lesbourne refuse, when addressed by a tone so musical, and beneath the spell of the strangely winning face? He had half resolved to end an intimacy too long encouraged—he had entered that apartment with the determination to bid Nina farewell, to leave the city with all its pleasures, and promises of successful ambition. He had decided to return to the home he had quit, and let that night be the last of his infatuation. There were hearts which would beat gladly at the coming of his footstep, and lovely eyes that he often looked a welcome. They had been dear to him once; they should be so again; he would go back, changed indeed by the experience of a few months, but with a change which should teach him to prize early happiness more highly. He would be bound by the spell of a stranger no longer, he would leave and forget her; and with all these resolves he had sought her presence for the last time. Few hours of life do more towards the completion of a certain "pavement," than those that are the cradle and grave of "good intentions"—the last night of the year.

The next day found Lesbourne at Nina's side, with a volume of poetry, from which he often looked up to the eloquent countenance of his listener. His better resolutions had all vanished, and good resolutions will when they spring only from impulse. It was a strange thing, this friendship

if thus it could be termed, between persons so unlike in disposition, and so ignorant of all that made the past and the future of each other. They had met as strangers, and grown quickly to seem friends; but beyond the present which saw them together, each knew nothing of what the other remembered or hoped. The events of former years were rarely mentioned by either of them; and Nina spoke so bewitchingly of pleasanter topics, that Lesbourne now almost dreaded the period when the rapture of this fascination must cease. This was one of those transient ties so frequently formed in society, when a sympathy, commencing accidentally, lends us an interest in a companion which we can scarcely explain, brings us a few happy hours, and then passes away as it came. Other connections succeeded, fresh illusions gathered, and we retain nothing of the first ones but a faint remembrance of their existence, when the names of those who shared them are heard once more. In ardent yet fickle dispositions, these transitory links are strongest; and Lesbourne's mind, susceptible, imaginative and poetical, clung with more than usual tenacity to the delightful influence which bound him. The interest she evinced in his pursuits, her enthusiastic encouragement of his aspirations, flattered and deceived him, and with the vanity of his nature he ascribed her sympathy to an appreciation fonder than friendship. It was a pleasant conviction; for Nina's intellect was highly gifted, and her admiration seemed very sincere to its object. Her conduct puzzled while it attracted him; for though his attentions were gracefully welcomed, she evidently repulsed and avoided any warmer expression of his regard. Uncertain of his own sentiments, and always varying in his affections, Lesbourne scarcely regretted this treatment, and he was satisfied so long as he could see her frequently, and be lulled by the flattery of tones which daily grew softer and kinder.

"Will you read that again?" asked Nina gently, as Lesbourne finished one of Byron's passionate farewells. He obeyed, and as he concluded, she softly closed the volume as he held it, and said with a smile, "Your selection of those verses was almost ominous; when you glance at them hereafter, will you think of me, and remember they were the last we read together?"

Lesbourne gazed at her for an instant with silent surprise, for her manner was careless, and her words startled him. "The last!" he repeated at length—"you are surely jesting; why must they be the last?"

"Because I leave here to-morrow, and it is not probable we shall ever meet again," was the lady's quiet reply.

Her tone was calm, almost indifferent, and that certainly was not the air of one who felt pain at parting. Lesbourne was entirely unprepared for his altered demeanor, and he regarded her with

unconcealed astonishment as she continued—"The time for my departure has been long decided, but I deferred telling you my intention because I really feel regret at terminating our pleasant friendship, and was unwilling to sadden our final interviews with the tidings of their being the last. May I venture to believe you will sometimes recollect me hereafter?"

"Recollect! how can I ever forget you!" exclaimed Lesbourne passionately—"how can you speak so coldly when you know how deeply you pain me? Ah, Nina! I could not have resolved thus deliberately, to quit you forever!"

"Perhaps not," returned his companion smilingly, "but my time of impulse and indecision has gone by, and yours is still in its youth. You must remember, I am several years your senior; some five years hence, your attachments will be even less enthusiastic than mine are now, and this romance in friendship will seem as idle to you as it already does to me."

"It never can!" exclaimed Lesbourne warmly, as he forcibly detained the hand the lady endeavored to withdraw from his clasp; "Listen to me, Nina—nay, you shall hear me. What have I done to deserve this chilling treatment? Have you not a single look of kindness in return for the love, whose depth you must have known, though you repulsed its avowal, when it has risen to my lips a thousand times?"

Nothing could have changed the current of the lover's feelings more completely, than the look of well-feigned and derisive astonishment with which these words were received. "Nay this is boyish folly," she said, with a *nonchalance*, more provoking than the bitterest sarcasm, and which piqued Lesbourne beyond expression—"why will you so strangely misunderstand me?" and she idly turned over the leaves of the book they had been reading.

Lesbourne gazed at her for a moment in silence, and the softer thoughts her presence had once awakened, came over him again. He only remembered the happiness of their intercourse, and the pleasant influence now passing away. His early infatuation returned, and his voice trembled with repressed emotion as he said, "And must we part thus, Nina? Will you bid me farewell, without one word of hope or comfort?"

"I cannot give you hope," she replied, "and you do not need comfort. Yours is not a heart to love long or truly, and you will find consolation in its fickleness."

"You are unjust as well as unkind," retorted the lover, indignant at her continued tranquillity, and irritated by the conviction that he had been deliberately duped and trifled with from the commencement—"you well know that my feelings for you have been earnest ones; and you cannot deny that you have tacitly encouraged them. Answer

me one question, and I will trouble you with my devotion no longer. I would not willingly leave you, with the belief that you have acted with settled heartlessness; tell me truly, Nina, if you have not loved me once!"

Again he met that fixed regard of mingled mockery and amazement, and Nina's voice was colder than he had ever heard it before, as she haughtily responded "Never!"

And so it ended—this vain dreaming for which he had sacrificed so much of that purity of feeling, whose 'purple light' can never be restored. For awhile, his self-love writhed beneath the humiliation of having been thus deceived; then succeeded the weariness of disappointment; and finally came the *ennui* of possessing no agreeable excitement in his pursuits, and the restlessness of a mind diseased thrown back upon itself for solace. Several weeks passed, and Nina's enchantment gradually faded from an imagination inconstant in all its impressions; and slowly there stole back to him, unbidden and noiseless as a dream, the holiness of his early love. It came, as it comes sometimes, thank God! to us all, the one angel memory amid the dark cares of the world. He could no longer banish the vision whose beauty had hallowed his younger thoughts; his fancy brought vividly before him the image of those soft clear eyes, with their childlike earnestness, and the sound of that voice so musical in its simple tenderness. The loveliness of old times returned often now, when no nearer illusion existed; and at length, after a silence of several months, Lesbourne wrote to Edith. It were useless to repeat here, his plausible apologies and fervent protestations; they were the ones to be expected from a nature, so false in principle, and so undaunted in self-reliance,—but they came too late. The heart that has once unwisely confided, may break in its loneliness, but can never trust wholly again. There had been a time when the reception of that letter would have given happiness unspeakable, and its kind words been treasured among the holy things of memory. There had been burning tears wept for its delay, and the eyes now haunting its writer, had grown sorrowful in their sweetness. But the confidence he had slighted was not to be regained, and a brief reply to his impassioned appeal terminated all hope of restoring the neglected tie. Ah! how often in tracing that reply, had the pen fallen from those trembling fingers, and the quick-throbbing heart mocked the studied coldness of those written lines!

DR. JOHNSON.

"Every man believes," remarks Dr. Johnson, "that mistresses are unfaithful and patrons are capricious; but he excepts his own mistress and his own patron."

MODERN FICTION.

E. D.

The day has passed, when works of fiction could be dismissed with a contemptuous sneer, as unworthy of the attention of men of intelligence, and fit food only for Byronic young gentlemen and sentimental school-girls; and the modern novel, is now, confessedly, a mighty instrument in the hands of Genius, either for good, or for evil.

The general "diffusion of knowledge," as it is called, has tended much to equalize information among all classes of the community; while much that has been gained in surface, has been lost in depth; for the youth of the country, all pursuing the same routine of study, however diverse their capacity and inclinations may be, are drilled into a kind of uniformity of intellect, very adverse to any thing like original thought. In most of our colleges, the minds of the students are put in uniform, as well as their bodies; and thus all of them obtain a slight smattering of many sciences, without being calculated to excel in any. Nor is this evil often remedied by after-culture; since the true education of each man should commence, after his collegiate studies are concluded. In the great majority of instances, the current literature of the day, furnishes the sole intellectual food; and therefore, from the character and spirit of this popular literature, a fair estimate may be formed of the taste and habits of the age. At present, there appears, on the part of the reading public, an insatiate craving after light literature, partly pampered and partly produced by the newspaper press—more particularly the larger sheets of the northern cities, which are most assuredly great evils, flooding the land with weak, trashy and stimulating fictions, and catering not so much for the taste of the refined and educated, as for the passions and prejudices of the uninformed. In justice we must except two of these papers from this censure: the "Albion" and the "New World" are both well conducted and valuable journals; but the rest, under the specious pretext of popularising literature, do much to vitiate and degrade the public taste; the price of subscription being almost nominal, the consequence is, that these papers are read by hundreds and thousands to the exclusion of all useful and solid works; if any one doubts this fact, let him only look around the circle of his own acquaintance, and he will be convinced of its truth.

That this is an evil, and a great one, we presume, will not be denied; but it may be met with the assertion, that these papers form a "taste for reading,"—yes, but for reading what? Why the very syllabus of literature, light frothy fictions, appealing to the passions, not the reason, forgotten as soon as read; or if not forgotten, filling the minds of their readers with false and exaggerated

notions, and totally unfitting them for the practical business of life.

"Strong meat is not for babes," it is true, but this reverses the process, and would feed men upon the diet of the nursery. Doubtless the retention of knowledge in a few hands, during the middle ages, while the mass were sunk in the grossest ignorance, and groping in the dark after the wildest delusions, was a great evil; but in modern times, we have rushed into the opposite extreme. We have lowered the standard of excellence, instead of elevating it, and have converted the republic of letters into a wild and turbulent democracy, where the contest between authors appears to be, not who can enunciate the loftiest truths in a style most worthy of the subject; but who can descend lowest into the depths of slang and common-place. Witness the miserable vulgarity, the utter and unreclaimed blackguardism of the "school" of which Jack Sheppard is the head, in which the adventures of felons and ruffians are detailed in a style worthy of the *Newgate Calendar*; in which the noblest character is a burglar, and the beau ideal of female excellence, a lady of pleasure. And yet works of this description are not only tolerated but popular; the reading public require excitement; and although we have not reached the open immorality and coarse indecency of the French novelists, yet Professor Ingraham and some others of our popular novelists, follow very close in their footsteps. That the evil does prevail to an alarming extent, there can be no doubt; the question is as to the remedy: and this we think must be sought in the perusal of works of fiction, written by masters of the art, which these unskilful daubers do their utmost to lower and degrade. It is true, that even the best of these might be dispensed with, since they all have a tendency to exalt the imagination at the expense of the judgment; yet as the drunkard cannot suddenly relinquish the use of ardent spirits without danger of a relapse, so the public mind, having acquired a morbid craving for high excitement, can only be restored to a healthy state, by the use of, salutary stimulants, such as are contained in the romances of Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens, and our own authors, Irving, Cooper, and Kennedy;—of authors who are all so well and extensively known, it would be idle to speak at large. We would merely attempt to group together, some of the most striking features of their mental conformation, which bear the impress of the spirit of the age, which must be more strongly exhibited in works of this character than of any other, since it is the aim and object of the true novelist, "to hold the mirror up to nature," and display therein the "form and pressure of the times." This formerly was the province of poetry, but not in its loftiest flights, where Milton and Dante sought the "highest heaven of invention," soared aloft into the realms of cele-

tial bliss, or plunged into the gloomy depths, where the "Archangel ruined," in sullen grandeur, held his joyless throne; these were but the louder notes of the great lyre of poesy; it possessed other and softer strings; and in the hands of Pope, Cowper, and Crabbe, was made to vibrate to human feelings and human affections; the last of whom,

"Though Nature's sternest painter,
Yet her best."

It is therefore only in poetry and fiction, that a living picture of the vices and follies of the day can be given; for the business of history is with the Past; of religion with the Future; philosophic investigations demand the calm and even mind of the student; abstract facts are to be treated of and a chain of reasoning to be carried out. The dramatist, whose province it is to depict the scenes and manners of every-day life, is prone either to wander into the fairy land of fancy, and, in embodying the forms of the beautiful in apt and glowing words, to overstep the modesty of nature; or, in his love of "effect," to caricature the traits he intends to represent. The poets then, alone, contest the palm with the higher order of novelists. But poetry with us, in the present age, is a bird in the wilderness, pouring forth its notes of melancholy sweetness unnoticed, and dying again into silence, or soothing our senses and haunting our memories for a brief space, but making no permanent impression on our minds and hearts. Some few there may be, whose inspired words will force their way into the minds of men; but how few their number, and how limited their success. This is emphatically the age of prose, and a mighty instrument it is, in the hands of a master, cramped within no narrow limits of measure; the utterance can be as broad as the thought itself; the very metre and jingle of poetry often mars the effect; there is something cramped and mechanical about it; but in prose, the thought can be allowed gradually to unfold and expand itself; and we do not know if the stately march of Milton's prose, do not contain flights as lofty and sustained, as any to be found in his far more celebrated poems.

Much outcry of late has been made about copyright, many supposing that this is the true cause of the non-production of solid works; and no doubt this may have caused the state of things to which we allude. The higher class of authors being driven from the field by the unprofitable result of their labors—their place has been supplied by a swarm of minor literateurs, who inundate the country with tales of chivalry, and stories of sickly sentiment, at two dollars per copy sheet; a supply of the article ready made, being always kept on hand, and disposed of on the most liberal terms;—the production of such works as those of Prescott and Bancroft, only proving what might be effected, were sufficient encouragement extended to good authors, and the popular taste sufficiently improved

to call forth the talent now lying latent throughout the country.

We have thrown out these hasty and imperfect suggestions, because we think the present state of things radically wrong, and imperiously demanding reform. We will now indulge in a few reflections, as to the scope and tendency of the best specimens of modern fiction, which has escaped this rushing flood of light. The modern novel is the lineal descendant of the epic poem,—for what are the *Odyssey* and *Aneid* but novels in verse! the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, is the most perfect specimen of the ancient novel; numerous others might be cited to show the fondness of the ancients for prose fictions. These have however, undergone a great many changes, and passed through many different phases before attaining their present form, which seeks to combine the varied excellencies of the poem, the drama, the historical chronicle, and the mirror of everyday-life. It would require a volume instead of an article, to trace all the different forms the novel has assumed, even in England. We will merely enumerate a few. The earliest, in point of time, were the interminable French novels of Madame Scuderi, which afforded employment for the courtly dames of the Court of Charles II., of which it would be difficult to say, whether the manner or the matter were worse. To these, succeeded the long-winded and elaborate novels of Richardson, correct and unexceptionable in point of morality, but a sore tax upon the time and patience of readers. Next came the free and easy pictures of life and manners, which taxed the inventive genius of Fielding and Smollett, coarse, but true to nature—the “raw head and bloody bones” novels of Mrs. Radcliffe—much affected, even now, by sentimental damsels—full of trap-doors, banditti, ghosts, haunted castles, and other horrors;—the metaphysical novels of Godwin, powerfully depicting single passions, but sadly deficient in keeping and finish;—and those wild and thrilling romances full of the supernatural horror which darkened the genius of Maturin. On the ruins of all these, the mighty “Wizard of the North” erected his beautiful romances, where truth and fiction, history and poetry illustrate and adorn each other; for breadth of coloring, life-like truth of delineation, play of fancy and luxuriance of wit, his *Waverley* novels stand unrivalled. The conception of his characters is only surpassed by the execution, and so clearly are they brought before our mental vision, that we immediately enroll them among the number of our acquaintances, and recognize them as friends for ever after. His mind was a peculiarly well-balanced one, the abundance of his materials never perplexed nor disturbed him, every thing was arranged in its proper and fitting place; with him, passion never degenerated into bombast, nor true feeling into sickly sentiment; the line which separates the sublime from the ridicu-

lous, so invisible to ordinary writers, was clearly perceptible to him; and, the antiquarian lore, which with any other, would have degenerated into pedantry, in his hands, adds a most novel and attractive feature to his productions. Of these novels may well be said what Shakespeare says of *Cleopatra*,

“Time cannot wither them,
Nor custom stale
Their infinite variety.”

But the mighty wizard descended to his grave, and his wand of power was buried with him; for, though his imitators may copy the frame-work of his novels, and to outward seeming, imitate them well, yet when we examine them more closely, we find that the “soul is wanting there.” His best novels too, those portraying the ancient life and habits of the Scotch, have not been much imitated: he first opened the rich mine of chivalry, and his imitators have chiefly followed his footsteps in this untrodden field. Of these, James is the most talented and the most successful; for a time, his novels were exceedingly popular, and the ancient knights lived over their follies a second time in the pages of their chronicler. But his day has almost passed. People have got weary of gallant knights pricking over the plain to the relief of distressed damsels—rare samples of perfection, excelling in tapestry and tears. We have no sympathy with these iron-clad knights of the olden time, with hard hands and harder heads, but regard them as we do the pictures of our grandmothers—very faithful likenesses no doubt, but more apt to find their way into the garret than the parlor. Bulwer saw this, he saw that chivalry had strutted its brief hour on the stage, and was now to be hissed off—that men began to wish for something better than a mere reanimation of forgotten follies; and, under the inspiration of a lucky thought, composed *Pelham*; its success was instantaneous; the revulsion of popular taste was as rapid as it was strong,—and novels of fashionable life deluged the British press: but his imitators did not at first perceive the true drift of his work; they did not perceive that under the thin veil of a pretended love and admiration for the titled nobility, lay hid the deepest and bitterest sarcasm against the hollow and heartless nature of its society! He does indeed dwell on and depict fashionable society; but how! his mother, one of its rulers, is a cold and heartless being; his father is ready to connive at his own dishonor for the sake of the damages the law would allow him, but is scrupulously punctilious on “points of honor;” his friends are unprincipled hypocrites, with the exception of one, who turns misanthrope; and he himself “cuts” fashionable society as soon as he becomes a rational being. Nor have the “men of the world”—a large and influential class at the present day, who would serve both “God and mammon,” and whose piety and morality con-

sist in long faces and moral laws—the pharisees of our times—fared much better at his hands; the character of the banker in “Maltravers,” that “highly respectable man” Mr. Templeton, is but a correct and flattered likeness of many who mortify the flesh externally, for the sake of securing more extensive privileges thereby.

But to return to Pelham (for an author often can be best judged by his earliest work;) his object in this novel, is to exhibit how fine abilities and generous feeling are hardened into selfishness and vanity in the hot bed of fashionable society, which converts the high-souled youth, into a listless, heartless automaton, more fastidious in the cut of his coat, than the correctness of his conduct. In it too, he struck, with a master’s hand, the strings of that mighty instrument, the human heart,—laid bare the secret springs of action, and painted man not as he should be, but as he is. Since that time, he has moved steadily onwards, each year adding new treasures to literature, and evincing in each successive work a more thorough knowledge of the world, and a deeper insight into the tangled and complicated arts of society. A regard for the time and patience of our readers, does not permit us to go into an extended analysis of the genius and writings of Bulwer, although the theme is indeed a tempting one; but the influence he has exerted over the reading public of this country, and of England, will, we trust, justify a few remarks as to the moral tendency of his writings.

We know that the cry of immorality has been raised against him, that he has been represented by sandy writers, as a kind of moral Ogre, who was to swallow up all the virtue of our youth, and to lead them into sensuality by the flowery path of romance! If this charge were true, no defence offered for him could avail; his acknowledged talent would only be an aggravation of his crime; for he who prostitutes high talents, to pander to evil passions, deserves the scorn of all good men. But it does appear to us, that the charge cannot be supported. It is true, that there do occur, in the writings of Bulwer, many highly wrought passages, and some which might shock maiden delicacy; but Bulwer writes for men, and not for maidens; as well might anatomical works be censured for violating propriety; for it is often equally as useful, for an author to exhibit the morbid anatomy of the human mind, as the surgeon, that of the body. Fielding and Smollett are coarser far than Bulwer, and yet all admit the value of their works. But, say the objectors, he renders vice attractive, and holds it up for imitation! Part of this we admit, and part we deny. That vice is attractive, is unfortunately too true; and the author who describes it, as the ancient monks painted the devil—with horns and a tail, will never convey to the mind of youth the true

evil to be resisted; it is only by showing the flowery path which leads to vice, and then pointing out the frightful gulf to which it leads, that the novelist can subserve the purposes of the moralist; and in his novels, as in real life, although the vicious man may not be punished from without, yet he always is firm within, “*hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*”

The question then, we think, is rather one of utility, than of propriety; but we have always thought, that virtue consisted, not so much in total ignorance of all evil, as in resistance to it when known; and, viewing it in this light, the exhibition of frailty may be rendered useful in teaching the inexperienced what is to be feared and avoided. Setting apart this consideration however, which appears to us conclusive, it is hard for an author, in the fervor of composition, always to keep himself strictly within the bounds of a straightlaced propriety; the very warmth and fervor of his imagination, may cause him to color too highly; a love of art reconciles us to many things, which would not be tolerated in real life, and we pardon in painting and statuary, many freedoms which are denied to those artists whose materials are *words*, instead of paint or marble. We think it betokens a prurient imagination, to search with a microscopic eye for any slight deviations from propriety, for “to the pure, all things are pure;” and although Bulwer may be obnoxious to some censure, in one or two of his later novels, yet we candidly believe that it is rather the fault of the artist, than the man; for no where will you find a loftier and purer morality inculcated, than in those very novels in which the objectionable passages occur. His genius is undoubted, and the strongest characteristic of his mind can best be expressed by the single word, Power; whether he seeks to lash us into rage at the sight of injustice, or melt us into tears for suffering virtue; whether the struggles of genius against poverty and temptation are to be unfolded, or crafty villainy unmasked, he is equally successful; the spirits invoked by him to awake a tempest in the human soul, like those summoned by Prospero, never refuse to come at his bidding. What author, for example, has ever drawn a more masterly character than that of Aubrey Devereux!—the strange blending of opposite qualities, the mixture of superstition and hypocrisy—the womanly softness of his exterior concealing the burning passions within—at once weak and impetuous, hurried on to crime against his will, and haunted by remorse, until madness makes him her prey—a striking proof how little, good intentions can conquer evil passions, unless accompanied by high moral principle. The Jesuit Montresail too, with his calm demeanor, and frightful depths of villainy, hiding, beneath the livery of the church, the passions of a fiend—how powerfully is he contrasted with the fickle Aubrey, and how

fully is his character developed in the progress of the narrative!

Or to come down to a later work; where was ever presented a truer picture of life, than that afforded in the career of Gawtrey and of Lilburne, the man of crime, and the man of vice; the one, not wholly bad, but retaining amid his debasement, some gleams of a better nature—at once the scourge and victim of society; the other rotten to the core; respecting the laws of man, but scoffing at, and trampling under foot the laws of God, and growing gray in pampered iniquity; the former, perishing a felon's death; the latter, remaining a wealthy and pampered member of society; for, as Bulwer well observes, "The Lilburnes of this hollow world, are not to be pelted with the soft roses of poetical justice." No, he leaves him to suffer a sterner punishment than that of Gawtrey; he leaves him to bear the seared and wintry heart of unloved and unrespected old age, haunted by the memory of past vices, and future retribution.

But the genius of one man, has opened a new channel for literature; if Bulwer be the high priest of the ideal, so is Dickens of the real; and the same weapon which Victor Hugo and the French novelists have employed to sap morality, he has used to strengthen and defend it; we allude to the class of subjects he has chosen; Victor Hugo seeks to exalt the criminal into the hero, Dickens to elevate humanity by portraying the germs of goodness lying hid in the most depraved of our species, while he deters from imitation of their vices, by showing the hideous progeny of which vice is the parent. His rise is an era in literature, from the the obscurity of an humble station, in the most aristocratic country in the world; where birth is the passport to all distinction, the newspaper reporter has elevated himself into the teacher and enlightener of his fellow men. Nor is his fame the slow growth of years, owing to a mind matured by study and experience; neither did any lucky accident elevate him from obscurity; but God had gifted him with genius; he spoke, and men felt and acknowledged his power; the words which fell from his pen sunk at once into their hearts, for they were *true*, and where truth is, there also will be success. Like Byron, he "awoke one morning and found himself famous;" but unlike him, he loves his race, and seeks to benefit and exalt, not to dazzle and to wound. The class of subjects he has selected are of the most unpromising kind, and such as nothing but his own genius could render attractive. He always has an object too; he writes not for the purpose of mere writing, but to effect some useful end. He wishes to show the evils arising from the poor laws; he takes a pauper boy, weak, wretched, miserable, describes his sufferings and trials, carries him through scenes of guilt and wretchedness, places him in dens of infamy and shame, and yet we are not sickened nor revolted;

in the end he shows how, by judicious charity, well applied, the wretched drudge is converted into a useful member of society. He shows in *Nancy* too, the hard doom which awaits female frailty, the injustice of shutting the door of amendment against the erring female, and of driving her forth to herd with outcasts from society, and that human nature will retain something of its original brightness even in the depths of degradation. And in the career of Sikes:—how evil passions once indulged in, lead on their slave from crime to crime, and his hands are imbued in the blood of the only being on earth that loves him! Could a bench of judges give a more impressive warning against the dangers of fanaticism and mob-law, than that contained in *Barnaby Rudge*; where the wild, sinister mischief,—the savage thirst for destroying,—the utter disruption of all social and moral ties—were drawn in characters of fire, while the characters of Miggs and Tappertit relieve the sombre hue of the rest of the performance with their absurdities. The strange wild tale of mystery and murder grafted on the riots, strictly speaking, is but an episode; the main interest centres on the riots themselves, and on the actors in them, dupes and hypocrites,—enthusiasts and knaves. There is a strange mixture of the tragic and the comic pervading the writings of Dickens, one chapter, the deepest saddest tragedy; the next the broadest farce, yet the two never conflict; but, with admirable skill, are made to enhance the general effect and relieve each other. There is, however, one danger incident to the class of subjects which he has chosen; it has a tendency to make men too familiar with the forms of low vice—it gives a dangerous attraction to scenes of low debauchery and reckless crime—it invests with interest, the exploits of the housebreaker and the thief—and although with Dickens these effects are not produced, owing to the skill with which he manages his subjects; yet in the hands of his imitators, at the head of whom is Ainsworth, it has already done much mischief, and may do more. Among the partially educated there is always a strong inclination towards shaking off the salutary restraints of society; and such novels as *Jack Sheppard*, and others of the same stamp, do much to strengthen this laxity of feeling. The unhappy man who murdered Lord William Russell, confessed that he was first led to think of it by reading *Jack Sheppard*, and every one knows the effect produced by Schiller's tragedy of the "Robbers." There is another trait too, in the writings of Dickens, worthy of note; a taste for the ludicrous is strongly characteristic of the age. The novels of Dickens have pampered this feeling and although he seldom perverts it from its legitimate use, yet it is a dangerous weapon in the hands of others. There is nothing so fatal to the existence of all high and generous sentiment as habit of ridicule: it blights all it touches; no poet

ply of virtue or of wisdom can protect against its venomous arrows—fatal too to its possessor, inflicting upon him the curse of partial blindness:—the French Revolution, that moral earthquake of the eighteenth century, was heralded, by the mocking negation of all that men had hitherto held high and noble.

Next to Dickens, in public estimation, stands Dr. Laver, author of *Charles O'Malley*, and with a certain class of readers is even more popular; he certainly introduces us into much better society, and does not, like Dickens, dive into alleys and byways, for his subjects; he frequents the court and camp, bringing the freaks and follies of their occupants vividly before us. Wine, war, and women, form the staple of his productions, and he always appears to write, under the inspiration, of at least two of the three; and for those who love to bask in the broad sunshine of life, O'Malley and Jack Hinton will be most acceptable companions. The author is a true and thorough Irishman, possessing all the reckless fun, and dashing gallantry, so characteristic of his countrymen, with a large share of the wit and humor, which seem the birthright of the sons of Erin. His writings are agreeably tempered and subdued by an under-current of graceful sentiment, sometimes pushed to the verge of extravagance. His heroes are pretty much copies of one another, blessed with fine personal appearance, high animal spirits, and unbounded impudence, perpetually getting out of old scrapes, for the purpose of getting into new ones. He does not possess, and indeed makes no pretensions to, that deep insight into the heart, which characterises the works of Dickens; but in portraying the externals of character, especially Irish ones, he is perfectly at home; Micky Free, and Corry Delaney are jewels; they are destined to be numbered among our acquaintances, with Sam Weller and John Willet. But we think love-making is the Doctor's forte; he writes of it *con amore*, and as one to whom the practice as well as the theory has been familiar; it comes home to the "business and bosoms of men" (at least young men,) and his novels might answer as a perfect manual for that fascinating but dangerous pastime, commonly called flirting. In fine then, the fictions of this author derive their interest, principally from the incidents of which they are full, and the vivid and life-like sketches of Irish character and manners with which they abound.

When we turn our eyes homeward, we will find, that our literary purveyors cater chiefly from the English market, and seem to think that literature, as well as wine, improves by a voyage across the sea. While all the trash of "fashionable novels,"—many of them detestable alike for fawning servility and rancorous malignity towards the aristocracy—find ready publishers and readers on this side of the Atlantic, our own authors are driven into other employments by want of encouragement: see Bryant, to use his own words,

"Condemned to drudge for the drags of men,
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen."

Halleck, book-keeper to John Jacob Astor; Cooper rewarded for his writings by libels and law suits; Legaré for a long time cramping his fine taste and high acquirements in a dusty law office;—and many others of almost equal ability, utterly unable to obtain even a hearing from the public. Hence it is, that although many of the states have chroniclers of their own, who obtain celebrity within their own borders, we have few, very few, *national novelists*; Cooper, Kennedy, Bird and Paulding, the only four we can recall to recollection; for Sims is only the annalist of South Carolina, as Judge Tucker is of Virginia; Ingraham is but the depic-tor of city vices, which are much the same all the world over. C. B. Brown was a powerful writer, but he framed his novels too closely after those of Godwin; there was nothing national about him, although he deserved a much higher reputation than he ever obtained. But Cooper is assuredly an American writer; his very faults are imbued with the "odor of nationality," he does not merely travesty the lords and ladies of English fiction, and transfer them to the Backwoods, but he draws with a graphic pen, the real likenesses of our hardy ancestors.

Of all the characters ever drawn, that of Leatherstocking is the most peculiarly American; the nice shades are hit off with a master's hand; the combination of so many good qualities in an obscure and uneducated man, whose whole life had been passed without the pale of civilization and law, could not be found in any individual out of the United States; and in the five different novels into which he is introduced, the unity of the character has been strictly preserved. Cooper opened a new field too, in delineating the Indian character; and here his success is undoubted. Many have imitated, but no one yet, has equalled his inimitable portraiture of the red men of the forest. It has become fashionable of late, to rail at Cooper; and certainly he has been guilty of imprudences, and has sometimes in his writings, allowed his temper to get the better of his taste; yet, we think, these minor faults should be pardoned in consideration of the high services he has rendered to American Literature.

Kennedy stands next; his "Horse Shoe Robinson" is a striking and faithful likeness of the yeoman of the revolution; his strong good sense, iron firmness, and unquenchable patriotism attest the truth of the picture, while historical accuracy is faithfully adhered to throughout.

The novels of Dr. Bird evince considerable research into the early history of our country, and are characterized by a fertile imagination, and strong powers of description.

Our limits do not permit us to say more; neither can we dwell as we had desired, upon the merits of Paulding, who has recently been severely

stung by some of the gadflies of criticism; his merits, however, are too well admitted to need our feeble tribute of admiration; and we would only express our regret that a writer so able to adorn our literature, "should give up to party," "what was meant for mankind."

If, however, we have but few novelists;—of tale-writers we have an abundance, the country swarms with small *litterateurs*, contributors to the "poet's corner" of newspapers, and to trashy annuals whose exteriors are far more valuable than their contents; fugitive literature, it may well be called, since it is impossible to keep up with it, owing to the liberality with which it is poured upon the public. The equality of the social state appears to be extending to the intellectual, and unless some Gifford shall soon arise, to lash the Della-cruscans of the age back to their native obscurity, this mass of rubbish, will bury beneath it, and obscure from light, all the nobler edifices erected by the hands of genius. And here, methinks we hear a voice exclaim, "and who are you O slashing critic! thus liberal of censure! and what qualifies you to be the censor of the age?" To this we would respond that we are but that shadow of a shade, an anonymous reviewer, whose "we" must be allowed to cover a "multitude of sins;" but confident of the justice of our strictures, for the truth of the allegations herein contained, "we put ourselves" (in legal phrase) "upon God and the country."

Columbia, S. Carolina, April, 1842. E. D.

PETITION TO SPRING.

Hark, sweet nymph, in your southern hall!
Child and maiden and minstrel call;
They watch beneath the cold north star
For the radiant wheels of your rosy car;—
Call to your birds, call to your flowers
And hasten on to the northern bowers.

And when thou comest, I'll welcome thee,
If thou'lt bring the gifts that I ask of thee:—
A rose from the bush that branch'd up high
Beneath the care of my mother's eye,
And graced the porch of her sunny door—
A fair, white rose with a damask core;

A bough from the maple that used to fling
Its scarlet bloom in the pelted spring,
When tiny hands were wont to dip
For a clear, cool draught for the thirsty lip;
And bring a bunch of the blue-bell flowers
That spread so bright in the morning hours;

And bring me back the joy I felt,
When by that spring, a child, I knelt,
And splash'd the water that bubbled o'er
The moss-grown rim of its reservoir;
And bring the charm of the blessed hours
When first I saw those blue-bell flowers;

And bring again her love to me
Who train'd so high that white rose tree;
And bring the smile that she used to wear,
When Love lit up her face of rare;
Oh bring, dear Spring, these gifts to me,
A hearty welcome I'll give to thee! ELIZA.

THE PALSIED HEART.

"My heart beat not, it felt not then."—*Montgomery.*

"Why so melancholy, my dear Susan!" said Mr. Atwood, as he drew a chair, and seated himself by his wife. "Surely it is not an *affliction* to have a daughter well married,—especially when the house of her husband is scarcely half a mile from that of her parents!"

"Yet you will acknowledge, George," replied Mrs. Atwood, "that let a daughter's prospects be ever so flattering, there is much to touch a mother's heart when she resigns her child to another. It is, in a degree, severing one of nature's strongest ties, and it could not be done without a pang, even were we able to foresee that her happiness and comfort would not be diminished. But on this point there is always a fearful doubt. The event might prove, whether or not a man will make a good husband; and even should he do so, in the common acceptance of the term, there is still a doubt whether he and his wife are so matched as to make each other happy."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Atwood, "for my own part, I feel no misgivings relative to Helen's happiness, and am very sorry you are inclined to anticipate trouble. In Mr. Howard, I have perfect confidence. His character is unblemished, and his principles such as every one must respect and approve. I do not suppose he is perfect; neither is Helen; but I think they truly love each other, and this will enable them to overlook and excuse each other's defects."

"I doubt not the rectitude or firmness of his principles," said Mrs. Atwood; "but must confess I have some fears that his *temper* may not be suited to Helen's. Some trifling circumstances have led me to apprehend, that he may be self-willed and obstinate."

"Firm, you mean, my dear," said Mr. Atwood, "and I hope he will be so. It will do much to improve Helen; for you know that want of firmness is one of the defects of her character."

"And besides," said Mrs. Atwood, "I have even thought him somewhat too *grave* for a man of five and-twenty. Volatility, I should as much dislike as you would; but Mr. Howard would please me better, had he a little more bouyancy and cheerfulness. I fear he will be stern."

"Here, too," said Mr. Atwood, "I have thought

that a kind providence selected the very man for our daughter! His sedateness will temper her vivacity; and her, sometimes, too thoughtless gayety."

"I am sorry you see so many faults in Helen," replied Mrs. Atwood.

"And is marriage like death," said Mr. Atwood, "that you forget them all, as soon as she is separated from you? Have we not always seen these defects!—and labored to correct them? I know her good qualities too. She is affectionate, kind, gentle, and forgiving;—and always willing to confess a fault, though somewhat too apt to repeat it. I know, too, that she has a fund of deep feeling, hid under a somewhat careless exterior,—and that her temper was cast in nature's finest mould. All this I know, and much more; and doubt not that Mr. Howard will see these things as clearly, and appreciate them as highly, as I do. So cheer up, my dear Susan, and instead of spending this weaning time from your child, in sombre forebodings, be grateful to a kind providence for giving her such a husband, and trust her confidently to his care."

While the mother's heart was thus anxious concerning the future happiness of her daughter, Mr. Howard and his youthful bride were as happy as the dearest friend could wish them. They had been married but a week or two; yet even in so short a space of time, appearances indicated that Mr. Atwood's prediction was likely to be verified. Helen had never been half as happy in her life before,—and never before was she half so sedate. She learned by experience that the happiness of the heart is neither noisy nor mirthful; that it induces seriousness rather than gayety. Her husband was perfect in her eyes. True, he was rather grave for so young a man, and smiled but seldom; but when he *did* smile, it was like the breaking forth of a sun-beam—imparting light and gladness. But grave or otherwise, he was all that she wished him to be. Her respect for him equalled her love: both were entire. He treated her with a dignified tenderness, that left her nothing to ask.

But time knows no indulgence, not even to the most happy, who would gladly lay a finger on his flight, to lengthen the golden moments. The first months of wedded life soon haste away; fleeting months they are, and rush by to join the past eternity, and in their train come the cares, the duties, the trials, perchance, the miseries of life.

The youthful bride commenced her married life with a determination to please her husband in every thing—her deportment, her apparel and her house-keeping. About the first two, she felt no anxiety; that which had won, would certainly retain him; and she would be careful not to fall into that species of negligence, which but too often follows the marriage ceremony, and which is so well calculated to produce coldness, if not disgust. Her domestic

arrangements were a more serious matter. She was but little more than eighteen, and though her education in this particular branch had not been neglected, she yet had little skill in that department where *experience* is so important. She made many mistakes, and would have made many more, but for the near neighborhood of her mother, whom she frequently consulted, and whom she found better than twenty books on domestic economy. But Helen did her best, and hoped in time that that would become easy which was now so difficult. As before said, she resolved to please her husband in all things, and doubted not for an instant that he would be equally solicitous to please her. On one point, she anticipated a difference. Her parents had so plainly told her of her faults, and had labored so sedulously to correct them, that she was conscious of being far from what she ought to be; consequently, her husband would have much to overlook and forgive; he, on the contrary, was so correct, so perfect, that she would have little or nothing to excuse. But he had loved her, and sought her for a wife, knowing her to be a very imperfect creature, and would not that love lead him to pardon all errors,—the more readily, as they would not be wilful? Unquestionably it would.

With views and feelings and designs like these, Helen Howard began her married life; and she conformed to her plan as nearly, perhaps, as one's action ever conforms to one's resolution—one's practice to one's theory. True, she did not find herself always

"Sailing on a summer's sea,

When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."

Some of her cares were irksome; some of her self-denials not a little painful. She found Mr. Howard exceedingly particular. This, however, did not surprise her; it was what she had anticipated. How could one so perfect in all things—principles, manners, taste—fail of being particular? But then it made it difficult to please him; and oftentimes, she was in doubt whether the thing she decided to do, or the manner of doing it, would be agreeable to him or not. When possible, she always consulted him on points where she supposed he would have any choice, but frequently she was obliged to act, when to consult him was out of the question; and somehow, it seemed to Helen, that almost everything she did according to her own judgment or taste, was directly adverse to his.

She had not lived with her husband many months, before she learned that by a particular closing of his lips, she could tell when he was displeased. For herself, she was a child in feeling, mild in temper, gentle and fascinating in manner; and after she had become acquainted with the peculiarities of Mr. Howard's disposition, she would, in his moments of displeasure, twine her arms around his neck, ask for an explanation, confess her fault, and beg forgiveness. An affectionate kiss from him

would dissipate all her uneasiness, and lead to fresh efforts to please.

Mr. Howard did not always wait to have his displeasure or disapprobation detected. As time rolled on, and the bride was lost in the wife, he was not slow, very plainly to tell her when he saw aught amiss; but, the same process of reconciliation followed, and all was well again. Though Mr. Howard could *blame*, he never *praised*. He was of the opinion that praise is always injurious. He was not alone in that belief. Many persons seem to think, that even the most merited commendation must induce vanity and pride. Pity it is that some who have embraced this view, were not equally afraid of continual censure, or even of slander and detraction!

Let no one think, from the preceding picture, that Helen was an unhappy wife. She was far from it. No one could be unhappy who loved and respected a husband as she loved and respected Mr. Howard, and who doubted not that her affection was reciprocated. There were only occasional clouds that crossed the landscape, making the returning sunbeams seem still brighter.

Years as well as months glide away; and when Helen was four-and-twenty, she was the mother of a son, a daughter, and another son. In the meantime, she had suffered a severe affliction. Her mother had been taken away by death; but she lived long enough to have all her fears allayed as to her daughter's domestic felicity. She saw nothing, heard nothing to lead her to doubt that it was as perfect as could be expected in this imperfect world. Indeed, she knew not, that so far as connubial happiness was concerned, a cloud had ever passed over her daughter's path; and it was long ere Helen herself was aware, that the clouds were darker and more frequent,—the sunshine rarer, and of shorter continuance. It was by slow degrees she learned, that she must submit to her husband in *everything*. The spending an evening in a neighbor's house—even the most trifling matters of taste, must be as much subjected to his control, as the most important transactions of life. Helen cheerfully acknowledged her husband's supremacy. Her mother had taught her, and the Bible taught her, that authority belonged to him; that it was her duty, and would be for her happiness, to obey him in all things. Her affectionate heart prompted her to this course; but as she was a human being, she naturally had tastes and inclinations of her own, and these were not always, of course, in exact accordance with those of another. Sometimes, in case of collision, she could not help feeling, that if she yielded on all important points, Mr. Howard might occasionally yield in trifles. "If," she argued with a sigh, "he finds it so hard to conform to the wishes of another *sometimes*, why cannot he realize how difficult it is for me to do it *always*? If the half-formed thought arose in

her mind, that her husband was *selfish*, she instantly banished it. "Oh, no," she would say—"he is not selfish! Men are used to authority, and are not aware what it oftentimes costs the subject. I suppose, on this point, they are all much alike." Perfect good nature, and an unwillingness to detract anything from the perfection with which she had invested Mr. Howard, led to this conclusion. Had Helen's own father entered her mind at that moment, she must have acknowledged, that between some men, there was a striking contrast.

With this, however, Helen could have got along very well. She had as little obstinacy as any of her species; and if, in the moment of trial, her heart would sometimes rebel, the feeling was soon gone, and she yielded with grace and cheerfulness. That which was much harder to bear, was, that as Mr. Howard grew older, it was more difficult to appease his displeasure; and sometimes, Helen would have to ask forgiveness, for some, perhaps very trifling, inadvertency, two or three times, before the kiss of cordial reconciliation would be granted. Beside this, she panted for commendation. From her own heart, it flowed spontaneously; and however strong Mr. Howard's objections might be to bestowing praise on another, he never manifested any repugnance to receiving it himself. Helen loved to praise her husband; she loved to repeat to him the praise bestowed by others; it greatly increased her own happiness. But when her *special*, and sometimes *laborious* efforts to do that which she thought would give Mr. Howard peculiar satisfaction, would fail of calling forth one word of commendation,—one look of grateful satisfaction—fail, even, of attracting observation, her heart would sink with disappointment,—and to be *quite* happy, it was indispensable that she should be *very forgetful*.

But was Mr. Howard the impeccable being his wife was willing to believe him! On the contrary, he was as far from it as other well-principled men. But he never confessed a fault to human auditor; and oftentimes, when he had given Helen just cause of complaint, if she manifested it—not by upbraiding, (of that her nature was incapable)—but as an affectionate wife may, with all propriety, express displeasure toward her husband, he resented it in a high degree; and many times did she, with sighs and tears, sue for forgiveness, when he alone was in fault. She was always prone to believe herself to blame, and peace she must have, on any terms,—or be wretched.

The power of pleasing, or giving satisfaction, seems to be taken from us; just in proportion as we despair of exercising it. Helen was almost hopeless of securing her husband's approbation, and her heart was depressed by discouragement. She remitted none of her efforts to please—it had become a habit of her mind,—but she was scarcely conscious that her endeavors now arose less from

the hope of receiving commendation, than from a desire to escape reproof and censure.

For the first three years of Helen's married life, the sunshine had greatly preponderated over the clouds; for the last three, the clouds had gradually been gaining the preponderance over the sunshine; and before another closed, they gathered over her head, to be dispersed again, only when the sun of her life was setting.

In some way, in which no principle of right or wrong was involved, but where the opinion or will of her husband only was concerned, Helen had again transgressed. She saw the cloud on Mr. Howard's brow, marked his firmly compressed lips, and almost instinctively endeavored to remove his displeasure. She twined her arms about his neck, but he unclasped them, and—not roughly indeed—but firmly put her from him. This she could hardly endure.

"My dear husband," she cried, "do not look so coldly, so sternly on me! Do believe that I never displease you, without feeling the deepest regret." Again she strove to encircle his neck with her arms, and lay her cheek on his, but was again repulsed.

"If you had not said as much a thousand times before," remarked Mr. Howard, "I might believe you; but of what use is that regret that produces no amendment?"

Helen burst into an agony of tears, and falling at her husband's feet, clasped his hands in hers. "Do you doubt my sorrow?" she cried, in a voice choked by the violence of her emotion. "O, do not thus break my heart! Forget that I have displeased you, now, or ever,—for *wilfully* I would never do so. O, say that all is forgiven and forgotten!"

She was looking up into his eyes, but their expression was cold and unfeeling as ever. In truth, he was moved; for he saw the agony of his wife's feelings; but he thought that, perhaps, were he easy ready to forgive, he should have less frequent occasion to do so, and he suffered not a feature to relax.

Helen looked steadily at him for a moment,—while her heart was throbbing, and every muscle of her face was working with anguish,—to catch the first indication of forgiveness and reconciliation; but nothing of the kind was visible. A change came over her in a moment. Her muscles ceased to tremble; her heart ceased its tumultuous robbing; and she calmly arose, and left the room. This was something new; and for an instant Mr. Howard feared he had gone too far; for an instant he was inclined to follow her; but the former thought returned—"I have made peace too readily; more marked displeasure may have a better effect;" and he restrained the impulse. There was a voice within which whispered that he had not done *quite* right; nevertheless, he returned to his engagements, and left Helen to attend to hers.

When Helen left the parlor, she went to her chamber. She felt perfectly calm and indifferent. "For nearly seven years," thought she, "it has been almost my sole study to please *him*, and what is my reward!" She sat down and mused. Her entire intellectual being seemed resolved into memory, and her whole married life rushed in review before her. She saw her own uniform desire to secure his approbation, and do his pleasure,—and Mr. Howard's exacting, his fault finding, his unforgiving spirit. "It is too true," thought she,—*"he is selfish, arbitrary, and implacable!"* At the close of this train of thought, Helen's own feelings alarmed her. Her heart was too quiet. She longed to have it gush forth, as in times past, in tenderness toward her husband; but it would not. It was rather feeling than thought that led her to repeat—"He is selfish, arbitrary, and implacable;" and firmly clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, in deep bitterness of spirit—"I shall never love him more!"

Never before had Mr. Howard been so anxious for the tea hour as on this afternoon; and scarcely in his life had two hours stretched themselves to such an interminable length. He could, with difficulty, fix his mind on its appropriate business. An undefined feeling of self-reproach and apprehension haunted him. "But," thought he, "she will fly to my arms the moment I enter the house, and then I will assure her that all is forgotten."

Long as the time seemed, slowly as it dragged itself along, he would not go to his house until the usual hour; to have done otherwise, would have been too great a sacrifice of his dignity; but when the bell chimed the signal for him to leave his office, with rapid steps he hastened homeward. The tea-table was spread when he entered the eating-room, but Helen was not there. Very shortly, however, she appeared, and with only a calm word of courtesy—for Helen had always been courteous, even to her husband—seated herself at the table. Mr. Howard likewise took his seat, but mechanically; for, to partake of the evening meal was a matter that had not entered his mind. His eyes glanced at Helen's face from time to time, to discover, if possible, what this new manner meant. That face he had hitherto been able to read as easily as the printed page; but now, he was completely at fault. Could he have discovered any indications of suppressed feeling,—the slightest quivering of the lip; could he have discovered any mark of anger in any feature, he would have felt relieved;—or could he have perceived any tremor or huskiness in the voice, it would have quieted, in some degree, his feelings: but all these signs of emotion were wanting. She looked, indeed, very serious, but neither displeased nor sorrowful; and her voice, though somewhat lower than usual, was perfectly clear, and mild, and distinct, as she performed the usual services of the tea-table, or

briefly answered any trifling question he proposed to her. Mr. Howard rather lingered at table, though he knew neither what he ate or drank; but as Helen remained as unaltered as a marble statue, he at length rose abruptly and retired. His feelings were compounded of wonder, anxiety, apprehension,—and a kind of displeasure, of which it had been difficult to decide whether himself or Helen were the object.

The next day, and the next, and the next were still the same, and Mr. Howard's anxiety began to settle into a feeling of vexation and irritability. "She may remain stubborn as long as she pleases," thought he. "It is not the husband's place to be in subserviency to the wife;—and if she think in this way, to soften my feelings, or undermine my authority, she will find her mistake. If she wish the harmony of other days restored, she must yield." For the several preceding days, Mr. Howard's feelings had been so harassed, that he thought not of finding fault of anything; but now he was not sorry when an occasion of censure occurred. Perhaps it would effect that which he so ardently desired should be accomplished, without the slightest descent from dignity on his part. In the usual manner, he expressed his disapprobation. Helen calmly replied, "she was very sorry, and would be careful that the same error should not be again committed." Mr. Howard was thunderstruck by her calm indifference. He would much rather have seen a tempest of feeling, violent in proportion to the unnatural tranquillity that had so long reigned. Dignity and anxiety had a sharp, but momentary conflict; and the latter so far gained the victory as to lead him to say—

"You have not appeared as usual for some days past, Helen,—are you unwell?"

"I am perfectly well—thank you," she replied,—with the same unmoved tone and manner as before—and scarcely raising her eyes from the work in which she was engaged.

"At least," proceeded Mr. Howard, with suppressed emotion, "you are not as cheerful as I like to see you."

Helen continued to ply her needle with all diligence, and remained silent.

Mr. Howard watched her for some time with deep solicitude, and then silently left the parlor.

A few more days spent just like the preceding one, led Mr. Howard to resolve on leaving home for a week or two. Hitherto his unavoidable journeys had been seasons of great trial to Helen. As soon as he would be gone, the days and hours were literally counted, until his return might be expected; but now, she heard him propose to leave home for a number of days, with as much tranquillity as if he had only proposed to take an airing. With her usual care and promptitude, she saw that everything was properly prepared for his journey,—but there were no tears—no entreaties that

he would use all possible despatch—no parting kiss which assured him that her whole heart and soul went with him. He departed—and in four days was at home again. He was on the rack during the whole period of his absence. Indeed his feelings were such, that when he arrived at his own house, he was really indisposed. Helen met him with all due courtesy; expressed her satisfaction that he had returned without accident; and regretted his impaired health just as she would have done, had it been a common acquaintance under similar circumstances. She neglected no duty, however, but nursed him with untiring assiduity; though with no more tenderness than her benevolence would have led her to manifest to a sick stranger.

"How much longer is this to last, Helen?" said Mr. Howard one day, after she had stood for some time silently bathing his temples, but carefully averting her eyes from his. He clasped her hand in his as he spoke. Without a word in reply, she disengaged her hand, and calmly walked to a closet to replace the vial, the contents of which she had been using.

Mr. Howard closed his eyes, and leaned his head on the back of his chair, with a suppressed sigh. He neither knew what to do, nor what to think. The person who moved about him, who conversed with him, and attended so carefully to all his wants, seemed entirely another being than his own Helen. Formerly she had been just like an affectionate, confiding, dependant child; every joy, and every sorrow was poured into his ear; her whole soul was laid bare before him. At once she had become the dignified, reserved, self-possessed woman. She said nothing either of what pleased, or what troubled her. She expressed neither hopes, nor fears, nor wishes. She conversed on any topic he introduced, with freedom, if themselves were out of the question,—but here she remained impenetrably silent. Her *mind* seemed open to his inspection; her *heart* was hermetically sealed. Week followed week, and month lagged after month, without producing any change; but one did not render the new state of things any more tolerable to Mr. Howard. His conscience told him the work was all his own. His happiness was destroyed,—for though to the world, his pride of character made him appear much the same as ever, he was in truth wretched. And he thought that Helen must be wretched too; for although she uttered no word of complaint—expressed neither regret nor sorrow—he knew that it must have been a stunning blow which could have produced so perfect a transformation.

But was Helen's happiness destroyed? It were as rational to ask whether the earth would be light and cheerful, if the sun were blotted from the heavens! Love is the sun of the moral universe; it is the sun of every society; and with concentrated

beams, it is the sun of domestic life. Without it, all is dark, and cold, and cheerless. Intellect may flash, and blaze, and dazzle,—but if the heart remain unmoved, it is like the Aurora Borealis of the frigid zone, illuminating desolation only. Helen's heart, so far as her husband was concerned, was left blank. Frequently, and with all her power, did she strive to recall her former feelings toward him. She knew it was her *duty* to love him; her conscience condemned her for her apathy; again and again would she enumerate the excellencies of his character, and call back the tenderness of former years,—but her efforts were as useless as if she had striven to soften adamant with tears. The words, "he is selfish, arbitrary, and implacable," seemed stereotyped on her very soul, and were first and last to present themselves, whenever she thought on the subject.

In proportion as Helen's affections ceased to dictate her actions toward Mr. Howard, was her mind active in studying duty. She was too well-principled; had too much self-respect,—and too great a regard to the proprieties of life, to do aught unbecoming her relative position; or to leave undone that which could reasonably be demanded of her. Her husband's welfare and respectability, she endeavored to promote to the utmost of her power;—and his *happiness*, so far as it could be done with her present feelings; but this could not be done by expressing tenderness and affection which she did not feel; it was contrary to her very nature.

Helen had no *confidante*. Could she not disclose her heart to him to whom she was bound by the nearest of all ties, she would disclose it to none other. Perhaps, had her mother been living, the maternal bosom might have been the receptacle of her trials; but as death had removed this sympathizing friend, no other should be a substitute. Not even before her two oldest children, did she ever utter a word that would betray her secret uneasiness; but bitter were the complaints that she murmured in the unheeding ear of her youngest boy, as she pressed him to her heart; and scalding the tears she shed upon his head, called forth by her blasted hopes. Except for her children's sake, life had no charms for her. To a *benumbed* heart, what can be either attractive or interesting!—yet Helen dearly loved her children, and on their account, life was valuable. The human heart that has anything to love, and that is loved in return, cannot be utterly and remedilessly desolate and wretched.

Had Mr. Howard been what he had now become, one short year before, he had been among the happiest of husbands, and Helen the most beloved of wives. Never, since the first week of their union, had he been so attentive—so studious to please her; and never, at any period, so ingenious in devising means to touch her heart,—not even in the

days of his youth. His fault-finding, too, was nearly or quite gone, for when with Helen he was too much engrossed by other cares, to allow of his noticing things of trifling moment. But, alas for himself—also for her too, the change came too late! it was "like pardon after execution."

Had Helen's deportment been different from what it was, her husband's heart might have been alienated from her. Had she sought pleasure or sympathy abroad; had she been fretful or negligent at home, he would gradually have ceased to respect, and then to love her; but in truth, till now, he had never known of what she was capable. Formerly he had looked upon her as a *child* that needed a guide—a *master*;—a lovely, endearing child, it is true,—but a child still. He now saw her a high-souled, efficient woman, equal to the discharge of the duties of her station, without the support of any one; and,—that which was far higher proof of elevation and strength of character,—equal to bearing her own sorrows without the aid of sympathy. In truth, the heart of his wife had never appeared to him so great a treasure—a thing of such inestimable value, as now that he had lost it: never before had he been so much in love!

Meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Howard were the envy or the admiration of the little world in which they moved. They were pointed at as the best matched pair that could be found!—every way suited to improve, and make each other happy! Even Mr. Atwood, high as his expectations had been raised, was astonished at the dignity and strength of character, his daughter had acquired under Mr. Howard's influence; and equally so at the softening effect of Helen's influence over him. He often sighed with regret, that his wife could not have lived to see the *happy* couple, that they now were! How delusive are appearances!

It was many months after the wreck of his domestic happiness, that Mr. Howard was nominated for a member of congress. He asked Helen's opinion on the subject, and it met her warm approbation.

"I believe you to be a patriot, in the best sense of the term," said she,—*"and should you be elected, you may do your country much good. I know that you are above being influenced by narrow and selfish party views, and your principles and talents must command respect, and exert a beneficial influence. I hope you will prove the successful candidate."*

Flattering as this answer was to Mr. Howard's vanity as a man, it wrung his heart as a husband. Some two or three years before, his name had been mentioned as a candidate for the state legislature, and it filled Helen with alarm. She entreated him not to engage in public business.

"Only think," said she, as she seated herself on his knee,—*"only think how many long weeks you*

may be from home! How could I live so long without seeing you!—and so many tedious miles between us! O, I should pine to a skeleton in your absence!”

Such *had been* her feelings,—but now, though the distance between them must be doubled, and doubled again, should he be called to Washington, and though his absence must be for months instead of weeks, the thought caused not the slightest agitation!—gave rise to not even a sigh!

In a softened voice, Mr. Howard said—“but how, my dear Helen, would you get along during my absence, should I be called away? Your cares must necessarily be greatly multiplied.”

“The same good providence,” she replied, “that has hitherto guarded me, will do so, I trust, to the end of my days. I feel no apprehension.”

Mr. Howard’s disquietude was in exact proportion to Helen’s self-possession; but he could not endure to have it discovered—and he arose and left the room. Probably the pride of most men revolts from the expression of deep emotion: particularly when they are conscious that they have been in the wrong, and will not truly and thoroughly humble themselves to make the wrong right. Much as Mr. Howard had done, this was the very thing he had left undone. He could be very kind—very attentive,—but he could not stoop to say—“I have been to blame; pray pardon me.”

The election came on, and Mr. Howard *was* the successful candidate. He could not but be gratified by the honor thus conferred on him; yet the idea of leaving his wife, while her feelings were in their present state, caused him unutterable anxiety. He conjectured, too, that her health was less firm than formerly, though she made no complaint; indeed she would acknowledge no indisposition, even when he solicitously made inquiries on the subject.

Some time intervened between his election, and the period when he was to take his seat in the national legislature; but it hastened away, and the hour for his departure for Washington, was rapidly approaching. His apprehensions for Helen’s health increased, as the time for him to leave her, drew near. He had some cause for alarm. Her two brothers and a sister had fallen victims to consumption at a much earlier age than that at which she had arrived; and her mother had been taken away by the same unrelenting destroyer. Mr. Howard’s anxiety became so great, that a week or two before he started on his journey, he requested Dr. Miller, the family physician to call as if by accident, and ascertain, if possible, whether Helen was really diseased,—or whether his fears were only the offspring of a distempered imagination.

The doctor did as he was requested to do. He called on Mrs. Howard, to see, as he said, how she was likely to bear so long a separation. After chatting with her for an hour on the common topics

of the day, he made some *leading* remark concerning her health. She confessed, that as the cold weather came on, she felt some diminution of strength, and occasional pains in the chest; “but nothing,” she added, “to interfere with my avocations, or to affect my spirits.” With the freedom of an old friend, and family practitioner, the doctor took her hand, and found it hot and dry; he felt her pulse, and they were considerably accelerated. He, however, made no comment, and without any apparent uneasiness, remarked—

“Perhaps it is well Mr. Howard goes to Washington this winter. Such a *pattern* wife as you are will of course be very domestic during his absence; and I doubt whether much exposure to our cold northern air would do you any good.”

To Mr. Howard the doctor made a report as favorable as his conscience would permit: but he confessed that Helen’s symptoms were not just such as he could wish. Mr. Howard’s look of deep distress led him to add—“but I hope much from her firmness of mind, and equanimity of spirits. And after all, I should probably think very lightly of her complaints, were not consumption the disease of her family.”

The morning of his departure found the feelings of Mr. Howard all in a tumult. Vain had been his endeavors to detect in Helen, the slightest symptom of regret at their separation. She appeared only the noble and patriotic woman, thinking of her country’s good; the lofty and independent-minded wife, enjoying her husband’s honors, but not leaning on him for support.

At the breakfast table, the feelings of Mr. Howard nearly overpowered him. To eat was impossible, and it was with difficulty he swallowed a cup of coffee.

“I shall write to you very—*very* often, Helen,” said he abruptly. “You will not let *all* my letters remain unanswered?”

“Certainly not,” Helen replied; “I can readily understand how anxious you will feel about the children.”

Mr. Howard bit his lip to prevent a different expression of feeling—and after a silence of some length said—

“Will you promise me to take the best possible care of your own health?”

“Surely there is little need of exacting such a promise from a mother,” answered Helen. “I feel that my life is of some value to my little ones,—and of course consider it a *duty* to do all I can to preserve it.”

By thus referring to the children, both as the exclusive objects of his interest, and her own, Helen completely closed the lips of her husband, when he would have expressed tenderness to herself. Her dignity and reserve seemed to form a kind of magic circle around her, over which he found it impossible to pass. The kindness of her actions, and the

unvarying coldness of her manner; her fondness in expressing her opinions, and her concealment of her feelings, kept Mr. Howard in a constant state of wonder and excitement; and gave rise to such conflicting emotions, and such contradictory thoughts, that one could not obtain utterance, ere its opposite had driven it away.

"Having the children with you," said Mr. Howard, while yet at the breakfast table—"you will feel less solitary than myself, separated from all I hold dear."

"You will not, and must not feel solitary," said Helen. "You must give your mind to your country, and in discharging your duties as a patriot and statesman, you will find enough to engross your heart. And beside, who can talk of solitude in the midst of Washington society!"

"The mind is its own place," said Mr. Howard,—"and one may feel as solitary in a crowd as in a desert."

Both husband and wife now remained silent; and in a short time they were aroused by the horn of the stage-coach sounding before the door. The table was deserted in an instant, and after showing the stage-waiter his baggage, Mr. Howard returned to the parlor, and closed the door.

"The bitter moment has at length come," said he. "We must part! O, Helen,—in pity say that we part friends!"

"Friends!" reiterated Helen—in a voice as cheerful as she now ever spoke in—for the light, glad tone of earlier days had vanished away together with the "wreathed smiles" that had accompanied it—"Friends!—assuredly we do!—and most sincerely do I wish you such success, as will leave you nothing to ask."

There are moments in our lives, when the most bitter wailings of grief, would be sweeter to the ear, than the gladdest strains of music, and thus it was in the present instance with Mr. Howard. Helen's undisguised indifference, even at the moment of parting, wrung every fibre of his heart. With a look of intense feeling he turned to the children, and pressing them to his bosom, murmured a few fond farewell words to each. As he replaced the youngest on the carpet, Helen presented her hand. He took it without uttering a syllable, pressed it firmly, and then darting from the house, seated himself in the coach, which the next moment rolled away.

It was toward the latter part of November when Mr. Howard left home, and for a number of weeks there was no very marked change in Helen's health. She was really happier than she had been for many, many long months,—for now she had to perform no heartless duties; she had to pay no heartless attentions. A burden was removed from her mind. She was a very tender mother; and during her husband's absence, she resolved to forego society as much as possible, and devote herself to the comfort

and education of her children, and to the cultivation of her own mind. She received three or four letters a week from Mr. Howard. They were full of interest, as he detailed all that he saw or heard, which could either entertain or instruct her. There was, too, a peculiar kind of tenderness about them. Whenever his own feelings were the subject, he wrote like a timid lover, as if in doubt whether what he said would aid or injure his suit. In each letter he urged her to tell him every thing concerning herself and the children,—as the most trifling incidents,—even the prattle of the little one, was full of interest to him.

Helen wrote often to Mr. Howard, and kept him well-informed as to all that was in progress amongst their friends and acquaintances; she told him all there was communicable about the children,—their health, their improvement, their fond and untiring questions about their father, and their impatience for his return; but of herself she said nothing, except to answer his direct inquiries for her health,—and this she did in the most indefinite manner possible. "She was as well as usual;" "her health was much the same,"—or, "there was no essential change"—was the whole amount of the matter. She was truly ingenious in contriving to close her letters with due courtesy, and yet without any of that tenderness of expression which always precedes the signature of a wife, when writing to the husband she loves. In receiving and writing letters; in attending to her children, and in reading; in the occasional calls of her circle of friends,—and in the frequent visits of her father and Dr. Miller, Helen's time passed away without weariness or discontent.

But though scarcely aware of it herself, Helen was much altered. Her strength had so gradually declined, that she was hardly sensible of its diminution; her flesh had wasted by such slow degrees that she scarcely perceived it; and like all persons laboring under the same disease, she flattered herself that each day she was a little better than the last. Her friends laughed at her for pining on account of Mr. Howard's absence, and her father almost chid her on the same ground; but Dr. Miller looked on with deep solicitude and anxiety. Still, his hopes were at least as strong as his fears, until the beginning of February. At that period, Helen one day took a drive with the children, when the air was very humid from the dissolving snow, and she took a severe cold. Its fatal effects were soon obvious. She was at once confined to her room. Still Helen herself was not alarmed, but calculated to be out again in a few days. It devolved on Dr. Miller to give the alarm to her father. He pronounced her to be in a hectic: and the father betrayed to his daughter the Doctor's opinion. At first it was a stunning blow to her; then she thought the Doctor unnecessarily alarmed; but the remembrance of her mother, her brothers, and her sister,

rushed upon her mind,—she looked fairly at her own symptoms, and felt that her doom was sealed.

The confusion, the rush of thought and feeling, incident to the first shock, soon passed away, and Helen calmly set herself to examine her present position,—and, as the Scripture expresses it, “set her house in order,” preparatory to the last great change. The first thing was to review her past life. Looking back from among the shadows of death which now surrounded her, how bright and cheerful appeared her youth, in the bosom of her father’s family! how sunny and joyful the first years of her married life! how dark the clouds that had more recently overshadowed her! For this last, who was to blame! Her natural freedom from a self-justifying spirit, together with the fearful thought, that she was soon to appear before her final judge, disposed her to condemn herself. Still justice asserted her right; and Helen was conscious that to please her husband, and render him happy, had been the first object of her heart. Yet, notwithstanding this, she was willing to believe, that she had often given him just cause for displeasure. With intense anxiety she reviewed the last year-and-a-half, and asked herself, what she had done for his happiness, while her affection for him had been dormant. She could find no special neglect of duty of which to accuse herself,—yet the remembrance of duties heartlessly performed give little satisfaction,—and to Helen the whole seemed a dark, and troubled, and guilty dream. Now that she was *awaking*, it left a most gloomy and painful impression on the mind.

And while she had, in this unfeeling manner, been discharging her conjugal duties, what had been Mr. Howard’s deportment toward her? The prospect of her own approaching dissolution, produced on Helen’s mind much the same effect that the death of her husband would have done. His increasing gentleness, his tenderness, his delicacy and forbearance,—which had hitherto remained entirely unfelt and unnoticed, came thronging on her memory,—and at once, the beloved of her youth, the idol of her early wedded life, was restored to her in all his perfection! Her heart swelled, and gushed forth in love, in gratitude, and in penitence. His recent letters were all brought forth, and re-perused; and all those expressions of love and tenderness, that had before fallen as on a rock, caused her heart to thrill with emotion. “Ah,” thought she, “how constant has that heart been to me, in spite of all my coldness, my heartless indifference, and sometimes, I fear, my diadain!”

For the first time since Mr. Howard’s departure from home, did Helen feel a pang on account of his absence, but now she felt her loneliness as in former days. How was she to endure the remainder of the tedious session of Congress! Alas, would she still be an inhabitant of earth, when it *should have come to a close!*—But notwithstand-

ing this re-awakened regret on account of her husband’s absence,—and the awful solemnity of her situation, how sweet did she find it again to love—love with tenderness and ardor!—and with fervent gratitude did she raise her eyes and thoughts to Heaven, that her heart was aroused from its lethargy.

Helen’s next letter to Mr. Howard was very different from those which had preceded it. She did not, indeed, express in direct terms her newfound love; but its spirit breathed in every line. Toward the close she mentioned having taken a severe cold, and gave some intimation of Dr. Miller’s opinion as to the result. She subscribed herself—“your own truly grateful and affectionate Helen.” This was the last letter she ever sent him, though not the last she wrote.

Joy and grief contended for the mastery in the heart of Mr. Howard as he read this epistle: joy—exquisite and unutterable that the affections of his wife were restored to him,—for he knew her too well to have the shadow of a doubt respecting her sincerity,—and grief and alarm the most harrowing with regard to her health. He had stronger proof of her indisposition and debility than any expressions made use of in the letter. The tremulousness of the hand that had written it, was but too obvious. It was entirely different from Helen’s neat and beautiful hand-writing, when in usual health. On the instant he wrote to Dr. Miller, to learn the worst he had to fear. Ten tedious days must pass before he could hope to receive an answer; for at that time the mails were conveyed in lumbering stage-coaches, and to a heart racked by anxiety, they seemed to travel at a snail’s pace.

When Dr. Miller’s letter arrived, it more than confirmed Mr. Howard’s worst apprehensions. The doctor had actually begun to write, before he received his friend’s letter. It told him, that Helen was undoubtedly in a confirmed hectic,—and that her life could not be protracted to many weeks;—and further, that if Mr. Howard wished to meet her certain of seeing her again, he had best not wait for the close of the session. It was a kind and sympathizing, but perfectly honest letter.

Mr. Howard’s resolution was at once taken. He asked and obtained leave of absence from Congress; and after the unavoidable intervention of one day from the receipt of the Doctor’s letter, he commenced his homeward journey. Ample time had he to reproach himself, and every body else, while seated in a coach, the horses attached to which seemed to him to be all the time in a listlessly walk. “Why had he trusted to Helen’s account of her own health? Why had he been so inexcusably negligent as not sooner to have written to Dr. Miller? Why did the doctor wait till the last possible moment before writing to him? Why had not Mr. Atwood informed him of his daughter’s danger?” These, together with other thoughts, filled

more bitter and grievous, were continually revolving in his mind.

With regard to Mr. Atwood and Dr. Miller, the fact was, that they both knew the frequency of Helen's letters to Mr. Howard, and had no idea of the degree of ignorance under which he labored, else they would certainly have given him the truth.

Slow as Mr. Howard's progress was, compared with present rate of locomotion, he at length reached the place of his residence in safety. He occupied the back seat of the mail coach, and as it drove up to the post-office, he involuntarily drew himself back, dreading to read fatal news in the countenance of any acquaintance, who might, perchance, get a view of him. From his partial concealment he glanced around, and, among others, saw Dr. Miller at a few rods distance, coming toward the carriage. In his eagerness to read the doctor's face, he leaned a little forward, and their eyes met.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the doctor, as he sprang to the side of the coach,—*"thank Heaven, you have come!"*

Mr. Howard actually gasped for breath, and could with difficulty command voice to say—"then I am not too late?"

"No—no," said the doctor, "she yet lives;" and the coachman at that instant drawing up the reins, Dr. Miller took the seat at his side, and was driven to Mr. Howard's.

"Tell me," said Mr. Howard, as he alighted at his own door, and grasped his friend's hand—"what have I to hope? what have I to fear?"

The doctor shook his head. "The fever has made dreadful havoc with her strength," said he. "Within the last week she has sunk rapidly. I sometimes feared that all would be over before you could reach us."

"Will she know me?" asked Mr. Howard.

"O, yes,—but she will hardly be able to speak to you. Since yesterday, she has spoken one word only at a time, and that in a whisper. But I must hasten to prepare her to meet you. I have sometimes thought that the hope of seeing you, has helped to keep her alive."

The doctor left the room, and Mr. Howard walked the floor, with sensations which the feeling heart may conceive, but which no one should attempt to describe. It seemed an age before Dr. Miller returned, but he came at length, and taking his friend's arm within his, to lead him to the chamber, said—

"Now compose yourself, my dear sir. Remember that Mrs. Howard is not in a situation to bear strong excitement."

Mr. Howard spoke not; but the doctor felt his whole frame tremble as he leaned on his arm. Helen's eyes were fastened on the door as it opened. They sparkled like diamonds, and her cheeks were like the rose. To the inexperienced eye, she

might have appeared the picture of health, as she was of beauty. She made an effort to raise herself, but in vain; and by a forcible grasp of his arm, the doctor constrained Mr. Howard to walk across the floor, instead of springing toward her. When he had led him quietly to the bed-side, and had seen his wife's hands clasped in his, he left them.

What a world of joy and grief can the human heart endure at the same moment of time! How sweet, yet how agonizing was this meeting! How did Helen drink in the words of love and tenderness that her husband murmured in her ear!—how soothing were the kisses he imprinted on her fevered brow!—and how precious to *him* were the single words of whispered love, that fell from her quivering lips!—aye—a treasure to be the solace of years!

Beyond expectation, Helen lingered a week after Mr. Howard's return; and he scarcely left her by day, or by night. For some time the children had been at Mr. Atwood's, as the sight of them seemed too exciting in their mother's sinking state; but once, after their father's return, they were brought home, to give, and to take, the last, fond, parting kiss. As the youngest child was taken from her, Helen looked at the father,—looked at the little ones, and then raised her tearful eyes to heaven. Words would have been useless, had she been able to utter them. Her face expressed far more than language could have done, and its meaning was engraven on her husband's soul. Two days after parting with her children, Helen breathed out her spirit, while her head reclined on the bosom of her husband, as peacefully and gently as an infant falls asleep in its mother's arms.

* * * * *

In the solitude—the utter desolation that follows the last sad offices to a departed friend, nothing is so natural as to examine every relic they have left behind. Particularly do we love to touch, and look at those things, which have not been removed from the position in which the last one placed them. Above, and beyond all, is the value attached to any memoranda,—any diary, in which the thoughts and feelings of the departed have been last recorded.

One of Mr. Howard's first occupations, when left to himself, after the interment of his wife, was to examine the contents of her secretary and writing-desk, the keys to which had been last turned by her own hand. He suffered not a scrap of paper that bore the mark of her pen, to pass unread. He found much that was interesting;—much that was calculated to exalt his wife in his opinion, in respect to the qualities both of her head and her heart. In searching the desk, he found in its most secret compartment, a large packet, carefully enveloped in white paper, and tied with a ribbon. This he laid aside until he had examined all the loose, and apparently less important papers. This

done, he took the chair which Helen used to occupy, and placing it at her table, he proceeded to open the packet. It contained all the letters he had written to his wife before their marriage; one, written by herself, to each of her children, to be handed to them at a future day,—and last of all, one to himself. This he opened with trembling eagerness, and a throbbing heart. It was dated a few days later than the last he received from her while in Washington; but it was written at intervals, and with evident effort. The writing testified how weak and tremulous was the hand that guided the pen. It was as follows:—

My dear, dear Husband,—

The days of your own Helen are numbered, and almost finished. Yesterday I solemnly adjured Dr. Miller to tell me the worst of my case; and he says that a few weeks must finish my earthly course. And must we part!—forever,—and so soon!—The very morning of my life is scarcely past,—and yet I am summoned away! How shall I bear to leave my husband, and my children!

For many long months past, my heart has seemed as if congealed in my bosom,—and in looking back, all seems like a troubled dream. Have I been in a kind of sleep? Thank Heaven, I am now awake!—and my heart beats with fervent love and gratitude, though so soon to cease beating forever!

My dear husband, you were my idol. I lived only for you and myself. Happy—O, *how* happy in your love. I forgot the hand that “loaded me with benefits,”—that showered blessings in such profusion upon me! I needed all the chastisement I have received, to arouse me from my forgetfulness and ingratitude. But O, what cause for humiliation, sorrow, and regret,—that until my heart-strings were breaking, I should never think of consecrating myself to him, who has done so much for me! Dearest husband, avoid my example as you would avoid the pangs of remorse,—and perhaps, final destruction.

I have been a source of great unhappiness to you, my dear husband, ever since we were united. Had you found a wife free from such defects as I unfortunately had, how happy had you been! My only consolation is, that it was my sincere and constant wish to please you, however far I came short of it. O, forgive me, for every pang I ever cost you,—and think of me with kindness and lenity, when my many imperfections can trouble you no more!

Dr. Miller came in, and caught me in the act of writing,—and he peremptorily forbids it. But how can I entirely refrain! Perhaps I may never speak to you again,—and I think it will be a consolation to you to receive a letter as from the grave of her you have loved so faithfully. At least, it

is a comfort to me to write, and tell you again and again, of the love and gratitude that swell my heart. I think of you, and pray for you, and the dear children all the time.

“I know I need not enjoin it on you, my dearest husband, to be kind to my father; and to consider him, during life, as a parent. It is very touching to see him now. He retains his wonted self-command, but looks heart-broken at the prospect of losing his last remaining child. O, strive to console him, in his utter loneliness! May he be sustained by Almighty strength. Ah, how unworthy am I of all this love and regret!—

Permit me to request, dearest, that you will *praise* the children when they do well. The human heart needs commendation for its encouragement in the path of rectitude; and we have the example of our blessed Saviour, and his inspired apostles, to warrant its usefulness and propriety. May I further request, that you leave them not too much to the care and instruction of others. No one, like yourself, can train them up to virtue and piety.

To-day I have been thinking of our parting in November. It came fresh to my memory, as an unheeded sound will return on the ear. The remembrance of your look of anguish, when about leaving us, wrings my heart with sorrow and regret. How could I be so unfeeling then!—Forgive me, O, forgive me, dearest husband!—

“The shadows lengthen as my sun declines.”

My heart, at times, sinks in my bosom like lead. When the paroxysms of fever pass away, a most distressing lassitude follows. O, that you were with me! O, that I might be permitted to breathe my last breath on your kind and affectionate bosom! But if it is otherwise ordered, thy will, O Father, be done!

Dear husband, we shall meet again! Beyond the grave all looks bright and glorious. *Here*, the shadow of death rests upon every thing. However good, however beautiful, however precious any thing may be, that fearful shade is by, to blast and destroy. But *there* is life!—life in unfading vigor, and bloom, and purity!—You must—yes, you may be made “meet to partake of the inheritance of the saints in light,” and then in what blessedness shall we meet to part no more—forever!—Precious, cheering, sustaining thought!

My fluttering heart, my trembling hand, and the irregular characters that I trace, admonish me that what I do, must be done quickly. Once more, dearest husband, permit me to express to you, the deep, the ardent the fathomless love I bear you. O, that I could yet once again gaze on your face

with a long—long look of love and gratitude!—O, that I could hear you pronounce my full forgiveness.

Were it not for parting with you, the dear child, and my father, I should feel no shrinking from death. O, supply a mother's place to those helpless ones. To you I commend them. To God I commend both them and you.

The letter ended thus abruptly. No doubt Helen hoped to write more, but her strength failed. Had the heart of Mr. Howard been capable of deeper love and regret, or more bitter self-upbraiding, than it already knew, this effusion from that warm, affectionate, and childlike heart, now cold and silent in the grave, would have produced it. Repeatedly he laid it aside, as more than he could bear; but would seize it again with as much eagerness, as if its contents would rend the cloud of darkness in which he was enveloped,—or restore to him his lost treasure.

The life of a mourner would be short indeed, did he always feel as during the first months of bereavement, but our infinitely wise and benevolent Creator has so constituted us, that the bitterness of grief will pass away. As time rolled on, the agony of Mr. Howard's sorrow subsided,—but he was always a mourner. Helen was enshrined in his heart, and there was no room for a new love. In vain were attractions displayed to the still young and elegant widower; he saw them not. In vain was deep sympathy expressed for the motherless condition of his children; he understood not its purport. And when, two or three years after Helen's death, Mr. Atwood himself inquired, 'if his happiness would not be promoted by marrying again,' he ended the subject for ever by saying—

"Never mention it, my dear sir." "Helen was too gentle, too good, too lovely for me!—too gentle, too good, too lovely for earth! I never deserved such a treasure: but having possessed her, could I ever hope to love another?"

"Beside," pursued he, mentally, "I could never treat another so barbarously as I did her; and should I treat a successor more tenderly, would not those gentle eyes ever be looking on me, in their sorrow, that it was not thus with her? No Helen—cruel and unfeeling as I was, I loved thee—and I will love thee—these alone—till we meet in Heaven!"

To Mr. Atwood, Mr. Howard was ever the tenderest and most sympathizing of sons; to his children the most devoted of fathers. The latter grew up under his government, his instruction, and his example, all he could wish: and among the many lessons he taught them, he failed not to enforce the truth—that no correctness of principle, no rectitude of conduct, can supply the place of kindness, gentleness, and urbanity of manner. That in all our intercourse with our fellow-creatures;—in all the relations of life, we must make it manifest, that

it is as painful to reprove, as to be reprovèd; and that it affords as much pleasure to commend, as to be commended. That if we would be truly good, and live to make others happy, we must look with lenity on *their* defects,—and with severity, and an unforgiving spirit, only on *our own*.

Notices of New Works.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA, with an *Historical Introduction*. By Rufus W. Griswold. (1 vol. royal 8 vo. pp. 492.) Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

A good History of Poetry is among the needed books which yet remain unwritten. There are fragments and snatches of it to be picked up here and there—from this old essay, and that fresh review; from Goethe and the Germans, from 'Christopher North' and the best prose poets; from Curlye and the transcendentalists; perhaps (we say it doubtingly) a page or two from Gifford, Jeffrey, Macaulay and the harsh-natured giants of the quarterlies; yet doubtless more than all beside from the scattered remains of the Poets themselves. Poetry is not merely the oldest form of literature; it is the earliest mode of human utterance. The language of a primitive nation is full of it; the speech of an unhackneyed, unperverted child, glows and flashes with it. It would surprise an unthinking worldly mind, to note how easily, and with what slight transition, the discourse of a guileless, erect nature glides into, and assures the Poetic. And thus all cherished tradition, all sacred record, is pervaded by the spirit of Poetry. The inspired chronicler, knowing nothing of the rules of art, thinking of nothing but to state facts plainly and forcibly, narrates the birth and wooing of Isaac, the rivalries of Jacob and Esau, the fortunes of Joseph and his brethren, the story of Ruth, in a spirit of simple truthfulness, which modern culture can hardly hope to rival in force and effect. The Psalms of David, the Book of Job may well challenge imitation, even in vigor of expression; the prayer of Moses, the man of God, is an unapproachable model; and human language has not yet celebrated the glory and gladness of creation in fitter strain than that sublime Hebrew stanza—"when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." We adduce these as poems purely, and as illustrating the nature and universality of the poetic element.

The birth of a nation or people is uniformly signalized by a remarkable manifestation of this element—why, then, had America no poets, through the earlier period of her history? The answer is simple and ready: America had no proper nationality, no distinct existence, down to her Revolutionary era. Our forefathers were Englishmen sent out into a vast forest to fell timber and let in the rays of the sun; when they had any time to spare from their arduous toil, their thoughts reverted instinctively to their fatherland; they hung delighted over the pages of Shakespeare and Milton and Pope; these were *their* poets; the idea of an independent literature could only find a place in minds by which that of an independent nationality had first been welcomed. Accordingly, our author has comprised all our colonial verse he deems worth preserving in an instructive and entertaining Historical Introduction of some twelve pages only, wherein, after giving the first material effusion composed by a colonist, (Plymouth, A. D. 1623) he gives specimens of the verse of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, John Cotton, Urian Oakes, Peter Folger, Benjamin Thomson, Cotton Mather, Roger Walcott, Michael Wigglesworth,

three last named. His effusions were mainly called forth by the events and the feelings of our revolutionary era, and their point has in a good measure been blunted by the rust of time. Still, many of his more contemplative productions are respectable; 'The Dying Indian' perhaps as good as any. JOHN TRUMBULL, the well-known author of 'McFingal,' born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1750, and who died in Detroit, Michigan, in 1831, aged 81, stands next. His 'Ode to Sleep,' with passages from his 'Progress of Dulness' and 'McFingal,' and a version of Psalm CXXXVII, are given as specimens of his poetic achievements. Dr. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, born at Northampton, Mass., in 1752, and who died at New-Haven, Conn., in 1817, aged 65, is third in order. His 'Conquest of Canaan,' an epic in eleven books, was published in 1785, and attained considerable celebrity. His writings are voluminous, but consist mainly of theological prose; and his life was, in great part, devoted to personal instruction, first as principal of a seminary, and then as president of Yale College. Seven pages of extracts from his poetical writings, are given by Mr. Griswold. They evince energy and strength, and are correctly written, but not of special excellence as poems. Among them is 'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,' which once enjoyed a considerable, though not lofty, popularity. Col. DAVID HUMPHREYS, born in Derby, Conn., in 1753, and who died in New Haven in 1818, aged 65, and JOEL BARLOW, born in Reading, Conn., in 1755, who died in Poland, in 1812, while hastening to a conference with Napoleon, as our ambassador, complete the list of revolutionary bards—four of the five having been born within a few miles of each other, and afterward fellow students at Yale College. A few pages devoted to RICHARD ALSOP, ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD, WILLIAM CLIFFTON and ROBERT TRENT PAINE, bring us down to the bards of our own time, of whom WASHINGTON ALLSTON is the eldest: to his life a page is devoted; to his poems six. Hence the stream of American Poetry flows broad and bright before us.

The reader will not understand that the work before us is made up of briefer poems only. Among its selections are the 'Haaty Pudding' of Barlow, 'The Buccancer' by Dana, 'Curiosity,' by Sprague, 'Thanatopsis,' by Bryant,

Benjamin, W. G. Clark, Street, Burleigh, and must have been sought through an infinity of newspapers, if sought successfully, before the appearance of this volume. There thus existed an anxiety that the latter class should be more largely in proportion to their intrinsic worth, than if it had been alike attainable or unattainable. We leave some of the judgments of the editor, but we approve the principles by which he has been governed.

The biographical notices which preface the writings of each poet, form a most valuable addition to this work. We speak not of their length, though that is not inconsiderable, but of their selection of facts and materials for future use. No previous work could one-tenth of the information collected be obtained—not one-fourth of it! In putting these works together. The mass of American literature, know very little of the characters or lives of the little they have gleaned or guessed from Mr. Griswold has taken unwearied pains to compare all attainable facts of interest in this department. His efforts have been generally successful. It is alone, aside from the fact that it is an incomparable collection of American Poetry extant, his book occupies a high place in the literature of our country.

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AN EXPOSITION of the Unjust and Injurious Policy of the United States Medical Corps. By a member of the Corps. Printed and published by John Murphy; 184

This pamphlet lets us into the secrets of the prison-house on board ship—and shows that the Surgeon in a man-of-war, serves a worse than the slave in bondage—being required "to make bricks without straw"—(See page 8.) The children of Israel were visited with the wrath of God and scourges: We think it high time that some legislative body be sent to tell our man-of-war Pharosahs to 'let go.' The exposé is written in good temper, and with coming spirit. We hope it may serve to call the right quarter, to the condition of the medic

board, except the Captain. Why it is so we do not know; but it is nevertheless true, that Surgeons on board ship, instead of having an assigned rank, place and station, seem to be considered very much in the light of a spare maintop-sail yard, or something else of the kind, which it is well enough to have on board in case of accident. True, they have not as yet been lashed out in the main chains, as the spare yard is,—but had it not been for the timely interference of an energetic Secretary, the Navy-Board would have cut them adrift, and left them on board without any room, even in the chains, which they could rail their own. The condition of this meritorious and honorable class of officers, calls for reform, as among the wrongs to be righted, before the Navy can be got in proper order. We expect much from the contemplated plan of appointing a committee of officers from the several grades, to propose a system of rules and regulations for the Navy. Let officers urge on their friends in Congress, the importance of immediate action on this subject.

AN INQUIRY into the necessity and general principles of reorganization in the United States Navy, with an examination of the true sources of subordination. By an Observer. Baltimore: printed and published by John Murphy; 1842.

The cause of 'Reorganization and Reform to the Navy,' has had a 'long pull and a strong pull;' and the word now is, among its advocates and friends, '*pull all together.*' There are various important Naval Bills, at this time, waiting the action of Congress; and we hope soon to read of the passage into a law of that proposing a board of officers, to digest and submit, for the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, the President and Congress, an effective system of Naval laws and ordinances. This 'Inquiry' is a clever production, the main object of which is to show the necessity for such a system.

Under the present organization of the Navy, there is really very little accountability or responsibility among officers. And under well digested regulations, we doubt not, that for the same money which is now annually appropriated for the Navy, double the efficiency might be obtained. We know not how so desirable an object is more likely to be accomplished, than by selecting officers from the different grades in the manner proposed by the Bill to which we have alluded, and setting them at work upon the foundations of such a system at once. We perceive 'by the cut of his jib,' that the author of this 'Inquiry' is himself an officer. He writes well; but unfortunately for the very laudable object which he has in view, he often presupposes for his readers an intimacy and a knowledge of Naval affairs, which few out of the service possess—and as it was not for the instruction of those who are in the service that the 'Inquiry' was made, we think it a pity that one who is evidently well fitted for the task, should not have enforced his general positions by an array of facts, examples, and cases in point, illustrative of that necessity so eloquently urged by him. It is not sufficient, merely to say that laws are vague, and trusts are abused; but to convince, illustrations must be adduced, showing how *tal y tal* has abused his trusts, and under this vagueness of law, escaped 'unwhipt of justice.'

AN ESSAY ON TRUSTS AND TRUSTEES: in relation to the settlement of real estate, the power of trustees—and involving many of the most abstruse questions in the English and American law of tenures. By H. M. Brackenridge, formerly Judge of Florida. Washington: William M. Morrison.

The doctrines of uses and trusts, of estates tail, of remainders and reversions, of powers and estates by implication—of springing uses, resulting trusts and the like, are to the law what the infinite series and fluxions are to the

mathematics—full of subtleties, and well calculated to rack the brain. At best they are forbidding to the student, with their dry details; to appear the least attractive, they require the use of that beautiful drapery, which only the most polished minds can throw in graceful folds around the hard features of the law. Thus adorned, the student of 'quiddities and oddities' may be beguiled to lift the veil and look with pleasure beyond the surface. A fund of legal lore has enabled the Judge thus to set off his subject. The work, modestly styled by him 'an Essay,' is a valuable exposition upon the points to which it relates. The author was led by accident, as it were, to treat of this subject; but the Treatise is not the less valuable for that. Writing a Commentary on the case of *Coggs vs. Bernard*, Sir William Jones produced his very useful Treatise on Bailments; and the late Florida Judge, having had occasion to examine a certain instrument of writing, was led into an Essay on Trusts and Trustees, which does him great credit; and which we take pleasure in commending to the attention of the Bar.

INQUIRY into the validity of the British claim to a right of visitation and search of American vessels suspected to be engaged in the African slave-trade. By Henry Wheaton, L.L.D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Berlin, Author of "Elements on International Law." Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard; 1842.

This is an important subject; and in Europe, where the intrigues and sinister designs of government are oftener felt and better understood than they are here, this claim to search our vessels, has attracted great attention; for there, it is generally believed to be the entering wedge to something else. Mr. Wheaton is a scholar and a jurist, and has treated the subject with great felicity, and with admirable dignity of manner. He evidently wrote this work for European readers. We shall have more to say under this head in another number. In the meantime, we beg Mr. Wheaton to accept our thanks for the handsome manner in which he has defended the course taken by his government on this momentous question.

THE LIFE OF PETER VAN SCHRAACK, L.L.D.: embracing selections from his correspondence and other writings during the American Revolution, and his exile in England. By his son, Henry C. Van Shaack. New-York: D. Appleton & Co; 1842.

Mr. Van Shaack belongs to an age of remarkable men. He was a man of a strong mind, but idiosyncratic withal. He thought the cause of the revolution not sufficient to justify rebellion, and refused to take up arms in the struggle; in consequence of which he was banished, for the doctrine was that all who were not for us were against us. After the acknowledgment of our independence by other nations, Mr. Van Shaack returned to his native State, where he followed the practice of the law for many years. The style in which the book is got up does credit to those concerned. It may be had at the Bookstore of A. S. Lyons, Richmond, Va.

THE TWO ADMIRALS: A Tale. By the author of the 'Pilot,' the 'Red Rover,' &c. In two vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard; 1842.

We are glad to have it in our power to bestow on these volumes those commendations which we were constrained to withhold from the 'Deer-slayer.' Cooper's forte is the sea, and we welcome him back to an element, upon which he has spent a considerable portion of his life, and upon which he is evidently so much at home. His sea stories are circulated and read every where and by every body, and his Two Admirals are calculated to rival their predecessors in public favor. The scene is laid about the middle of the last century. With such heroes, he required fleets

A practical description of Herron's Patent Trellis Railway Structure, embracing the most approved modifications; also, the patent wrought-iron railway chairs, new and improved mode of joining the ends of railway bars, scarfing timbers, and improved fastenings: illustrated by four large plates, or working plans, accompanied by eighteen accurate estimates. Together with a compendious account of the process of kyanizing, in use on the English railways, for preserving the timber from decay: and the recent discoveries of M. Boucherie by means of the pyrolignite of iron. Preceded by practical observations on the defective nature of the railway structures in use; with an investigation of the principles and structure essential to the stability and permanence of railways, in which the opinions of men, eminent in science and engineering, are collected. By James Herron, Civil Engineer. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart and J. Dobson. E. G. Dorsey, printer.

The title page is a good index to the work, and we can add nothing by way of illustration or explanation without the aid of diagrams, with which we are not prepared. The invention of the 'Trellis Structure' is considered by practical men as a valuable discovery were it not for the cost. But there are many ready and willing to step forward and bear testimony of the valuable services rendered to those of his calling, by Mr. Herron. We recommend his work to the attention of engineers generally, as relating to a branch of their profession, in which there is much room for improvement. They will find in it suggestions and remarks worthy of attention.

ROCKWELL'S TRAVELS. 2 vols., octavo. Boston: Tappan & Dennot.

The pilgrimage of which this work is the record, was very extensive, comprising the most interesting European countries—parts of Greece and Africa, and various ports and cities of the South and East. The observations of the author are of a very general character, comprising scientific, historical and poetical subjects; so that the taste of every reader will find more or less gratification in perusing this journal. As a Chaplain in the United States Navy, Mr. Rockwell enjoyed various advantages, and his work is

preceding volumes of the series published by Harpers.

HOFFMAN'S VIGIL OF FAITH. As a dramatic scenery, endowed with a native real adventure and wild sports of the forest as F. Hoffman holds a preëminent rank among authors. His "Winter in the West" and "The Slayer" secured him this distinction, while a similar vein published in England, but that we are aware of in this country, competition abroad. As a poet, perhaps, Mr. Hoffman is well known beyond the circle of his friends that much of his verse has been put forth by Mr. Griswold, we believe, first attempting stray gems in a northern periodical, about which they were extensively copied in the newspapers of the Union. We hailed with peculiar pleasure a little volume from Mr. Hoffman's pen a few weeks since by Colman of New-York the "Vigil of Faith;" and may be designating it as a romance of a novel and striking character: the octo-syllabic stanza, and abounds with the American autumn landscapes, and in the midst of the faith and peculiar sentiment of the time might quote many beautiful passages, by mending the volume itself to the lovers of the author's most popular lyrics enhance the attractions of the work, which style of Longfellow's "Voices of the Night."

STERLING'S POEMS. We are pleased to see the "chaeus" of Blackwood's Magazine, in the "Sexton's Daughter" is an affecting and full of meaning and truth. The "Hymns" several of the other pieces, betray a general rare command of language. Sterling's poems are a valuable addition to the current poetical literature, executed in simple and excellent taste; words is singularly felicitous. The sentiment and frequently devotional. The work is introduced in some manner by Herman Hooker of Philadelphia, and by R. W. Griswold.

hession, and too loose to afford any satisfactory information touching the men or theories to which they relate. The title page is much the most attractive part of the work.

A TREATISE ON STRABISMUS, with a description of new instruments: designed to improve the operation of its cure, in simplicity, ease and safety; illustrated by cases. By James Bolton, M.D.A.M., Member of the Medical Society of Virginia. P. D. Bernard, Museum Building: Richmond, 1842.

As the 'Trade' would say, this book was entirely gotten up in Richmond—writing, printing, engraving, and binding—and though small, is highly creditable to each of the several crafts concerned. It is intended for the general as well as the professional reader—giving the former an excellent idea of the anatomy of the 'squint' eye, and of the philosophy of its cure—and to the latter, most admirable 'sailing directions' as to how he shall operate. Dr. Bolton explains with great minuteness the operation for Strabismus in eight cases performed by him; and though the deformity in some cases amounted almost to hideousness, he succeeded to admiration in every one. It is a useful little manual for young operators.

AN INTRODUCTION TO LEGAL SCIENCE: being a concise and familiar treatise on such legal topics as are earliest read by the law-student; should be generally taught in the higher seminaries of learning; and understood by every citizen, as a part of a general and business education. To which is appended a concise Dictionary of law terms and phrases. By Silas Jones, Counsellor at Law. New-York: John S. Voorhies; 1842.

This is a sort of *under mecum*, which every young man of business, or every young man who ever expects to make a bargain, give a note, draw a deed, or execute a bond, should have by him. It will give him just the information which he requires, to enable him to do what he wishes to accomplish, in a proper and lawful manner. How few business men are there—not of the law—who understand the force of the simple (L.S.) to an instrument of writing, until they have learned its powers, to their cost, in the severe school of experience; and few can afford to derive all their knowledge from such a school. Some practical knowledge of the law, to be derived from a course of reading, is essential to every member of society. Every man—unread in the law—who puts his name upon paper, enters into obligations, and incurs responsibilities of which he little dreams. Mr. Jones has performed a good work; he has given, *multum in parvo*, a vast amount of useful and practical information.

The spirit of the age is utilitarian in a high degree; and we hail the publication of such useful and practical works, always with pleasure. To commend to our readers one such book of this class, affords us more true pleasure, than we could derive from spreading before them a thousand volumes of dreamy and sickly romance. In the one case we render them a real service; in the other, we do them a positive injury: one is food, the other poison. This work is recommended by its author to the use of schools and of law-students. We do not think it well adapted for either purpose; but it is admirably calculated as a book of reference for young men just setting out upon life. To them, we heartily commend it.

ZANONI. By the author of Night and Morning, Rienzi, Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. In two vols. Harper & Brothers: New-York; 1842.

Such is the opposition between the mammoth 'weeklies' in New-York with regard to this work, that it may be had there for fourpence-halfpenny a volume. It is from the profligate pen of that most depraved of modern novelists, Edward Lytton Bulwer. He is a man whose private character is of the worst kind; he has a rich imagination, and from the abundance of a licentious fancy, he spawns

forth upon the reading public, 'matter' of the most corrupting tendency. His siren style procures his works to be generally read, and almost as generally condemned. The 'first readers of the last novel' pronounce Zanoni to be 'a poor thing.' It is a much less 'readable' book than his Paul Clifford, Night and Morning, &c. It has already been republished in several of the mammoth Northern newspapers, and is now on its way by post to all parts of the country; thus, without violating the present post-office laws, the mails are loaded down, for newspaper postage,—3 cents,—with a trashy book tending to the corruption of public morals. One of the advantages of an international copy-right would be to prevent this.

THE ENGLISH REPRINTS. The last Nos. of the London, Edinburgh, Foreign and Westminster Reviews, and of the Dublin University Magazine, have been on our table for some days. They are all very good average numbers, in good paper and readable type. Since the steamers have been running as ferry-boats across the Atlantic, much less attention is paid by the press to foreign newspapers and news than was formerly. In the days of the packets—and we are not prepared to admit that they are gone by never to return—an 'arrival' was something more than a mere passing event of the day. The newspaper press was not content to give in one paper a summary of intelligence—as is done now; but a running head was kept, and copious extracts were made from the English papers, filling up, with important foreign information, the intervals between the packets—and American newspaper readers, were then kept regularly and correctly, informed of European affairs. Not so now. A steamer comes puffing across—she is telegraphed—a mere synopsis of the news is published in the extras—reprinted by the country papers—and there, information, as far as the public are concerned, rests until the next arrival, which occurs in 10 or 12 days—and in the interim further extracts are neglected and all's forgotten.

The effect of this has been to induce country gentlemen to turn their attention from newspaper extracts to the 'Reprints,' with the view of keeping pace with, and a run of, European affairs—consequently the circulation of the foreign reviews, has vastly increased since the introduction of Atlantic steam packets. The effect of an international copy-right law, would be to increase the expense, and diminish the circulation in our country, of these instructive and useful Reprints. The Dublin University Magazine contains a biographical sketch, with an etching, of Dr. Graves, one of the most distinguished practitioners of the day, and an orthodox leader and general favorite with the profession on both sides of the water. Mr. Gill is the agent for Richmond.

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 1. January, 1842. New-Orleans: published by the proprietors at 166 Royal Street.

We delight to write that word SOUTHERN before new works of periodical literature. This is the first No. of the Southern Review, and a rich one it is. It numbers about 300 octavo pages, and besides 23 critical notices, contains 8 original articles—some of which are of a very high order of merit. The article on the newspaper and periodical Press, another on Currency and Exchanges, and another on the Constitution of the United States, particularly strike our fancy, because of their utilitarian character. Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co. are the agents in this city. We should be glad to see this work prosper. Subscription \$10 a year, payable in advance.

ON THE BEAUTIES, HARMONIES AND SUBLIMITIES OF NATURE. By Charles Bucke. This delightful and instructive volume forms number 145 of Harpers' Family Library. It depicts and illustrates the wonders of the natural world,

in a style calculated to impress the most indifferent. Numerous marvellous, but unnoticed facts and beauties that adorn the material universe, are displayed in a graphic and interesting manner. The subject and execution of the work render it admirably fitted for the Family Library.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY. This is an excellent work for the general reader. But for purposes of education, we know of no book more available than a concise and well-arranged treatise on psychology, or a system of mental philosophy, founded on consciousness and common sense, by one of the able theological professors at the Gettysburg Institution. The mechanical execution of this volume is similar to that of Professor Anthon's series, published also by the Harpers. It is expressly designed for the use of academies and colleges. We commend it to the attention of teachers, and all interested in education.

FINE EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. We have frequently commended the superior execution of standard works published in Boston. Indeed, some of the best library editions of the English classics that have appeared in the United States, issued from the Boston press. An edition of the New Testament, just published in that city, by W. D. Ticknor, deserves the attention of our readers. It is an uncommonly creditable specimen of American printing. The type is exactly to our taste, and spaced enough to accommodate the weakest vision; the paper is truly beautiful, and the whole arrangement of the work excellent. Economy and elegance are combined in this edition more successfully than in any which has fallen under our notice.

A NEW GUIDE TO WASHINGTON. By George Watterston. Washington: Robert Farnham. New-York: Samuel Colman; 1842. 12mo. pp. 226.

This is an interesting and unpretending little volume. Treating of the earliest history of the Metropolis of the Nation, and directing attention to the principal objects of curiosity to be found in it, it is better calculated to inform the visitor on the spot and his friends at home, than all the compilations which have hitherto been published. Mr. Watterston has been, from childhood, an inhabitant of the seat of government; the advantages possessed by him for acquiring all kinds of information, and his facility as a writer, have peculiarly fitted him for the task which he has so well performed. He may be said to be "the Metropolitan author," having published at different times, "Letters from Washington," attributed to Wm. Wirt; "Course of Study preparatory to the Bar and the Senate;" "History of Rome," in questions and answers, for schools; "L— Family;" "Wanderer in Washington;" "Gallery of American Portraits;" "Tabular Statistics," &c. So numerous are the topics embraced in the work before us, that to specify them would be to extract some half dozen pages of the table of contents: it would seem nothing has escaped the author's pencil. The well-known sneer of Moore, in relation to the name of the stream that flows near the capitol,

"What was 'Goose Creek' ONCE is Tiber now"—

is in a manner rebuked by our author, who has cited extracts from old land patents, the metes and bounds of surveys, which prove that a portion of the site of the present city of Washington was called "Rome," (doubtless by its owner, POPE,) June 5, 1663—and the same extracts show, that the classic name of *Tiber* was given to the stream which now bears that name, and which was afterwards occasionally called "Goose Creek."

The article on the "Congressional Burial Ground" is much to our taste.

He thus discourses on the "Society" of the Metropolis:

"From the great variety of characters that assemble in Washington, influenced by different motives, and from va-

rious ranks in life, the society must necessarily be mixed. It is made up of various classes in pursuit of amusement and change, and the individual aspirants for place; the polished European and the well dressed adventurer; the gentleman and the black leg,—all are often found amalgamated at an evening party. These transient visitors, then forming, at certain seasons, the society of the Metropolis are too often considered as constituting and giving charm to that society; and the resident population are frequently charged with offences of which they are entirely guiltless. Accustomed to mingle with the highest dignitaries of the land, and to associate freely with the representatives of the people, they have learned to place a fair and just estimate on human worth, and to regard mere official rank or status as not always conferring honor or moral respectability on those who hold it. It is seen with no exalted feelings those to whom it is familiar; and the virtuous and intelligent citizen of Washington, though deprived of his electoral franchise, feels no disposition to truckle to power, and moves through life with a conscious independence, and conviction that all true distinction is based on moral superiority alone."

The typography of this little volume—from the press of Mr. Force—is excellent, and the representation of Grant's statue of Washington as a frontispiece is faithful. As the publisher, Mr. Farnham, has identified himself with an author of great merit, we not only offer him our sincere thanks, but hope that his enterprise will be liberally rewarded.

MALTA, Feb. 20th, 1864

My Dear Sir:

When out of town some time since to visit the ruin of Krendi, I stopped at the house of my friend, P. Vella, L.L., who is the Syndick of a distant district, and received from him a few preserved insects, (one of which I now enclose) and is ninety-six years old; and, as you will perceive, in a most perfect state of preservation.

Simple as is the manner of its preservation—it being to enclose the insect between two pieces of ising-glass, the edges of which are firmly glued together to exclude the air, I do not remember to have seen it adopted in any of the cabinets which I have visited in America.

I think this information is valuable to those who are engaged in the collection of insects and plants, and I would mention the subject in the "Messenger," you will greatly oblige

Yours, very truly,

To T. W. White, Esq. W. WINTHROP ANDREWS

The above is from our intelligent and patriotic Consul at Malta, whose contributions, entitled "History of the Knights of Malta," continue to adorn our pages, and have entertained and instructed many of our readers.

The specimen is perfect, the colours are as bright as they ever were. It is spread out and laid between two thin, and of course flexible, plates of mica in the shape of a diamond figure, and the edges are held firmly between a narrow slip of pasteboard. It is certainly the best way of preserving such specimens that we know of. Mica is an article of commerce, may easily be procured in our cities, the plates cut to any size and cleft in laminae so thin. We commend this mode of preservation to the attention of entomologists and botanists. The butterfly sent by Mr. Andrews, would, nicely set, mica and all, make a beautiful ornament for ladies' bracelets, breast-pins and the like.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VIII.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1842.

NO. 6.

OUR DEAD.

They are not dead—they are not dead,
Who have pass'd from earth away;
The treasured ones we have lov'd on earth—
We shall love them still, for aye;
They are not dead, they are gone above
To woo us there, with their voice of love.

They are not dead who taught the heart
Its gratitude to God,
When life was like a summer's day,
And a flowery path we trod;
They are not dead, they do live above,
And forget us not, for Heaven is love.

They are not dead, we feel, we know
For our soul is knit to theirs;
We see them not with the mortal eye,
But we meet them in our prayers,
And we watch their dust like a buried gem,
Till our dust and our spirit shall be with them.

ELIZA.

GRECIAN AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

GREEK AND ROMAN POETS.*

PART I.

The Author of our being, in accordance with that kind providence, so manifest in all his arrangements, having implanted in the human mind, for his own good purposes, a love of that perfection and endless enjoyment, of which we can only have comparatively feeble glimpses here, has vouchsafed to grant to successive ages, the most valuable of all instruction—that which teaches by example.

In taking a retrospect of by-gone ages, for the purpose of drawing from the experience of the past lessons of wisdom, and a knowledge of all that is sublime and beautiful in the moral world; as well as of the hideous deformity of vice, and the awful consequences that inevitably await transgression; there is, indeed, one source of light for our guidance that preëminently excels all others, as it was just, that the inspirations of the Author of the Universe *should* excel the mere efforts of human genius.

Next to the Sacred Scriptures, we look for the precepts and examples of wisdom in the pages of

*The writer of this Article originally intended to complete his review of the subject in this number of the Messenger; but he has found it impossible to condense his views to the limit required, without divesting it of all interest whatever. He proposes resuming it in the next No., and continuing it, until he shall have effected his original design.

Grecian and Roman Literature. In the arts and sciences, we are indebted to them for those fundamental discoveries, which have served as bases for the noble superstructures erected by the genius of later ages.

In poetry, eloquence, history, painting, sculpture, architecture, medicine, jurisprudence, generalship, statesmanship, they have afforded models and instruction to the human race.

To take a general survey of this rich inheritance, would require talents which no individual can command. We propose to ourselves, merely, to give a brief sketch of the literary treasures so bountifully spread out on the records of the classic volumes, and then, to suggest to the student some of the advantages he may derive, from drinking deeply at this pure and perennial fountain.

Living in the midst of an utilitarian age, we are well aware it would require no ordinary persuasiveness to enlist the popular favor on behalf of a subject which does not seem to be very intimately connected with the business of making money—the "*sumum bonum*" of our day and generation; yet, we feel it a duty to say a word in behalf of a pursuit, which has afforded ourselves pure and permanent comfort, through the varied scenes of a checkered life.

Man is perhaps too prone to look with complacency on the pursuits that occupied the sunny period of his own existence; yet when one is descending the shady side of the hill, that leads to the dark valley at its base, he may be pardoned, for occasionally looking back, with interest, on those who have either gained the summit, or whose heads are just peering above the horizon.

Herodotus informs us that a migrating tribe of Barbarians, occupying, in the reign of Deucalion, a district of country near the mountains Olympus and Ossa, afterwards called Histæotis, being expelled by the Cadmeians, bent their course southward, tarried, for awhile, near the sources of the Cephissus, and finally settled in Peloponnesus, having received the name of Dorians from their chief or king, Dorus. Another, and a weaker branch, separating from the former, settled on the barren soil of Attica, learned the language of the Aborigines, and finally became amalgamated with them. Too poor to invite invaders, they advanced, gradually, but steadily, and increased and multiplied, until they found it necessary to send abroad colonists, from their surplus population. These, taking the name Iones, from Ion, another descendant of Deucalion, settled in Ionia, a province of Asia Minor, on the Ægean sea.

Such was the origin of the two great divisions

of ancient Greece. It would be interesting to accompany them onwards, in their various migrations and settlements, in different parts of the world; but we have referred to them only to show from what small streams has flowed that tide of civilization, and its attendant arts, which has not, like the flood of Deucalion, been confined to the plains of Thessaly, but has well-nigh overspread the habitable globe.

The next step leads us to the origin of the Roman Empire,—that wonderful structure, from the fragments of which have been erected the political edifices that now distinguish Christendom. It is supposed that the district of country around Rome, was first settled by colonists from Sicily. In process of time, a band of Arcadians, under the conduct of CEnotrus, the son of Lycaon, crossing the Ionian sea, and probably doubling the western promontory of Sicily, arrived in Latium—and, having expelled the Sicilian settlers, took possession of their lands. They became afterwards strengthened by accessions of Pelasgic tribes and other emigrants from Thessaly, and carried on successful wars with the neighboring states. Having appropriated to themselves—how unjustly, we have seen—the honorable appellation, *Aborigines*, they remained in undisputed possession, to the period of the Trojan war.

Meantime, Saturn, king of Crete, having been expelled from his country by his son Jupiter, came to Italy, and having taught Janus, the reigning king, the culture of the vine and other useful arts, was invited to a participation of the kingdom, and on the death of his friend, became sole monarch. In the century before the Trojan war, Evander conducted another colony of Arcadians from the city of Palantium into Italy; who being kindly received by King Faunus, and having obtained a grant of land for himself and his followers, built, on a mount, adjacent to the Tiber, a fortress, which he called Palantium. A few years subsequent to this period, Hercules, having overrun Peloponnesus, reached Italy with his fleet, in which were citizens of Elis and other provinces, whom he permitted to found a settlement for themselves. These soon united with the Aborigines and Arcadians, and continued masters of the soil, until, in the reign of Latinus, the grandson of Faunus, Æneas arrived in Italy, and having become connected with Latinus by marrying his daughter Lavinia, united both people under the name of Latins. From Æneas the succession descends through his son Ascanius, who built Alba; and on his death, the kingdom reverts to Sylvius, the son of Lavinia, and thence, in a direct line, until usurped by Amulius, who expelled his brother Numitor, and made Numitor's daughter a Vestal-Virgin. She, having violated her vows, brought forth twins, who were exposed by order of the usurper, but saved and bought up by Faustulus, the king's herdsman. These youths, named Romulus

and Remus, were eventually recognized by their grandfather—who, by their assistance, was reestablished on his throne.

With that love of enterprise, which they had acquired in their intercourse and contests with the neighboring marauders, they determine to set up for themselves, and plan a city, to which they give the name Rome, from Romulus. In order to increase their population, they open a sanctuary for the malefactors of the neighboring states. To such a source is traced the origin of a people, who, in subsequent ages, extended their conquests to the farthest limits of the known world.

The reader will see that the Greeks and Romans probably owe their origin to the Pelasgi, a Nomadic race, whom it is impossible to trace back with any degree of certainty.

In the incipient stage of civilization, records have usually been kept by tradition, and transmitted from one generation to another. The imagination of the narrator, excited by the applause of enthusiastic auditors, would, naturally, lead him into fictions and embellishments, which becoming gradually more elaborate, would finally result in a measured diction. Military glory, being the great incentive to action in ancient times, soon became the theme of the bard; and thus, epic poetry was, perhaps, the first cultivated. To this circumstance are we indebted for the almost divine rhapsodies of the Iliad and Odyssey. It would occupy too much space to examine the mooted question of Homer's birth and parentage. The account given by Herodotus, is perhaps, upon the whole, most to be relied upon. From him, we learn that he was the illegitimate son of a female of Cyme, in Æolia, named Critheis, who having been left an orphan at an early age, yielded to the seduction of some unknown person, and to conceal her shame, was sent by her guardian Cleanax to the care of his friend Ismenias, who was then one of those colonizing Smyrna. Here, as the period of her pregnancy was completed, she attended a festival on the banks of the Meles, and was delivered of a male child, to whom, from the circumstance, she gave the name Melesigenes. The account Herodotus gives of the subsequent conduct of the mother is interesting. "For sometime she lived with Ismenias. After awhile, however, she left him—with the labor of her hands supported the child and herself receiving employment, now from one, now from another, and instructed the child as far as she was able." Next she became servant to a schoolmaster named Phemias, who being pleased with her conduct, married her, adopted her son, and at his death, left him his property and school. He had now all the comforts of independence, and an enviable reputation; he was however induced to abandon his school, and make a voyage along the coasts of Greece and Italy. On his return, he visited Ithaca, where he became afflicted with a disease

of his eyes, which was, for the time, relieved by the skill and kind attentions of his host, Mentor; but which, subsequently, terminated in his total blindness, at Colophon. Hence returning to Smyrna, he applied himself to the composition of poetry; and travelling, first to one and then another, of the neighboring colonies, he visited Cyme, the birth-place of his mother—and there received the name *Homeros*, or *The Blind*.

We have thought our readers would not be displeased at our devoting a few paragraphs to the biography of the father and high-priest of poetry; but we are admonished not to trespass too far, and therefore turn to a brief examination of his claims as a poet. It has been customary to institute a comparison between him and his great imitator, Virgil. There is a resemblance. Homer's genius is the *sun*—all-pervading in its power, imparting, at the same time, light and heat, obscured occasionally, by a transient cloud, but instantly emerging with increased brilliancy; now, shooting his rays to the throne of Jupiter, and casting a halo of majesty and glory around the council of the Gods; now, darting into the caves of ocean, and illuminating the crystalline palace of Thetis and the Nereids. Virgil is the *moon*—the full-orbed moon, casting, indeed, a reflected light; but oh, how calm, how serene, how beautiful, how faultless! You may look, and look, and never tire of looking at her mellow lustre, as she floats along through ether, and illumines both earth and sea. But her course is not *always* thus tranquil. Sometimes she wades through a dense mass of vapor, the omen of an approaching tempest. The lightnings flash, the thunder rolls, the earth quakes, the ocean is heaved up from its depths, and the presence of the great Neptune himself is required to calm the elemental conflict.

*"Ac veluti magna in populo cum saepe coërta est
Seditio, sensitque animis ignobile vulgus;
Jaque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, correctique auribus astant:
Illi regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor: æquora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, caloque innectus aperto,
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo."*

To form a correct opinion as to the relative merit of these great poets, we must consider the times, in which they wrote, and the circumstances, in which they were placed. By the account of Herodotus, Homer was born in the year 168, after the Trojan war; and though it is probable, that, even then, Greece and its Asiatic colonies had made considerable progress in literature, yet it must have been relatively rude, in comparison with the perfection it afterwards attained. In this respect, however, how vast was the advantage of the Latin poet over his great prototype. The latter had to create a world of his own—the former came and found all things fashioned to his hand; and

without altering, in the slightest degree, the great design; now prunes a luxuriant bough—now lops off some unsightly excrescence,—opens a vista here—plants a grove there;—in fine, touches all with a master's hand,—softens, mellows, and beautifies the landscape. If the Mantuan could come to life, and be asked the question, whether he deemed himself equal to the Greek! he would modestly decline all competition; and content with the nearest place, would justly apply, to their relative claims, his own beautiful lines:

*"Primus abii, longæque ante omnia corpora Nisus
Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocyor alis.
Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,
Insequitur Euryalus."*

Homer was the child of shame and obscurity, having no human eye to rest, with interest and pleasure upon his helpless infancy, except those of the poor disgraced mother, who had, now, no tie to bind her to earth, but the carresses of her child. Fortunately for the world, that mother, though she surrendered her honor, in a moment of human frailty, was no ordinary woman; but atoned for her past misconduct by the decorum, industry, and maternal duty that marked her future life. But the young poet was not only deprived of the sympathies and encouragement of this exemplary mother by death; but he was, in early manhood, excluded from all communication with external objects, and wandered about, poor, blind, helpless and neglected.

Virgil, if not born to affluence, was at least the offspring of independence. In his days of boyhood he gambol'd on the banks of the Mincius, among the wildest scenery of nature: he received his education at Cremona, and was deeply read in Grecian literature, as is manifest from the models he chose for imitation. He was worshipped by the populace, respected by the wise, caressed by the court, and courted by the prince. In fine, he had every thing to encourage, and nothing to depress him; for, as to his difficulty with the soldier, who dispossessed him of his lands, the injury was speedily redressed; and moreover, it served as his introduction to Mæcenas, the best of patrons.

In the delineation of human character, the Latin poet is immeasurably inferior to the Greek. The heroes of Homer stand forth in bold relief, and their individual characteristics are so admirably depicted, that the reader can never be at a loss where to place them.* Agamemnon, powerful, avaricious, contemptuous, selfish, intemperate, timid, impatient of an equal, conscious of his authority. Achilles, godlike, passionate, impetuous, brave, unrelenting, unmerciful, impatient of control. Hector, brave, vigilant, generous, affectionate. Even Æneas, as described by Homer, although intended as a subordinate character, is a superior man to the

* καὶ δὲ, φιλοκτενωτάτῃ, ἀναίδειῃ ἐπικείμενῃ, κερδαλεωφρον, οἰνοβαρεῖ, &c.

ἡ γυνὴ δὲ καὶ ἄλλος ἴσον αἰεὶ φασθαι.

hero of Virgil. In the latter, his abandonment of his wife is inadequately defended, and his conduct to Dido is no less unmanly. His piety to his father is his redeeming quality.

The female characters of Virgil are well sustained. Nothing can surpass the last interview of Dido with Æneas. Her appeal is the very essence of eloquence, and her proud disdain of his apologies, in the lower regions, is exquisitely conceived:

*"Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat:
Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex aut steter Marpesia cautes."*

Camilla is admirably depicted:

*"At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon,
Unum exerta latus pugna, pharetrata Camilla.
Et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denacet,
Nunc validam destra rapit indefessa bipennem.
Aureus ex humero sonat arcus, et arma Diana."*

Notwithstanding, however, the numerous instances of his great power which may be adduced in this department of poetry, they are, in the aggregate, below the standard of Homer; indeed, there has lived but one person whose conception of the varieties of human character seems to have approached that of the *blind bard*; and that man was Shakspeare. We have avoided making quotations to sustain our views of the superior claims of Homer, because, were we to quote from the original, the great majority of our readers would pass them over; and no translation can do him justice. Yet we should think we had committed a sin against the fair sex, had we omitted to call the reader's attention to the virtuous and devoted wife of Hector, the almost divine Andromache. Their interview in the 6th book of the *Iliad*, is inimitable:

*"Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls,
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear;*

*But he who found not whom his soul desired,
Whose virtue charm'd him, as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step?*

*Hector, this heard, return'd without delay:
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:*

*Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labor'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,*

*A widow I, an helpless orphan be!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain,
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!*

*By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.*

It may be proper here to remark that he also wrote in hexameter verse, a poem called *Batrachomyomachia*, or the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, and several hymns upon the Gods and other subjects, which have descended to us. They all evince the same genius that shines with such unequalled lustre in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The same age, and indeed we may say, the same city that produced Homer, Cyrene of Æolis, gave birth to Hesiod, the mellifluous author of "*Works and Days*," as also of the "*Origin of the Gods*," and the "*Shield of Hercules*." This poet was taken to Ascra, in Bœotia, by his parents in his infancy, and is therefore known by the appellation of *Ascrean*. He composed in the heroic measure, and in loftiness of style, bears some resemblance to Homer. Indeed, they have many lines precisely the same, or very slightly altered; which favors the supposition, that Hesiod flourished in a subsequent age. There is much to be admired in his "*Works and Days*" for its own intrinsic merit; but it is still more interesting, as the groundwork of that most elaborate poem, the *Georgica* of Virgil. There are passages of such exquisite beauty in this last poem, that we can with difficulty refrain from extracting them; but we must content ourselves with the remark, that he who has not feasted on this banquet, has never fully enjoyed the luxuries which the country alone can produce.

The next writer that merits our attention in this connexion, is *Theocritus*. He was a native of Sicily, and the son of Praxagoras and Philine. His mother he dignifies with the epithet *respectable*, or *renowned*. He flourished in the third century, before Christ. He wrote in the Doric dialect, which seems to be peculiarly adapted to pastoral composition. Virgil not only has taken Theocritus for his model, in his *Bucolica*; but indeed, they may be considered less as imitations than translations.—a clear confession, that he despaired of producing any thing original, which would rival the *Sicilian*

Muse. The original and the copy however are both exquisite, and will continue to be admired, while the artless simplicity of nature, and the well-concealed refinement of art, can be appreciated by man. It is impossible for one, who has all his life been immured in a city, to realize the delights of the country, especially amidst the wild scenery of a mountainous region. We can fancy the shepherd, even now, reclining on the shady bank of the Mincius, or seated on some crag of the Alps, tending his flocks, attended by his faithful dog, and dwelling, with rapture, on every line of these exquisite productions; but we cannot participate his enthusiasm, for our hearts do not beat in unison with the poetry of nature, nor are our souls attuned to her harmony and pathos; nevertheless, unmusical indeed must be the ear, on which these sweet strains fall unheeded.

The work to which we would next call the attention of the reader, is the great Didactic Poem of Lucretius, styled "The Nature of Things." The best authorities place the birth of this extraordinary man in the year 658 of Rome. He was descended, no doubt, from the illustrious family of that name which had been instrumental in the expulsion of the Tarquins. Fired with a love of philosophy, he visited Athens and attached himself to the Epicureans. On his return to the quietude of his villa, he composed the work of which we are now treating. It was, however, not published until after his death, which occurred in the 44th year of his age by suicide. It is supposed his reason had been overthrown by sorrow, for the disgrace and banishment of his friend Memmius, through the influence of Pompey—a melancholy illustration of the inadequacy of those philosophical principles, the self-sustaining power of which he had defended, with so much zeal and eloquence.

To the Christian, guided by the light of revelation, nothing can be more absurd than the doctrines of Epicurus; but it must be confessed that many of the opinions of the Platonists and other sects, were no less preposterous. His great intellect, bewildered by the idea of a multiplicity of Gods, in attempting to create a system more consonant with reason, fell into a labyrinth, from which even the genius of Lucretius could not extricate him.

Horace has truly said of the Greek poets:

*"Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris."*

If the compliment may be transferred to any Latin poet, to none is it more justly due than to Lucretius. That his premises were incorrect, was not so much his fault as that of the age in which he lived; that he enforced those principles with a cogency and variety of arguments and a degree of eloquence seldom surpassed, was his own peculiar merit.

Although the language had not yet reached that

smoothness of diction, which it soon after attained in the time of Cæsar, Cicero, Horace and Virgil; yet it was perhaps more masculine, more sonorous, more sublime. We annex as an example of his style, the exordium to his poem, addressed to Venus, or rather to the passion of Love, which is merely intended to be personified by him—a circumstance that seems to have been overlooked by those who charge him with inconsistency. In justice to his translator—Thomas Busby—we subjoin his version of the same extract. We know no translator who has been more successful than Dr. Busby, in conveying the sense of his author, without detracting aught from that elevated diction for which this poet is especially remarkable:

*"Æneadum genetrix, hominum divumque voluptas,
Alma Venus, cæli subter labentia signa
Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentis
Concelebras; per Te quoniam genus omne animantum
Concipitur, visitque exortum lumina solis:
Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli,
Adventumque tuum: tibi suavia dædala tellus
Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.
Nam simul ac species patefacta est verna diei,
Et reserata viget genitabilis aura Favoni;
Ætræ primum volucres te, Diva, tuamque
Significant initum percussæ corda tua vi.
Inde fera pecudes perculant pabula læta,
Et rapidos tranant amneis; ita capta lepore,
Illicebrique tuis, omnis natura animantum
Te sequitur cupidè, quod quinque inducere pergis.
Denique per maria, ac montes, fluviosque rapaces,
Frondisferasque domos avium, camposque virentes,
Omnibus incutens blandum per pectora amorem,
Efficit, ut cupidè generation sæcla propagent."*

Parent of Rome! sweet Venus! source of love!
Delight of mortals and the blest above!
Who glad'st the earth, the sea, all things that lie
Beneath yon gliding spheres that beam on high;
From thee all pleasure, beauty, being, flows,
Life springs to light, and pregnant nature glows.
Thee, Goddess! thee the winds and tempests fly,
Clouds at thy presence quit the brightening sky;
The teeming Earth exerts her genial powers,
In fair profusion spreads her sweetest flowers;
The smiling seas in gentle waves appear,
And glory gilds the tranquil atmosphere.
When youthful Spring salutes the cheerful vales,
And soft Favonius wakes his balmy gales,
Pierced by thy flame, gay birds in every bower
Feel thy approach, and hail thy sacred power;
Exulting herds o'er laughing verdure play,
Rush through the rapid streams, and boundless stray.
Rapt into bliss by thy inspiring charms,
Thy sweet allurements, and thy soft alarms,
All beings burn thy pleasure to fulfil,
And wait, enraptured, on thy heavenly will.
Through seas and streams thy kindly power prevails,
O'er spreads the mountains and pervades the dale,
The bowery mansions of melodious birds,
And open pastures of rejoicing herds;
Darts through each kindling breast love's melting rage,
And all things renovates from age to age.

From the notice we have taken of Lucretius, it will be readily inferred that we are admirers of his almost Homeric genius: we are so, and lament,

most sincerely, that he did not live in an age blessed with the light of revelation. Had such been his good fortune, his comprehensive intellect would soon have grasped the truth, and he would have been a shining light in the Christian world.

Although his theories must now appear puerile to any reflecting mind, yet they are enforced in such seductive language, that the book cannot be safely put into the hands of youth, unless the teacher be a Christian, and prepared to expose the absurdities of its atheistical reveries.

There is another blemish common to him, with many of the greatest poets of ancient and modern times—a departure from that strict modesty, which should never be violated by one who aims at instructing and improving mankind. We are not opposed to treating the mysteries of physical science in intelligible language; but we thank God, that an exhibition of those gross indecencies, which have disfigured the pages of classical, and even English literature, finds no favor in the present refined and enlightened age.

We next turn to Ovid, (Publius Ovidius Naso,) and our remarks will be brief; not that we are unwilling to acknowledge the varied beauties with which his works abound, but because we deem that even these, charming as they are, cannot redeem the general scope and tendency of his compositions, to effeminate and deprave the youthful mind. This eminent poet was born in the year in which the Consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, fell in battle at Mutina. B. C. 43. His auto-biography is contained in one of his own charming elegies; from which it would appear that every effort to suppress his poetical vein, proved abortive—and that as every thing which Midas touched, was converted into gold; so all Ovid's efforts to compose in prose terminated in verse. He was intimate with Propertius, Tibullus, and Horace; he barely knew Virgil. (*"Virgilium vidi tantum."*) He married early, and unhappily; married, a second time, a woman who, though virtuous, had no sympathies in common with him, and who appears to have separated from him. In a third attempt, he seems to have been more fortunate, as he says this wife shared with him the hardships of his exile, at Tomis, on the Euxine, whither he had been banished, for some unknown cause, by Augustus. He calls to witness the *manes* of his parents, that error, not crime, was the cause of his banishment. He consoles himself, in his sad misfortunes, with a consciousness of his present fame, and a firm conviction that it will be immortal.

*"Ergo, quod vivo, durisque laboribus obsto,
Nec me sollicitæ tædiæ lucis habent,
Gratia, Musa, tibi. Nam tu solatia præbes;
Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali:
Tu dur, tu comes es: tu nos ab lucis ab Istro
Tu medoque mihi das Helicone locum."* &c.

Ovid can lay little claim to originality or sub-

limity: he was a sweet rather than a great poet, and if his works were expurgated of all that has an immoral tendency, he might be read with pleasure and profit.

We have placed Ovid among the writers of heroic verse: many of his compositions, however, belong to the class termed Elegiac; and here, perhaps, it will be quite as convenient to place Tibullus and Propertius as in any other category. The poetry of Tibullus is tender, smooth and melodious; that of Propertius, according to Quintilian, was preferred by some, but is more disfigured by lasciviousness. Neither is fit to go into the hands of youth. Returning to the writers of hexameter, let us next glance at the author of the *Pharsalia*.

Marcus Annæus Lucanus, the son of M. A. Melas, and nephew of Seneca, was born at Corduba in Spain: C. Cæsar Germanicus being a second time consul with L. Cæcilius. At eight months old, he was carried to Rome and educated; and, with the celebrated A. Persius, became the pupil of the philosopher Cornutus, and other distinguished teachers. At an early age, he acquired reputation and honors, and was even unanimously elected into the college of Augurs. He had, however, the misfortune to displease Nero, who took every opportunity to mortify him. He united in the conspiracy of Piso against the Emperor; but, that conspiracy having been detected, although he barely attempted to conciliate Nero, by implicating his own mother, he was ordered to put himself to death, in the manner he preferred. He directed a warm bath to be prepared, and seating himself in it, caused his veins to be opened, and expired repeating his own description of the death of Lycidas: *Phar. L. III.*

*"Præbuit illa dies varii miracula fati.
Ferre dum puppi rapidos manus inærit uncus
Affixit Lycidam: mersus foret ille profundo:
Sed prohibent socii: suspensaque crura retrahunt.
Scinditur avulsus: nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus: ruptis cadit undique venis:
Ducurusque animâ diveras in membra meatûs
Interceptus aquis: nullius vita perempti
Est tanta dimissa via; pars ultima truci
Tradidit in letum vacuos vitalibus artus."*

Lucan has had many admirers, and undoubtedly there are some fine passages in the *Pharsalia*; but the worst of which is that given above: but as a whole, it may be considered a failure. It is a long story, beginning at the beginning, and ending at the end—so far, indeed, as it is ended,—for the poet did not live to finish it, having been ordered to die at the early age of 26 years. It is scarcely fair to criticise, with severity, a work which was probably a rough draught, intended to be submitted to the revision of his friends, and to be set apart for examination and correction, by a more mature judgment. The accurate Quintilian has estimated his powers very correctly:

"Lucanus ardens, et concitatus, et sententiis clarissimus."

ut dicam quod sentio, magis oratoribus quam poetis annumerandum."

This opinion of Quintilian has suggested to our mind, that it might prove an interesting inquiry, how far the, apparently, kindred talent of a high grade of eloquence, is really favorable or otherwise, to the cultivation of poetry. We know that the greatest of all the Roman orators, Cicero, made many efforts to woo the muse of poesy; but as if she were unwilling to play second to her sister, she coyly shrunk from his overtures. We have no evidence that Demosthenes, or Æschines, or Lysias, or Isocrates, or Burke, or Chatham, or Grattan, evinced any poetical talent; yet it seems strange that such should be the fact. Canning, we believe, *did* make some pretty verses in his youth; and we recollect, when a boy, having seen some manuscript letters in verse, written by Curran to his friend, the Rev. Richard Carey, which we are sure have never been published, and which we fear will be lost to the world. They were the essence of humor, wit, tenderness, and unstudied elegance; but this is an isolated case and proves nothing, and moreover, they were but emanations of that wit and humor, which seemed ever to be welling up in his soul. Now, how is it with regard to the transition from poetry to oratory? We think we have been able to observe, that those, whose poetical genius predominated in youth, have, in many instances, become effective orators in advanced life. It is conceded that there is no more polished speaker of the day than Moore. Campbell too has made some fine rhetorical displays. Scott proved himself an able speaker on several occasions. Petrarch was an orator; so was Milton; and many others could be named. We only hint at these facts, but they deserve deeper consideration. They have brought our own mind to the conclusion that a man may *make* himself an orator, but that he must be *born* a poet.

Having devoted more of our space to the writers of hexameters than we intended, we fear we shall be cramped in our notice of the other departments of poetry; but there is yet one species of the heroic verse, peculiar to the Romans, which demands our attention. That species of composition called satire, was unknown to the Greeks. The first writer who introduced it among the Latins, with any degree of celebrity, was Lucilius. The compositions of Ennius, bearing the same title, were written in a mixed measure. Lucilius was the friend and companion of Scipio, by whom he was greatly esteemed. Such was the facility with which he composed, that Horace jestingly says of him:

*"In hora sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnam, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno."*

As might have been expected from such carelessness, there was much that was unworthy of being dignified with the name of poetry.

Next in the order of time, but incomparably above all before or after him, who attempted this species of composition, was Horace.

This great poet and critic was born at Venusium, on the confines of Apulia, in the second Consulship of L. Aurelius Cotta, and L. Manlius Torquatus, before Christ, 63. At an early age he was taken to Rome by his father, who spared no expense upon his education, and sent him to the most distinguished teachers then in that city. He gives us an affecting account of the vigilance with which this excellent parent guarded his morals, and instilled into his youthful mind the precepts of virtue:

*"Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes
Circum doctores aderat."*

Would to God! so commendable an example were more generally imitated.

He was yet a young man, and in company with many other young Romans, was attending the classes of philosophy at Athens, when the civil war broke out. On his own authority, we know that he was a Tribune in the army of Brutus, and ran away at the battle of Philippi—an anecdote the less creditable to him, as he seems to have considered it rather as a subject of exultation than of shame. He enjoyed the friendship of Virgil, Varius, Mæcenas, Augustus, and indeed of all the distinguished men of his time. He was made independent by the bounty of Mæcenas, and yielded himself, uninterruptedly, to the composition of poetry, and to a dignified leisure.

In early life he wrote his lyrical compositions, which we shall treat of in their proper place; but as he advanced in years, he devoted himself to subjects more immediately connected with philosophy and the improvement of the public taste and morals; and in this department, has left us a legacy more valuable than that bequeathed by Attalus to the Roman people. In the whole range of classical literature, there is no author so generally read as Horace; and this is, at least, presumptive evidence of his merit.

We do not know that there are to be found in these compositions many original ideas; indeed, his object was to take his subjects and illustrations from the world around him; but never before, surely, did any writer clothe his sentiments in language, more chaste, more elegant, more appropriate. When we say *chaste*, we do not mean to include those indecencies into which he too has fallen; but we apply the term to the general character of his Satires and Epistles.

Who is there that invests virtue with such charms, and, as it were, domesticates it in our affections? Who has so beautifully depicted the advantages of contentment; the anxieties of wealth; the insatiable, sordid cravings of avarice; the unsatisfying nature of ambition; the corroding pangs of envy; the beauty of that universal charity, that draws a veil over the failings of our neighbor, and

is always ready to ascribe his actions to good motives? Who so frugal and contented as Ofellus? Who so vulgarly ostentatious, yet mean, as Nasidienus? Where too shall we find such a delightful vein of humor, as in the quarrels of Sarmentus and Messius Cicerrus; of Persius and Rupilius Rex; in the dialogue between Horace and Davus; in his adventure with the prattler; in his account of Priapus and the Sorceresses; in the dialogue of Ulysses and Trebatius, of Philip and Vulteius Mena? How admirable are his maxims! how edifying his precepts! how beautiful his moral! how persuasive his manner! His epistle, "*Ad Pisones*," affords the most conclusive proof that he had entered the penetralia of nature—had profoundly studied the chymistry of poetry—resolved it into its elements, and then shown how those elements may be recombined, adjusted and arranged, so as to form that perfect *whole*, which is the result of natural genius, improved by culture, and established by early discipline:

*"Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amice.
Qui studet optatam contingere metam,
Multis tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et aluit;
Abstinent Venere et vino: qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum."*

Following the course of time, the next satirist that deserves notice is Aulus Persius Flaccus. He was born at Vollaterra, in Etruria, A. D. 34; lost his father at the age of six years; was sent to Rome at twelve; attended, successively, the schools of Polemo, Flavius and Cornutus, in the departments of grammar, rhetoric and philosophy; and after a short, but virtuous career, died a natural death—no very common thing in those days—in the 28th year of his age, and in the 8th year of the reign of the detestable Nero.

Persius has left six satires which evince high powers, though there are some passages rendered intricate by the obscurity of his allusions, and there are also some obscene expressions, having reference to the vices of his time. His affection for his teacher, Cornutus, prompted a beautiful tribute, from which we extract a few lines for the edification of our youthful readers:

*"Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,
Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pendit;
Cum blandi comites, totaque impune suburra
Permisi sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo:
Cumque iter ambiguum est, et vita nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramoso in compita mentes:
Me tibi suppositi: teneros tu suscepis annos
Socratico, Cornute, sinu. Tunc fallere solers
Apposita intortos extendit regula mores;
Et premittitur ratione animus; vincique laborat,
Artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum."*

We have now reached the last writer of satire—the celebrated Juvenal.

Decius Junius Juvenalis was a native of Aquin-

um, in Latium. He became a scholar of the grammarian Fronto, and was also, probably, a disciple of Quintilian. He was a distinguished rhetorician and advocate before he reached the meridian of life, when he commenced writing satires. He was contemporary with Nero and his successors unto Adrian, in whose reign he died at an advanced age. He was banished by Domitian, but at this tyrant's death was restored to his country.

Juvenal is a nervous, bold and fascinating writer. He has been compared to Horace, and by some preferred. We cannot coincide with such an opinion, though ready to acknowledge the debt which literature owes to his genius. In exposing the vices of his age, however, he uses language so grossly indelicate, that it detracts greatly from the moral effect of his writings. As we are now about to take leave of this species of composition, we may be permitted to remark, that it is a dangerous experiment to familiarize the mind of youth to scenes of depravity, with the fallacious hope of deterring it from crime. In the moral world, the character is apt to retain the impression first stamped upon it, as the "cask long retains the odor with which it was first imbued." Suppose we were required to give instruction in composition to a youth, who was removed from the vulgarisms and provincialisms of our language, what course would nature and common sense dictate to us? Should we rake up all those vulgarisms, place them before the youth, and direct him to correct them? Far from it! We should place before him examples of a perfect style, and by faultless models, form his taste, and direct his judgment; and having done this, accuracy would be natural to him, and any deviation from it promptly discovered, though he may never have learned a grammatical rule. It is so in morals; the seldomer the eye of youth falls upon disgusting objects, the better. He would be an unwise guardian that would send a young man to a brothel to learn continence; to a tavern to learn temperance; to a gambling-house to acquire a disgust for gaming; to a usurer to learn generosity.

Entertaining these views, we cannot approve the course of those who, in holding "the mirror up to nature," exhibit to the public view those hideous deformities, to which, alas! the eye and the mind become too soon reconciled. The author we are now reviewing, has committed the egregious folly of banishing himself from the hands of those whose approbation is the most valuable. Although we have thus censured him, we must acknowledge that he inculcates lessons of wisdom and virtue, and abounds in pure and lofty principles.

He is bold, impetuous, uncompromising, in his attacks upon vice. Like the river Niagara, as it approaches the cataract, in its velocity and power, carries on its bosom, and hurries to the abyss every thing that comes within its influence; so

Juvenal plunges into the vortex of infamy, the vices and follies of his own times.

In placing his works in the hands of youth, the only precaution necessary, is to select for them those portions, which are free from the objections we have been considering. We are aware there are some who think that *all* of a book must be read, if read at all: they might as well argue that the rind of an orange must be eaten, because it forms a part of the fruit.

The ancient Drama next claims our attention. It is probable that the simple *Chorus* first chaunted the praises of Bacchus, to which, in time, was added the accompaniment of the flute. Next came a competition for the public favor, at the Dionysia, in which the successful candidate was rewarded with a goat. Hence the name Tragedy, from *τράγος*, a goat, and *ωδή*, a song. This rude species of composition was transferred by Thespis from the festivals of Bacchus to the affairs of life. He introduced, as an interlude to the Chorus, an actor, who entertained the populace with pleasantries and strictures on the manners and customs of the times. This actor had his face daubed with the lees of wine. About a century or less after Thespis, Æschylus invented the Mask, (*Persona*); the Robe, (*Palla*); and the Buskin, (*Cothurnus*.) He provided a regular stage, and introduced a second actor.

He elevated the style of composition to a grade of dignity and sublimity, which even his successors strove in vain to reach, and is, without dispute, the Homer of the Tragic Muse.

After this, Eupolis, Cratinus, Aristophanes and others, applying the same kind of representation to the ordinary affairs of life, and to indulgence in pleasantries and wit, at the expense of individuals of distinction, supplied nutriment to that gross appetite for slander and personal abuse, which seems inherent in the heart of man.

This branch of the Drama is termed Comedy, (*Κωμῳδία*), and is divided into the *old* and the *new*. We shall first take a rapid view of the comic writers.

In the department of ancient Comedy, the most distinguished writers were Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes. The writings of the two former have perished, and of the numerous compositions of the last, there remain but eleven plays, and some inconsiderable fragments.

The birth and parentage of Aristophanes are not ascertained with any degree of certainty. He was a contemporary of Socrates and Plato. His style affords us a valuable specimen of the *conversational* language of Athens, in his time; and demonstrates the inimitable grace and elegance it had attained. What a pity our pleasure should be marred by the low obscenity that disfigures his writings! He seemed utterly reckless of the pain he inflicted, provided it afforded gratification to a

depraved populace; and even the immortal Socrates was not exempt from his venomous satire. Indeed, it is not at all improbable, that the infamous levity with which his principles and character were treated by this writer, paved the way for those prejudices, that resulted in his death. He thus ridicules the personal appearance of the philosopher, in the "*Clouds*."

ΑΕΙΔ. Αἰβοί. πονηροί γ', οἶδα. τοὺς ἀλαζονας,
Τοὺς ὠχρῶντας, τοὺς ἀνυποδήτους λεγέειν,
'Ὅν ὁ κακοδαίμων Σωκράτης, καὶ Χαιρέφων.

"Gods! wretches indeed! I know them. You mean those boasting, pale-faced,* barefooted creatures, of whom are the miserable Socrates and Chærephon."

Strepsiades visits the school of Socrates, and knocking loudly at the door, it is opened by one of the scholars, who reproves the intruder for driving some fine conception from his brain. Strepsiades asks pardon, and begs to be informed what the *abortion*† was. After some persuasion he tells him:

ΜΑΘ. Λέξω νομίμαι δέ σί ταῦτα χρεὶ μυστηρία
Ἀνηρε! ἀρτί Χαιρέφωνα Σωκράτης,
Ψύλλαν ἐπόουσας ἄλλοιτο τοὺς αὐτῆς ποδας.
Δαχουσα γὰρ τὸν Χαιρέφαντος τ' ὄφρην,
Ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τοῦ Σωκρατοῦς ἐβήλατο,

ΣΤΡ. Πῶς δὴ τα τοὺτ ἔμετρησι; ΜΑΘ. Δεξιότατα.
Κηρὸν διατῆξας, εἶτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν,
'Εμβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τὴν ποδὴ,
Καίτα ψυγίστη περιέφυσαν περὶ σκαί.
Ταύτας ὁλοθυσας, ἀναμετρεῖ το χωρίον.

"*Scholar*. I will tell you; but you must consider these things as mysteries: Socrates lately asked Chærephon, how many of her own feet a flea can jump! for having bitten the brow of Chærephon, she jumped upon the head of Socrates.

"*Strepsiades*. How did he measure it?

"*Scholar*. Most scientifically. Having melted wax, and then caught the flea, he dipped her feet in the wax; when it became cold, Persian slippers were formed, and taking these off, he measured the distance."

But wit and sarcasm do not constitute all the merit of this author. There are few writers who can rise so suddenly and effectively to a high grade of the *sublime*, as may be seen in his *Choruses*. The following strophe and antistrophe, selected for their brevity, are given as specimens of the *beautiful*. We have attempted a paraphrase of them, which is annexed:

ΣΤΡΟΦΗ

‡ ΧΟΡ. Χωρῶμεν εἰς πολυμήδους
Λαίωνας ἀνθερωδεῖς,
Τὸν ἡμέτερον τρέπον
Τὸν καλλιχωροῦσαν

* This interesting anecdote of Socrates, is confirmed by his own acknowledgment. "*I never use shoes*." PL. EP. VI.

† The mother of Socrates was a midwife.

‡ BATP.

Παιζούτες, ἐν οὐβίαι
Μοίραι ζυνάγουσι.

ANTIETP.

Μόνους γὰρ ἦν "Ἡλιος
Καὶ φίγγος ἱλαρόν ἐστιν,
"Ὅσοι μεμνημέθ', ἐν—
σεβή τε δῆγομεν
Τρόπον, περὶ τε ζῆνους,
Καὶ τοὺς ἰδιώτας.

Str.

To the meadows let us roam,
While the roses are in bloom,
And the flowers spread perfume,
On our path.
In chorus blithe and gay,
Let us sing and dance and play,
And may happy fates, always,
Us await.

Antistr.

The sun on us alone,
Who mystic rites have known,
A cheerful light hath thrown,
Ever clear.
A pious life we spend,
Our social rights defend,
Nor e'er forsake a friend,
We hold dear.

We pass on to the new comedy, of which Menander was the founder. Of his comedies there are left only some fragments. From the confession of Terence, we know that his plays are little more than free translations of Menander; and he justifies himself in having appropriated to his purposes the labors of the Greek, by the example of Nævius, Plautus, and Ennius. However it may have been esteemed then, posterity has evinced, not only its pardon of the offence, but its delight with the offender, and only regrets he had not stolen on a larger scale. What must have been the original, when the copy is so exquisite! Publius Terentius Afer was born at Carthage, but it is uncertain how he became a slave. He was the property of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman senator, by whom he was educated in the best manner, and manumitted. He was contemporary with Scipio, Africanus, and Lælius, and lived on terms of close intimacy with them. His style is terse and elegant, and his wit refined.

Terence abounds in valuable sentiments and maxims. We extract a few that are worthy of notice:

*Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo, quam metu.*

*Et errat longe, mea quidem sententia
Qui imperium credat gravius esse, aut stabilius
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adiungitur.*

*Homini imperito nunquam quicquam iniustus,
Qui, nisi quod ipse fecit, nihil rectum putat.*

*Non æquum diris, non, nam vetus verbum hoc quidem est,
Communia esse amicorum inter se omnia.*

Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.

Marcus Accius Plautus was a native of Umbria.

He derived his name from the *sobriquet* *Ploti*, or flat-footed, given to his countrymen. He was poor, and in the intervals of labor composed his plays, which he occasionally sold. Twenty of those plays are extant. They manifest a copious but coarse wit, and much skill in the arrangements of his plot. There are many indecencies in his writings. He is praised by Cicero:

"Plautus urbano, ingenioso et faceto genere jocandi refertus."
He died in the consulship of P. Claudius and L. Portius.

In our remarks on the origin of the Drama, we placed *Æschylus*, where he deserves to be, at the head of the Tragic Triumvirate: for, these constitute all the writers of ancient Tragedy, worthy of regard, whose works have descended to posterity. He was a native of Eleusis, in Attica. He was a brave soldier, and distinguished himself under Miltiades at Marathon. His country proved ungrateful to him, as she always did to her benefactors; and he seems to have retired in disgust, and settled in Sicily, where he died at the age of sixty-nine years. Seven only of his Comedies are extant.

We should have been pleased to give some specimens of his style, but our compositor has no ear for Greek choruses, and we have already as he shocked the sensibility of his nervous system, that we are apprehensive of paralysis.

His language is lofty and sonorous, and in his choruses especially, he ranks, in sublimity of sentiment and expression, above both of his contemporaries and rivals. We recommend especially the "*Prometheus*" and "*Seven before Thebes*," to the classical student.

Sophocles was somewhat the junior of *Æschylus*, and about seventeen years older than *Æschylus*. He was the son of Sophilus, and was born in the seventy-third Olympiad, at Colonus, a village of Attica. He served with Pericles in some of his expeditions, and conducted himself bravely. He is very frequently confounded with the distinguished general of that name—the son of Sostratidas. Sophocles added a third actor, and increased the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen. He established, too, the custom, of persons contending for the poetical prize should write on the same subject, which previously had not been the case. According to Suidas, he wrote one hundred and twenty-three tragedies, and was twenty-four times victorious. He was remarkable for honor and probity, but neither a soldier nor statesman. He died at the advanced age of ninety-five years, according to some accounts, from joy at the success of one of his plays. Lucian says he was choked by a raisin.

Seven only of his plays are extant. He was complimented with the name of the "*Attic Æschylus*" by his countrymen. His style is more majestic, and his plots better conceived, than those of *Æschylus* or Euripides. He does not portray the passions

of love and jealousy as successfully as Euripides; but the filial and parental affections are depicted with a power and pathos not to be surpassed.

Quintilian acknowledges he is the superior of Euripides in sublimity of diction; but thinks the latter more useful as a model for an orator on account of his philosophical researches, and his argumentative faculty—advantages which he probably derived from a more intimate association with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and others, of his time, from whom Sophocles was more removed by reason of his greater age.

The opinion of Quintilian is, no doubt, based on that of Demosthenes:

Σοφὸς Σοφοχλῆς, σοφώτερος δ' Εὐριπίδης.
 Ἄνδρων δὲ πάντων Σωκράτης σοφώτατος.

The last of the great tragic writers was Euripides.

This distinguished philosopher and poet, the son of Maesarchus, was born at Salamis, on the day of the great naval victory over Xerxes. He derived his name from Euripus, the strait between Eubœa and Attica. He was educated with the greatest care, and became the pupil of the rhetorician Prodicus, and the philosopher Anaxagoras. Aristophanes takes every occasion to disparage him—and among other things, represents him as the son of an herb-woman. We have already noticed his claims in comparison with those of Sophocles. That he should be preferred by some is not wonderful, when one considers the great variety of taste which exists in the world; but the universal voice is seldom wrong, and to that we think we may appeal for judgment in favor of Sophocles. What a wonderful age it was that produced such a galaxy of contemporaries, as the world has never seen, and most certainly, never will see again, in a like compass of territory! Pericles, Thucydides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, Alcibiades, Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, and numerous others—statesmen, generals, orators, philosophers, and poets. With a slight stretch of imagination, we might believe that an odor of intellect, like that borne from the spices of Arabia, had diffused itself through the atmosphere of Attica, so as to render it impossible for dullness, or even mediocrity to dwell therein. We may talk of the Augustan age and of the Elizabethan age, but they were immeasurably below the Socratic age. But, to return to Euripides: he is confessed by all to have no equal in expressing the emotions of disappointed love, grief, jealousy, and revenge; and it is on these dark shades of human character that he loves to dwell. Sophocles, on the contrary, is most successful in delineating the virtues, and all the generous and ennobling affections. Euripides teaches us to lament pathetically our calamities. Sophocles instructs us how to bear them with manly fortitude. Euripides gives us precepts without practice. Sophocles gives us practice with-

out precepts. If you would be a complaining sophist, read Euripides. If you would be, what the Gods love to behold,—a brave man struggling with adversity,—read Sophocles. We have said that Euripides was inimitable in depicting the painful emotions of the heart. We venture to give an instance which has drawn many a salt tear from our own eyes, and to the emotions produced by which familiarity has not been able to render us insensible. We have attempted an English version of this passage, but we fear it will be considered a failure. It deserves some indulgence, however, for the effort originated not in any vain expectation of approaching the exquisite pathos of the original, but from a desire of giving the general reader an idea, however faint, of the power of this author. It may be proper to state for the better understanding of the passage, that Eteocles and Polynices, sons of Œdipus and Jocasta, after their father's death, agreed to reign alternately. Eteocles violated his engagement, whereupon Polynices makes war upon him; and they both finally meet in single combat, and are slain near the walls. The wretched mother and her daughter, Antigone, having been informed of the duel, rush to the scene of conflict, and find the brothers weltering in their blood.

στερνων δ' ἀπο
 φύσμη ἀνείς δόσσητον Ἐτεοκλῆς ἀναξ
 ἥκουσε μητρός, κἀκίθεις ὑγρὰν χίτρα,
 φωνὴν μὲν οὐκ ἀφῆκεν, ὀμματων δ' ἀπο
 προσεΐπε δακρύοις, ὥστε σημεῖναι φίλα.
 ὅς δ' ἦν ἐν ἔμψνοῦς, πρὸς καὶ γιγῆνη ἰδὼν,
 γραῖαν τε μητρί', εἶπε Πολυνείκης τάδε.
 ἀπωλόμεθα, μήτηρ, οἰκτείρω δέ σε,
 καὶ τήνδ' ἀδελφὴν, καὶ κασιγνήτην νεκρὸν
 φίλος γὰρ ἐχθρὸς ἐγένετ', ἀλλ' ὅμως φίλος.
 θάψον δέ μ', ὦ τεκοῦσα, καὶ σὺ, σὺ γάρον,
 ἐν γῇ πατρίᾳ, καὶ πόλιν θυροσπασμένην
 παρηγορεῖται, ὥς τοσούτῳ γόνυ τῷ
 χυθόνος πατρως, καὶ δόμος ἀπώλεσα.
 ξυνηρμοσόν δι βλιφάρ' μου τῇ σὴ χερσὶ
 μητρ' τίθησι δ' αὐτὸς ὀμμάτων ἐπὶ.
 καὶ χαίρει', ἦν γὰρ με περιβάλλει σκότος.

As in the throes of death the monarch heaved
 His lab'ring breast, his mother's cries he heard;
 His humid hand upon her robe he laid,
 No voice he uttered, and no word he said;
 But from his eyes the briny fountains flow,
 Than words more eloquent his love to show.
 His sister eyeing, with anxious, tender look,
 And aged mother, thus Polynices spoke:
 I perish, mother! but oh I pity you,
 And this loved girl, and Eteocles too;
 A friend to be, whom God and Heaven did send,
 A foe became! Yet still he is a friend.
 In this tor'd land where I have met my doom,
 Give, mother, give, 'tis all I ask, a tomb!
 For empire lost, beseech the angry state
 A little dust, 'tis all can compensate.
 And now, dear mother, my eyelids gently close,
 And fare thee well! in death I'll find repose.
 This said, her hand upon his eyes he laid:
 Then death their orbs in gloomy darkness sealed.

* Eteocles.

Euripides is said to have composed one hundred and twenty plays, of which eighteen only and some fragments are extant. There are some Latin tragedies usually ascribed to Seneca, and published with his works. They are written in an inflated style, and deserve no particular attention.

We have already intimated our opinion that the heroic form of composition was the most ancient, and we think we should be able to fortify this opinion by arguments which it would be difficult to overthrow. There are those, however, who suppose Lyric Poetry to be of older date. There can be no question it is of very early origin, and that the accompaniment of the lyre was introduced at a very remote period. We shall now proceed to notice the several writers who have acquired fame in this department.

Among the Greeks there were reckoned nine Lyric Poets. The most celebrated were Alcæus, Sappho, Anacreon and Pindar. Among these Pindar was preëminent, according to the testimony of Quintilian:

"Norem vero Lyricorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentia, Sententiis, figuris, beatissima rerum verborumque copia, et velut quodam eloquentie flumine; propter quæ Horatius cum merito credidit nemini imitabilem."

Alcæus was a native of Mytilene, in the island of Lesbos, and contemporary with Sappho. He was a brave soldier, as well as a charming poet. He wrote in the Æolic dialect. Some fragments of his poetry are preserved: among them a beautiful hymn to Harmodius and Aristogiton, which if we were a poet we would translate.

Some of the most charming of the Odes of Horace are imitations of Alcæus.

Sappho was also a native of Mitylene, rendered famous by her poetical genius, and her reputed love for Phaon. The voice of antiquity is united in awarding to her the first rank for elegance and sweetness of composition.

Anacreon was a native of Teos, in Ionia, and was probably contemporary with the "seven wise men." He was a jolly soul, who troubled himself but little with the ills of life, and whose whole enjoyment consisted in his bottle, his lyre and his mistress. The authenticity of some of the pieces ascribed to him, is doubted. He has been successfully translated and imitated by Moore and others.

We give his "Reasons for drinking" as translated by Thomas Bourne, together with an answer which we beg leave to inscribe to the Washingtonians:

"REASONS FOR DRINKING."

"The earth drinks up the genial rains
Which deluge all her thirsty plains;
The lofty trees that pierce the sky
Drain up the earth and leave her dry;
Th' insatiate sea imbibes, each hour,
The welcome breeze that brings the shower;
The sun whose fires so fiercely burn,
Absorbs the wave, and in her turn,

The modest moon enjoys, each night,
Large draughts of his celestial light.
Then, sapient sirs, pray tell me why,
If all things drink, why may not I?"

Answer.

'Tis true the earth drinks up the rain,
'Tis true the trees drain up the plain;
'Tis true the sea doth quaff, each day,
The wanton airs that kiss its spray;
'Tis true the sun in Thetis' lap,
Reclines at e'en and takes a nap;
Then looking up from ocean's cave,
Doth tinge the moon with silv'ry wave:
But yet they answer, one and all,
"We water drink, thou alcohol."

Pindar, the son of Dæphantes, or, according to some, of Scopelinius, was a native of Thebes, in Bœotia, or, more probably, of Cynocéphalæ. He was contemporary with Æschylus. When Xerxes invaded Greece, he was in the prime of life. He was conspicuous for his piety, and was so great a favorite with Apollo, that he signified through his oracle his desire that the poet should receive a portion of all the offerings made at his temple. He lived to an advanced age, admired and revered by his fellow-citizens, and courted and honored by princes. His memory was honored by posterity; and Alexander, when he razed Thebes to the ground, not only spared the house of Pindar, but afforded safety and protection to his descendants. Pliny, the elder, recounting the instances of veneration shown by the Conqueror for departed genius, says on this subject:

"Idem Pindari vatis familia penetibusque jussit parci, cum Thebas caperet."

The works of Pindar were numerous and varied, but there have been preserved to us only some fragments, and his EPIGRAMS—Odes, in which were sung the praises of those who conquered in the great games of Greece. These compositions are named Olympia, Pythia, Nemea, Isthmia, after the games which they commemorate.

It is difficult to impart to the general reader a just conception of the style of Pindar. That most accurate of all critics, Horace, declares that he cannot be imitated:

*"Pindarum quisquis studet emulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Dædaleæ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto."*

If, then, the imitation be so difficult, what is likely to be the success of any attempt to translate these immortal poems? The attempt has however been made; but you look in vain for that majestic diction, those "thoughts that burn," that flood of eloquence,* broad and deep, which characterizes the original.

But it is not alone the sublimity of his conceptions and diction that enchants us. His compositions abound in philosophical precepts, all calculated

* *immensus ruit profundo Pindarus or.*

lated to inspire the mind with principles of religion and virtue.

When he would animate us to trust in God, by assuring us that virtue will be rewarded; or when he would deter us from vice, by telling us that though we soared with the Eagle into the regions of Æther, or plunged with the Dolphin into the fathomless ocean, yet we should not escape the all-seeing eye and mighty arm of a Supreme Being; he clothes his sentiments in the following beautiful language:

Θεὸς ἔστιν ἐν εἰσίδῳ
 εἰ τετραπῶ ἀνέσται·
 Θεὸς, ὃ καὶ περὶ οὐρα
 ἄλυσεν κίχυν, καὶ θαλάσσης·
 οὐ παραρρίβεται
 Διὸς ἰστὸς· καὶ ὑψιφρονῶν τιν' ἐκαμψέ
 Βροτῶν, ἱτίροισι δὲ
 Κίχιν ἀγλαῶν παρίδων·.

This passage, extracted from the 9d Pythia, has called to our mind the still more sublime conception of David:

Ps. cxxxix—verses 8, 9, 10, 11.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the remotest parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the light shall be light about me.

Now that we are upon the subject of this poet, from a careful perusal of whose works a more just idea of the sublime and beautiful can be conceived, than from the precepts of all the critics; it will not be out of place to call the attention of the reader to that "Book" which affords examples of the sublime, in comparison with which the finest passages of Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and all the hosts both of Greeks and Romans, are as the light of a twinkling star, to the effulgence of the meridian sun. No description of the infinity of God's power has ever reached the sublimity of the following sentence:

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

Is there any thing in Euripides that can approach the pathetic but simple narrative of the evangelist?

"Jesus wept."

Is not; but to appreciate its beauty and its pathos, we must bring ourselves to reflect *who* it was that sympathized so deeply with the infirmities of human nature; and then, and then only, can we feel the extent of his benevolence, and our obligation. We forbear, however, from farther remark on the Sacred Writings, and pass on to the consideration of Horace, who has been the most successful imitator of Pindar.

Were we to write pages on the relative merits of Horace and the great Theban, we should not be able to draw so accurate a distinction between them as the Roman has himself done, in the following beautiful lines:

"Multa Dircæum levat aura cyncnem,
 Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
 Nubium tractus. Ego apix Matinæ
 More modoque
 Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
 Phurimæ, circa nemus uvidique
 Tiberis ripas, operosa parvus
 Carmina fingo."

Although the general features of style of the two writers are such as described by Horace; yet we think he has spoken with too great modesty of his own claims. He has indeed indulged too far in imitating the Sapphic and Anacreontic licentiousness; and there is too much reason to believe from his own confessions that, at least in early life, many of his poetical effusions were faithful delineations of his lascivious conduct; yet there are occasions, on which he soars into the regions of lofty eloquence; and others, in which he takes so manly a stand in the defence of virtue, and in inculcating precepts of wisdom, in language so pure and persuasive, that we are disposed to forget his errors, and admit his claim to be considered among the benefactors of mankind.

It will be observed, that we leave several of the minor poets unnoticed. We do so, however, not because we are indifferent to their merits, but because, having occupied nearly all the space allotted us, we are compelled to draw our sketch to a close.

After we shall have taken excursions, similar to that in which we have now accompanied the reader, through the remaining departments of Literature; we shall have some remarks to offer upon the means of appropriating to ourselves those treasures, which no iron-hearted creditor can attach; which no usurer can decimate; which will cheer our solitude, when the black cloud of adversity draws its sable curtain around us; which, when the sun again shall gild our horizon, will transmit its rays into our hearts; which will give us generosity in youth, constancy in manhood, and consolation in old age. But these treasures are not to be obtained without labor. If we desire to reap, we must first sow; if we expect to gather grapes, we must plant vines.

"Qui neque serit vitem, neque quas sata est, diligenter colit: oleum, ficus, poma non habet."

B.

[The intelligent reader, whatever may be his own attainments in classical literature, will find a delightful repeat in the foregoing article, from the pen of one of the ripest scholars of our country; and the Christian Moralist will be gratified, that one so well qualified to discern and to recommend the beauties of the ancient authors,—does not close his eyes to their occasional grossness, and their consequent capacity to do evil, without proper precautions. We look with earnestness and interest to a continuance of the labors of our able contributor.]—Ed. Mass.

WHENCE ARISES THE HUMILITY OF GREATNESS.

"Faint yet pursuing."

It is an acknowledged fact, that the truly great are always humble. This humility proceeds from comparing themselves, not with others, but with the capabilities of their own nature. The man who is self-satisfied, believing he has become all that he might be, whatever he has achieved, is not truly great. The highest class of minds have ever felt a sense of discouragement after the completion of their most praiseworthy works.

When Leonardo da Vinci had finished his painting of the Last Supper, the world were astonished at its excellence. The unimaginative, who had never even pictured to themselves the disciples of our Lord, wondered at beholding the striking individuality manifested in their representation. They could not conceive of the creative power, which could endow, with characteristic life, those who had slept for centuries. The young painters viewed with delight, the exaltation of which their art was capable, and were lost in astonishment at the magic skill with which each colour was made to contribute to the general beauty and harmony. With different feelings did Leonardo regard this touching scene. The fire of inspiration had left his eye; and his noble brow was darkened with sadness. When that splendid picture had been completed, excepting the head of our Saviour, he threw down his pencil in despair. The mind which could display in the countenance of the favorite disciple, such inimitable loveliness, believed itself incapable of portraying the divine lineaments of the Redeemer. And now, that the labor of years was completed, he was still dissatisfied; for his discerning eye did not compare it with the works of others, but the bright ideal in his own creative mind.

With similar feelings, Milton must have contemplated that noble poem, which has been the wonder of ages. The mind which originated such sublime thoughts, could never have been satisfied with itself. We behold his Paradise in all its glowing beauty, and wonder at the genius which could endow its inhabitants with such surpassing loveliness. But Milton's description of Adam when untainted by sin, could not reach the sublimity of his conception of a perfect man. The poet must always lament the inability of language to express his glowing thoughts. He longs for a mental daguerreotype to transfer, with a glance of light, an exact impression of the beings of his mind. But the consciousness of his inefficiency to do himself justice, does not drive him to despair: for the height of the standard to which men aspire, is one great cause of the excellence they achieve. The painter seizes his pencil again and again, determined that if he cannot entirely realize his noble conceptions, he will endeavor to approach them more nearly. The poet breaks forth

again into song, laboring to reveal the thought which at first seemed inexpressible. They are striving on; striving ever, after the unattainable, lamenting continually their inability to reach the towards which they are gradually advancing.

The most exalted Christian feels constantly the same humility. He does not seek to delineate the form of his Redeemer, or describe in lofty terms the perfection of humanity. No, a still nobler task is his; he strives to become himself a representation of the Saviour. While mankind admire the likeness of their Divine Master, his heart often sinks within him. He knows how far he has fallen below the perfection of which his nature is capable, as displayed in the sinless model once offered to man. But does the Christian despair? No, he makes nobler efforts after that which he can only reach in Heaven.

O! how animating is the thought of that state where these indefinite aspirations which are filling the mind will be developed in all their brightness. There, man shall fix his eye on no eminence of knowledge, or holiness, to which he shall not ascend. His nature and capabilities will continually expand—and with them, the powerful increase of attaining what his enlarged faculties desire for there we shall at length be "perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect." C. T. L.

Harford, Conn.

TO A HIGHLY GIFTED ENGLISH WRITER.

BY MISS HARRIET N. JENES.

"Such are the mysteries that circle life!
To think—yet with unsatisfied desire,
Sit in the temple-porch of knowledge still;—
And thirsting for a sympathy of soul
Which only angels know." Tuckerman.

My Friend, it is not love I ask of thee,
As one might claim a fond affianced bride;
Its homage low would all unheeded be—
I scorn to know the coquette's heartless pride.
Nor do I ask with tenderness o'erfraught
Affection's sacred tear, or thrilling sigh,
But gift as prized,—the oft recurring thought,
"Would that my friend, my cherish'd friend, were I;
And that thou should'st in her meek presence feel
Congenial life, and holiest peace,
And from the careless world's rough visitings
Find for thy spirit food and calm release.
Oft have I wandered, thro' thy gifted page
With eager thought to classic Italy;—
Oft will thy verse again my heart engage,
With throbbing pulse, with smile, or tearful eye.
And when my simple lute would fain impress
With its low touching note thy sympathy,
While earnest eloquence thy thanks expresses
Those words I deem far richer melody.
And richly too I prize that art divine
That doth fair semblance of the lov'd retain,—
If it elicit valued thoughts like thine,

My feeble genius hath not breathed in vain.
 When matin hour shall call to humble prayer,
 I would be near to join the glowing strain,—
 Or should the sorrowing plaint of grief be there,
 The grateful praise I'd share,—the noble pain!
 Is autumn's glorious light, or summer's eve,
 By the bold ocean's side at still moonlight,
 Wherever beauty doth thy heart relieve,
 Wherever greatness doth thy soul invite.
 Rise from their slumbering depths, from solitude
 My futile thoughts,—oft in a quiet heart
 There do lie buried visions great and good,—
 But finding none, O such wilt thou impart!
 I know thine ample store of mental wealth,
 The chastened elegance of thy rare mind,
 And timidly I offer in return
 Sisterly influence,—friendship refined,
 Thou know'st it is not loneliness of heart
 That would this valued gift incite from thee,—
 'Tis quenchless thirst for mind—companionship
 For lofty thoughts,—exalted sympathy!
Boston.

LOVE SKETCHES.

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAX, OF VIRGINIA.

II.

On the vapor the sunset staineth,
 The loveliness cannot remain,
 And the gems that the night-dew raineth,
 The rose leaf may not retain.
 From all that this world hath sweetest,
 The hue of its youth must depart;
 'Twere strange, since the 'fairest is fleetest,'
 If change could not come for the heart.
 'Tis the lesson our life ever learneth,
 Forgetfulness dawneth on all,
 And young Hope that so fervently yearneth,
 But springeth to droop and to fall.

The sisters were together,—together for the last time in the happy home of their childhood. The window before them was thrown open, and the shadows of evening were slowly passing from each familiar outline on which the gazers looked. They were both young and fair; and one, the elder, wore that pale wreath the maiden wears but once. The accustomed smile had forsaken her lip now, and the orange flowers were scarcely whiter than the cheek they shaded. The sisters' hands were clasped in each other's, and they sat silently, watching the gradual brightening of the resect moon, and the coming forth, one by one, of the stars. Not a cloud was floating in the quiet sky: the light wind hardly stirred the young leaves; and the air was fraught with the fragrance of early spring-flowers. It was the hour when reverie is deepest, and fantasies have the earnestness of truth, when memory is melancholy in its vividness, and we feel, "almost like a reality," the presence of those who may bless our pathway no more. The loved, the lost

— So many, yet how few!"
 Gathered around us, not as they are, chastened and

troubled by battling with trials and disappointments; but as they used to be in the glow of unwearied expectation; old fears flit before us, altered into pleasures, and old hopes return bathed in tears. Ah! could we read by starlight, the hearts we consider so calm and callous in daily companionship, how much more kindly would we judge the motives around us; how often, in the minds we believe coldest, might we see the strong working of some secret sorrow, or the still ravage of some painful remembrance, buried dark and afar from careless eyes, and only revealed to those holy ones which shine down on us from heaven!

The sisters' thoughts were busy, as thoughts will be when some valued blessing is about to pass away. Their destinies were to be divided now, for the first time; and though not to be widely separated, they both felt that what they had once been to each other, they never could be again. With one, new associations were forming stronger and dearer even, than the lovely links of sisterly affection; but as the bride glanced at her companion, the future, with all its happily tinted visions, failed for awhile to soothe, and the familiar joys she was forsaking, seemed more precious than ever. The other's look was composed, but it was the calmness of feeling, too entirely subdued to gain refuge in outward grief. She had no sweet, tremulous anticipations, garnered up in the hereafter, no tenderness promising to repay, a thousand fold, the unnumbered ties it severed. Hers was the one trouble for which the lip has no expression, the gentlest sympathy no solace. For all other trials there are many comforts; for the deceived in love, this world affords no relief. We lose the balm friendship might have bestowed, in parting with the spirit of confidence; and when pleasures, like flowers, lie withered around us, prayer brings only the last and saddest wisdom of mourning—to suffer and be still. It is not affection alone, we relinquish, in quitting love; we bid farewell to so many hopes, clinging like tendrils round that reliance; we break so many pure and fervent beliefs, whose perfect trust returns not; so much faith in the professions of others, flies from us, that bewildering doubts hover over us, which, no after experience can dissipate; suspicions gather, and we have nothing to refute them;—till life is saddened by premature cautiousness, and the soul grows weary with the depressing knowledge of deception. Poor Edith!

There were gay friends about the sisters later that evening, and kind wishes were whispered to the bride by those whose voices she loved, till the glow of hope and happiness revisited her cheek, and her brow was no longer sorrowful beneath that garland so pale with prophecies. Mordante's gaze followed Edith with affectionate solicitude, and he appeared surprised at her unruffled quietness and self-command. He had anticipated some passionate

demonstration of the woe pressing so heavily upon her; he could scarcely believe suffering existed beneath a smile so placid and a manner so composed. There was no visible sign of sadness, none of the petulance sometimes betraying the wound within; for her tone was kinder and softer than usual, and she was more than ordinarily interested in promoting the enjoyment of others. He judged, as men ever judge women, by the exterior tokens which evince so little of the inner truth; and with all his high-toned feeling and habit of observation, he could not trace, nor comprehend that mingling of pride and self-forgetfulness, which make the mystery of a woman's love.

"Edith is looking beautiful this evening," he said to his bride, "and as tranquil as if the occurrences of the last few weeks had been already forgotten."

The sister sighed; the depth of her own devotion taught her to read more truly the secret history of another's. The first afflictions of existence are the most terrible to bear; and who may paint the full wretchedness of that young mourner, as, in the solitude of night, her sufferings found utterance, and the repressed emotions of several hours flowed forth unrestrained, melting the sweet hopes of her youth, to tears!

There are great ordeals which seem to engross all our faculties of endurance, and having passed their stern tribunal, we appear to acquire an additional share of patience for the common and lesser vexations that await us. It is as if our appointed portion of trial had been at once bestowed, and in the test of one lasting disappointment, we lose the capability of being annoyed and excited by any lighter evils. It was thus with Edith; and as time glided on, her calmness settled into a second nature, and she bore with redoubled equanimity, those trivial, but perplexing and constantly recurring cares, which attend every hour of a woman's career. In losing the earnest anticipations of future happiness, she relinquished no share of her sympathy with the gay and blest around her; and the warm affections, which, under different circumstances, might have brightened and hallowed her own lot, went forth, unchilled and chastened into holier light, to shed their sunshine upon others. Her loneliness of thought was subdued, though not changed; for she had learned that unceasing self-control, which is one of the blessings of grief. And when past impressions would rush unbidden back, when the sound of music would recall some pleasant dream she had lost; or the mention of a name too well remembered, would make her cheek grow pale, there was no utterance of that mental pain; the recollection and the regret went by unspoken.

And if, sometimes, at these moments, she looked upward to the stars and sighed for the rest beyond them—if it were a pleasure to her to think how

brief life is, and to number every instance she could remember; of those who had died young, who she blame one but a "little lower than the angels for pining to be at peace with the pure in heart

I'LL FLY TO THE COUNTRY.

BY ARCHÆUS OCCIDENTALIS.

I'll be with you in the morn
When the huntsman sounds his horn,
And the fox is in the loop
Of his brier peeping through;
And the rose and lily droop,
With their crystals of dew.
When the phantoms of the night
Are away to the shades;
And the arrows of light
Diving into the glades;
And the rook in the elms
The lark's note o'erwhelms,
I'll be with you.

When the ploughman gives rest to his team,
And sickles awhile cease to gleam,
And the calmness of noontide prevails,
And the ether-mist floats in the dales,
And the school-boy is telling his mother
The morning mishaps of his brother,
And the haymaker's daughter,
With a blush and a song,
From romping in the clover,
Comes dancing along,
I'll be with you.

And when the orb of day
His bright course has fulfill'd;
And the hounds cease their bay,
And the laverock is still'd,
And the laborer is gone to his rest,
And the rook is away to her nest,
And the angler is back from the waters,
And the haymaker's daughter
From romping in the clover
To romping with a lover,
Oh, then, I'll be with you, my love,
Nature, my love, I'll be with you!

POETRY FROM SCHILLER.

"How sweet and rapturous, 'tis to feel
Ourselves exalted in a lovely soul,
To know our joys make glow another's cheek,
Our fears to tremble in another's heart,
Our sufferings bedew another's eye;
How beautiful and grand, 'tis, hand in hand,
With a dear son, to tread youth's rosy path,
Again to dream once more the dream of life!
How sweet and great, imperishable is
The virtues of a child, to live for ages
Transmitting good unceasingly! How sweet
To plant what a dear son will one day reap,
To gather what will make him rich—to feel:
How deep, will one day, be his gratitude."

W. J. T.

THE GAY FLOWER AND THE WITHERED LEAVES.

I had placed a bright flower on my bosom,
With a sprig of green leaves, that by contrast were showing,
How rich were the colours, that warmly were flowing
Through the veins of the beautiful blossom.

I believed that the fragrance so blest,
From the heart of the flower was surely arising,
Nor dreamed the poor leaves, which I thought not of prizing
Breathed it forth as they died on my breast.

Not the idols that men fondly cherish,
Not the happy and gay, who in splendor are living,
But the crushed of the earth, such incense are giving
To the world on whose bosom they perish.

C. L. T.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

Enquiry into the validity of the British claim, to the right of visitation and search of American vessels suspected to be engaged in the African slave-trade. By Henry Wheaton, L.L.D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Berlin.—Author of "Elements of International Law." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard; 1842.

We have, before, expressed our opinion of this book. We read it through at a single sitting, and laid it down with feelings of pleasure and of pride—pride, that it is the production of an American citizen abroad, and pleasure to find, that the hasty views taken some months ago in this journal, of the law-points involved in the question, are fully sustained by Mr. Wheaton, himself an eminent writer on International Law. He reviews the History of the African slave-trade, going back to the time when Great Britain fastened the plague-spot upon this country, and obtained, by the Asiento contract with Spain, the privilege of supplying his Catholic Majesty's dominions in America, with 4,800 negro slaves annually for thirty years.

On the accession of Charles II., it was represented to him that the British plantations in America required a greater yearly supply of servants; and "his majesty did," says Davenant, "publicly invite all his subjects to the subscription of a new joint-stock for recovering and carrying on the trade to Africa:" p. 9.

One of the last petitions made by Virginia (1773) to the throne of England, was a prayer, beseeching the parent state to wipe away this leprous spot from the land, and to curse it no longer with the odious traffic in human flesh. Massachusetts had, as early as 1645, abrogated the buying and selling of slaves, except those taken in lawful warfare; and to those she guaranteed the privileges allowed by the law of Moses. But this humane statute was nullified by the mother country, who now has hoisted the black flag and turned renegade herself; and like all true ones, is for showing no quarters.

Mr. Wheaton proves conclusively, that the pretensions now set up by Great Britain, are at vari-

ance with the established principles of the maritime code, and altogether incompatible with the free use of the seas for lawful purposes. The author has treated his subject in a dignified manner, and with a force of argument perfectly convincing and conclusive.

In Europe, where the intrigues of nations are so often witnessed and well understood, this question has attracted much attention: so much, that two of our Ministers there, have felt themselves called on to vindicate, by book and pamphlet, the motives, principles and considerations which have operated with their government in withholding its assent to the *apparently* very reasonable propositions of England, and to which the chief maritime powers of Europe saw no objections. In a former No. of this journal, it was shown why this country *will* not, and it is now our object to show why it *ought* not, to give its assent.

We propose to review, as faithfully as time and circumstance will permit, the grounds upon which the United States object to give British cruisers upon the high seas, the right of visiting and searching our merchantmen. From a dispassionate and fair consideration of these, it can, we think, be shewn, that though America be never so earnest, and doubtless she is earnest, in her wishes to suppress the slave-trade, she cannot accede to the propositions of Great Britain, for several reasons, each in itself sufficient to justify her in the stand which she has taken. These reasons are derived from the conduct of Great Britain, as well with regard to slavery and the slave-trade, as to the right of search. The sympathy of the English *people* for the negro slave, no one doubts: but as to the philanthropy of the English *government*, though it be never so exalted and great in the eyes of some; yet, when we come closely to examine it, we shall find it to be like Fuller's Irish mountain, *with a bog on the top of it*, in which she has constantly endeavored to swamp the commercial prosperity of America. Before entering upon this examination, it may be well to glance at the *right* by which this country has refused its assent to the terms of the 'Christian League.'

That no nation has the right, except by treaty, to visit or interrupt in times of peace, the vessels of another on the common and appropriated parts of the ocean, is an undisputed principle of maritime law, and one which has been publicly acknowledged by every naval power of Christendom. The first time that a mutual right of search was ever proposed, was, Mr. Wheaton tells us, by Great Britain to France in 1814:—to which Prince Talleyrand replied, that France 'never would admit any other maritime police than that which each power exercised on board of its own vessels.'

In 1817, Great Britain, for \$2,000,000,* purchased from Spain the treaty of Madrid, which,

* £400,000.

among other things, granted a mutual right of search. And the first vessel that was brought in, for condemnation under it, was declared, in England, to afford a *precedent* of the *utmost importance*.*

With this 'precedent' in his pocket, Lord Castle-reagh hastened to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he proposed to the assembled powers "the general concession of a reciprocal right of search:" p. 43.

This proposition was peremptorily and unanimously rejected in the names of France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Count Nesselrode stated that it appeared to the Russian Cabinet, that 'there were some states whom no consideration would induce to submit their navigation to a principle of such great importance as the right of visitation and search:' *ib.*

The records of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of the prize-courts of England, show that these enlightened and august tribunals have fully recognized the principle and based their decisions upon it, that no nation has the right—except by treaty—to visit, or in *any manner* to interrupt upon the high seas, the vessels of another in times of peace.† The same principle has been felt, acknowledged, and acted upon by all nations. England has openly avowed and practically confessed it; else we cannot perceive why she should have purchased, at such a great price from Spain and Portugal what already and of right, belonged to her. Nor can we conceive why the mutual concession of the right of visitation and search, should have been made an article of the 'Christian League,' but for the fact that Great Britain felt it to be a power which she could not justly exercise except by treaty. 'Language,' says Talleyrand, 'was given to man to conceal his thoughts:' and while the language used to our Minister by Lords Palmerston and Aberdeen denied the right of our flag to protect our vessels from visitation and search, it exposed their thoughts, and led them virtually to confess the right, when they asked for its surrender.

Charity begins at home. The first duty of the

* Walsh's Appeal.

† In the case of the *Marianna Flora*, a Portuguese vessel captured in 1821 and brought to trial as a pirate for firing into an American cruiser, the Supreme Court of the United States expressed the opinion that men-of-war when cruising for pirates and slave-traders, have no right to visit and search a vessel, though suspected of being a pirate. They must ascertain this by means *short* of detention and visitation. About the same time there was another vessel captured as a pirate, by an American cruiser in the West Indies. It was fully proved before the United States Court in which she was tried, that her boats had been engaged in acts of piracy, though there was no evidence against the vessel herself. There were no means of ascertaining, which of the crew were in the boats, and guilty and innocent were discharged together. The owners then brought suit against the commander of the man-of-war, and recovered damages of him to a large amount on account of the capture.

American government is to its citizens—the government is theirs, created by them for their own benefit; and they require of their rulers, who are but their servants, to be just, before they are permitted to be generous. They view the African slave-trade with great abhorrence, and desire its suppression. But their maritime rights and interests, the safety of their ships and sailors, are far more dear and important to them, than the bondage or liberty of wild Ethiopians to whom they owe nothing but sympathy and such pity as a Christian people may bestow upon the heathen in his blindness. We will take care that none of our citizens shall rivet the shackles of slavery upon the savages of Africa. If the subjects of other nations will commit this sin, it is no concern of ours. And though we view it with pity and horror, we cannot, the more especially when the means proposed are so inadequate to its suppression, consent to give away those great conservative principles upon which the peace and welfare of our country depend—upon which the merchant relies for the protection of his ships and goods, the seaman for the safety of his person and the security of his liberty.

We view with Christian sympathy and regret, the hosts of murdered Chinese who prefer instant death at the mouth of British cannon, to the slow poison of a British drug. But to interfere between these two nations, let their quarrel be never so unrighteous and the war unholy, would not be more foreign to the purpose, intent and object for which this government was created and is maintained, than it would be to interfere in the dealings between Africa and other nations. All that we can do as a nation in behalf of the people of that afflicted land, is to help them to right when they suffer wrong at the hands of our citizens, and to observe, in our dealings with them, the golden rule. Of this desire and this intention on our part, it becomes us to give Africa and the world an earnest, by maintaining on her coasts, armed ships to enforce right and prevent wrong. And this we have done, though hitherto not to a sufficient extent.

The last words of the apostles of liberty, to us, their children and followers, were to 'keep aloof from European politics and wars, and to form no tangling alliances.' It is against the spirit of our institutions, and the genius of our people, that we should interfere in any manner, between kings and their subjects; or that we should allow them any right to intermeddle with the rights, or goods, or persons of our citizens. The precept of our fathers, the policy of the country, and the uniform practice and example of the government are all against it. And with the American people, these reasons are sufficient why we should not become a party to the Quintuple Alliance, nor give to the high contracting powers, the right to visit and search our merchantmen. But they may not be sufficient in the eyes of

foreigners, who do not so well understand the genius of our people, or the machinery of our government; moreover it is becoming in us, and it is due to other Christian nations, that we should make known to them, all the feelings, motives and considerations, which operate to prevent us from leagueing with the crowned heads of Europe, for the suppression of a traffic which we cordially despise, and heartily condemn; and which, we agree with them, is an eye-sore to humanity, and a disgrace to the age.

In the first place, we do not think the means proposed by Great Britain, adequate to the end designed. What is every nation's duty, is not the duty of any nation; for the principles and truth of the adage, apply with as much force to bodies of nations as to bodies of men. The powers that have joined Great Britain in this league, keep little or no force themselves on the coast of Africa, or elsewhere, for the suppression of the slave-trade; they trust it all to her, and rely upon her to prevent their flag from abuse—which she is not able to do. But for these treaties and this surrender of the mutual right of search, each nation, whose vessels and subjects engage in the slave-trade, would feel herself in duty and in honor bound, to keep a force on the coast of Africa, sufficient to suppress the traffic so far as her own citizens or subjects are concerned. But for these treaties, therefore, there would be employed many men-of-war, where there is now one—and those of any one nation would be more effective than all the other cruisers could be, against her own citizens; for the simple reason that the man-of-war understands the practices, customs, haunts and habits of her own citizens, better than foreigners can do. She, through her officers, is in correspondence with her government and all parts of the country at home, and with her consuls and merchants abroad. These give her officers intelligence which they will not and cannot give to foreigners concerning the movements of all suspicious craft that come to their knowledge; they also afford accurate descriptions of fit, rig, and appearance, probable time of sailing, destination and so on; for owing to the numbers that are of necessity entrusted with the secrets of a vessel, some intimation of her dishonest intents, is always had before she makes her clearance; the suspicions for the most part are too vague to sustain proceedings at law against a vessel building or fitting for the slave-trade, yet they are sufficiently strong to induce persons to watch her, and to caution others to keep an eye upon her. With such information and means of intelligence, the man-of-war of each nation best knows how, when, and where to cruise, in order to intercept traders from its own country. That such would be the practical effect of leaving each nation to look after its own vessels, is evident without argument; and that far less effectual is the operation of leagues and alliances for

the suppression of the slave-trade by search, we need only refer to actual results for proof.

In 1818, after the mutual right of search had been granted to Great Britain by Spain, Portugal and the Netherlands, then the great 'soul driving' nations of the world, that excellent friend of Africa, Mr. Clarkson, presented to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, a memorial, stating that "in point of fact, little or no progress had been made in practically abolishing the slave-trade:" p. 42.

In 1792, before Great Britain had formed any treaties for the right of search and the suppression of the trade, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox computed the number of Africans annually carried away into slavery, to be eighty thousand souls. In 1840-'41, and after all the European powers whose subjects and vessels engage to any considerable extent in the slave-trade, had surrendered up the right to visit, search and seize them, Sir Thomas Buxton in his work on abolition, shows beyond a doubt, that the horrors of the trade have been increased many fold, and that, notwithstanding the mutual right of search, the trade had advanced from 80,000 to 150,000 a year. He shows conclusively that the *prohibitory* laws and treaties, so far from diminishing, have vastly increased the trade, and that it can never be put down by such means as those adopted by the English government. But in spite of practical results, and positive proof of their inadequacy, these means have been so obstinately persevered in by that government, as to cause *well-informed* persons to doubt if the suppression of the slave-trade could *really* be its object. Lord Castlereagh assured the House of Commons long ago, that the motives of the British government were thought by the *better classes* of people in France, "not to arise from benevolence, but from a wish to impose fetters on the French colonies and to injure their commerce." Whatever might have been the motives then with regard to France, there can be no doubt of the motives *now* with regard to the United States.

But admitting that the slave-trade could be more effectually suppressed by granting to the armed cruisers of England, a free right of search over the vessels of all nations, than it could be by any other means; and admitting that it was not, as it is, against the genius of our institutions, nor against the policy of the American government to enter into tangling alliances, there are several other reasons why we should not grant this right, and each of these reasons is sufficient in itself to justify us in the eyes of the world, for keeping aloof from every treaty, to which Great Britain is a party, affecting the rights of ships or the freedom of the seas.

1st. Owing to the manner in which England has abused our flag while visiting and searching our vessels, she has lost the confidence of the American people, and justly forfeited all claims ever to be admitted into our ships again for any purpose.

2nd. She views with jealousy our commercial prosperity and maritime importance; therefore it would be unwise to grant her any privilege, by which she could affect the one, or injure the other.

While England is painting in such lively colors the sufferings of Africa, and while, by her eloquent appeals, she is exciting the sympathies of the crowned heads and people of Christendom, for the *blacks*, surely, as France said to her at Verona, we, in extenuation of our unalterable determination never to yield the right of search, may remind the world of the sufferings and dangers which she has inflicted upon the *whites*; and we may plead in excuse, the cruel wrongs practised upon our citizens, our companions, relatives and friends, the last time Great Britain had the right of exercising it upon American vessels. We refer to the history of the last war, and file this plea upon the causes which led to it.

If we suspect the motives of England, and be unwilling to trust British officers on board American vessels, it is because her conduct *then*, was such as to justify our suspicions *now*.

When two nations are at war, either has the right to search the vessels of neutrals trading with the other, for guns, munitions and implements of war, and other articles recognized in the international code, as 'contraband of war.' When these things are found on the neutral thus trading, the finder, being one of the belligerents, has the right to take or destroy them to prevent them from falling into the hands of his enemy, and the neutral has no just cause of complaint.

In 1806 we were neutrals, and England and France belligerents. The United States were young and feeble; England was in the grandeur of her power; and she then issued her 'Orders in Council,' by which our ships, though navigated by our own citizens, and laden with the produce of our own soil, were seized and spoiled by her armed cruisers and privateers, wherever found upon the wide ocean. This was not done because we were supplying her enemy with the contraband of war, but because we offered to trade in lawful commerce with France and her colonies, with whom we were at peace and she at war. The vessels thus taken were carried to some English port, where the ship and cargo were condemned and sold, and the crew and officers turned penniless adrift in the streets to beg or starve; or they were seized by press-gangs, forced on board of English men-of-war, and made to fight against their friends, the battles of their oppressors. If they escaped with life, after they had finished the long and hard term of service required of them here, and were discharged; it was because their persons were mutilated in battle, or because their constitutions and health were worn and shattered by the arduous service required of them in distant and sickly climes, and they were no longer able to fight the battles of old England. Many of them,

after years of absence, were returned maimed and poverty-stricken to their friends.

We remonstrated; but England was then at the summit of power; she thought of us as rebels, spurned our remonstrances, and treated us only with greater indignity. After we had become weary of appealing to the principles of right and her sense of justice, after we had exhausted argument, and lost all hopes of obtaining any redress by the force of reason, we proceeded to threaten retaliation by an act of hostile legislation. She was told, that unless the 'Orders in Council' were repealed by a certain day, our ports should be closed against her commerce. The reply of her ministers was, that they would be happy to repeal the 'Orders in Council,' if France would first repeal her Berlin and Milan decrees. France did repeal; but England would not.

The distress created in the manufacturing districts in England by the operation of this retaliatory law on the part of the United States, and the hope of making war with America more popular, at length induced the English government to repeal the 'Orders in Council.'

On that occasion, Lord Castlereagh contended, that 'the Orders in Council were abandoned not so much on the ground of this country not having the right, as with the view to commercial expediency. With respect to the main principles of that system, ministers were still unaltered in their opinion, whenever the conservation of the country rendered it necessary to resort to it.' Thus the obnoxious orders were repealed, and the right claimed to issue them again.

But the repeal came too late; war had been declared, and the people were in arms. The language of Mr. Madison was, "the Orders in Council are now no longer a question with the United States. It is not a mere *cessation* to do wrong that can now produce a peace; wrongs done must be redressed; and a guarantee must be given in the face of the world, for the restoration of our *enslaved* citizens, and the respect due to our flag, which, like the soil we inherit, must in future, secure all that sails under it."

Nor was it of the Orders in Council that we complained the most bitterly; it was the impressment of our citizens. The sentiments and feelings of Congress, as expressed through one of its committees, were thus conveyed: "If it be our duty to encourage the fair and legitimate commerce of this country by protecting the property of the merchants, then, indeed, by as much as life and liberty are more estimable than ships and goods, so much more impressive is the duty to shield the persons of our seamen, whose hard and honest services are employed equally with those of the merchants, in advancing, under the mantle of its laws, the interests of this country." And the war turned upon the right of impressment.

That we may not be accused of giving to those not familiar with the history of those times, an exaggerated account of the egregious injustice inflicted upon us by England, we quote from the message sent by the president to Congress at the time. The United States forebore to declare war, said he, "until, to other aggressions, had been added the capture of nearly one *thousand* American vessels, and the impressment of *thousands* of seafaring citizens, and until a final declaration had been made by the government of Great Britain that her hostile orders against our commerce would not be revoked, but on conditions as impossible as unjust." Such were the causes of war on the part of this country.

On the other hand, it was urged by the Prince Regent, that having entered our vessels to look for contraband of war, British officers had a right to take from them any British seamen, they might find. The right of impressment, said His Royal Highness in his celebrated 'declaration,' "she (England) has felt to be *essential* to the support of her maritime power." The impressment of seamen out of American vessels, was a practice upon which, Lord Castlereagh declared, 'the *naval* strength of this empire, *mainly* depends;' and in which, the lords of the admiralty, in their address to the fleet on the occasion of the war, saw "the *maintenance* of those maritime rights which are the *sure* foundations of our naval glory."

In the next European war, Great Britain may find the impressment of American seamen as *essential* to her 'maritime power,' 'naval strength' and 'glory,' as she declared it to be in the last. The right to impress, when the question was last mooted, was claimed by her and denied by us; she has never relinquished it; and we are pledged to resist it again at the cannon's mouth, should it ever be revived. With such an adjourned question between the two governments, is it wise or prudent, but we should consent to this new right of search, or to any arrangement by which the final decision of such a question—a question upon which hangs the peace of the world—should be hastily pressed or decided? In giving her the right to visit our ships, we would suspend the peace of the country by a single thread—if she did not break it, it would only be because she should forbear, through clemency, to exercise a right about which she has once gone to war, and which she has never renounced; but which, on the contrary, she has declared to be *essential* to her very existence as a maritime power. Therefore we ought not to give it.

We may be scrupulous upon this subject, but if our accession to the Quintuple treaty be as *essential* as she seems to think it is, and if her zeal in the suppression of the African slave-trade be as *nest*, and as *purely* philanthropic as she pretends it is, surely she might have paid some deference to scruples that are so well founded. She might have allayed our suspicions and conciliated

the feelings of our people on this subject, by first making a formal relinquishment of any right to impress seamen from our ships, into her service. She does not recognize the right of any nation to take sailors out of her ships. And if she were really sincere and single-minded in the cause of poor afflicted Africa, would it not have been perfectly in keeping, with a just and righteous spirit on her part, to observe the golden rule on this occasion above all others?

But instead of this, the very manner in which Great Britain now urges her right to search vessels wearing the American flag, brings forcibly to mind, the *ad captandum* arguments and tinkling reasons which she used to urge, for taking people out of our ships and forcing them to serve in hers. The grounds are the same. Lord Aberdeen says that unless we give British cruisers the right to look behind our flag, English and other vessels which she has a right to search may hoist it and escape, and she will not be able to suppress the slave-trade. With regard to the right of impressment during the war, they said in England 'unless we continue to exercise this right, British sailors will desert to American ships, and our navy will perish for the want of seamen.' "We don't want your men—take them, said we, but let ours alone."

And so we now say: we do not intend that our flag shall shelter your vessels, or those of any other nation not entitled to wear it. Take your own and those of other powers that you have a right to capture, under whatever flag you find them; to such, we neither claim nor offer protection. We object to your searching vessels under our flag, upon vague suspicions and for the mere chance of finding some vessel wearing it that is not entitled to it. Be *sure* that the vessel is *not* American, and you may take her and welcome; she is none of ours and we have nothing to do with her. Before the last war, when your officers were impressing from our ships, men, who in their *opinion* were British subjects, if they had any doubt as to which of the two countries a man belonged, they took him. Rejoicing now in a little of that consequence which we derived by flogging you upon the ocean, and substituting our right for your might, we adopt your rules of game: when there's any doubt about a vessel, and she shows the American flag, she is *ours*; you admit that it is *prima facie* evidence that she is, and we claim her as such and deny your right to interfere with her. It is not only not right, but it is against the spirit of all law that you should throw upon our vessels, the onus of proving that they are entitled to their flag and proceeding according to law. That is reversing the order of justice, and is subversive of those equitable principles which have been tried by experience, and approved by the wise men and judges of the law in every age.

flesh, nor less, nor more, we have always said, but see that you touch not one drop of American blood.

'Other nations,' English ministers now say, 'have given us the right to search their vessels. They, as well as our own, may usurp the American flag; and, unless we ascertain by actual examination, the right which vessels hoisting, have to wear, that flag, our own vessels may show it to British cruisers and escape detection. We will take care not to interrupt your ships, unless under really suspicious circumstances. As soon as we ascertain that they are yours, we will let them go; and, should we now and then injure the voyage, we will make ample reparation. But the great object which the 'States of Christendom' have in view, not only justifies us in asserting this right over your flag, but renders the exercise of it indispensable.' The language used to justify impressment was, 'we claim the service of our own sailors; the right to impress them wherever found, is necessary to our very existence; we cannot give it up. If we do take one of your sailors by mistake, we will set him at liberty whenever you ask for his release. But our officers will exercise their best discretion in this matter, for the practice is of vital importance; without it, our Navy would be ruined.' We learned by painful experience how empty these professions were, and if we now suspect their hollow duplicates, England cannot complain; for her conduct in times past, has been such as to justify suspicion as to her motives in times to come.

England acted towards us in the most unrighteous manner. When her officer boarded our vessels, he went then as it is proposed to send him now, in the character of accuser, witness, judge and captor. By the sentence of such judges, American citizens were deprived of their liberty, torn away from their

then, can she expect her officers to be the gangway of our ships?

England was haughty then, and she arrogant; she had insulted us in peace, and affected to treat us with contempt. She, the Prince Regent said, "in defiance of the world; and, if we regard her manifestoes *now*, she is equally defiant on behalf of the object which the 'States of Christendom' have in view. They call it 'peace,' a 'Christian League;' and, in consequence of their watchwords, they are in old times, when they went to war in defence of the "LIBERTIES OF THE WORLD," to secure the LASTING PEACE OF CIVILIZATION."

But it was 'the dread,' as Mr. Moreau's committee of Congress, 'which the diminution of our resources and growing in has induced him to press the war against its professed objects have ceased.' It was since occurred to remove that dread! Contrary, our population has been more our national resources and all the power, strength and greatness have increased and multiplied. If we were thirty years ago, are we not much more formidable and mighty, and more to be feared than then? Therefore, it is necessary to proceed with more caution against us; at least against England. Hence this Holy Alliance she has seduced the 'States of Christendom' was formed not against the slave-trade but for a general effect against us: it was intended to bring our country into submission.

She, it was said in the last war, could not give the Yankees a chance to displace Mr. Madison, (we all recollect the decease of the President was in

sovereignty be not well calculated to wound the pride of a patriotic people, and to offend their sense of national dignity, and international decorum? Had the American minister asked Lord Palmerston, when claiming the protection of the 'meteor flag' for all that sails under it, if he expected the United States to respect a piece of bunting having on it the cross of a thief and the figure of a beast, what would have been the course of the noble lord? We suppose he would have considered it as an insult to his country, and would, at least, have demanded the recall and punishment of the minister.

But in comparing the old with the new pretensions of England, we have said enough to show that we have just cause to suspect her of designs upon us, enough to show that our reasons for withholding these maritime concessions, ought to be, and are sufficient to justify us in the eyes of the world, for refusing our assent to the terms of the treaty.

Let us now call to mind the spirit manifested towards us before and during the war, and we shall find that it has never slept, though it has often been quiet. There is in that realm, a spirit of the most deadly hostility to our Republic and its institutions. The war, so far from allaying it, actually increased it. And it has been secretly at work against us ever since. This feeling of hostility is not to be found among the *people* of England; for it is against their interests that the peaceful relations with this country should ever be disturbed. The raw cotton alone which we send to England, and the distribution of it when manufactured (with which she buys nearly half her imports from all parts of the world) give employment, it is computed, to upwards of a million of her population. Sir Robert Peel himself, is the son of a cotton spinner, and it is the cotton and commercial interests there, which have preserved the peace of the two countries. The feeling that is really inimical to us, and which has been treasured up against us ever since the war of the revolution, is now confined principally to the abolitionists and to certain portions of the aristocracy—an interest which has always exercised influence with the government, and commanded places in the ministry. It was strong enough to commence with its plans at the peace, and has gradually pushed them forward, until the 'States of Christendom' were finally induced to join them in the league. Though Wilberforce and other great and good men and as pure philanthropists as the world ever saw, have earnestly and devoutly labored for the suppression of the African slave-trade, we shall show, a little further on, that there are those in the English government who have used this noble and generous feeling of the *people* at large, as an instrument merely of national aggrandizement, and as a cloak for their designs upon America. It is not easy for people who are continually changing rulers as we are, to imagine how this can be. But we beg

our reader to bear in mind the fact, that the government of Great Britain is a monarchy supported by a nobility, who are comparatively few in number, bound together by a community of interest and of feeling which does not extend to the mass of the people, and therefore they are capable of steadily directing for years the efforts of their government. As an illustration of how readily a few men may direct the designs of government there, we may refer to a case in point, in the persons of 'carotid cutting Castlereagh' and Canning, who, though they disagreed and fought a duel, agreed well enough in their enmity to act in concert against us before and after the war. They both mocked us, justified and vindicated the unrighteous acts and pretensions of England during and before that time; indeed Castlereagh was in the ministry, and may be said to have committed them himself. He commenced intriguing among nations and at Congresses for the right of search now in discussion, and he and Canning followed it up as ministers, and caused the subject to be renewed, first at one court and then at another, continually, from 1814 until Canning's death in 1827. Castlereagh, let it be borne in mind, was the statesman who declared that the *naval* strength of the British empire *depends* upon the right to visit American vessels and to take men out of them.

"There are those in England," wrote Cobbett, after the peace, and the war with Algiers, to the people of the United States urging them to keep their country *prepared*, "there are those in England," he remarked, "that have said America must be put back for a century. They have called the attention of the government to the growth of your Navy. They have said that if it be not strangled in its birth, it will be dangerous. They actually proposed to make you give up all your ships of war, to stipulate never to build another, and never more to cast a cannon, or a ball. *In the whole extent of the world, it may happen, that their principles may find means to work up some power to assail you.* Therefore, I say **BE ON YOUR GUARD.** The Navy you will not neglect." Cobbett told many truths, and prophesied many things that have come to pass. He foretold the effects of a war with this country, with wonderful accuracy.

It was Lord Castlereagh as we have just said, who declared as a British minister that, "the *naval* strength of the empire *mainly* depends" upon the right of impressment; and it was Lord Castlereagh who directly afterwards, brought the right of search—the entering wedge to impressment—before France and the Congress of Vienna. It was Lord Castlereagh who bought it of Spain and Portugal; who introduced it again at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; it was he who had the trade denounced on account of the moral influence it would give him in his negotiations with other powers; and it was his lordship and Mr. Canning, who, with this *moral*

force, had nearly hoodwinked us to grant the boon. For thirteen years these two statesmen alone were constantly importuning first one nation and then another for the right of search.

If an English-man-of-war declined an engagement with a French force only twice as great, it was considered a disgrace; and the commander was brought to a court-martial. And when those 'fir things of the Yankees,' with their bits of striped bunting, met and made prizes of British ships and fleets, in every respect of superior force, it was a source of the most bitter mortification to the English nation. When a single American frigate was captured by an English squadron, it was cause for a national jubilee. The city of London was illuminated, and the guns of the Tower were fired in token of the rare joy, that the President frigate had been captured by some half dozen English frigates and 74s. That war brought down the pride of England, as it had never before been humbled, and the feeling sunk deep into her aristocratic heart. She has not forgiven us for it, to this day. The recollection of these things is what the malignant spirit of which we spoke, feeds on. Though she was not asked to make a formal surrender of her claims to impressment, she could not make peace with a good grace; for she would not forgive, and will never forget us, on account of our success in that war.

Peace is usually proclaimed in England by heralds, who with a grand display accompanied by troops in gay attire and bands of music, parade through the streets proclaiming the glad tidings; and stopping at the corners and public places, they read the royal proclamation. But when peace with America was proclaimed, there was no procession at all, and none of the usual ceremonies, but only a paragraph in *one* of the London papers, simply to the effect: "Peace with America was proclaimed to-day by reading the proclamation at the door of the office at White Hall." This was done in so informal a manner, we are told, that even the passers by did not know what was going on.*

This marked a sullen feeling in the master spirits of the land, which from that day to this, has not failed to manifest itself against Republican America and her institutions, seeking occasion for revenge. As soon as peace was concluded, the freeholders of Somersetshire petitioned parliament for the repeal of the income tax. Mr. Hunt then proposed a vote of thanks "to those by whose exertions peace with the Americans, the *only* remaining *free* people in the world, has been restored to this country."

Sir J. Hippisley opposed the resolution, for he *hated* the Americans. Mr. Dickinson could not join in it, for he had *considerable* reason to believe that the Congress of Vienna was *then* employed in

endeavoring to unrivet the chains of the suffering Africans.*

This brings us to a more attentive consideration of the conduct of England with regard to the slave-trade; and we shall show that though there have been many, very many, honest, upright and holy men, and much christian sympathy, enlisted in the African's behalf—yet there have been those to direct it, who, as we have already intimated, have only used the suppression of the slave-trade, and the abolition of slavery, as a cloak for their designs upon us.

We have seen that England was humbled in the eyes of the world by the American war. She was stung to the quick at our success and her reverses; she found that our Navy and other elements of true greatness 'increased under the pressure of her arms upon them,'—that she was fighting us into an important Naval power, and forcing us, by the war, to become a great commercial and manufacturing people—and therefore she concluded to make peace with the lips; for she had not gained a single point about which she had taken up arms; but on the contrary, had *practically*—though not *avowedly*—yielded every one. While one set of Negotiators were stipulating for peace in the West, another set were in the East, preparing a train by which in her far-reaching sagacity, she hoped to compass her rival, and sap the foundations of his greatness. The abolition of slavery was popular with a large and respectable class of her subjects; some were Christians, and some were fanatics; many were purely philanthropic, and hated slavery for its curses and its name; and many others arrayed themselves against it, some from motives of personal interest, and others from feelings of enmity against us—these last were the master-spirits of the crusade, or at any rate they were the *designing* men of it, who, under the popular cry of freedom to the oppressed, sought the commercial ruin of a rival. In one hand at Ghent, England held out to us a treaty of peace; and in the other, a protocol to the Congress of Vienna, proposing the terms of a pledge by which each of the high powers there represented, should be bound to exclude from his dominions the products of all countries where the slave-trade was lawful, receiving only "those," as quoted by Mr. Wheaton, "of the *vast regions* of the globe which furnish the same productions by the labor of their own inhabitants:" p. 30. These "*vast regions*," says Schoell, in his History of the Treaties of Peace "refer to the British possessions in the East Indies; the interest of which was found to conform to the principles of humanity and religion."

Spain and Portugal rejected this proposal at once, reminding Great Britain that it might suit her designs, now that her own colonies were well stocked with slaves, while those of her neighbors were not

* Cobbett's letter to Earl of Liverpool, 29th May, 1815.

* Cobbett's Letters.

to cry out against the trade. All she obtained from this 'Amphyctionic council of nations,' was a declaration denunciatory of the African slave-trade, on the score of morality : p. 39.

While these things were going on, the Duke of Wellington was instructed to lay before the French Cabinet a proposition for the mutual concession of the *right of search*, with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade. Prince Talleyrand replied that France would never grant it. And the English negotiator reported, "that it was too disagreeable to the French Government and nation to admit of a hope of its being urged with success:" p. 33.

The motives of England, when she proposed to hunt down the commerce of slave-trading colonies, were suspected at the outset: therefore she *tried back* immediately, and aimed all her efforts at the right of search; for one attempt, though a failure, often suggests a resort to others. The office of HIGH CONSTABLE OF THE SEAS, now began to dance before her keen imagination. In that office, she could *regulate* the commerce of her rivals. Therefore the right of search must be obtained from some nation, for effect; and she purchased it from Spain at a great price: also from Portugal and the Netherlands—all of them skeleton sovereignties, from whose wasted carcasses the great spirit of nations had long since fled.

And, in 1818,—Spain, Portugal and the Netherlands having conceded the right in the meantime—the proposition was again renewed by England to France—and again rejected on the ground, that "the offer of reciprocity would prove illusory, and that disputes must arise from the abuse of the right, which would prove more prejudicial to the interests of the two governments, than the commerce they desired to suppress:" p. 36.

With these Peninsula grants, however, in her hand, she hastened to invite France, Austria, Russia and Prussia to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; where Lord Castlereagh in her behalf, again renewed her proposition for the mutual right of search, and pleaded, as precedent, the grants of helpless Spain and Portugal. Clarkson, the *real* friend of Africa, presented a memorial to the Congress, showing that the mutual right of search, so far, had produced no beneficial results whatever: (p. 42.) The proposal to concede, was unanimously rejected by all the continental powers. "France," says Mr. Wheaton, "proposed the establishment of a police for the *surveillance* of the trade, by which the several powers would be immediately informed of all abuses practised within the limits of their respective jurisdiction:" p. 43. But this plan required each one to be his own HIGH CONSTABLE, and it was rejected by the great maritime aspirant. The Russian Cabinet proposed in lieu of the British *projet*, that the European powers should unite and establish at some point on the coast of Africa, an *institution* for the suppression of the

slave-trade. That they should furnish it with the requisite means for this—that it should be preserved neutral in all wars, and its sole object should be directed to the suppression of that guilty traffic: (p. 44.) Neither was this acceptable to England; for the right of search and not the suppression of the slave-trade, was what she really desired. All that she obtained from this Congress was an anathema of the trade itself. This was important to the successful prosecution of her designs, because, in pressing the right of search in future treaties, she could remind crowned heads of their solemn declarations; and ask, if it became national dignity, that royal resolves should end in empty professions.

Two years afterwards, with the moral wedge thus tipped, Lord Castlereagh renewed, for the *second* time, his efforts to obtain the assent of the United States to the right of search. The British Minister at Washington was directed by him in 1820, to call the attention of the American government to the *aggravated* suffering with which the slave-trade was then carried on—that it was generally acknowledged that nothing but a *combined* system of maritime police, by which was meant the right of search, could suppress it. He was directed moreover to hold up for our example the manner in which the three skeleton nations, had conceded the right of search to the English government; if he found that we were not disposed to follow such exemplars, he was further instructed to ask the American Cabinet to propose some plan by which the United States would coöperate with G. Britain. By *seeming* sincere, it was hoped the confidence of this country might be won, and the right of search be secured. The President, in reply, proposed that as both Great Britain and the United States had a Naval force on the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade, the vessels so employed should be instructed to coöperate—those of one nation with the other, and to render each other mutual assistance by acting in concert and communicating all intelligence that might prove useful for their common object. When the British Minister communicated this excellent plan to his government, Lord Castlereagh expressed in reply, his 'disappointment that the counter-proposal of the American government fell so far short of the object which the British government had in view:' p. 81. We need not say this object was the right of search, or nothing.

In 1822, Great Britain was represented in another Congress of nations at Verona—and Mr. Canning, upon whom Lord Castlereagh had let fall the black mantle, called the attention of the British representative to the fact, "that the slave-trade, so far from being diminished in extent by the exact amount of what was in former times the British demand, was, upon the whole, perhaps *greater* than at the period when the demand was highest;

and the aggregate of human sufferings, and the waste of human life in the transportation of slaves from the coast of Africa, were increased in a ratio enormously greater than the increase of positive numbers. Unhappily, it could not be denied, their very attempts at prevention, under the treaties which then authorised their interference, tended to the augmentation of the evil :” p. 46.

With these confessions as to the practical effect of the right of search, the concession of it to Great Britain was again proposed and rejected in this Congress. But anticipating this result, the British Ambassador was directed to obtain at any rate, a renewed denunciation against the traffic, on the ground that ‘its moral influence might materially aid the British Cabinet in its negotiations with other maritime States :’ (p. 48.) And accordingly, the next year, this ‘moral influence’ was brought to bear upon the U. States ; for it was again proposed by the British Cabinet, that we should grant British cruisers the right to search our vessels for slavee. But our former objections still remained in force. And the British Minister, after again expressing it as the opinion of his government, that the concession of this right of search was the only means by which the suppression of the slave-trade could be accomplished, asked for another counter-proposal on our part. Mr. Adams offered it in a law, making it piracy for foreigners in American ships to engage in the slave-trade, and for American citizens who should carry it on in foreign bottoms. This counter-proposal, says our author, ‘was received in the most ungracious manner ;’ and instead of replying to it, the British Minister again urged the so often rejected ‘right of search :’ p. 85.

Finally, in 1824, the preliminaries of a convention, for the reciprocal right of search on the coasts of America, Africa, and the West Indies, with many restrictions, was agreed on between the U. States and Great Britain. When the agreement was submitted to the Senate for consideration, a clause was inserted giving either of the contracting parties right to renounce the convention at any time after six months’ notice ; and the coast of America was stricken out—confining the privilege of search to the other two regions, where alone the traffic existed. But the erasure and insertion deprived the treaty of all that, in the eyes of Great Britain, was worth having ; and she receded ; thereby showing that she was not seeking really to suppress the slave-trade, but to gain some advantage by which she hoped to head-reach her rival in the commercial race. She has invariably rejected the suggestions of all other nations, and constantly refused to coöperate in any plan which did not give her the right to search the vessels of other States.

France, worn out by the oft-repeated solicitations, was out-maneuvred, and at length yielded at the treaties of 1831-’34, the right of search

to Great Britain ; which gave her the control over the vessels of all nations, except the United States, whose citizens engage to any extent, in the slave-trade. The friends of Africa expected now to see some progress made towards the object of their wishes. But, by having yielded to her, this partial right of search, England was accomplishing her designs ; for the control of the maritime police of other nations, and not the suppression of the slave-trade, was her main object. What was once the business of every nation, was now the business of no nation. So long as the different powers refused the right of search to Great Britain, they felt in duty as in honor bound, to keep a force on the coast of Africa to prevent the abuse of their own flag. But having yielded jurisdiction over their vessels, they, for the most part, withdrew their forces, and left the field to that power which had manifested so much zeal and sympathy in the cause. *And the trade increased.*

In 1840-’41, Sir Thomas Buxton published his work on the abolition of slavery. He shows that, notwithstanding the right of search exercised by Great Britain, the slave-trade had reached the enormous rate of 150,000 souls in a year ; whereas, before any of these rights had been granted, it scarcely amounted to half that number. He fully establishes the fact that articles for carrying on this trade, are extensively manufactured in Great Britain ;—that, in consequence of the plan pursued by her for its suppression, the mortality and the horrors of the middle passage had frightfully increased ; that, while the number of human victims to this traffic is now twice as great as it was when Clarkson and Wilberforce commenced their labors, each individual suffers ten fold more now than he did then. He considers the right of search, though all nations should surrender it, *illusory*, and by no means adequate to the end proposed.

But Great Britain had not yet been appointed Captain of the Seas ; nor had she secured the right to enter our vessels, and by consequence, the right to take people out of them. Notwithstanding these awful results, she still persists ; for the boon she has so long and so eagerly craved, was not yet within her grasp. The right to search her neighbors’ vessels, must be secured, and with bleeding Africa to cloak her designs, she persuaded them into the ‘Holy Alliance’ of 1841. Thus girded about with power by the ‘States of Christendom,’ she was on the eve of proclaiming herself HIGH CONSTABLE OF THE SEAS. But she was thwarted by her rival, whose Ministers now too well understood her designs. The United States were not invited to participate in this treaty, nor were they advised of it, until the preliminaries were all arranged. France was treated in a similar manner at the settlement of the Eastern question ; she was not consulted as to the terms of that treaty, neither were we as to the terms of this—and she construed the secrecy observed with

regard to her, into a blow aimed at her African interests; much more significant to us, is the manner in which the Quintuple Alliance was managed. Her national dignity was highly offended, and she talked of war. Is the dignity of the American republic less vulnerable than French honor? Lord Aberdeen in his letter to Mr. Stevenson, thought it *dulce et decorum* for the American Republic to follow such a noble exemplar as France.

Great Britain early espoused the cause of Africa, and has, for years, made efforts, *avowedly*, for the suppression of the slave-trade. But, since we will not give her full credit for her motives in obtaining the right of search, let us see if her dealings with the African himself, will justify the claims of her friends, to motives on her part, of pure philanthropy. What, we will ask the reader, who supposes that nation to be sincere in her professions of humanity, what does she do with the poor Africans who are taken in the Slavers captured by her cruisers? *She sells them in bondage to pay the expenses of the Capture.* A few are liberated at her colony on the coast of Africa. But the lion's share of them is taken to the Brazils and West Indies, and there they are bound, for a price, in slavery for eight or ten years, with an agreement, it is true, that at the expiration of that time, they shall be surrendered to the government—and this operates as effectually to bind the persons, so let out, in perpetual bondage, as though they had been bought of the slaver himself. They are strangers when let; there is no one to recognize them at the end of the term; they are often carried away hundreds of miles in the interior; and when called on for them, as he sometimes is, the owner falsely reports them as dead; or returns upon the hands of the government, a number of his own decrepid and worn-out slaves, who are an expense to him and a burden to themselves; retaining in their stead, and as his own, those who were bound to him. The tracks of the captured African conducted into Rio or the Havana, by the British cruiser, are like the beasts' to the lion's den—all going one way.

The fact is notorious that slave-fairs are regularly held in the regencies of Tripoli and Morocco, and that vessels under the flags of Greece and Turkey are as regularly employed in transporting them thence up the Levant, where they are again exposed for sale, like cattle in the market. Greece owes her political being to England; and the Sublime Porte is also greatly her debtor; for she has but just 'covered the mountains of Syria with corpses, and drenched the valleys with blood,' to secure "the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire." Being alike omnipotent with Otto and the Grand Turk, a word from her, and these slavers would have been committed to the tender mercies of British cruisers. But so far from caring for them, or *any Eastern slave*, Art. II of the Quintuple Treaty, expressly provides

that no vessel shall be searched in the Mediterranean sea; while on the other hand, the limits to the 'suspicious latitudes,' were stretched along the very shores of the United States, where slavers are never known to come.

We have the authority of M. Barreyer of the French Chamber, who stated it in a recent speech, that in June of last year, the British government issued an 'Order in Council,' to authorize the importation into Demerara of *one hundred thousand* hired negroes from Africa. And, in confirmation of this statement, late arrivals bring us, in the 'Sémaphore de Marseilles,' the report of the master of a French merchantman, who, not four months ago, saw, in the river Gambia, an English vessel of 500 tons, take in a cargo of 500 Africans for the English colonies. These poor, ignorant creatures engage for they know not what, and ship for they know not where. Charmed with a hawk's bell, and dazzled with a string of glass beads, they are enticed away beyond the seas, and the ties which bind them to kindred and to country are as effectually severed, though perhaps not as rudely broken, as if they had fallen into the hands of the kidnapper. Being ignorant of their rights in a civilized land, they are liable to the most cruel wrongs: as slaves, their owner would have the inducement of self-interest to preserve them, his property, from wanton injury,—nay more, with the master, who, in his conduct to his slaves, is governed by no higher motive, there are inducements of a pecuniary nature to secure that consideration in the treatment of slaves, which will preserve their health so as not to impair their efficiency as laborers. But as bondmen and apprentices, the object of such an one—and there are many such—obedient to the mercenary disposition of man, is to get out of them all he can. What then is the condition of the *hired savage* during his long and cruel apprenticeship? Many times worse than that of the slave. And, when he has cancelled his indentures, wherein is he better off? He has then but just made the last payment for the privilege of being brought over for hire, in a ship crowded to suffocation. Our laws will not allow a ship to bring into the country, more passengers than two for every five tons; and the laws of England forbid vessels to crowd her *own subjects* on their passage hither more closely than in the proportion of three souls to every five tons of measurement. But the humane 'Orders in Council' can find in a vessel of 500 tons, with more than half her room monopolized by her officers and crew, ample accommodation for five hundred wild Africans who have never known restraint. Tell us not that it is 'man's inhumanity to man' that moves that *government* to action.

To shew that the motives which operate with the officers, are no better than those ascribed to their government, we subjoin an extract from a paper

published in the last Maryland Colonization Journal. It is from the pen of Dr. Hall, an eminent philanthropist, who has been much on the African coast in connection with the business of the Colonization Societies of this country. He tells what he saw.

"The late commandant of the station, Lord George Russell, was most of the time in a state of intoxication, consequently unfit for the transaction of any business; and with such a head it cannot be supposed that the under officers would deport themselves over correctly. The prize money received by the officers and crew, in case of a successful capture, operated as a strong inducement to seize whatever came in their way. The apparent object of all the officers of the squadron under Lord Russell, was the making successful and rich captures, rather than suppression of the slave-trade. An instance in proof came under our own observation. The commandant of a cruiser (either the Forester or the Wanderer) boarded a small schooner which lay at anchor near our vessel, and afterwards boarded us. He stated that the schooner had enough on board to condemn her, but she was old and would not pay him for taking her to Sierra Leone: he would wait and watch her until she had taken on board her slaves, which would much increase their prize money, and then capture her. She lay off for a day or two for that purpose, but in the night the schooner took on board her slaves and went to sea. Our brig, the Trafalgar of this port, was boarded by a boat from the Forester, our papers examined, and a permit demanded for having on board oil casks which might be converted into water casks. We informed him that our port regulations required no such permit. He disputed and said, when the Forester came up, the brig should be captured and taken to Sierra Leone. It was thought best to leave the cruising ground of the Forester before she came up, and we accordingly put out. A few weeks after, on visiting that section of the coast again, we discovered a vessel early in the morning, close in shore, getting under weigh. She soon made sail, headed for us, and fired a gun. There being many vessels in sight, we were not sure the gun was for us, and being within three miles of our anchorage ground, and the light land breeze gradually dying away, thought best to keep under weigh, having hoisted our ensign. The vessel then passed an 18 pound shot directly under our main yard, within a few feet of the man at the helm. We then lay to until the officer boarded us. He again examined our papers, demanded the same permit for the casks which we had before informed him we were not required to obtain. He examined the hold, found 100 bushels of rice, and declared the brig a prize, and the rice a sufficient evidence of her character as a slaver. The Forester came up, and the commander came on board, examined papers and hold likewise, and a council was held whether or not to declare the whole a prize. We stated to them the abundant evidence before them that we were the owners of the vessel, that we were well known as a regular American trader, that we had been in an important public station on the coast to their knowledge, and they well knew from many sources other than the papers of the vessel, that she was bona fide American property and engaged in lawful traffic. The answer was, 'we well know that, but the only question is, cannot we get her condemned on account of the rice?'* It was

* On account of the rice. By Article IX of the Quintuple Alliance, if an extraordinary number of water-casks, or quantity of rice, or of maize, or of Indian corn, or of any article of food, was found on board a vessel, she was to be considered as a slaver; and though she might not be condemned as such, yet by Art. XI, if one of these articles were found on board, or if it could be made to appear that it had been on board any time during the voyage, all claims to indemnity for illegal capture, were forfeited.

finally decided that there was not a sufficient quantity of rice on board to warrant a capture. Now the only analogy between this case and that of a slaver consisted in having rice on board, and rice is used by the slavers for feeding their slaves, and a cargo of rice with other circumstances would be sufficient to condemn a Spanish or Portuguese vessel.

"We mention these facts to show how liable to abuse the right of search must necessarily be, from incompleteness of the officers, or too great inducements being held out for capture, as promotion or prize money, and how guarded any privileges of this kind ought to be, in order that our merchant vessels may not be subjected to vexatious searchings and injurious detentions."

There is in England, as there is in the U. States, much pure philanthropy enlisted in the cause of Africa. By far, far the greatest portion of those who cry out against the slave-trade, are operated upon by the purest motives. But there are fanatics and bad men on both sides of the Atlantic, who have joined in this cause; and no one will deny it. It has been our aim to show, what we believe we can prove, if indeed we have not done this already, that these, leagued with a few designing men of the aristocracy and government of England, who hate our Republic and dread the influence upon the world of our free institutions, have used this noble and generous feeling on the part of the mantr. as an instrument, with which they have secretly and systematically aimed a blow at America.

In 1832, when the cause of African Colonization—the only sure means of humanizing the commerce of that land, whose staple article of trade, from remote ages down to the present time, has ever been 'MAN'—then, when this cause was so prosperous, and before abolition societies had possessed the North, or firebrands, in the shape of abolition petitions, had been hurled into our legislative halls, there was a committee raised by the British Parliament on the subject of slavery. We quote a few of the questions proposed by the committee to Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool, and to Mr. Meir, formerly a resident slave-holder in Georgia.

TO MR. OGDEN:

"If you could suppose that the slaves of Louisiana were generally able to read, and that our discussions perpetually took place in Congress, on the subject of their liberation, which discussions by means of reading, were made known to the slaves of Louisiana, do you think, that with such the state of slavery could endure there?"

"Does there take place in the United States free circulation of publications on the subject of slavery?"

"Have the friends of the slave ever proposed the immediate abolition of slavery?"

"Has that subject ever been warmly advocated?" Mr. Ogden then said 'never.'

TO MR. MEIR.

"Are there any publications circulated among them, encouraging the hope or wish for freedom?"

"Would the Magistrates suppress any publications of the kind?"

No sooner had the report from which these extracts were taken, been submitted to Parliament, than the very means suggested by the above interrogatories, were put in the most active operation. The London Anti-Slavery Society sent forth its emissaries; printing presses were established; and in the course of two years time, our Southward-bound mails were loaded down with incendiary publications. The people rose up in mobs—broke into the post-offices, and made bonfires in the streets. Petitions were then poured in, and "ANGRY DISCUSSIONS HAVE BEEN TAKING PLACE PERPETUALLY IN CONGRESS" from that time to this. The missionaries Thompson, and others, were sent over to fan the flame. It was not until 1834-'35,—subsequent to this report—that these things occurred. Is there no evidence here in support of our assertion, that there are designing men in the government of Great Britain, who make a decoy-duck of the slave-trade? They conceal their motives under its banners; and cry out against it, not because they love Africa, or have any sympathy for the negro, but because they hate America. I HATE America, said Sir John Hippisley, at the meeting of the Somerset freeholders. He was hissed* by the people. And there are at this day, in the high towers of England—among what is called the *bulwark of her strength*, many Sir Johns—only they are more violent in their hatred, and less candid at the confession, than he. Every nation that granted the right of search, put a round to the ladder by which England hoped, and was endeavoring, to climb up into American ships.

Formerly, the Indigo plant was grown in South-Carolina and Georgia and the dye constituted a staple production of the island of San Domingo. The climates of British India are, many of them, the same as those of these regions: and efforts were made by the servants and friends of the Company to introduce the cultivation of the Indigo plant on the banks of the Ganges and Burrampooter. The most effectual means of accomplishing this, was to interrupt its cultivation in the French colony by a blow aimed at the institution of slavery. Chance soon put it in their power to make the attempt. Ogé, a French mulatto of San Domingo, was invited to accompany Mr. Clarkson from Paris to London. Here the philanthropist lost sight of him; and the fanatics of slavery, and the enemies of France took him in hand: they supplied him with money, arms and a ship, and sent him across the Atlantic to foment a servile insurrection in the French colony. He accomplished his mission. And though he was caught and hung, it was not before the seeds of a more dreadful massacre had been sown on the island. In consequence

* Cobbett's Letters.

of the murder of the whites afterwards, the cultivation of Indigo was suspended; the supply lessened while the demand increased; this operated as a protection to the cultivation elsewhere: and now not a pound is grown except in British India.*

Having, in consequence of immediate abolition of slavery in Hayti, monopolized, for her East India possessions, the growth of Indigo—our Cotton and Sugar were next coveted for 'those vast regions,' as her possessions there were darkly styled in the Congress of Vienna. As a preparatory step to this transfer, however, abolition of slavery in the English West Indies—but *not* in the East, was deemed to be necessary. The former are contiguous to our own shores; and, by abolition there, the many honest and simple-minded christians and philanthropists, in their blind zeal for the cause, would be hoodwinked, while the Sir John Hippisleys of the government could the better 'feed fat their ancient grudge.'

'Our colonists,' Great Britain had been told, by an East India proprietor—'Our colonists have been undersold and driven out of the market by the Cotton of the Americans;' and in 1833, slavery was abolished in the West Indies by an act of Parliament. The people—for the *people* of England are the friends of America, the people, in the honesty of their purpose, were proclaiming 'emancipation to man every where from the thralldom of man;' but the band of enemies who possess influence enough to give direction to the measures of government, had no fellow-feeling for the white slaves of England, nor for the copper-colored slaves of India, nor for any, except for the curley head and dark skin of Ethiopia. And accordingly, the 44th section of the abolition act, declares, "that the said act shall not extend to *any* of the territory in possession of the East India Company, or to the islands of Ceylon or St. Helena." This provision shows that it was not the institution of slavery against which the measures of the government were directed; these were aimed only at that slavery through which a rival might be crippled, and not at that every where, which holds man in bondage to his fellow-man. It was set forth in a royal statute that it was slavery in the West, and not the more horrid system of slavery in the East, which the government designed to suppress; for the system of slavery in the East Indies is more abject and miserable than it is any where in this country: in proof of which we quote from the Asiatic Journal, which is published in London and supported by Asiatic interest, and which treats *knowingly*, of British India.

"We know that there is not a servant of Government in the south of India, who is not intimately acquainted with

* Southern Quarterly Review for April, 1842. See an excellent article in it, entitled East India Cotton, to which we are indebted for much valuable information.

† James Cropper.

the alarming fact, that hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures are fettered down for life to the degraded destiny of slavery. We know that these unfortunate beings are not as is the case in other countries, serfs of the soil, and incapable of being transferred, at the pleasure of their owners, from one estate to another. No, they are daily sold like cattle, by one proprietor to another: the husband is separated from the wife, and the parent from the child. They are loaded with every indignity; *the utmost possible quantity of labor is exacted from them; and the most meagre fare that human nature can possibly subsist on, is doled out to support them.* The slave population is composed of a great variety of classes;—the descendants of those who have been taken prisoners in time of war; persons who have been kidnapped from the neighboring States; people who have been born under such circumstances, as that they are considered without the pale of ordinary castes; and others who have been smuggled from the coast of Africa, torn from their country and their kindred, and destined to a most wretched lot, and, as will be seen, to a more enduring captivity than their brethren of the western world. Will it be believed that Government participates in this description of property; that it actually holds possession of slaves, and lets them out for hire to the cultivators of the country—the rent of a whole family being two fanams, or half a rupee, per annum?"

Two fanams a year: (£ 3.50,) *three dollars and a half* for the hire of the slave and his family! The climate of India is proverbially pestilential and many times more sickly than this. There is not a slaveholder in America, who would not readily compound with the physician at twice this sum, for medical attendance alone upon each family of his servants. Neglected in sickness, scantily supplied, and sorely tasked in health, what must be the condition of the slave in India. The mildness of slavery here can give the philanthropist no idea of its horrors there. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue: rank in such tributes, the crafty government of England has the impudence to preach up to American statesmen, a 'Christian League,' a 'Holy Alliance;' and, in the presence of the 'States of Christendom,' to feign a sympathy for the black slave of the West; while, with her iron hoof upon their necks, she is holding in the most cruel bondage, millions of black and red men in the East. In the face of such facts as these, how can it be expected that an intelligent people will give to the British government, in its efforts against the African slave-trade, credit for any motives of humanity? Its hollow professions are sounded by its own acts. *Ought* we to league with such a power?

As soon though, as abolition was effected in the West Indies—a farther development of the plot was made: Agents were sent over to this country from England, to engage for the East India service, persons and machinery skilled and necessary for the culture and preparation of Cotton. How far this step is likely to answer its object, the subjoined extracts, cut from recent papers, will show:

EAST INDIA AND AMERICAN COTTON.

"Alluding to the dulness of the Cotton market, the New York American says:

"While on this point we may as well call the attention

of the cotton growers to a point to which we have often referred for some time past, viz. the competition of East India with the lowest kinds of American.

"By a table which we find in our Liverpool files, we perceive that the import of American in the first three months, in 1838, was - - - 346,700 bales. Of East India, - - - 4,800 "

While in the corresponding period, in 1842,

American, - - - 304,700 "
East Indian, - - - 57,200 "

"The delivery for consumption in 1838, for the same period, was—of American, - - - 219,400 bales. East Indian, - - - 13,100 "

Same period 1842:

American, - - - 211,000 "
East Indian, - - - 32,800 "

"Showing an increase in five years' consumption of *one hundred and fifty per cent.* in the latter, against a decline in the former of about five per cent."

"The Boston Atlas affirms that every arrival from England, shows the constant increase of imports of East India cotton, and the constant decrease of American. It is stated that during the three months of January, February and March, 1842, there were 188,423 bales of American cotton imported, being 47,333 less than during the same period last year! During these same months, there was, as compared with the year before, an increase of imports of Indian cotton to the amount of 40,014 bales! *The decrease of American imports was at the rate of twenty per centum: the increase of the East Indian at the rate of one hundred and fifteen per centum!*"

Extract from the Bombay Times of July 10, 1841.

"In the article of cotton alone, it appears we have received a supply exceeding that of the same period in the previous year by 38,538,303 lbs.

"On carrying out our inquiries further, and examining into the supplies of cotton brought to market during the 12 months ending the 31st May, we find that the result is not calculated to astonish those who have not been marking the progressive increase of this product, but have been dwelling with fancied security on their recollections of what used to constitute a large supply, viz. 200,000 to 250,000 bales. It appears, then, that, from the 1st June, 1840, to the 1st June, 1841, the imports of cotton into Bombay have amounted to 174,212,755 lbs. This is a larger quantity than America produced up to the year 1826, and more than was consumed in England during the same year. In 1823, the entire production of the United States amounted only to 169,860,000 lbs.; though, 12 years after, in 1837, it had reached 444,211,537 lbs. (Vide McCulloch, article 'Cotton.')

"As a further encouragement to the cultivators, we may state that the consumption of East India cotton, in Great Britain, has increased in a greater ratio than that of any other quality whatever. In 1816, at which period the average price of American uplands was 18½d., and that of Surats 15½d., the consumption of American was 4,036 bales, and East Indian 207 bales per week. In 1839, when the average price of uplands was 7.875d., and Surats 5½d., the consumption of American was 15,644, and East Indian 2,111 packages per week; the increase in 23 years of the latter being in the ratio of ten to one, and that of the first four to one. In the same period the consumption of Brazilian, Egyptian, and West Indian qualities had not doubled.

Extract from the circular of Messrs. Freeman and Co. dated London, January 1, 1842.

"Cotton.—The cotton trade with India for the last five years has been highly important, in every point of view. The imports in 1841 reached nearly one-third those from the United States; which has had a very depressing influence on the value of American cotton."

As soon as it could be done, the cultivation of cotton was to be changed, *de golpe*, from the United States to India, as indigo had been; therefore the progress of the experiment in the East was closely observed in all its stages; and while its results were witnessed with anxious solicitude, and increasing satisfaction, preparations were making in the West, for striking the last decisive blow, should a resort to force become necessary. The chief Naval station at Halifax, was too far removed from the probable scene of action; it was quietly transferred from the North to Bermuda, within thirty-six hours of our Southern coast, and the place immediately strengthened and fortified. A standing army of Blacks was organized in the West Indies. A line of men-of-war steam packets, thence to our coast was arranged; they are commanded by Navy officers, and carry their guns in the hold* ready to be hoisted up and mounted at any moment; the raven-colored troopers with their sable banners, were within a few hours' run of our shores; and they stood ready for any service at a moment's warning. The Quintuple Treaty was to operate as an armed intervention for *regulating* the commerce of America, and for *adjusting* a certain domestic institution of ours, in such a manner, that the staple productions of the Southern States might be at once transferred from the valley of the Mississippi to the banks of the Ganges, its great rival stream. The preliminaries of the convention were arranged in secret; we were not consulted as to any of its provisions; it attached suspicion to every vessel of ours that should be seen within either of the three great zones of the earth, and left the common highway of nations free to us, only over the frozen seas of the extreme North or South. It is not in the disposition of the American people to be suspicious of their neighbors. Had such preparations been made about the dominions of an European power, they would have excited suspicion at once, and brought forth a demand to know their object. Indeed so closely does England watch her neighbors, and so easily are her fears excited by the movements of other nations, that France cannot put a few more than her usual complement of ships in commission, without receiving a message from across the Channel to know the cause of the secret or unusual preparation. But, practically, the Americans know nothing of the intrigues of governments, and take but little note of their manœuvres and designs. The first intimation that we had of these arrangements, was in a demand, positive and peremptory, requiring us to surrender up our rights, and permit our vessels to be searched, because it was *indispensable*† to the great object which the 'States of Christendom' had in view. Is there in all this, no cause of suspi-

cion? Shall not the dictates of prudence be heeded? And, with such cause, ought we not to be wary of *father-land*? as to this day we love to call the 'old country.'*

The mass of the people in all countries are what they seem. It is the designing few only who plot and conduct the intrigues of a party or of a state; and of those few who manage the government of Great Britain, it is only a part that plots treason against the Republic. It was something new to see Great Britain first gird herself about with power, and then approach us, brandishing and flourishing, for moral effect, a 'Holy Alliance' made with the 'States of Christendom,' to awe us into submission. But our old men knew what to expect from Great Britain when leagued with other European powers in alliance; and those still in the prime of manhood can well remember how ruthlessly the work of coalitions has been done upon the states of Europe. They can recollect, how, by an alliance, the Republic of Genoa was given to the king of Sardinia; and how Poland was dismembered by an alliance. They could not forget that

* Just as the proof-sheets of this were about to leave our hands, we were favored with the following copy of a letter, dated:

"NEW-YORK, 19th May, 1842.

"Sir,—I am an Irish protestant who have been in this country forty-nine years, with frequent and long absences. I once had the honor of serving my adopted country as consul: in this office, I did all in my power to render it respectable, by holding up the American government as worthy of imitation, and often was distressed with the aristocratic sentiments sported in mixed companies by native-born citizens of the United States. In truth, I am a republican of the Jeffersonian school; and as such, I could not be otherwise than highly gratified by the perusal of your article on "THE RIGHT OF SEARCH," in the Southern Literary Messenger of last month; and I beg you not to stop there. It may be proper here to inform you of two acts of aggression which took place, I think, about 1806 or '7,—or perhaps before.

"One was that a British frigate, *in sight of the Jersey shore*, fired into the sloop Richard, Capt. Pierce, bound from Brandywine Mills to New-York, with a cargo of flour and Indian meal, and killed Mr. Pierce, the brother of the master.

"The other was that a British frigate, commanded by one Balderston, fired into a pleasure yacht belonging to Mr. Washington Morton, in sight of Sandy Hook; on board of which the owner was, in company with other gentlemen of this city. I mention these aggressions because they were wanton and unprovoked, and they show the disposition of the government and people of Great Britain (not Ireland) towards this country. And this hatred will never be allowed to sleep, for we shall never be forgiven our Declaration of Independence; and whatever may be the professions of the British government, be it Whig or Tory, the hatred is the same at heart; and they will go to war with this country, whenever they think they can do so with success; and it is for this purpose and no other that they are now preparing such a gigantic fleet of war-steamers. * * *

I am yours, very respectfully,

LT. M. F. MAURY, U. S. N. }
Fredericksburg, Va." }

* *Guns in the hold*.—So stated by Mr. Cushing in Congress as to the Dee.

† Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Stevenson.

it was the strong arm of an alliance, that had robbed Denmark and Sweden of Norway and Finland; that had forced the republican citizens of Holland to become the subjects of a king; that had graciously bestowed the republic of Venice as a present to Austria. It was an European alliance, we all recollect, that lopped off a province from the dominions of the Grand Turk; and it was the combined forces of allied sovereigns that destroyed his fleet and laid waste the plains of Syria. All these acts, and more too, were forcibly brought to the minds of our statesmen, when they surveyed the lines which England had been drawing about their commerce and their country. She had run her wide parallels across the commercial parts of the ocean; and our traders who make ventures there, read in the terms of the treaty, a motto for their flag, which England had gone down to paraphrase from Dante's inscription over the infernal regions: *LEAVE THRIFT BEHIND, it never enters here*, was to be painted on the bergée of every American vessel as she crossed the dark parallel, and bounded over into the "suspicious latitudes." The approaches of England in 'Christian Alliance,' her present manner and previous conduct, all warned us of intrigue, and design, and admonish us to be on our guard. We have taken our stand upon the broad platform of national rights, from which we will not be moved. And we leave it to the civilized nations of the world to judge if right, humanity and justice be not on our side.

We are earnest in our desires to suppress the slave-trade, and we are willing to coöperate with England and the States of Christendom against the odious traffic. We know England to be ambitious, grasping and wary; we therefore must keep her at boat-hook's length. We can never trust her on board of our merchantmen. Our armed cruisers may coöperate with hers—farther than this, we cannot go. Let each one of the States of Christendom, show its zeal for the African, by sending to his coasts, its vessels-of-war. Let a plan of mutual coöperation be established, and a system of telegraph and signals be arranged for them, by which they can convey intelligence readily and rapidly to each other. And then we should have a glorious emulation among the officers—one nation against the other, striving not to be outdone in the good work. Each government at home through the vigilance of its officers and citizens, may be kept regularly apprized of the fitting and sailing of all suspicious vessels. By keeping its own cruisers constantly informed on this subject, much may be done toward the effectual suppression of the slave-trade. Let it also be the duty of every consul in slave-holding countries abroad, to keep both his government and its African armed cruisers, advised of all slave-trading movements that come to his knowledge. By these means, and

these only, with the aid of colonization and the influence of Christian principles, can the African slave-trade be effectually suppressed. The 'right of search,' as experience has proved, operates as an aggravation of the evil. If the voice of Africa could be heard as to the conduct of England with regard to the slave-trade, it would be in the tone of entreaty and prayer, to 'let us alone; your intentions may be good, but your interference has only made oppression more galling and slavery more bitter.'

We do not think that we venture too much, in the opinion as to what each State of Christendom may do *at home* in aid of suffering Africa, simply by calling upon all good citizens, and enjoining its custom-house officers, its consuls and commercial agents, to collect and report all information concerning slavers and vessels suspected of engaging in the slave-trade. With proper energy in this respect, on the part of governments, the armed cruisers on the coast of Africa might, in the course of a very short time, be furnished with accurate drawings and descriptions of every vessel engaged in the slave-trade. With the assistance of proper agents on the coast of Africa and with a code of signals, and a well digested plan of coöperation for all the cruisers then employed, this information would become common property, and each cruiser might then go in pursuit of the vessels of its own nation, with the advantage of knowing where to lie in their track. When the British government shall cease to sell its captured slaves—when it shall abandon its intrigue for the right of search which has done the African so much more harm than good—and shall advocate some such practical plan as this for the suppression of the slave-trade, then and not till then, will we give the 'old country' credit for motives of humanity and a sincere desire to succor the slave.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

The young! the beautiful! Oh! could not love,
And hope, and tenderness the fiat move,
Which called the young, the beautiful away,
And left us mourning round his lifeless clay?
Oh! could no prayers avert that doom, no sighs?
Nor tears which seemed to burn the aching eyes?
Could nothing serve to change the dire command,
Which gave our darling into death's cold hand?

Alas! alas! that fair and pearl-veined brow,
Weareth a hue like marble, and e'en now
The icy blood hath curdled round the eyes,
Which ere-while wore the tint of summer skies.
The long dark lashes rest upon the cheek,
Which, pure and white, without one life-like streak,
Seems as if cut from wax—so still and cold,
The baby lies, like artist's sculptured mould.

God help the Mother! She, whose anguished heart,
From her life's treasure now is called to part,
She, whose young babe must change her warm embraces,
For the cold coffin's darksome dwelling place,
She bends above her dead, whose coldness seems,
Like the wan wretchedness of troubled dreams.
Ah wretched Mother! ne'er on earth can fall
More bitter pang thy spirit to appal.

The Mother, still all watchfulness and love,
Her pale and faded blossom bends above;
She cannot bear to trust, that strangers' hands
Should fill the offices which love commands.
She places the pale white rose on his breast,
Then touchingly she watches o'er his rest.
Alas! she feels how vain were her alarms,
Her child is cradled now in Death's cold arms.

Mother, look up! thy spirit's vision raise,
Then will thy grief be changed to love and praise,
Thy guardian angel now, thy baby bright,
Translated to the realms of boundless light,
May watch thy progress through this world of gloom,
And often whisper hope of joys to come.
Mother, look up! and with a welcome he,
May hail thy entrance to eternity.

The Mother of an angel thou art now;
No care, nor grief can bend his heavenly brow,
Cleansed by the love which washes out all stain,
His spirit purified from every pain,
He joins the blessed band, who ever sing,
The praises of their Father, and their King.
Then Mother! thankfully thy spirit lift,
Because to Heaven thou'st made so pure a gift.
Columbus, Geo., April 28, 1842. CLIFTON

THE WARNING.

"I entreat you not to make this hasty decision, my dear Cornelia," said Mrs. Cameron. "If you do, I much fear it will embitter all your future life."

"And why should I not write at once, and release Charles from an engagement, which, if still remembered, must be irksome to him?"

"Because," responded Mrs. Cameron, "I hope the report, which has been so distressing to you, may prove groundless; and I have not read Charles Willmott rightly, if he would brook your distrust—his truth, upon a mere rumor. An enduring estrangement would be the consequence; and you would ensure his unhappiness as well as your own."

But Cornelia Grey insisted that the information which she had received of her lover's falsehood, could be relied upon—that his devoted attentions to a lady of the place in which he resided, had been remarked, and that it was generally believed he was to marry her;—and now, she remembered that his recent letters had lacked the deep affection which former ones had spoken—and she assured her friend, that the pride inherent in woman's heart, would sustain her in the course upon which she had decided; and that, let her anguish of spirit

be never so hard to bear, she only, of all the world, should know she suffered.

"And did you remark any change in the letters before you heard that Charles was false, Cornelia?" She acknowledged that she did not. "Then I entreat you, not to take a course which may destroy all your future happiness. The woman's pride upon which you so much rely, may save you from the compassion of the world; but, believe me, you will find it but a miserable comforter to your own heart."

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron!" exclaimed Cornelia; "you who have lived only in life's sunshine, and whose even temperament must ever have left you a stranger to mental conflict, can realize nothing of my anguish of spirit."

A cloud passed over the usually calm face of Mrs. Cameron, an expression as from the awakening of bitter recollections, as she replied: "It is because I would save you from the terrible darkness that fell upon my own path—from the bitter, and unavailing anguish which my own spirit has known, that I have so importunately urged you to desist from your purpose."

"Have you then known sorrow? corroding sorrow?—you whose existence I have ever thought of, as one of tranquil, and unalloyed happiness?"

"Yes, Cornelia, I have known sorrow, and this has made me the more solicitous in endeavoring to guide you, and mould your disposition, (which I saw that nature had formed much like my own,) in such a manner as to leave you a stranger to the like trial. You were very young, when your father, at his decease, left you to the guardianship of Mr. Cameron: and I have ever since that period, endeavored to fulfil a mother's duty to you. Perhaps it may profit you to hear my early history; and though it is to me, like tearing open a long closed wound, I am willing, for your sake, to bear the pain. You have ever treated me with respect when I advised you; but still have considered me, from what you thought my passionless temperament, incapable of understanding the impulses of your own. You little knew the tempest that preceded the deep calm which is now settled upon my own spirit, until my existence is become waveless as the unbroken surface of a summer sea. Perhaps you know already, that this is not my native state. My birthplace is upon the banks of the Connecticut, and there I passed the first twenty years of my life. Like you, I never remember a mother's care, for mine was taken from me while I was still in infancy; but if it had been possible that aught else could supply the place of a mother's love, I should never have felt its deprivation, blessed as I was, with the devoted affection of one of the best of father's. O, the devotion of a parent's love, when centered upon an only child! Although I warmly returned his attachment, I can now look back, and painfully recall many-a-time

and when that was completed, he was going to push his fortune in the West. Ohio was then the "far West," and the "land of promise" to the professional emigrant, and thither was his destination;—and, whenever his prospects would warrant him in so doing, he was to return for me. My engagement received my father's sanction, and instead of having the prospect before me of being separated from him by the fulfilment, he intended, upon my marriage, to accompany me to the West. Edward's course of study terminated. He passed his examination with honor, and was admitted to the bar; and his friends felt warranted by his promising talents in looking forward for him to a career of uncommon professional brilliancy. He left—it is useless to repeat how painful was the parting, or how numerous were the vows of constancy which we then interchanged.

"He arrived in Ohio, and settled in a promising location, and wrote me thence of his high hopes regarding his professional career, and also of his unabated affection. That letter was the last I received from him. It was not long ere I was called to pass through the deep waters of affliction; and for a time, it seemed that they must overwhelm me. One evening my father had just entered, and taken his place by our cheerful fire-side, when I observed an alarming change coming over his countenance. I hastened to him, and called for assistance! but in a moment, even before the domestics could enter the room, the spirit of that idolized father had gone forever. The dreadful reality rushed upon my mind; and for weeks, I remember no more. I sank into insensibility, and when I awoke to consciousness, it was with a fevered brain; and for a long time, the friends who kindly watched over me, had no hope of my restoration.

changes which time and absence, had his feelings in regard to our engagement from which he presumed, too desired to be free. He said too, new residence, he had found one more to his present fancy, and he desired to consider our engagement as no longer existing. This cruel letter be from Edward! It was possible. But yes, there was his well-remembered and his long silence previous to this, I could not doubt it; and with a consciousness of truth, a change came over my nature. I knew what I suffer, was my mental nature was scorned; and the affection that I had so fervently, centered upon Edward, he had made me as worthless. I resolved that my duty was to break rather than betray one pang of pride, fierce and bitter pride, took every ambition of my soul.

"I had not long before received from an intimate friend, who had moved into another state to pass some time with her. I resolved at once to accept of her as every object around me brought a new association to my mind. After my recovery from the illness that succeeded my father's death, I came an inmate of the family of one of his dearest friends, and who had taken the adjustment of his business and estate, but little time to make all needed arrangements, leaving the place that had ever been his home, and have never returned to it. My friends gave me a very cordial reception; and strove to make her house a pleasant home. I saw what her politeness could not entreat her surprise to find me after having passed through such affliction, in the enjoyment of a

hand, came to visit them. He was one whose name and reputation had long been familiar to me, though his residence was far distant; for his talents both as a jurist and statesman, had early won him a place among the eminent of our land. When I first learned that Mr. Cameron was interested in me, it excited my surprise; and though it was gratifying to my wounded spirit that one so distinguished, and so highly gifted, should have chosen me; still, when he declared his regard, and offered me his hand in marriage, I shrank from its acceptance; for I felt how false would be any vows "to love," which I could now take upon me. I told Mr. Cameron that though flattered by his preference, my heart returned for it no warmer sentiment than esteem; but my pride shrank from the avowal that I had once poured all the wealth of that heart's affection upon one who had cast it aside as worthless. He repeated the offer of his hand; and urged on by several different motives, I concluded upon its acceptance. The strongest and most blameable of these, was the bitter pride that had sustained me through all. Edward shall know, I thought, that one who has already attained that eminence, which formed the acme of his waking visions, can prize one whom he regarded as valueless. I thought too, that as Mr. Cameron still wished to marry me after knowing my sentiments towards him, I might thus promote his happiness; and I hoped, in the fulfilment of the new duties which would devolve upon me and in the removal from all familiar objects, to forget the past.

"Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, (the friends with whom I was residing) were delighted to hear my acceptance of Mr. Cameron, and I could hardly withhold them from preparing for a splendid bridal. This was a pageant through which I felt I could not pass; and they yielded to my desire that none but their own family should be present at our marriage; and that as soon as it had taken place, we should leave on our journey to my husband's home.

"It was with a sinking heart that I took those vows upon me, which nought but death could sunder. The last word was spoken; and my fate was indissolubly sealed, when Edward Warren stood before me; and, oh! the look of agony that he cast upon me, can never perish from my memory.

"I stood transfixed as though I was changed to marble. 'Eliza,' he exclaimed, 'have I returned for this! Is this the meeting to which I have so joyfully looked forward through our weary separation!'

"I need not repeat to you, Cornelia, all that passed in that hour of trial; but there, in the presence of my husband, who had now a right to know all, all was explained; and with bitter self-reproach, I learned that Edward was blameless. He had never received a line from me after my father's decease; but had, though pained by my silence, continued writing to me; and had written, naming

the time that he should return to fulfil our engagement. It was with painful surprise he found our home desolate, and heard for the first time, that my father was numbered with the departed. That I should be absent for an indefinite period, at the time which he had named for his return, seemed to him inexplicable; but he had hastened to me, never for a moment doubting my truth, and had no intimation of what awaited him, until he stood in my presence.

"Who had been the author of all this sorrow to us we were not long in deciding. There was a young man residing in my native village, who had ever, after my father's decease, persecuted me with his attentions. I do not think that he was influenced in the least by attachment, or he could not have conducted so basely, but believe that his only motive was to obtain the fortune of which I was now the independent mistress. He was the postmaster of our village, and thus had opportunity if base enough to profit by it, of intercepting our letters; and Edward remembered that he possessed the talent of imitating any writing so perfectly, that it could not be detected from the original. Connecting these circumstances with the fact that he had repeated the proffer of his hand the very evening after my reception of that dreadful letter, and had urged its acceptance with an importunity that would hardly be denied, left no doubt on our minds of his guilt.

"May you never know from experience, Cornelia, the remorse which then tortured my heart. Influenced by my bitter and resentful pride, I had wrecked the happiness of one who was dearer far to me than my own existence, and had brought shame, and bitterness of soul to the noble being, whom I had vowed before the Almighty ever to love and reverence.

"The guilt of those solemn vows, taken from the motives which impelled me to them, now came home to my soul. Had they been even a little longer delayed, we might yet have been happy. But now our fate was irrevocably sealed, and regret availed not. We parted, and my husband bore me away—it mattered not now to me, whither. It was his first intention to have gone directly to his home, but he now took a more circuitous route; hoping to divert my mind from its sorrow by the grand and beautiful scenery to which he directed my attention. When we arrived here, new trials awaited me; for, as the bride of Mr. Cameron, attentions were showered upon me, and I had a prominent part to sustain in the circles of fashionable gayety, even when my heart was longing in its weariness for the quiet rest of the grave. I determined that my husband should not have the mortification of seeing me fail of supporting the station in which my marriage had placed me, added to the other trials which that marriage had brought home to himself. My pride still upheld me. I

trust that I have since found a surer support under affliction, but my heart was then a stranger to its influence. Not long after our arrival at home I received a letter from Edward. It was very brief, and was written to assure me that our suppositions in regard to the author of our sorrows, were correct—that he had acknowledged his guilt and was left to the punishment of his own conscience. He added that he should return immediately to his home in the West—aimless, hopeless, save in the hope of erasing from his memory, all recollection of his past expectations of happiness.

"Mr. Cameron's mother had long been an inmate of his home. She had been called to pass through deep affliction, for she was a widow; and of a once numerous family, he was the only child whom Death had spared her. Added to these afflictions, was that of blindness; yet a cheerful smile was ever on her countenance; for within her soul, was that heavenly light which grows brighter and brighter until it is perfected in "everlasting day." To me, who had never before known the blessing of a mother's love, the affection which she bestowed upon me was very precious, and when she sought to lead me to the source whence she derived her happiness, I trust that her efforts were not in vain. In my husband, I constantly discovered some new excellence of character, or some lofty power of mind to call forth my regard and admiration.

"Years passed by, and so deep a calm had settled upon my spirit, that I thought it could never again be stirred by the storm of excited feeling. I had never heard from Edward after the reception of the letter that I have mentioned, and had never sought to hear, for I felt how destructive it would be, to the tranquillity of mind which I was striving to attain. Many years after my marriage, I was passing the winter with my husband in Washington, whither he was called by his duties as a senator. A friend of Mr. Cameron's (a gentleman from Ohio,) was visiting us, and from him I unexpectedly learned the fate of my heart's early idol. He was a lawyer; and the conversation turned upon the subject of the bar in his own section of the country; when he incidentally mentioned a young man of uncommon promise, who years before appeared at their bar and located in his own county. He spoke of his talent in the intricacies of his profession, of his commanding eloquence, of his increasing popularity, and of the promise which he gave of becoming the "bright particular star" of his profession; but he added, (and I listened almost breathlessly, for though he had not named him, I doubted not of whom he spoke) his light was early quenched. He returned to New-England, from whence he was an emigrant; and it was thought from his arrangements before leaving, that he was to bring back a bride. But he came alone, and never seemed the same being as before.

His ambition was gone; and he became reckless and dissipated in his habits; and soon sunk into an early and unhonored grave. 'And thus closed the career of Edward Warren,' he added, 'one who might—' I heard no more; I was *his murderer!* and the cry of agony which I had vainly striven to repress, now burst from my lips. What followed, I little remember; but I have a confused recollection of the plea of sudden illness, to account to the stranger for what must have appeared inexplicable in my conduct.

"It was the last wave that passed over me; and I have found peace—yes peace, and happiness! Have you never seen a spot once bright and verdant, which the scathing fire has passed over until all its beauty and greenness has perished; and it is left scorched and desolate. But the dew and the rains of heaven fall upon it, and it is again clothed with bloom and verdure. Thus has it been with my heart.

"Can you profit by the tale that I have told you and listen to me now, Cornelia?" The arms of that fair girl were twined around her guardian's neck, as she assured her, with deep emotion, that she would not, by her hasty conduct, imperil either her own happiness, or that of Charles Warren, and when a few months after she left home as his happy bride, she felt that she owed her happiness to her guardian's warning. A. E. W.
Athens, Pa.

BY-GONE YEARS.

"Call them, let me see them."—*Macbeth.*

I see them now—I see them all—
The shadowy train of by-gone days—
On Memory's mirror see they fall
With still increasing rays.

The playmates of my childhood's hours!
With undim'd eye and unburnt cheek—
Nature's young and starry flowers!
I almost hear them speak.

And that sweet girl! now woman grown,—
Now vanishing with fairy flight—
Like bloom and blossom, fruit, all gone—
Alas! the early blight.

Companion of maturer years!
With laurel'd brow—where Genius placed
The seal which still each heart endears,
And never was disgraced;

I see thee too! whose every look
Imparted joys of purest ray;—
Thou'rt gone—a rose leaf on a brook—
Form'd, seen, then swept away.

On, on still glide the airy crowd!
With noiseless footstep still they move;—
The good, the bright, the sad, the proud,
One "hallowed form" of Love!

A gloom is welling on my brain,
A darkness deepens in my breast
That thus recall'd, the mirror'd train
Should sadden at the best.

'Twere better far the glass to shiver,
Than Joys reviv'd to dim with tears,
To steep in Lethe's wave forever
All thoughts of by-gone years.

Richmond, May 28, 1842.



H. M.

To Mr. T. W. WHITE,

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR,—I have been looking over a book of extracts which I transcribed while a youth at college. I have been much interested in reading the one below, and believe that it will be interesting to most of the readers of your valuable journal. The extract was taken from a literary journal, which, I believe, is no longer published. The article is headed—"Formation of Character;" it contains most excellent advice to young men, persuading them to burst asunder the bonds of indolence and pleasure which fasten down the mind of so many youth; it exhorts them to bend all the powers of the intellect, in continual activity, industry and application, to the acquisition of useful and extensive knowledge,—to explore the very foundation and principles of every science—to deny themselves of every sensual indulgence—to throw aside all vanity and pride and self-conceit, which are effectual barriers to the reception of knowledge—to examine their own ignorance;—it reminds them, how little they have read—how much they have to read—and bids them compare themselves with those learned and distinguished men, whose acquisitions have extended to the very confines of human knowledge;—it earnestly advises them to imitate the industry and perseverance of the greatest men that ever lived, and assures them that it was by no secret magic that they arrived at their exalted attainments, and became so useful and distinguished in the world, but by their patient and persevering thought and study—by their unceasing and untiring application. This extract is particularly recommended to young men pursuing their collegiate course, and who wish to arrive at high attainments in literature and science.

W. J. T.

Memphis, Tenn. April 18th, 1842.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

• • • • "To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, incessant application and industry are necessary. Nothing great or good has ever been achieved without them. Be willing then to labor—be not satisfied with superficial attainments, but accustom yourselves to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundations and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke, that "there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency: there are teeming truths, rich in stores, with which they furnish the mind; and like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that, without them, could not be seen or known." These are the truths with which

we should endeavor to enrich our minds. Be select in your reading—become familiar with the writings of the great master-spirits of the world, who will enrich your minds with profound, enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you to habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against the immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self-denial, and a mind undisturbed by unholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscious rectitude, are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

It will be equally important for you to guard against self-sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvements. Frequently reflect upon the small extent and imperfection of your attainments—on the vast regions of science that are yet unexplored by you—on the hidden stores of learning which are contained in the ten thousand books that you have never read or seen, or of which, perhaps, you have not even heard. Remember too, the lofty attainments that have been made by some profound scholars both of ancient and modern days. I would recommend to you to read, in early life, a few well-selected biographies of men who were distinguished for their general knowledge. Read the lives of Demosthenes, of Erasmus, of Newton, of Locke, of Hale, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and of such accomplished and illustrious scholars. Observe the ardent attachment and intense industry with which they cultivated science, and the astonishing acquirements which they made,—their high valuation of time and careful improvement of it—compare your attainments and habits with theirs—not to repose in sluggish despondency—but to rouse yourself from apathy and sloth to a noble emulation of rising to an equality with them. It was by no secret magic that these mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame—it was by *patient—persevering—untiring industry*. If the eloquence of Demosthenes shook, with its thunder, the throne of a Philip—and ruled the fierce democracy of Athens—and if the vehement denunciations and powerful appeals of Cicero drove Cataline from the senate house, and made Cæsar tremble, it was by the private studies and profound meditations of the closet, their minds having been invigorated and expanded and enriched and ennobled with diversified knowledge, lofty sentiment and generous feeling. If Newton, with a flight more adventurous than the eagle's, soared to the very boundaries of creation,—if he explained the laws that govern the universe, and let in a new flood of light upon the world—it was ardent attachment to science; it was intense, patient, untiring industry, that gave

to the pinions of his mind, that vigor which elevated and sustained him at so lofty a height. If Locke and Reed have dispelled the darkness that has for ages settled on the human intellect, and have freed the sciences of the mind from the intricacies and subtleties of the schools, it was not merely by the force of their own genius, but by deep, patient and repeated meditation and study. If Burke charmed listening senates by the masculine strength and brilliancy of his thoughts; if Mansfield and our own Hamilton illumined the bar by the splendor of their learning and eloquence; if Hall and Chalmers proclaimed, from the pulpit, immortal truths in their loftiest strains, it was not only because they ranked amongst the first scholars, but also among the most laborious men of their age. Contemplate the character of these illustrious men—imitate their industry—their eager love of learning, and the zeal with which they pursued it, and you may equal them." * * *

THE SHIPWRECK.

The parting sail! the parting sail!!
Has spread her canvases to the gale;
With prosperous breeze and cloudless sky,
Onward she rides full gallantly.
The land grows dim, the mountains blue—
Faint, fainter still, they wax to view;
Till but the sky, with azure glow,
And ocean's breast that heaves below—
Moaning with wild waves' fitful flow—
Are left to look upon. The deep,—
Beneath whose dark pall, useless sleep
The countless wealth and treasures rare,
For ages lost and hoarded there:
The deep—beneath whose broad blue breast,
Greater than Eastern treasures rest—
Is now their home—and well they ride
Upon the ocean's changing tide;
Till nought is left, save the white bed
Of waves, to tell where they have sped.
In listless throngs, the hardy crew
Lay spread around—save where a few
Were stretching out the flapping sail
To catch the lulled breath of the gale;
Or, where a straggler slept beneath
The cold moon's beam, the night air's breath,
And in the dreaming of his mind,
Enjoyed the home now left behind;

* * *
The chaste moon shone upon the deep;
A thousand stars were seen to sleep
Upon its calm blue breast. The wave,
With gentle ripples, seemed to lave
The ship's dark side. It was a scene
Of ocean's loveliness and sheen;
Yet, o'er this beauty, there was spread,
A something strangely, fearfully dread—
A solemn silence, awful, still,
A nameless feeling that would fill
The mind with fear of coming ill.
And, as that crew gazed on the sea
Sparkling full clear and brilliantly,

Like beauty of a desert wild,
Their unwilling minds, it oft beguiled;
Yet chilled anon, with its wild dream
Of strange and lonely loveliness;
The scattered groups, at legend told
Of dread and fear, grew chill and cold,
And crowded nearer, nearer still,
As if their numbers mocked at ill;
Full many a tale of torrid clime
Mingled with love and hate and crime;
Full many a tale of woe and dread,
Of the shroud-covered restless dead,
Following o'er the boundless sea,
The wreck of fated ship to see;
And howl its dirge that wreck around,
While wild waves echoed back the sound.
The seamen fearful legends told,
Until the cheek of brave and bold,
Grew pale with fear—but hark! didst hear
That voice that floated sweet and clear
O'er the still wave? Oh! pale with fright,
I ween grew every cheek that night,
That heard the mermaid's warning song,
As wild it swept the waves along.

Come—come to my bower, bedecked with each flower
That grows 'neath the ocean's wild tide;
Oh! come to my cave, beneath the blue wave,
And the mermaid will be thy fond bride.

With it as thy home, thou no longer shalt roam
O'er the storm of the sea's rolling breast;
But thy troubles shall cease, thy life shall be peace,
As in my bright cave thou shalt rest.

The wave's sullen splash, that o'er thee shall dash,
Thou no longer shalt shrink from in dread;
Nor fear the fierce roar of waters that pour
In their fury and rage o'er thy head.

There are jewels full rare, I have hoarded with care,
To deck out thy corpse for that day;
And gems that would vie with the bright stars on high,
All, all for thy bridal array.

Oh! come to my grot, where mariners rot,
While the seaweed around them is strung;
And there we will wed, while corpses of dead,
All around us in triumph, are hung.

Then come to my bower, bedecked with each flower
That grows 'neath the ocean's wild tide;
Oh! come to my cave beneath the blue wave,
With the fair ocean maid as thy bride.

The song was hushed, and died away
Amid the bright waves' rippled play;
Then, a wild mocking laugh was heard
Like startling scream of lone sea bird;
And all was still;—just then, on high
A flash illumed the western sky;
Then, a short angry roar that rolled
Along the sky, and too well told
The coming storm. The laboring sea
Heaved its broad bosom heavily;
And far along was heard and seen
The wild waves' moan; the white foam's sheen;
The gathering clouds, with awful gloom,
Foretold, too well, the seaman's doom;
For in its brow read every eye
His coming destiny—to die.
The lightning with its vivid flare,

Gleamed up amid the dark'ned air;
 A moment, and the pall of night,
 Glowed with its bright unearthly light;
 Then all again was gloomy there
 As the dark gulf of dread despair;
 And nought was seen or heard, beside
 The ocean's sullen moaning tide,
 That splashed against the ship's dark side,
 As on she sped with furled sail
 Before the fury of the gale.
 Oh! 'twas a strange and mingled scene
 That met the gaze that night, I ween,
 Upon that ship; for those were there
 Who never knelt, now knelt in prayer,
 Or cursed or raved in wild despair;
 And some, with dogged sullen air,
 Stood looking down, with stoic eye,
 Upon the white foam dashing high;
 Some mournful sat and watched the wave,
 Too soon alas to be their grave,
 And deeply sighed to think that they
 Ere the dark storm should roll away—
 Should be the raging ocean's prey;
 Then cowards wept and clung to life
 With a sinking wretch's convulsive strife;
 And brave men too, turned pale with fear,
 And brushed away the bitter tear
 That dimm'd their eye. O'er all that crew,
 Was spread death's pale and ashy hue.

* * * * *

But there is one amid that storm,
 A bold and stalwart sailor's form;
 Of bearing high and noble mien,
 Forgotten not, when once 'twas seen;
 With flashing eye that spoke his soul,
 And haughty air that dared control,
 A frame which told a giant's might,
 A brow whose frown was black as night;
 Oh! sooner would I meet the wave
 That foams below, than that frown brave.
 Say, who is he, that noble one,
 That strides the deck all stern and lone?
 None—none there are who ought can claim
 To know of his past life or fame;
 But oft in whispers there were told
 Tales to make the brave grow cold,
 And towards pale—of many a crime
 And bloody deed in distant clime,
 Remorse for which could even now,
 Be seen upon his gloomy brow;
 And often in uneasy sleep
 He muttered words full strange and deep,
 That told of other bygone times—
 Of wilder scenes and darker crimes—
 Another life of bloodier hue—
 A freer ship, a braver crew—
 A bolder flag, whose silk-fold wore
 The dreaded emblem pirates bore.
 But these were idle tales—no more
 Nor mortal's eye, nor mortal's tongue
 Could pierce the mystery o'er him flung.
 And there he stood, calm, stern, save while
 Across his face there stole a smile,
 A bitter smile, as far on high
 He watched his flag stream to the sky.
 The lightning flashed—its broad red flare
 Shone on that flag, oh God! see there!
 That dread death's head all bloody, bare,
 Like some hell-fiend, some demon sprite,
 Waving and flapping in the night.

The storm is raging fierce and fast,
 The ship is scudding 'fore the blast;
 With none to guide and none to save,
 She dashes onward o'er the wave;
 A bright gleam flashes o'er the skies;
 Faster, and faster still, she flies.
 A brighter flash, a louder roar,
 The ship is driving to the shore—
 A brighter flash, a ruder shock,
 The ship has struck an unseen rock.
 From stem to stern shakes the dread crash,
 And up the ship the wild waves dash.
 Around it, in the foaming spray,
 The blue-finned shark is seen to play,
 Thirsting for blood of human prey.
 The ship is sinking—sinking fast;
 A moment more will be her last.
 A short wild shriek, a deaf'ning roar,
 The ship has sunk, and all is o'er.
 The pirate calm, unconscious, stood
 As o'er him rushed the sea's dark flood;
 Waving on high his banner proud,
 Soon, soon to be his sheet and shroud:
 That banner which had been his star
 In other scenes of strife and war;
 And a faint fire gleamed in his eye
 As he watched it streaming far on high. . . .
 He wrapped it round him, proudly smiled
 At the ocean's furious wild;
 Then sunk beneath the dark blue wave,
 The flag his shroud—the sea his grave!

QUID NUNC?

Selma, Alabama, 1842.

THE FIRST HUMAN FORM.

Extract from an Unpublished MS.—see Gen. ch. 2d. vs. 4-7.

"Cur inveniam rem tam nitidam?"

[We may in truth exclaim with Æsop's Cock—This beautiful gem was, by mere chance, turned up amid a parcel of old papers among which it had got misplaced by some accident, several years ago; this explanation is due to its author, with a promise to do better the next time, if he will favor us with other specimens from the same mine. We commend these lines to our readers; they contain here and there, gems of exquisite poetry.]—Ed. Mess.

—Light rose the morning mist,—
 Through glowing realms of calm, untainted air;
 Touch'd, as it rose, with brightest, warmest tints,
 Pour'd from a sun unspotted, unobscured;—
 Afar disclosing, by its soft ascent,
 A scene surpassing all that genius dreams,
 When beauty's choicest visions charm the soul.
 —So fresh, so green, so blooming, all below:—
 So white the pebbles, gleaming from the depths
 Of clear, cool waters, gently gliding round;
 So fair the flowers, that watch'd them from the marge,
 As doves that woo their mates in shadeless noon;
 So graceful every motion, every shape
 Of woodlands, mellow'd with an emerald hue,
 Dawning through foliage with no faded leaf;
 So loving every action, every look
 Of living wonders, filling wood and wave,
 With frolic mirth, by evil undisturb'd;
 So winning and entrancing countless birds,
 Calm warbling upward, free from note of fear,
 Songs blent with sweets from roseate homes of bliss.

—So wide, so high, so glorious, all above :—
So dazzling to the eagle's glance, the sun ;
And so intense the blue and boundless sky,
Through whose dim distance slow the stormless breeze
The melting mildness of the mist withdrew.

Realm—subjects—court, in grand array complete,—
Why comes not forth the crown'd and acceptred King ?
A world in waiting for its Godlike Head,—
Why lingers yet the pomp of Peerless Power ?

A bowery slope, with bloom and verdure soft,
Opening on park and plain, in sun and shade,
Selectest loveliness of earth and sky,—
Reveal'd the noblest of all forms Divine—
The mould of man !

The air was hush'd with awe ;—
The grove intent, as every leaf in thought ;—
Sport, 'neath the branches, stood unmoved ; above,
With folded plumes, in silence, Music gazed.

Unconscious still, the perfect structure lay.
It was not death ! The air had never sigh'd
To know the Spectre—breathing, claims it all ;
The waters had not darken'd to their depths,
And shuddered in the shadow of his wings ;
The soil had never quaked beneath his feet,
Seal'd by their print, a common sepulchre :
Nor in that ample frame had active warmth
Evolved and been exhausted ; no decay,
Obstruction none, nor aught of fatal sign
Invoked the grave.

And yet it was not life !
Nor swoon, nor trance, nor any accident
Of vital being, held its empire there.
And sleep was not ;—no sense had been awake,
No pulse was yet in motion ; in the brain,
No outward image ; no perceptive mind.
A statue—not from adamant cut out,
With superficial gloss of solid mass ;
But wrought from dust, with transformation strange
To bone, flesh, blood ; without, of port sublime,—
Within, of rarest wisdom, only known
To Him who made it ;—ready, at His touch,
To start—with thousand instincts quick inspired.

A matchless work. The common elements
In glorious union, such as earth and heaven
Had none to rival. Angels there beheld
Harmonious symmetries, which God alone
Could hold entire in thought ; which God himself,
Embodying, deem'd the glory of His skill,—
The image of His own revealing Form.
All dignity and beauty blent with grace :
And over all a faint-diffusing glow,—
A pictured prayer to feel the flame of life.

It seem'd the pause were perposed, that the Sire,
Pleased with His offspring, might demand of all,
If such a shape became the lord of earth ?
And all the ranks around gave glad assent,—
Such mild, subduing majesty went forth,
From that Unliving One ; and all on high,—
Spirits of Power, of Beauty, and of Speed ;
Spirits of Order, Government and Law ;
Spirits of Life, Health, Immortality—
All witnesses of all the works of God—
Exulted in the fitness of the choice,
And hail'd the coronation of the man.

The Breath of Lives !

And instantly arose,
Flush'd with the fire, the Father of the World !

His soul was in a trance of truth and bliss,—
Thought and affection filling first with God,
Admiring and adoring, drinking power
To know all facts, relations, ends :—yet soon
Open'd his senses to the regions round.
A deeper silence held the subject sphere,
The while those wondrous eyes, with starry glance,
Pierced the dark glen, o'er hill and valley shone,
Reposed enraptured on the ardent scene,
And gave the whole calm circle to the mind.
Then gush'd the sound of waters on his ear,—
New inspiration ! Whispering brooks came close,
Then, hurrying through the gloom, again look'd back
From distant sunshine ; and the solemn roar
Of falls, unseen—from forests moist with spray,
Remoter homage brought subdued and slow.
Next, low and sweet began, and swelling rose
The myriad welcoming of half-bid birds,—
The near leaves trembling with the trill'd delight
And self-recover'd from that royal gaze,
The lion, rising in his mild retreat,
Pour'd the full thunder of a stronger life.
Woke, too, the wind,—and touch'd another sense,
With most luxurious coolness ; while the flowers
From purest censers flung their perfumes forth ;—
And all the scene, released from its restraint,—
With nobler charms than when so brightly still,—
Waved shadowy round ; and he, the lord of all
Shook, as a child in joy, his manly locks !

Baltimore, Jan. 18, 1838.

B. J. Wallis

A SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY G. FORRESTER BARSTOW.

Rise, ye men ! if ye inherit
From a line of noble sires
Saxon blood, and Saxon spirit,
Rise, to guard your household fires !
From each rocky hill and valley
Sweep away the invading band,
In the name of freedom rally
To defend your native land.

Foemen's feet your soil are pressing,
Hostile banners meet your eye,
Ask from heaven a father's blessing,
Then for freedom dare to die !
What though veteran foes assail you
Filled with confidence and pride ?
Let not hope or courage fail you,
Freedom's God is on your side.

To the winds your flag unfolding,
Rally round it in your might,
Each his weapon firmly holding,
Heaven will aid you in the fight.
By the mothers that have borne you,
By your wives and children dear,
Lest your loved ones all should scorn you,
Rise without a thought of fear.

Come, as comes the tempest rushing,
Bending forests in its path,
As the mountain torrent gushing,
As the billows in their wrath.
From each rocky hill and valley
Sweep away the invading band,
In the name of freedom rally
To defend your native land.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY,

SKETCHES OF INDIANS, AND LIFE BEYOND THE BORDER.

By a Captain of U. States Dragoons.

CHAPTER I.

My furlough was past! What various emotions did that reflection excite: there were the regrets of parting for an indefinite period from devoted relations; and other, more *tender* ties, were, perhaps, to be sundered. But on the other hand, I was of that romantic age, eighteen, the age of warm impressions, and flattering hopes; and the world, aye, the fresh western world, was all before me, and bright with anticipations of endless change and new enjoyments. And all my delightful adventures and wanderings were to be shared by companions who had shared the warm affections of my earlier youth.

The stage was at the door. * * *. Relieved from those sorrowful partings, from the pains of which elastic youth recovers so soon, I enjoyed the rapid motion of the coach, always exhilarating, but which was then fast severing me, perhaps forever, from friends, and all the familiar scenes of childhood.

At a village in Maryland, I had planned a meeting with a number of my West Point companions; who, like myself, obeying the calls of duty and inclination, were on their voyage westward. And never was appointment better kept than by my before-scattered comrades; and eager and warm were the greetings of that midnight hour! We then resumed our journey together in the western stage; enjoying, after the excitement, a comfortable sleep; for, being all intimate friends, we unceremoniously indulged in the easiest possible attitudes of a wonderfully confused juxta-position. And thus we journeyed on; all joke and joyousness by day, and a kind of snarling sleep by night.

At Wheeling we made a halt for some days: we had been jolted and jumbled enough for lovers of variety, and "*la belle rivière*" tempted us to embark our fortunes, or rather persons, on its shining currents; but, in truth, its beauties were too superficial; and we were assured that the lightest barque would make but a tedious progress through its deceitful shallows. So we were fain contented, with our ranks further swelled to a most lively number, again to take stage, and thus pursue our journey to Cincinnati. I remember the numberless black squirrels which we saw the first morning, sharing the rich fruits of those many corn-crowned hills; and the number which we found in a tree in front of our breakfasting house; and how, after being routed out of its topmost branches, the poor fellows were forced to make beautiful leaps to the ground.

From Cincinnati we went by steamboat to Louisville. There we mustered twenty strong; and

remained eight rainy days, waiting for the river to rise. Our time passed pleasantly enough in that hospitable city, which would seem to be a favorite with the army, for many of its officers have formed the tenderest ties there. During our stay we shared in the most popular sport of the sport-loving Kentuckians—a horse race. The course is several miles from the city; but we were all there, and beheld seven long-legged colts contend for the prize; and that Kentucky spicing to such pleasures—a fight or two—was not wanting to complete the day's experience.

In due time the river did rise, and we embarked for Jefferson Barracks, the new "School of Instruction." The boat seemed to be chartered by the military; we filled the cabin, and the deck was monopolized by a detachment of recruits. The passage was a long, but merry one; and that cards were played, I am too faithful a historian to deny.

Many, many years have elapsed, but I have now before my eyes the vivid impression of a beautiful scene at the mouth of the Ohio; the moon was a graceful crescent, and the glassy waters, glittering with its beams, reflected, too, many a lovely star, and caught the deep azure of the skies; while the leaf-embowered banks wore a dark, but so soft and rich a setting! And another boat passed by, with its brilliant lights, magical motion, and solemn, echoed sounds; its bright path, too, and its long succession of regular and polished waves, each a mirror for the lovely moon. There is something startling, if not awful, by night, in those hollow but sonorous echoes to the escape pipe, which the lofty forests of the western river-bottoms give out; they seem the angry bellows of wood demons, aroused by this intrusion of man and his wondrous works.

Right well do I remember, too, a scene different as possible, though by night: a western storm upon the waters! The boat was (fortunately) moored under the verge of one of those immense Mississippi bottoms,—in itself, by night, awful as the wastes of ocean. The rain fell as if nature was dissolved: the caverns of the earth are never darker than it was then; the roar of waters and darkness were the universe; I was alone, and enjoying its sublimity, forgot that my poor body was exposed to the tempest.

The boat touched at day-dawn of the eighth day at Jefferson Barracks. Those who had slept at all, had risen; an adjutant in *undress*, mounted on an immense black horse, and having for suite, a whole troop of dogs, received us on the bank, and proceeded with us to report to his chief, Colonel L. We were exhilarated in our walk over that delightful spot by three bands, striking up from different hill tops and groves, the familiar, beautiful, but never so charming reveillé. The colonel, evidently just out of bed, received us with great kindness and frankness; and readily consented to our pro-

ceeding in the boat to St. Louis; and in a few hours we were all on shore exploring the *terra incognita* of that rising city of the west.

CHAPTER II.

The characteristics of St. Louis,* which first struck me, were the muddiness of the streets—the badness of the hotels—the numbers of the Creole French speaking the French language—working on the Sabbath—a floating population of trappers, traders, boatmen and Indians—and finally, an absence of paper currency. These were all very distinctive, and in truth St. Louis had very little of the Anglo-American character. *Roudyism* was the order of the day—the predominating influence of the street population of Indian traders and other northwestern adventurers. These men, in *outré* dresses, and well armed, were as characteristic in their deportment as sailors, exhibiting the independence, confidence, and recklessness of their wild and lawless way of life. All this was food for my companions on the *qui vive* for novelty; they were to be seen in all directions, on voyages of discovery through the mud, and seemed suddenly to have become a very homogeneous element in this rare compound: and parties of officers from the barracks daily galloped into the town, which they enlivened in a sort of sailor-like style. Fun and frolic then prevailed in St. Louis.

But our duties at the barracks did not permit us to remain long in this attractive city; so after a punctual call upon a certain army official, who cures that most distressing of human afflictions, a consumptive purse, and after receiving a quantum of hard dollars, (not sufficient to produce a plethora,) we bade adieu to the lively town until—the next time. Some of the party, like ———, pleased with a new toy, had already purchased Indian ponies, upon which they shuffled off, after a most unmilitary fashion, to their post.

None of the actors in those scenes can fail to recur with some pleasure, to the gayeties of 1827-'8 at Jefferson Barracks. One of the regiments was in cantonment on the south side of the first hill; a quarter of a mile farther on, another, the 6th infantry, was encamped; on the crest of the next hill were extensive stone barracks in progress, and still lower down, on its southern declivity, were encamped the 1st infantry; some staff and other officers, with their families, were in huts in various detached situations. Two of the regiments had, a few months before, arrived from a remote outpost. There, cut off from the world, and dependent on their own resources, the officers had not failed to make themselves ample amends, and to cultivate the most friendly intimacies, on which were founded a thousand practical jokes and endless adventures;

* The writer speaks of St. Louis as it appeared to him in 1827.

and the pleasures and incidents of this, a kind of golden age, they had, in truth, the least disposition in the world to consign to oblivion.

A day or two after joining, I, with several friends, dined at the regimental mess of the 6th. It then was a mess indeed—in numbers and in spirit a delightful mess, such as few regiments now have. Noble spirits! brave friends! How devoted, how social were you then! How modest yet how ardent was your *esprit de corps*! wherever active service was to be done, on the borders of Mexico, or in the far north, *you* were there. And have you not led the “moving battery” to victory, and poured out your life-blood, like water, in Florida! You are scattered and gone, but well I “remember the regiment to which you belonged.”

But the past and the present must be kept distinct. I thought them a glorious set at that first dinner. The president was Capt. with his splendid whiskers and mustaches; dignified and easy in his manners, he seemed a type of the old school; and from that the inference may be drawn, that he took wine freely when in such happy company: to the life of which, indeed, he gave a constant impulse. And the caterer was Adjutant J., a noble fellow, whose looks alone could make a friend; and R delighted us with his endless sallies, his jokes and merriment. I have now before me his immense whiskers, and his twinkling, deep-set eyes, lost nearly in incessant laughter—and his dance, too, upon the dinner table, which was the finale.

Capt., soon after became in low health, and being of impatient temper, his spirits sank under it. His life was in danger, and as a last resort Surgeon G. prescribed a singular mode of treatment—a novel kind of *excitement*—which was entrusted to Lieut. R He paraded daily around the captain's tent with a long face, whistling the dead march; and it so happened that, being first on the list, the captain's death would cause his promotion. But Capt., taking this view of it, very seriously waxed wrathful, and swore he would not die for his tormentor's sake; and the cure was made.

What would thirty young officers be at! Not much time was consumed in considering such a question; in all intervals of duty we gladly resigned ourselves to the influences of chance or impulse, and sufficient to the day were the pleasures thereof: none thought of the morrow; to the many all was new, even the service itself—a new country and manners, and there were some new *beauties*. Daily, numbers of us would be surprised by the dinner drum at the camp of the hospitable 6th or 1st, and then it was useless to attempt an excuse: go you must to the mess. Many and delightful were these dinners at mess! Right joyous was it to mingle with those officers whose minds and manners had received a fresh mould from their life in the great

rous, the open-hearted, daring and adventurous—the frank and hospitable *far West*; and what stores of anecdote and right marvellous adventure had been laid up in seven years' service at the famous Council Bluffs! Wine flowed freely, our spirits overflowed.

What other could be more delightful than this favored spot, with its gently-rolling hills crowned with lofty forest trees, without undergrowth, save grass and wild flowers; and a river, the noblest in the world, running by! Such is Jefferson Barracks. On a more level spot, just upon the bank of the river, shaded and adorned by clumps of venerable but vigorous trees, oaks and sycamores, was the grand guard parade, generally enlivened by the music of a full band—a delightful resort! Aye, but other attractions were wont to fill the measure of its popularity. Beauty added its spell to the charming scene; the young and beautiful came often there at that early hour of rosy morning, when nature is in her happiest mood.

But how can garrison life be dwelt on! It cannot, unless indeed we descend to all those trifles that fill the precious hours and steal away the days. A soldier is all his country's; his irregular though numerous duties divide his time, distract his attention, and defeat his plans. How difficult, then, to avoid the fate of becoming the *mere soldier*. A knowledge of the world, a graceful carriage, easy manners, general but *superficial* information, with lofty aspirations, bitter repinings, and habits of idleness—these are his inheritance, the light and easy garment that he receives in exchange for the mantle of eminence. But why *now* question the seal of fate!

The middle of December found the 6th still in camp. Our log fires in front of tents had become centres of attraction; but the smoke was a great enemy to our comfort. It was amusing to observe a gathering round a fire; the little circle seated on stools, boxes, or logs; some one was continually attacked, and would run for his breath, and forming his circuit, his enemy, less quick, though airy, seeming to follow at first, would leave him for another, who, in his turn, uttering broken maledictions, would make his circular retreat, seeking another or the same seat, ere long again to be routed.

The sporting tribe might be seen here and there examining a horse, or physicking a dog, or restraining vociferously the vagaries of a whole pack of them. A few sly ones would find their way to old Capt. . . . 's tent, which had a brick chimney, together with the luxury of a mantel-piece; and this mantel-piece had notoriously a remarkable capacity for holding sugar dishes, whole battalions of mint phials, not to omit a great julep pitcher which was commonly well filled. Oh camps! with your exposures and privations, how you encourage and excuse the solid comfort of a julep!

Before Christmas, the 6th were in the stone barracks, half finished and uncomfortable, and were crowded several in a room; and it was our lot, after turning into bunk, in the "small hours" of the night, to be saluted at day dawn with the din of hammers overhead, an occasional shower of dust and mortar, with a sprinkling of brickbats, which fairly bade us, at the peril of our heads, "sleep no more."

On newyear's morn many were they who found themselves at that log temple of hospitality, the mess house of the 1st, and paid their devoirs to a half whiskey barrel in the middle of an immense table, foaming to the top with egg-nogg. The 6th regiment that day entertained all at the post at a dinner, and midnight found us still at the table.

On the 8th of January, the 1st gave a splendid ball in an unfinished barrack; a noble display of flags was above and around us, with hundreds of bright muskets with a candle in the muzzle of each. Many from St. Louis were there; and Louisville, too, had several beautiful representatives.

Thus flew by six months on the wings of pleasure. But the time came when the 1st and 6th, long associated as a band of brothers, were to part; the former being ordered to the Upper Mississippi. Their furniture being packed up, the whole of them for several days messed with the 6th. Our last dinner I shall never forget; we sought to drown the bitter regrets of parting in the extravagant enjoyment of the last fleeting minutes. At the winding up, Capt. G. delivered from a table, in an Indian language, a characteristic farewell speech, which as interpreted began—"Our great father has long smiled upon our fellowship; his councils now are bad, a cloud is before his face," &c.

The summer came, and was passed pleasantly enough. At its close I was well pleased to be ordered on my first active service.

CHAPTER III.

On the 27th of September, 1828, I left Jefferson Barracks, to conduct a detachment of about forty recruits to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. There was no officer with me. I embarked in two "Mackinaw" boats, as they are called; they are of about three tons burthen, without deck or box, sharp fore-and-aft. Mine were old and leaky. I found it tedious and laborious for eight oarsmen to force them against the current in many parts of the Mississippi; and, according to the custom of the country, took advantage of bare sand bars and open banks, to use the "cordel;" that is, to send ashore ten or fifteen men to tow the boat by means of a long rope attached to the head of a small mast. In doubling the points of bars, and in other shallow places, these men would wade along with the cordel on their shoulders sometimes for a mile, perhaps half-leg deep; it was "working a passage" with a vengeance at that season. I made my first

camp on Bloody island, near St. Louis. While I was in the city next morning, getting a barrel or two of hard-bread, my sergeant, who was an old hand of the 6th, made, with no other tool than an axe, a very good rudder, from a standing tree.

The morning after, I passed the mouth of the Missouri. This river, after draining the vallies of the Rocky Mountains, and receiving tributaries throughout a course of three thousand miles, precipitates its turbid currents right across the placid bosom of the Mississippi, to which, losing its name, it imparts its character.

A mind fertile in conceits might fancy in the coming of this turbid and soil-stained river of the west, to join the clearer and gentler stream, the approach of a red warrior to woo a fair damsel of the settlements; at first the white face edges away and keeps aloof from the strange lover, but his suit is vehement and irresistible, and soon she is in his dusky arms, and her gentleness is lost, and his wild nature gives its complexion to her own. To be sure the circumstance that the Mississippi is the acknowledged "*Father of waters*," is an obstacle of sex, and hurts the conceit somewhat.

A few miles above the junction is the mouth of the Illinois, itself a great river, navigable for steamboats some four hundred miles; but little known to fame, eclipsed as it were by the grandeur of the west. I was in camp at Portage de Sioux, on the right bank; it was moonlight. Rising from the opposite verge of a noble sheet of water—the river placid and calm, but giving to the ear the solemn distant music of its currents—stood lofty and fantastical rocks; of the height and a little resembling the palisades of the Hudson; but these were cavernous, and there were arches, pilasters, and isolated turrets. They appeared the ruins of a castellated city; the soft light of the moon helping out the imagination, with a most perfect clear-obscure.

Some dozen miles below Clarksville, in company with my sergeant, I went on shore, as I frequently had done, to hunt. We had moved leisurely along an hour or two, when we began to find ourselves a little out of our bearings, or rather had become entangled with the sloughs of the river; after much fatigue we found ourselves in the edge of an immense level prairie bottom, where the grass was seven or eight feet high. A high bluff rose beyond, and I confess that, left to myself, I should have made for it, firmly believing that it was the opposite bank of the river; but my companion, an excellent woodsman, knew better, and saved me a seven or eight miles' trudge through this prairie sea. But the best he could do, was to strike the main river at night; opposite, as it happened, to Clarksville. We crossed in a crazy canoe; and I found the boats had not passed, or arrived! What a predicament for a young commander! I was much annoyed, but made out to take a good night's rest in *bed*, with philosophical resignation.

My men arrived next morning, to my joy and surprise, with nothing amiss, save numerous red eyes, and a broken demijohn, which it was plain had been well hugged before being subjected to such ill-treatment.

Some fifty miles below the De Moine rapids, when weary of our slow progress, and with our store of pork very low, it was reported to me early one morning that some of the men were in pursuit of wild hogs. They soon after brought in two immensely large black ones, which they assured me were selected as the smallest of the herd; which had rushed at the men and forced them to take refuge in trees. A settler or hunter of the vicinity had joined in the sport. They were a seasonable supply; and were forthwith skinned and salted. While thus employed a steamboat bore in sight below. On its arrival I had my boats taken in tow. My recruits soon gave me a spice of their quality; they were enlisted at Natchez, and were as precious a set of scoundrels as were perhaps ever collected; they were drunken and mutinous, from this time until after we quit the steamer at the rapids. One of them, whom I had tied up with a half inch rope, repeatedly gnawed himself loose!

At the foot of these rapids was a passenger barge in tow of a steam keel-boat, with about twenty passengers, who had already waited some two weeks with Turkish resignation, for fate, or higher water, to forward them on their journey. Genius of railroads! spirit of a travelling age! Think, ye eastern locomotive bipeds, who, spirited over the earth at the rate of 600 miles a day, snarl at the grievous detention of a minute,—think of this, and learn moderation. These said *travellers* spent their nights, I discovered, playing at cards: how they got through with their days passes my comprehension.

On the rocks of these rapids I abandoned one of my boats, having a second time overhauled and attempted to caulk it. I left it bottom upwards; giving it at parting, out of pure malice, several gashes with an axe. It was soon after seized by a wrecker as lawful prize, sold for five dollars, and again for ten; and the last purchaser, by sawing it in two and planking up the stern, had a very good make-shift craft for *down* stream work.

I now had to leave a party on shore, with orders to march as much in sight of my boat as they could. Night came on, and nothing was to be heard or seen of the detachment. Until 10 o'clock we kept on, firing signals, but to no purpose. We encamped on a miserable island; and the middle of the next day we found them at a hut near the shore. All this was occasioned by the immense number of islands; the main shore had not been visible for thirty miles on either side.

I was now about three weeks out: and this point was fifty miles below Fort Armstrong at Rock island. Our provisions were exhausted; nothing but a few potatoes could be had at the house. I

heard that there was a trail to Fort Armstrong, which cut off much of the distance; so I immediately ordered my adventurous land detachment to take it; while my naval affairs went on as usual, save "that our faces had become longer, and our belts contracted." My rifle was sole commissary; and a deer and a few birds were all it supplied. We reached the vicinity of Rock island next mid-day, in a heavy gale. I had previously ripped a sail-tent and converted it into a sail. It was exceedingly cold, the wind almost ahead, and the waves very high; but I did not feel like standing a trifle, under the circumstances and so near to port. A flaw struck and would have swamped us, but for the frailness of our tackle; in an instant a great hole was blown through the sail; then every rope snapped, and the old tent stood straight out from the mast-head. My men from numbness, fear, or ignorance, gave me no assistance, so that necessity suddenly made me a tolerable fresh-water sailor. All arrived safe; but my land party spent another night out, as the ferrymen at the fort were afraid, or pretended to be, to bring them across to the island, although they had such a boat as mine. The next day but one, having taken in supplies, and been treated with true hospitality by the officers, I proceeded on my voyage.

About this point in ascending, is observed a change in the river scenery; the solemn and drear "bottoms," and the falling in banks of the lower Mississippi, are scarce observable above the mouth of the Missouri, where the river assumes very much the appearances of the Ohio. At this point again (marked by the passage of a great rocky bar, developed in dangerous rapids, and in this, the first, rocky island above the gulf—and a beautiful one it is,) the shore scenery becomes, like that of many smaller clear streams, variegated with rock and hill, pretty valleys, grassy slopes, and gravel beaches.

I arrived at Fort Crawford, 180 miles above Rock island, and about 600 above St. Louis, on the 23d of October, and having marched my party into the fort, "Where is your order?" quoth the officer in command.

"In my trunk, sir."

"Get your orders, sir, and I will then receive our party," was his answer.

After this was complied with, no point of ceremony was wanting; but I was ordered to proceed with the detachment to Fort Snelling. My orders had been to return from this point "forthwith;" a canoe was in "port," a rare chance, and the societies, and other attractions, of my post, and St. Louis, arose on my youthful imagination, only to abate my real prospect of winter quarters in the frozen region of the St. Peter's; but,

"I am a soldier; and my craft demands,
"That whereso duty calls, within earth's
"Compass * * * I do forthwith obey."

CHAPTER IV.

The commander of Fort Crawford fitted me out liberally; gave me two more boats, one of which had been made as comfortable as possible for a lady, and luckily there were ten disciplined soldiers to go up. To crown all, I was intrusted with a monthly mail bag, tied up; the papers and periodicals of which I was recommended to read. I dare say I felt, the first day, as pleased and comfortable as a new made commodore.

The scenery grows still more interesting as we ascend beyond the mouth of the Wisconsin; the bluffs, or small mountains, always rising from the water on one side or the other, assume a thousand picturesque shapes; some are clothed with forests, others with grass—are now rocky, and again are perfectly smooth. Perfect cones are to be seen, and then two such, connected by grassy plains. Frequently the interior structure of rock is exposed by the action of rains, and art could scarcely fashion more regular walls than you see; at one place they are quite upright and have buttresses or great vertical trenches or flutes instead, whilst at another they recede in steps like the terrace-walls of a falling garden.

It seemed that all the millions of migrating water-fowls passed me in review; they appeared to follow the course of the river, and I ascertained, I thought, that they stopped regularly at nightfall. How many camps a squadron of them would make from the Lake of the Woods to the Balize, was not so easily settled; but our repose was frequently disturbed by the deafening clatter of thousands of geese, that chanced to take their rest in some neighboring slough.*

I encamped one evening in a narrow but lovely valley between a towering, massive bluff, covered with oaks, and a lofty prairie hill, such as has been described. After night I walked to its top; the moon was just full, and a long path of smooth water shone with its reflected light. Very far, on either hand, the river was seen amidst the hills which it reflected like a polished mirror. The valley, too, wound in gentle curves to the rear, its smooth sides softened by the mellow light until the eye could follow no further. My little camp was out of sight and forgotten, and after a long view, full of admiration, a sense of utter loneliness crept over me, and added to the excitement of many rushing thoughts. I felt like a wandering being, cast upon a new world, and surveying from its summits beautiful but lifeless regions. The rustling of a gust of wind made me aware how awful a silence had reigned; it seemed the voice of a spirit, uneasy at the first intrusion of a mortal. I could hear the beating of my heart; the spell which bound me became painful, and I ran at speed along the narrow summit; I stopped, and would have uttered

* Lewis and Clarke speak of a similar annoyance on the Columbia river.

a cry, but in very truth my voice refused to obey me; but with a great effort it came forth, so unnatural and shrill that it seemed a mockery. I rushed down from this hill, where white man had never trod before, and was in the midst of those beings plainly insensible to the stamp of quiet beauty on all around—the rugged pioneers in these new regions of a race who would willingly mar it all, and plant here, too, the seeds of care, of strife, and of misery.

Nature, like the character of man, is full of contrasts; the elements are often stilled, as here, in the calm repose of beauty, to soothe and soften our earthly passions; and anon are stirred up to fearful conflict, and, seeming to threaten the world with wreck, inspire man with the dignity of strong emotion and lofty thought.

The next evening I was tempted by a favorable wind to ease the labor of much rowing, and sail long after night. As I advanced I found the prairies of all the surrounding country to be on fire. It was a dark and cloudy night, the winds blew boisterously—the world seemed on fire, and there was a lurid reflection of flames from water and cloud, and tossed columns of smoke; it was awful. We sailed on in spell-bound silence, but we scarce knew whither; my little fleet, now seen, and now disappearing, like phantoms in the horrible obscurity. How many objects of sublimity! the storm contending with the waters, and darkness with the dreary light of a general conflagration!

At one point we saw a long mountain bluff, which was partially separated from a lofty prairie hill, shaped like a sugar loaf, by a narrow and precipitous ravine. The bluffs had been charred black as a coal; but so lately that spots of fire still shone, brighter and scarce larger than stars; the ravine, its steep sides densely timbered, was like a blazing furnace; the grass of the conical hill adjoining was just on fire, and the flames ascended in graceful spiral curves to the top! This is an accurate description of the most singular contrasts and beautiful sight I ever beheld. I had never imagined mountains in masquerade; but here was one by which NIGHT was accurately typified.

It came on to rain very hard; it was midnight, and utterly dark. I steered, I knew not whither, but to touch land. We did not strike the shore, but an island; it was covered with rushes, those vegetable files, which I can hardly think of without having my teeth set on edge. My recruits spent some hours in kindling a fire, but, wrapped in my cloak, I resigned myself to sleep in the bottom of my boat.

We lay a day, wind-bound, at the foot of Lake Pepin. This is an enlargement of the river, about twenty-seven miles long, and from two to four broad; it is very deep, and is bounded by mountains and rocky shores; it is subject to high winds, and lofty waves and sunken rocks render it danger-

ous. While staying here, I witnessed (and was exposed to some danger from) the burning of "prairie bottom," the grass of which was very tall and luxuriant. I have read a description, (I believe in "The Prairie,") which is very accurate of its wonderful rapidity; the flame *leaping* *forwards* the stems of great weeds exploding like pin shots, &c.

The wind lulled at sunset, and the lake being notorious for boisterous weather, I determined to row through in the night. So, hoisting a light my boat, in which I had a Creole pilot, we took our departure. A long and dreary night it was, and very cold; the water froze upon the oars. We arrived in the river above soon after sunrise, landed and took breakfast.

When my men flagged, and the progress was slow and weary, it was my custom on this voyage to make long races, offering for prize an extra glass of whiskey to the crew of the successful boat. I judge from their extraordinary exertions, a great prize could not have been offered; it was a dose stimulant.

On the 2d of November I arrived, all well, at Fort Snelling.

CHAPTER V.

At Fort Snelling I found old friends, and others with whom I had served at Jefferson Barrack, but independent of the most hearty hospitality, which I have ever met with on these occasions, an arrival, a new face, at such an outpost of civilization as this, is a bright link in that nearly severed chain which connects it with the world; gives an exciting impulse to its small society, which rests upon the visiter, and is the source of unworldly pleasure to all.

The defences of this fort are high stone walls; it stands on an elevated point, the confluence of the Mississippi and St. Peter's rivers. In the river is a prairie nearly level and many miles in extent, an agreeable circumstance, when it is considered that chasing wolves and racing are almost the only resource for amusement and exercise. I rode about nine miles, to the Falls of St. Anthony. The Mississippi here falls 23 feet perpendicularly in places, immense masses of rock, disjoined and fallen from immemorial abrasion, add to the scene a sublime confusion and roar of waters. The 45th parallel of N. latitude is said to pass through the falls. I heard that evening at the fort the sound of the falls very plainly.

During my stay of two days, one of the new boats in which I had gone up, was condemned and sold at auction (for \$5!) to an officer of the fort, an old friend who decided to accompany me on my return. We took our departure in the afternoon, having for crew my pilot and a discharged soldier, with a negro lad for "cabin boy;" one of us was always at the helm. Some eight or

miles down, my friend discovered that he had unluckily left a well-stored liquor case. We landed in consequence near an Indian camp, and despatched two Indians with a note, for it; they went in a canoe. We encamped, and were somewhat annoyed by the intrusion of our red friends.

While waiting for the messengers, let me give an account of our messing. There was abundant store of cold boiled ham, of the true Virginia flavor—of corned beef, and of chickens: and the buffalo tongue should not be forgotten. Our coffee—not used with the stinting hand of a frugal housekeeper—was made after the most improved method, and with extreme care and attention; it was drawn with boiling water, like tea, and not suffered to boil afterwards. But who shall do justice to the venison, roasted in bits on a stick with alternate pieces of salt pork? First, the pleasing toil of the hunt, and the triumph of success; then the labor-inspired appetite, after the long fast which excitement forgot; then the lively fire at night under majestic forest trees; and oh, (climax,) the pieces of venison, bitten with nature's weapons—not pruned with cold dull knife—and reeking hot from the wooden spit! Never was there better preparation of the appetite—never was there better supper!

About midnight I was awakened from a sound sleep: a candle was just expiring in the tent. I looked up and saw two dark forms almost over me, uttering with violent gesticulation the loudest and most uncouth sounds. I had instinctively grasped my rifle, and was very near putting it to its natural use; but it was our messengers, with the liquor case, who were half drunk and making an ill-timed speech to my companion: seeking, I suppose, to use the means of completing their happiness.

The next morning early, while steering, wrapped in a pea-jacket, the current "took a sheer" on the sudden, and quick as thought precipitated me backwards into the river. I got out without much difficulty, but it was a rather rough adventure, when a freezing weather is considered.

True to its character we passed Lake Pepin with a tempestuous wind; we had a large sail up, and so deficient in tackle, that any sudden flaw of wind would have sunk us. The waves were very high, and I steered with a man holding my leg, to prevent my being thrown overboard. But the wind was steady, and we went through safely and right readily.

The next day, while sailing with a high wind, we beheld another Mackinaw boat making its way to meet us, rowed by six or eight lively Frenchmen, dressed cap-à-pie in red. We boarded her in the middle of the river; in doing which I unluckily slipped in two of our best oars, in endeavoring to lea-

the concussion. We beheld a friend, Mr. T., Indian agent; and, surmounting a vast pile of nature, &c. &c., his newly married wife—a gh introduction to the northwest, she thought,

no doubt. I had passed this party at the Des Moines rapids.

We sailed late, seeking a fit spot to encamp. The red light of burning prairies reflected in the troubled clouds, and again from the waters beneath—the sombre forests of shore and islands—the winds, now rushing in fearful gusts through the mountain passes, now heard in the moaning of distant forests—presented a wild, dreary and fearful scene. The boat, scarcely manageable, was tossed, and driven, stern foremost, on a mud bank, where in shoving off I further reduced our scanty stock of oars, by leaving one firmly imbedded. My companion lost his temper; we made a landing, kindled a small fire, and wrapped in our cloaks, sought repose in moody silence, each upon his blanket.

We arrived at Prairie du Chien, early on a cold and frosty morning, and found the troops drilling. That drilling, before breakfast, is not a fine thing in practice, if it be so in theory, either in cold or warm weather. I well remember at the Military Academy, mere lads as we were, that, fasting and exhausted, with feet thoroughly soaked with dew, we found such drills almost intolerable. They no doubt looked very interesting to the Board of Visitors (or others) strolling out for a few moments for fresh air (on gravelled walks) between rising and breakfast.

We luckily found a steamboat at the Prairie, and the next day took passage for Galena. We arrived off the mouth of Fever river, at the same time with another boat from below, and a spirited contest took place for precedence, as the river is too narrow to admit of two passing at the same time; several skilful manœuvres were executed by both vessels, and all hands became much excited. We plainly saw them loading a swivel, which they loudly threatened to fire into us. We gave them the go-by, however, without loss of life or limb. They had loaded with potatoes, it afterwards appeared, and I believe we were well contented with escaping the test of their efficacy.

Galena (so appropriately named) is eight miles from the mouth of Fever* river, narrow, deep, and sluggish to this point; above, it is a shallow and insignificant stream. This is the dépôt for the mining district; and though destined to importance and wealth, it was then merely a place of business: and as rough and lawless as new. Our stay there was rendered particularly disagreeable by constant rain; and it seemed that no other mud in the world possessed so nearly the tenacity of glue: so that the town was rendered nearly inaccessible from the boat by a high bank.

I was politely invited to breakfast with a young

* The Galenians, jealous of the reputation of their town for health, or discontented with an ominous name, contend that "Fever" is a corruption of the French name *Fève*, or Bean river. Prairie du Chien, or Dog Prairie, is said too, to be properly P. de Chene, Oak prairie.

merchant, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance above. So the morning after my arrival, at a seasonable hour, I abandoned, with some misgivings, the scene of very comfortable arrangements for that meal in the cabin; effected an escalade of the bank (of mud), and after much difficulty in ascertaining the whereabouts of my intended host, arrived at a retail store in a log hut, and was shown over the counter, into a cuddy of a counting room. Here I was allowed ample time to make a survey of the dirty void around me, and to wonder at an alarming delay of any sensible sign of preparation, or any mention, of the meal, which the damp air and the late hour constantly conjured to the imagination, and before my considerate host chose to find time to offer me his salutations. A new period of anxious doubts was then passed in the most common-place remarks which an effort of politeness seemed to extract from us. At length my kind friend seemed posed, and seized the desperate expedient of offering me a glass of—Heaven knows what!—gin—or whiskey.

Of the three meals, commend me to my breakfast; 'tis the one I love, and linger over, with silent and grave complacency; but now, all desperate in prospect, the matter could no longer remain in suspense. A conviction of the unaccountable folly of having put my trust in a bachelor establishment in the new and dismal depot of the mining district of northwestern Illinois, or the *savoir-faire* of its Yahoo head, flashed over me:—an explanation was demanded; and I believe Mr. M. took the trouble to intimate that he boarded at a certain eating house, distant a quarter of a mile of chaotic mud, where he had satisfied the cravings of nature, as well as he could, at some indefinite antecedent period of that gloomy and ill-fated morning! No apology being offered—I believe the fellow had forgotten his ridiculous invitation—I made him my politest bow, and escaped from his den—vowing never again to accept an invitation to breakfast; (a vow I have seldom broken, and never, I believe, without regretting it.)

That evening, for the sake of a nearer view of men and things at this Ultima Thule of civilization, I accompanied an acquaintance to a tavern; and I had in my mind, I confess, a distinct conviction of the basis of the developments of character which were expected in these miners, adventurers and outlaws. I was ushered into a large barn-like room, the common scene of eating, drinking, smoking, lounging and sleeping; and it now presented strong evidences, as I expected, of still another appropriation, to wit, gambling. With little delay, and less of ceremony, I found myself one of seven (I had reason to believe the most respectable citizens of the town,) around a table in a corner, and the "papers" in motion; every man "bragging" according to his "pile;" and I, emphatically, on my "own hook;" for I was a stranger in a strange

place. As I was more intent upon my observations, than the matter before me, it was not long before I had a *coup d'œil* of eight or ten different tables, each surrounded by players, say fifty men all swearing or talking loudly; many intoxicated disputing and quarrelling.

My interest in this characteristic display might be thought a little exciting, when it is borne in mind that of this large and turbulent assemblage very few were above my suspicions of any particular accomplishment, from the slipping of a card to the cutting of a throat.

Being careless, fortune seemed to favor me; as my "pile" grew, so the force of circumstances seemed in a strange manner to increase the visible protrusion of the handle of a trusty dirk-pistol from the left breast pocket of my over-coat. Perhaps was an instinctive action upon the maxim, "do as Rome as the Romans do." My apprehensions however, on the score of the silver, were premature and groundless; I was spared the dangerous responsibility of guarding home any extra amount of treasure; and in fact, trying to persuade myself of a *quid pro quo*, I very philosophically congratulated myself on a specific gravity lessened by a few pounds avoirdupois, as I made my soundings through the street, on the dark errand to my steam boat berth. The next morning—a stranger may be allowed to remark it—a man was found at the river edge, quite dead, from a wound in his carotid artery.

Mining (or rather the search for veins or "leads" is in itself a pursuit dictated by a restless, unsteady spirit of adventure, of the same character as that which finds vent in gambling; and in a new, pioneer settlement of adventurers thus attracted, a class of lawless, licentious workmen, a decided prevalence of this and its kindred vices might be calculated on with certainty. But the same, in a large degree, is the character and spirit of the inhabitants of all new States; and accordingly, gambling is found openly to prevail in the west. That intemperance, satiety, and a natural thirst for excitement, debarred from more honorable outlets in old established and formal societies, lead to the clandestine indulgence of this vice, and to excess, in the new States, is very well known; but it is concealed carefully beneath the smoother surface of affairs. In the west it was almost universal, and is open and unimpeached. It was not uncommon for traders or farmers on the way to a market, to advertise their produce at the gaming table, there to be happily not now, so universal on the steamboats.

We were fortunate, so late in the season. (The end of November,) to obtain a passage in a steam boat to St. Louis; so after a stay of some days at Galena, we gladly embarked for more congenial scenes. Cards were the order of the day, and the night; it was nothing strange that the captain and other officers of the boat should be thus alone

constantly engaged; but it *was* remarkable that the former personage should be rather more than suspected of cheating, a circumstance that was very publicly and plainly insinuated by my companion, Lieut. H.

We arrived in St. Louis, December 2d.

CHAPTER VI.

Another winter was passed at Jefferson Barracks. It has left little impression on my memory; and I lament that I may say, less on my mind. It is a confession that many might make, under the unfavorable circumstances of the service. I had determined to throw up my commission, and to seek a more stirring and exciting profession. At the very crisis, Fate—it is a favorite word with your soldier, or your Turk—decided differently, inasmuch as I was ordered on active service, which I did not consider it honorable to decline. Four companies of the 6th infantry were ordered to be filled up—officers and men by selection—and to march as the first escort of the annual “caravan” of traders going, and returning, between Western Missouri and Santa Fe.

May 4, 1829.—We were embarked; the steamer was aground. I stood on the gunwale of a flat boat-lighter, filled with men; the scabbard of my sword (fastened to the belt by a ring) unaccountably became detached, and fell into the river and disappeared, leaving the blade still more strangely suspended: it was an omen. Thenceforth I was devoted to the service of the Republic.

It was remarkable how large the proportion of married men was among those selected to fill our companies: (but not strange—for your bachelor, when a little “old,” is good for nothing but to take care of himself.) The boat swarmed with their wives and children: the deck was barricaded with beds and bedding; infants squalled, and chickens cackled; the captain was at a non plus; the quartermaster was in a fever of contention and official opposition, and voted all contraband; our commander was wroth, and stuck for the “free bottom” principle where the Government and its servants were concerned. General A. had to interpose to restore peace; and in the guise of the founders of a colony, we *set forth*, for our adventures in the western deserts, where we were destined to see no woman for near half a year.

In ten days we landed at Cantonment Leavenworth; (then *abandoned* by the 3d infantry for unhealthiness.) It was the quickest passage that had then been made. We were not to march for a week or two; a day of meeting the traders at the “round grove,” some fifty miles west, having been agreed upon.

Probably in consequence of most of the oxen having been bought and conducted to the river opposite Fort L., it was determined to commence the

march on that side, and cross back to the right bank above Independence; (thus avoiding the Kansas, where there was no ferry.) We had twenty wagons, laden heavily with provisions, and four ox-carts for camp equipage.

The battalion marched on the 5th of June. I had breakfasted and mounted guard at 4 A. M., and at a much later hour brought up the rear; and it was dark night when, having marched *seven miles*, I found myself in the miry and dreary bottom of the Little Platte river, where half the baggage train were fast stuck for the night. I passed on with my men to the ford; the companies (and my mess chest) were somewhere beyond. So, hoping that my next breakfast would be as early as my last, I lay down in my cloak and went to sleep.

Next morning one of my guard, “an old soldier,” brought me a nice broil. “*Left’nt*,” said he, touching his cap, with a suppressed grin, “will the left’nt have a piece of *cut*?” But, verily, if I had been a *Jew*, I was hungry enough to have eaten it.

After a laborious march of five days, averaging some seven miles a day, through the Missouri and its creek bottoms, we had again crossed, and encamped on the verge of the Grand Prairies. After delving so long in lofty but sombre forests, we felt highly exhilarated amid their light and airy groves, and flowery and green mantle, in this sweetest month of June.

Here was delightfully situated on the edge of a grove, with the advantage of the seldom failing breezes from the prairies, like those from the sea, the house (and the last we were to pass) of the sub-agent of the Delawares—the hospitable old Major C., who, with ready joke and julep, did his best to make our long farewell to the settlements a lively one.

The next morning we struck out boldly into the great prairies—a constant succession of rolling hills—here, and for more than a hundred miles beyond, variegated and beautified by wooded streams, running first to the right into the Kansas, then to the left into the Neosho; or, like that, into the Arkansas river. This first day’s march was 26 miles, and after 11 o’clock we met with no water; I was scarcely able to raise a foot from the ground when we arrived in the evening at the Round Grove, the rendezvous, where we found the “Caravan.”

The traders were about seventy in number, and had about half that number of wagons, with mule and a few horse teams. They organized themselves into a company and elected Mr. B. of St. Louis their “captain,” an office that experience had pronounced indispensable, but was nevertheless little honored; for danger itself, uncredited because unseen, could not overcome the self-willed notions and vagrant propensities of the most of these border inhabitants—self-willed and presumptuous, because ignorant.

I expected to be so sore as to be scarce able to

march next morning, but was most agreeably surprised to find myself as supple and fresh as ever. After marching fifteen or twenty miles a day, for five or six days, crossing two or three timbered creeks daily, we arrived at the Council Grove; it is a beautiful piece of timber, through which runs the Neosho river, though here, indeed, merely a fine broad creek, about forty feet wide. Here again we were delighted with a change from hot prairies to this cool and beautiful retreat, where we wandered about under a lofty dome of verdure, breathing the fragrance of the luxuriant grape vine, and listening to the songs of birds; there was nothing to remind us of the ocean of prairie around, save the pleasures of a delightful contrast.

After leaving the grove, the vast sameness of the prairies was seldom relieved by a fringe of trees, even on the creeks. Cow creek, though much further on, is an exception, a fine stream, skirted with pleasant forest glades; it abounded with fish, which, of several pounds weight, were caught as fast as the line could be handled. And near here—the era of the expedition—was first heard the exciting cry of “buffalo!” Many pleaded for permission to pursue; our few horses, about a dozen, were in great demand, and several went on foot. We dashed over the hills, and beheld with a thrill of pleasure the first stragglers of these much-talked-of animals; pell-mell we charged the huge monsters, and poured in a brisk fire, which sounded like an opening battle—our horses were wild with excitement and fright—the balls flew at random—the flying animals, frantic with pain and rage, seemed endued with many lives. One was brought to bay by whole volleys of shots; his eyeballs glared; he bore his tufted tail aloft like a black flag; then shaking his vast head and shaggy mane in impotent defiance, he sank majestically to the earth, under twenty bleeding wounds.

The “Cottonwood Fork” (of the Arkansas) is a pretty stream, and relieves the eye, wearied with resting on naught but prairies; its banks are high and rocky. At the crossing there is a lofty bluff, near the Arkansas river, which we had now first approached; but making, as we ascend, a great southern bend, the trail taken in wet seasons strikes it again eighty miles beyond; in this distance we several times approached it for water. We encamped the night after leaving the Cottonwood on Raccoon creek, which is the last that we saw; not a tree or shrub was on its banks, though abounding with the animals which give it its name; they live on fish. We were thus, and often after, dependent upon buffalo ordure for fuel.

Next day we passed (we had seen it from afar) an isolated, abrupt and rocky hill or mound, perhaps 100 feet high, an extraordinary feature in this region of country; one that might suggest the idea of *Bush's* elevated camp in the “Prairie,” a novel, as remarkable for its absurd plot, as for the fidelity

of its description of scenery and scenes which the author had never visited or witnessed.

Prairies are much alike in their main characteristics; though in the region which we now approached, their immense extent made them, compared to those of the Western States, as the broad expanse of ocean, to the land-locked bays of its margin; and losing the fertility and the variety of hill and dale, of murmuring streams and pretty groves, which adorn those lake-like prairies, these further resemble the ocean in its dreary and unvarying aspect.

We marched about 130 miles, always in view of the Arkansas, (or its adjoining scenery) and in all this distance saw only here and there a tree, immediately on its banks, and a few others on the frequent flat and grassy islands, which present to the eye of the hot and weary traveller, a most delightful and inviting appearance; not so deceptive as the *mirage* which here, as in Asia, is frequently observed, but as unavailing and tantalizing. The valley of this upper Arkansas is about a mile wide, the river flowing generally at the foot of a high bluff, winding its course from one to the other side, of low, flat luxuriant savannas.

More than once from the tops of these high hills, we saw far away in almost every direction mile after mile of prairie, blackened by buffalo. One morning, when our march was along the meadow by the river, we passed through the forest for miles; they opening in front and closing continually in rear, preserving a distance scarcely of three hundred paces. It is known that when enraged, or when there is the slightest appearance of being hemmed in, the buffalo rushes blindly forward at any opposition, as furious as a Malay “run a muck.” On one occasion, a bull had approached within two hundred yards without seeing us; he ascended the river bank; he stood a moment shaking his head, and then made a charge at a column. Several officers stepped out and fired at him, and two or three dogs rushed to meet him, but right onward he came snorting blood from his mouth and nostril at every leap, and dashed through the close line of wagons with the speed of a bullet and the momentum of a locomotive. The frightened cattle turned and became ungovernable; a little beyond, he came to bay at the dogs, and with tail erect, kicked and plunged violently for a moment, when he sank dead, and was stiff when we got to him.

About the middle of July, from high hills topped by the Pisgah of our pilgrimage—we descried the promised rest from our far wanderings—the limit of our march—Chouteau's island on the Mexican border. Weary and athirst on the sandy hills, under a scorching sun, we beheld amid the waves of the broad river, this beautiful island; and over its green carpet of grass, umbrageous groves, inviting us to their cool shades and pleasant breezes.

BLINDNESS AND THE BLIND.

"Let the celestial light
Shine inwards; and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mists from thence
Purge and disperse, that they may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

The eye being the organ through which most perceptions of the external world are conveyed to the mind, it is generally supposed that an individual deprived of sight cannot possibly extend his knowledge beyond the narrow circle by which he is surrounded. In consequence of this belief, till lately, little or nothing was done for the blind, and the most enlightened philanthropy extended its views no farther than to a relief of their physical necessities. It was reserved for modern times to investigate the true situation of the blind, and to found upon the result of these investigations, a system of instruction which would enable them to participate in the enjoyments and occupations of their fellow-creatures.

The effects produced by blindness upon the perceptions and the nature of an individual, vary materially according to the period in the life of the individual at which sight was destroyed, and the degree of obscurity in which he exists. As an accurate knowledge of these effects upon the mental and moral phenomena is of great utility to him who aims at obtaining practical results from his observations, I shall first explain these, and then investigate how far the rules which are easily deducible from them, are observed in the system generally adopted for the instruction of the blind.

The mental and moral difference between persons who were either born blind, or who lost their vision during their infancy, and persons who became blind, at a later period, is very great. One of the greatest mistakes into which persons are apt to fall in respect to blindness, is to believe that simply by shutting their eyes for a limited period of time, they have put themselves in the situation of a blind person. At the moment that, with their eyes shut, they are holding their finger upon an object in order to ascertain its tangible properties, they mentally *see* the object before them of light and shade, and direct the sensibility of their finger to the investigation of properties which characterize its *looks*, not its feel; in other words, which form valuable criteria of distinction for the sight, but which are of little value to the unassisted sense of touch. To this class of properties cognizable to both the sense of sight and touch, but which are extremely valuable to the one and of little importance to the other, belong all gentle swellings and depressions, and the general outline of objects. If an exact outline of a human face and a correct representation of the swellings and depressions on it, rather an accurate drawing of the lights and shadows which they occasion, be presented to us

on a flat piece of paper or canvass, we shall, even in the absence of colors, immediately recognize the features of the individual whom it was intended to represent. Not so with the blind from birth; should the risings and depressions and the outline of any solid body be made perfectly tangible to him; or in other words, should an embossed representation of any animal or object with which he is well acquainted, be presented to him, he will be utterly at a loss to know what it is intended to represent. A striking instance of this fact presented itself a few years ago. An embossed representation of Queen Victoria, about four inches long, having been presented to an intelligent blind young lady, whose sense of touch was accurate enough to read the dates upon the face of newly coined half-dollars, she was requested to say what it was intended to represent. She hesitated for a long time, and felt the whole sheet of paper, till, discovering the word "London" in small raised characters in one corner of it, she hazarded the opinion that it was probably some, to her unknown, letters of the new London alphabet—a new alphabet for the blind of which she had never felt a specimen. Another striking illustration of the same fact is to be found in a book which Mr. Alston, treasurer of the Glasgow institution for the instruction of the blind, printed in raised letters. It is a selection of *Æsop's fables*. In order, as he thought, to render his book more attractive to the blind, Mr. Alston accompanied the fables, each with an embossed wood cut. Copies of that work are now to be seen in some institutions, where, under the name of "Blind Man's Pictures," they have become a laughing stock to the blind, who think the idea of representing a dog by "a wide horizontal crooked line, and four little vertical straight ones," perfectly ridiculous. A still more striking proof of the same fact may be found in the case described by Cheselden in his "Anatomy." "The subject of this was a young gentleman who was born blind, or lost his eye-sight so early, that he had no remembrance of ever having seen, and was operated upon between thirteen and fourteen years of age. When he first saw, he was so far from making any judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes, as what he felt did his skin, and thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, nor guess what it was in any object that was pleasing to him. He knew not the shape of any thing, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude; but upon being told what things were, whose form he before knew from feeling, he would carefully observe, that he might know them again; but having too many objects to learn at once, he forgot many of them."

Another remarkable difference in the perception of the same object by two persons of whom the

one has never enjoyed the faculty of sight and the other either sees or recollects that at some period of his existence, he has been able to see, will be found in the manner in which the perception of an object is recalled. Whilst a seeing person; or one who lost his eye-sight in later years, can readily imagine the whole of an absent object with which he has become acquainted by sight as standing at some distance before him, the blind from birth, mentally recalls the perception of it by imagining that his hand is actually feeling or grasping its individual parts one after the other. The impression which even a large object makes upon the mind of a seeing person has therefore much the character of a unit, whilst the image of the same object in the mind of the blind, consists of a succession of perceptions, each perfectly distinct and separate. It may be objected to this statement, that if the observation be correct, a blind person must be deprived of the faculty of imagining an object as being at a distance; a little reflection, however, will show that this objection is unfounded. The recalling of at least two perceptions is necessary, even to a seeing person, before he can imagine an object which is out of sight; he must first recall the image of the object as it was first perceived, and then imagine the distance which either he or the object must have travelled to get apart from each other. These two perceptions are recalled in so quick succession, that we are apt to believe them to be one; while in fact, they are two very distinct perceptions. An important practical rule which may be deduced from the foregoing, is, that letters, geometrical figures, etc., intended for the use of the blind, ought to be made as small as is consistent with distinctness; if made too large the chain of perceptions necessary to take cognizance of them, is too long; and besides, the waste of time, the perception of the whole is not so clear, nor the recollection so easy.

The moral difference between two persons of whom the one has never enjoyed sight and the other recollects that once he has been able to see, is no less striking than the mental. Whilst the first one, unconscious of any privation, is keenly alive to every pleasurable impression,

"And lives in song, and peace and joy
Though blind, a merry hearted boy;"

constant occupation and a continual round of engagements are necessary to prevent the other from pouring over his helpless situation and to save him from actual despair. Listen to the repining bard who lost his sight in later years:

"O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Light, the prime work of God to me is extinct;
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great word
"Let there be light, and light was over all."
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave," etc.

Contrast with this dreadful complaint the language of him who was *born* blind:

"Oh! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unilluminated cell?
May I not leap, and sing and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea;
The earth was never green to me.
Then why, Oh! why should I repine
For blessings that were never mine?"

Another interesting difference between these two classes of individuals, will be found in the fearless activity which the blind from birth will evince, when compared with the measured tread and the slow movements of him, who, to detect obstacles in his way, once relied upon an organ which he has had the misfortune to lose. "John Metcalf, concerning whom, papers may be found in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, is a striking illustration of this fearless activity of persons born blind. Metcalf, from his infancy, was very much neglected, and roamed all over the country during his boyhood. His first occupation was that of a teamster and guide. During the winter, when the earth was covered with snow, or during dark nights, he used to act as guide from one place to another, to those who had eyes, but could not see. This blind man became so perfectly acquainted with every hill and valley every tree and rock, even about the Peak of Derbyshire—he knew the bearings and distances of places so well, that he formed plans of the country he proposed and effected many advantageous changes in the directions of the roads, and actually laid out the route from Wilslow to Congleton, himself."

But few persons have a correct idea of absolute darkness; such is the subtle nature of light, that more or less of it will introduce itself through the smallest crevices and openings, or through the pores of bodies which a superficial observer would think to be entirely opaque. Persons long confined in deep and dark dungeons, inform us that they were able to derive amusement from the doings of a spider, where, for a few days, they had not been able to distinguish the walls. The translucence of the eyelids will be apparent to every one who will take the trouble to close his eyes and see what

ther he cannot tell the situation of the windows nearly as well as with his eyes open. It may well be doubted, therefore, whether there are any spots accessible to human beings where light, sufficient for indistinct vision, will not find its way; and if such a spot does not exist, it follows as a matter of course that a seeing person can never put himself in the situation of one entirely blind.

Light, besides producing the phenomena of vision, has, upon our physical and even upon our moral nature, an influence which an observer who aims at practical results, ought not by any means to disregard. Every body knows that this subtle agent exerts a powerful influence upon chemical combinations; e. g. it produces, unassisted, the chemical union of a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine gas; and it is as indispensable to the health and growth of vegetables, as heat and moisture. Its influence upon the frame of animals is equally well known. Its effect upon our moral nature also, are so well understood that, even in common language, *dark* and *gloomy* have become almost synonymous terms. There is a fact, however, connected with this subject, otherwise so well understood, which appears to have eluded the scrutinizing observations of most physiologists; the fact namely, that the eye and its optic nerve are not indispensable to the perception of light, but that nearly every part of the body not only is benefitted by its stimulus, but also can and does transmit to the brain, the perception of its presence. "In almost every glass of water which you take from stagnant pools and ditches, you will find animals called *hydræ virides*. Examining these creatures by a microscope, you will perceive that every one of them is hollowed out so as to form a gelatinous bag of indescribable delicacy, and that its internal construction is composed of granules of gelatinous consistency floating about in a semi-fluid substance. If you ask the physiologist what is necessary,—in order to enable a creature to see, he has his answer at his fingers' ends. He will tell you that before an animal can see, he must have an organization fitted to receive the rays of light. But here, as if to prove that nature and the physiologist do not always agree together, we have a creature exquisitely sensitive to light, and nothing like a brain or eye has as yet been discovered in it. Can the *hydra* see? Put it into a glass of water, and turn the water towards the light, and you will find that the *hydra* will undertake long marches, to come from the obscure to the illuminated side, showing that it *perceives* the influence of light. You may call it *seeing*, if you think proper; but the animal has no eye. Perhaps, as an Italian writer observes, it is rather by feeling the presence of light, that this creature understands the existence of the element."

But the assertion that a perception of light can take place without the intervention of the eye and

its apparatus, rests upon a still more solid basis than the arguments from analogy with which comparative anatomy, or rather comparative physiology, furnishes us so abundantly; it rests upon the concurrent testimony of many persons whose eyes have been entirely destroyed, who unite in telling us that there are for them, as for us, different degrees of intensity in the darkness by which they are surrounded, and that in fine weather, when in the enjoyment of perfect health and when animated by the feelings of joy and comfort, any object strongly illuminated by the rays of the sun appears to them uncolored, it is true, but still well defined as to size and locality; they farther assert that they can tell whether it is day or night, and that often, they even perceive in the evening, the gradual disappearance of daylight and the concomitant increase of darkness.

There is nothing in blindness that prevents a person afflicted with it, when walking in exposed situations from experiencing the sensation called vertigo; on the contrary, a blind person of a nervous temperament may be said to be most liable to experience that feeling. It is true, that in many instances, blind persons show the utmost unconcern when standing upon the very verge of an abyss. A gentleman, for example, told me a few days since, that about eight years ago, he met John Roes, a blind man, passing the aqueduct at Rochester, on the side unprotected by a railing, with his cane shouldered, and marching almost as fearlessly as he could have done. He asked him whether he was not afraid to walk thus without his cane, in so dangerous a place? Slipping one foot over the side, he answered in his queer style, "Why, it is a pokerish looking place, isn't it?" The cause of this fearlessness in these instances is, however, to be attributed to the idiosyncrasy of the individual, and not to his want of sight.

Some blind persons imagine colors to resemble sounds, like the blind man mentioned by Locke, who represented red as corresponding to the sound of a trumpet. By far the most generally received opinion amongst them, however, is, that colors are tangible properties of a very delicate nature. They are probably led to that belief by the difference in the tangible properties of some objects which a difference in the die will produce: e. g. the smoothness and rustling of silk, varies so much, according to the color, that even seeing tailors have been known to be able to tell in the dark the color of a piece which they had never seen. Baczka, a blind man who describes his own case, could distinguish between samples of woollen cloth of equal quality but of different colors. The black appeared to him among the roughest and hardest; to this succeeded dark blue and dark brown, which he could not however distinguish from each other. By the same means, Count Lynar, who also was blind, could judge of the color of a horse by feel; and

blind persons are occasionally met with who will seldom err in the color of a person's hair, if permitted to feel it. The softness, smoothness and pliancy of manilla hemp; differ according to the dyes which it has received, in a remarkable degree; and many a superficial observer has been deceived by the readiness with which a blind man will select the colors as wanted to weave a door-mat, believing that blind persons possess the faculty of distinguishing colors by feel; a faculty which, in all ages, has been attributed to the blind, but which I need not add, does not exist except with the concomitant circumstances already explained. It may not be uninteresting to mention here, that few blind persons appreciate the faculty of distinguishing colors highly; they are acquainted from their intercourse with the seeing, with the color of most objects which surround them, and when they inquire about the color of any particular object, it is more out of deference to the opinion of the seeing, than out of any value which they themselves lay upon it.

Such is the importance of the knowledge which we derive from sight, that an individual deprived of it, involuntarily strives, even during the earliest childhood, to supply the void by paying greater attention to the impressions which he receives through the other channels of the mind. This undivided and intense attention to the remaining senses, not only directly furnishes the individual with a respectable stock of knowledge, but enlarges greatly the channels through which that knowledge is derived. We accordingly find the senses of hearing, feeling and even smelling, so perfected in blind persons, as, in some cases, to assume the appearance of new and distinct senses. Thus, most blind persons enjoy the remarkable faculty of distinguishing the presence of dense objects, when in their immediate vicinity, without coming into actual contact with them. They are seen frequently, whilst walking very fast in streets but little known to them, suddenly to stand still, when one step more would have brought them into rude contact with a sentry-box or a lamp-post; and nothing is more common than to see individuals totally deprived of sight, walking in a grove and avoiding the trees with as much apparent ease, as if they could see. The explanation of this phenomenon is very simple. By long and unwearied attention to the different sensations which different states of the atmosphere produce upon the nerves of the face, persons deprived of sight become able to detect the slightest variation in the density of the medium which surrounds them; when the wind blows, they become aware of the presence of a dense object, by feeling that there is something before them which obstructs the current of the atmosphere; and on a fine calm day the air surrounding any such object appears to them denser and "darker" than any where else. I scarcely

need add that an object must be at least six inches wide, and as high as the person's head, before its presence can be detected in this way: and that consequently, doors ought never to be left half-open in houses frequented by the blind. The current of air which a half-open door admits, induces the blind to believe that the door is wide-open; he walks boldly forward, and becomes aware of his mistake only by coming into contact with the edge of the door. To prevent these accidents, buildings appropriated to the use of the blind ought not to have their doors swung on hinges, they ought to be put on rollers, and be made to recede sideways into the wall, so as to present a wide surface to the person wishing to enter or to go out. Like all other perceptions dependent upon the sensibility of nerves, the power of blind persons to perceive objects without coming into contact with them, varies materially in the same individual with the state of his health, etc. There are even times at which the blind tell us, that they lose it entirely. Some animals appear to have this faculty to a great degree. Spallanzani observed bats, even after their eyes had been destroyed, and ears and nostrils shut up, flying through intricate passages without striking against the walls, and dexterously avoiding cords and lines placed in their way. The membrane of the wings is, in the opinion of many, the organ that receives the impression produced by a change in the resistance of the air; but some experiments, made by Mr. Broughton, sanction the idea that it may be dependent upon their whiskers. In an experiment which he made on a kitten, he found that, whilst the whiskers were entire, it was capable of threading its way, blindfolded out of a labyrinth in which it was designedly placed, but that it was totally unable to do so when the whiskers were cut off. It struck its head repeatedly against the sides, ran against all the corners, and tumbled over steps placed in its way, instead of avoiding them, as it did prior to the removal of the whiskers.

To the more perfect education of the other senses consequent upon the loss of sight, must also be attributed the delicacy of the touch of the blind. "The perfection of the touch of Saunderson—who lost his eye-sight in the second year of his life, and was professor of mathematics at Cambridge, England—was often tested in the examination of ancient coins; for he could run over a cabinet of Roman medals with his fingers, and distinguish the true from the false ones, when the difference was so slight as to puzzle connoisseurs with both eyes open to find it out."

It would be a great mistake, however, to believe that the touch of all blind persons is very delicate. Individuals differ materially in that respect, owing probably to the different manner in which they have been brought up. While some persons, following the true indication of nature, allow their

children to feel every object within their reach, and even assist them in the investigation of their tangible properties; other parents again, not only remove carefully out of the reach of their children, any object which careless handling might injure, but even prohibit their unfortunate offspring from touching the most innocent and indestructible plaything. The result of these opposite modes of treatment is evident. While the first will astonish the beholder by the freedom and ease of their movements, by their accurate knowledge of the tangible properties of objects, and by the delicacy of their touch; the latter totter more than they walk, know not the most common objects apart, and have a touch as obtuse as that of seeing persons.

The memory of most blind persons is remarkably good. This fact has been so generally acknowledged, that in Japan, as we are informed by the father Charlevaix, the charge of preserving the most important events, is confided to the memory of the blind. "The annals of the empire, the history of great men, ancient titles of families, etc., are not more enduring and faithful monuments than the memory of these blind students. They communicate their knowledge to each other, and by a sort of tradition, the correctness of which is never disputed, hand it down to posterity. The facility with which some blind persons recognize localities, and find their way through the most intricate thoroughfares, is also probably owing to the goodness of their memory. The direction, the length and the breadth of a street, the quality of its pavements, the height of the houses built upon it—are all landmarks which the blind notice and treasure up in their mind for future use. By careful attention to these details, they acquire an accurate idea of the location of even the most minute objects. Nothing is more common, for example, than to see a person entirely blind, when returning from a walk of several miles, put his hand exactly on the handle of the door which he wishes to enter. Connected with this, there is a singular fact which we cannot explain, but for the existence of which we have the authority of many blind persons. It is that all of them, even those whose eye-balls have been entirely destroyed, invariably walk with their eye-lids open; and that, if they shut them, not only they are apt to lose their way, but they cannot even walk in a straight line.

The acuteness of the hearing of blind persons has been, in all times, a subject of remark. By the sound of their canes on the pavement, they ascertain the width of a street, and the height of the houses built on it; by the echo of their voice, they tell the size and shape of an apartment; and some, by attending to the minutest intonations of the voice, have been known to form a shrewd guess at the character of a stranger with whom they have spoken but a few minutes. Their talent for music hardly needs mentioning; it is well known that

most blind persons seize with keen avidity upon the sources of consolation which it offers, and that not a few have become distinguished as performers and composers.

*Va. Institute for the Blind, }
Staunton, 1842.*

THE BATTLE OF THE EIGHT.

[The following lines have already appeared in print, and our attention has been directed to them by a friend. In republishing them, we depart from a rule, which we have found it necessary to adopt; but we see in them so much of the spirit of poetry, that we think the compliment strictly due; and we desire, moreover, to cheer on, to farther efforts, the honorable gentleman, who is the reputed author. We offer him our pages with great pleasure, and invite his contributions.]—*Ed. Messenger.*

Slow dawned the day; the robes of night
Hung heavy round the God of Light,
In inky folds, as if to shield
The carnage of the coming field,
And leave the harden'd soldier time
To ponder on a life of crime.
Then e'er you dip your hand in death,
Or stain the verdure of the heath,
Pause, stern invader, pause awhile,
And let thy better feelings stray
O'er ocean's foam, to that proud isle
Where all thy garner'd treasures lay!
Think on the cherished ties of life;
Thy hearth-stone; and the voice of mirth
That twittered gaily round that hearth;
Think on thy children, sire and wife,
Sleeping in sweet tranquillity,
Encompassed by the silver sea!
Think, too, such ties, such hearths as those,
Are prized and guarded by thy foes!
That war's red hand may cut in twain
Those ties, and none can bind again;
Then measure back, while yet you may,
Your footsteps to the sheltering sea.
The rocket flew! the signal dire
Loud hurtled through the dusky air.
Leaving behind an arch of fire,
That marked the iron path of war;
Then rose the wild and deep halloo,
Then burst the lightning's quivering flash,
And thick the leaden tempest flew,
Commingled with the thunder crash.
Column on heavy column came,
Line followed line in long array,
And many a banner, dipt in flame,
Was lighting up the morning gray.
On, on they came in gallant show,
The right, the laurel'd host of Spain,
A serried mass, "firm paced and slow,"
Measured the intervening plain.
The left, a flexile line and light,
Came headlong, dashing to the fight,
While all the wide and level green,
The far extended wings between,
Was left a free uncumbered path,
Swept by the cannon's scathing wrath.
Opposed, Columbia's gallant band
Eager, yet silent, listening stood,
Waiting their trusted chief's command,

To write a tragic tale in blood.
 Now pall'd in smoke, now robed in light,
 On came the foe in thundering might;
 Banner and pennon rose to view,
 And waving plumes of every hue;
 And now, emerging from the storm,
 Was seen the foeman's frowning form.
 Then woke Columbia's battle cry,
 Then spoke her dread artillery,
 And deadly glanced the practised eye
 Of riflemen and musketry.
 File after file was swept away,
 Rank upon rank disordered lay;
 And all the bold and hardy van
 Seemed as if perished to a man,
 So stilly was the battle plain.
 Another and another host
 Supplied each fallen comrade's post,
 As gallant and as vain.
 Still "onward, onward," rent the sky;
 And onward was the heartless tread
 O'er heaps of bleeding, quivering dead,
 But came, like them, to die.
 For more than mortal mould must be
 Aught that a second time shall dare
 To face Kentucky's rifle war,
 Or matchless Tennessee.
 Still they shout "on!" but faint and low;
 And still each column's heavy head
 Was lopp'd away as onward led,
 Then faltered the bold foe.
 'Twas but an instant and no more,
 Fresh columns, stung with shame and hate,
 Soon press'd them onward to their fate
 And followed in their gore.
 On right, on left, the ditch is gained,
 And many a mangled corpse and limb
 Suffice to bridge it to the brim,
 It cannot be maintained.
 Beyond, a living rampart stands,
 Stern as Gibraltar's frowning rock,
 And like it breaks the battle's shock,
 And the proud halt, commands.
 Forgot are beauty now, and spoil,
 They feel alone the marksman's art,
 And every shot is at the heart;
 They falter, they recoil.
 Shame bids them stand, fear counsels, fly,
 And each has seaward cast his eye,
 When through the broken ranks of war,
 Bounded a steed at full career.
 The rider's look and bearing bold,
 At once the chieftain's presence told.
 His courser, fetlock deep in blood,
 He reined, and for a moment stood,
 Threw o'er the field a hurried look
 Of grief and shame, then proudly spoke:
 By Heaven! it is a deathless shame,
 A death blot on each soldier's fame.
 What! does a ditch not three feet deep,
 In check Britannia's legions keep?
 Or paltry wall, not three feet high,
 Turn back the world's best chivalry?
 What though a thousand strew the plain,
 Ten thousand British hearts remain!
 E'en lay another thousand low,
 And still we number twice the foe!
 Bid forth the rearward to the van,
 Deploy each column into line,
 And when we front them, man to man,

The day will yet be mine.
 Alas! brave chief, 'tis all too late,
 Thy course is run, the hand of fate
 Has checked thee in thy proud career,
 And laid thee on a soldier's bier.
 This was thy chosen hour to die,
 Thou didst not see thy legions fly,
 Baffled and broke, and rushing back
 To ocean, on their own red track,
 That had been mortal agony.
 The fight is o'er, the battle won,
 And Freedom's self has twined a crown
 To deck "her own true soldier's brow;"
 And in that verdant circlet's round,
 Nor shade, nor sully spot is found,
 Nor yet a leaf of sad'ning yew.
 Thus may the patriot ever stand,
 The guardian of his own free land.
 And all who see the mighty grave
 By Mississippi's rushing wave,
 Learn that 'tis thus, and thus alone,
 Tyrants can make this land their own.

A SISTER'S GRAVE.

The following lines were suggested on visiting a child's grave grown green and luxuriant with flowers transplanted from her own little garden. These had been her companions and instructors in health and in sickness, and now, with perennial beauty and freshness, seemed to be guarding her body in death, until the morning of the resurrection. While yet too young to read in the book of Revelation "God is Love," she looked "through nature up to nature's God," and enjoyed flowers as "the smiles of his goodness." The green earth and blue sky, the lightning of heaven and the bow in the cloud were, to her, devotional incitements; and by a rapid development of intellectual and spiritual loveliness, she confirmed the words of her Saviour—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Oh, how sweet is the place where our sister sleeps
 In her quiet and lonely bed,
 Where the evergreen tree which she nurtured, keeps
 Its watch above her head.
 And her garden-vine has learned to wave
 Its beauteous green leaves there,
 As if to scatter upon her grave
 The garlands she loved to wear.
 Oh a sweet place of rest hath our sister found,
 Where she sleeps in quiet beneath the ground!
 And her own loved violets blossom there,
 And shed their perfume round
 As if to hallow each breath of air
 That comes to her little mound.
 And near it "the sparrow hath builded her nest,"
 And the sweet little birds are there,
 Who warble the notes near her place of rest,
 That in life she loved to hear.
 Oh, a sweet resting place hath our sister found,
 Where she sleeps in quiet beneath the ground!
 And oh, how selfish would be the thought,
 That would wish her back again,
 From her quiet grave in that lonely spot
 To this world of care and pain;
 For while her body sleeps sweetly there,
 Her spirit hath flown away,
 To partake of the joys of a happier sphere,
 Mid the glories of endless day.
 With the holy and happy forever blest,
 How sweet is our sister's Heavenly rest!

Lewiston.

C. H. L.

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THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"Look on this side, then on that."

[Because the Tariff happens to be one of the party questions of the day, we perceive no good reason why it should not be discussed in our columns, as a great national question. We belong to no party, and have no party purposes to serve. A few months ago, we published an article under the signature of "H;" advocating a Protective Tariff as a national good. It is an engrossing subject at this time, and we thought, that however some of our readers might differ in regard to it—there would not be one who could reasonably object to a philosophical discussion of a subject having such important bearings upon our national prosperity. It is treated by each of our accomplished correspondents, not as a party question, but as a question of political economy. The one advocates, the other opposes the 'Protective System.' The opponents on either side, are fortunate in their champions, for each of our correspondents is most skillful with the pen; being so nearly matched in skill, we leave it to our readers to judge which of the two has the right on his side.]—*Ed. Messenger.*

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

It was with much surprise, and some regret, that I found in the April number of the Messenger, a long article in favor of a Protective Tariff. I concur with you, that there is no good reason why questions of public interest should not be discussed in your columns. I think you would do well to reserve a portion of that valuable miscellany for such subjects, provided you do not throw the weight of your Editorial character on either side of the disputants. Would you, for instance, submit the articles offered, to a committee of intelligent gentlemen whose opinions are known to coincide with the writer's, and who, of course, would feel a lively interest in putting forth the ablest writers on their side, the Messenger might become one of the most valuable teachers of sound principles, that ever was raised up in the United States. Its circulation is wide, its position is central, and could it only be secured from Editorial bias and partiality, it is probably the channel which would be selected, both by the North and South, for all communications of national interest. But even under the best regulations, there are some subjects which should be excluded from its columns; and I think the one above referred to, is one of them. Not because it is an exciting subject; but because it is a subject upon which nothing new can be added. To revive it at this time, I think is peculiarly unfortunate for many reasons: I mention but one: it is even now a party question, and it leaves those, who like myself are indisposed to mingle in the party strifes of the day, no alternative but to see in silence, doctrines disseminated which are

subversive of the vital interests of the country, or to oppose them, at the hazard of being considered the opponent or the champion of some political aspirant—a character which I not only disclaim and shun, but which, to me, would be peculiarly prejudicial. Accordingly, it has not been without a struggle, that I have gained my own consent to answer the communication of 'H.' But surely, upon this subject, any Southern man will be excused for maintaining my principles; and he will gain credit for candor when he says that he maintains them *only* in devotion to the interests of the country in general, and of the South in particular.

Upon this subject, the North and the South have long been divided. The opinions of the Southern people upon it, your correspondent is pleased to ascribe to an unconquerable proclivity on their part to "*metaphysical abstractions.*" As the division is strictly *sectional*, while the subject is *national*, we cannot but wonder, that all the wisdom should lie one side of the Potomac, and all the subtlety on the other. Whether this be the case or not, the writer in question certainly takes it to be so; and therefore he entitles himself to our highest respect for his candor.

It is magnanimous to confess our faults, especially those that have grown gray by time—it is noble to bow to the supremacy of unerring wisdom; and it is generous to inculcate these virtues upon those we love best; but I marvel greatly that our Southern brother should have forgotten, that we sunk into darkness under the very teachings which proved so instructive to him, and by which he now hopes to lead us into the broad sunshine of truth. "Facts," sir! Facts deduced from the writings of Mathew Cary, the speeches of Mr. Clay, and the statements of Northern manufacturers! Why, sir, we had them by the thousand, warm from the lips, and wet from the pens of these very men in person. The *first*, flooded our country with *facts*—the *second*, dressed them up in the richest drapery of eloquence, and presented them to us; while the *third*, thronged the galleries of the Senate and Representative chambers with pockets full of facts, to substantiate every word said in their favor in either house of Congress: and yet, sir, in the midst of this blaze of light—with sun, moon and stars, all shining upon us at once, and with the cannon's mouth threatening to shed a more dismal glare upon us, if we did not wake up to our true interest, we sank down into the darkness in which 'H' found us. I marvel then, that he should now expect to illumine our benighted understandings, with small fragments of the great reflectors which hitherto shed their light upon us.

It is due to him, however, to say, that he has adduced some facts, that I believe were never disclosed to the public before; and these demand our immediate attention. I allude to the luxurious living and the high intellectual attainments of the female operatives of Lowell. This is certainly a new and most astonishing fact in the history of manufactures. But even admitting it to be true, I cannot admit the conclusion that 'H' would deduce from it. Indeed it seems to me to cut directly against him. It shows of a truth, that Lowell would be an excellent school for our daughters; but by no means shows that Lowell wants any protection from the General Government. I suppose it indisputable that these ladies bedeck their saloons, furnish their libraries and escrutoirs, and load their tables from their earnings in the factories. I suppose that their employer does not pay them more than he can afford to pay them; and that time is allowed them out of each day to court the muses, or address themselves to the sciences. This I understand from 'H' to be the state of things *now*—in 1842—after the Compromise Act has performed its office. Is it a "*metaphysical abstraction*," to say that the master who can thus reward and privilege the servant, (if their *ladyships* will allow the term) must be doing a most excellent business? Can he want protection? Is it fair to conclude that Lowell is in a worse condition than other manufacturing towns? What protection then, do any of them want from the Government?

Having disposed of this fact, I proceed to consider 'H's' communication more in order.

And here I have to say, that if all he contends for be true,—namely, that home industry ought to be protected, still I maintain most earnestly, that no citizen of the *Southern States* ought to advance a cent for their protection; simply because nine-tenths of the labor employed in the factories of the United States, is not *HOME INDUSTRY* in any sense of the term. I would not create sectional differences; I would be pleased to see harmony and good feeling prevailing among all the members of the Confederacy; but when I see whole months of the time of Congress taken up with reading petitions from the Northern States, praying that body to usurp a power over *our own* operatives, that is dangerous to our peace, and irrespective of our rights—when I see *our operatives* taken from our ports, and the Governors of the States to which they are transported, boldly overleaping the barriers of the Constitution, in order to protect them—when I see the Northern press teeming with the most bitter taunts and censures of us, for not emancipating our laborers in mass—when I see the representative of the principal manufacturing State in the Union, (the very State of the classic Lowell,) holding up a petition from his people to dissolve the Union, and hear him denouncing us upon all occasions as tyrants and man-stealers—I cannot

recognize these as "homeborn" friends. Their industry, is not *home industry* to me. Nor seems it to me very creditable to their hearts, or complimentary to our understandings, that they can ask our assistance under such circumstances. Nor do I envy the son of the South, his prudence or his forecast, who would persuade our people to shut their eyes to all these things, and volunteer a bounty to them out of our earnings, in order to make them comfortable at home, while they hurl their firebrands abroad. We should at least, it seems to me, make it a condition of our gratuity, that they let *our* home industry alone; and treat us with as much respect, as they do our slaves. I would not be understood as making no exceptions to the above remarks. I know there are many North of the Potomac, to whom they do not apply; but these are in the minority; and they are not commonly found about factories.

You will, I hope sir, perceive that these notions lie directly in the path of the discussion, and that they are not warped into it, merely to excite sectional animosity. I know that I am quite as far from party politics, as your correspondent 'H'; I believe that I take less interest in them, than he does; and I am sure that what I write has quite as little respect to coming events, as what he has written; but I cannot close my eyes to what is forced to their notice every day.

Your correspondent sets out with the proposition—that there is an absolute obligation upon every PARENTAL government, and particularly ours, to protect the industry of its own citizens against foreign rivalry. This is the proposition which he tells us, he means to discuss. Of course, we naturally look for the grounds of the obligation—as that it springs from the nature of government in general, and from the terms of our Constitution in particular. But we are disappointed. The proposition is stated; but after following the writer through nineteen columns, I have not been able to find where it is discussed; and it was only after great labor and close investigation, that I could find any thing in his piece referable to it. At this stage of the controversy, I am in order to state, that no government has a right to interfere with the trade of its subjects, merely to favor a particular class; much less has the Federal Government that right. The two propositions are before the reader, and he is respectfully asked, which is more consonant to his conceptions of common sense and common justice? I shall not here follow 'H' through his plaintive lament, that the "innocent little word of two syllables, 'Tariff,' 'harmless and inoffensive as any term in the English language,' 'and susceptible of the most precise definition,' 'should ever have been associated with images of plunder and oppression.'" I regret it as much as he does; but I fear it will require something more potent than a definition to dissolve the association; and certain am I, that if

this be the remedy for our fatuity, 'H' had better commit it to more skilful hands.

"What is a Tariff?" says he; "simply a schedule of the rates of tax, or duty which the government imposes upon the introduction of foreign products or merchandize, designed generally for the twofold purpose of raising revenue, and of GUARDING AND PRESERVING THE HOMEBORN AND VITAL INTERESTS OF THE COUNTRY." "How different," continues he, "is this definition from that which is usually given by the mere trader in party politics." I confess that I can see neither the precision nor accuracy of this definition, nor can I feel the disenchanting power of it. If the author of it will find a book, philological, political, or commercial, which supports it, he will do both me and himself some service—*Me*, because, he will correct an error on my part—*himself*, because he will relieve his candor from suspicion. I supposed a tariff to be a *scale of duties on imports*—a protective tariff, to be *duties laid for the protection of domestic manufactures*. My opponent may think that *protection of manufactures*, is synonymous with "*guarding and preserving the homeborn and vital interests of the country*." But he was not therefore at liberty to substitute the one term for the other. A *definition* professes to describe things as they are; not our conclusions from them.—A measure aimed at the *vital interest of the country*, is a very different thing from a measure aiming at the *special interest of manufacturers*. No body would object to the one; millions would object to the other. What would 'H' think, if I should define a tariff to be, a *lawless extortion from the pocket of the planter, to fill the pocket of the manufacturer*? Would he take me to be a candid competitor? Yet I should be doing no more nor less than he has done.

I have dwelt at some length upon this subject, because I conceive it to be of no little importance. The exhibition which 'H' has made of a tariff, is well calculated to mislead some of his readers.

Even though I bring myself within very heavy denunciations from your correspondent, I acknowledge myself to be of that number, who believe direct taxation is in all respects preferable to duties, for the support of the government; and I shall be very happy to discuss this question with him whenever the columns of the Messenger can be opened to the discussion. True, a prejudice against direct taxation was imbibed during our colonial vassalage, which is not yet removed; but it will give way rapidly in the South, I am sure, when the ears of the people can be fully addressed upon the subject. We forget that the ground of our hostility to British taxation, was not that taxation was wrong or even impolitic, in the abstract; but that it was wrong to tax the colonies, when they had no voice in laying the tax. They would not be taxed by a body—the Parliament, in which they

had no representative. They never objected, they ought not now to object, to be taxed by their own representatives, for the support of a government of their choice. Could the people be persuaded of this, but for a single year, a most wonderful and salutary change would be wrought in the face of things. But as they will not bear direct taxation, their rulers have to extract the needful revenue from them, by stealth; in doing which, they take from them ten times, sometimes forty times, as much as they would have to pay under a tax according to property. Say has well remarked, that the whole system of duties, is but an artifice of rulers to cheat their subjects out of the needful revenue without their knowing it. But this is not the time nor the place to discuss this question.

"The poet Burns," says our author, "in his beautiful epistle to a young friend, expressed a desire to bask in the golden smile of fortune, not for the sake of the gewgaws and vanities which wealth bestows; but 'for the glorious privilege of being independent.' If individual independence be so desirable, how much more so is that of a nation! If the Protective System will therefore produce this enviable result—if it will give to the *great mass of society*—the *working men* of the nation—constant and regular employment, and the means of acquiring the comforts and necessities of life—if it will develop and expand to an indefinite extent, the resources of this great Republic—if it will exert a powerful influence in extending the boundaries of practical and scientific knowledge—if it will effect all this, and that too, without inflicting injury upon any individual, or class of society, it should surely commend itself to the approbation of every rational being. These beneficial effects are ascribed, by its advocates, to the Protective System."

I have quoted the whole of the foregoing passage, that the reader may see with what care the writer avoids the responsibility of the arguments *hinted at* in it. Were the lines within two of those which he quoted from Burns, before him, that he qualified so cautiously, and left the conclusion to the advocates of a Protective Tariff?

"But where you feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border."

Upon a grave question of political economy, in which Say and Adam Smith, are most unceremoniously thrown aside, I hardly expected to find the facetious Robert, quoted as orthodox; but certainly I shall not object to him in this place. There is another passage in the same piece, which we should always bear in mind when listening to the claims of the manufacturers.

"If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted."

The independence of which he spoke, was not that of which 'H' speaks; the glorious privilege of buying from none but "homeborn" frier-

As to this matter of *national independence*, which has been rung in our ears for the fourth of a century, I beg leave to say, that however desirable it might be, it is high time for us to abandon the idea of gaining it by means of a Protective Tariff. We have tried the experiment fairly for six and twenty years, and at the expense of hundreds of millions, and yet we are as far from independence now, as we were at the beginning.

Passing over 'H's' history of the Virginia "*prejudice*" in favor of free trade; and the strange connection which he has discovered in it, with Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and the still more strange intimation that that work contains one doctrine for Britain, and another for the rest of the world; and the yet most marvellous assertion, that Great Britain "saw in it a great moral and political power, by which the destiny of other nations might be swayed;" (as though all the rest of the world was too stupid to detect its errors.) Passing over all this, we come to his views of free trade.

"What is free trade," says he. "If the words be understood to mean an exchange of commodities upon equal terms between different individuals, or geographical parts of the same country,—why then, we understand them." "But when we come to apply the principle, as regulating the intercourse of separate and distinct nations or communities,—it is a principle which never was, and never can be, reduced to practice." "Suppose there should convene a great diplomatic Congress of all the civilized nations; and it was solemnly stipulated that the productions of all of them, whether of the earth—the water—the forest, or the loom—should be freely admitted into the ports of each other, either free of duty, or at some uniform nominal duty? Will it be contended that such a policy *would equalize the condition of nations*." And here follow several columns to show that free trade would not put all nations upon an equal footing in point of wealth and prosperity; because nations "like *individuals*," differ in moral and physical power, in habits, industry, soil, climate, &c. &c. He understands how these effects may be wrought out by free trade, "between *different individuals* or geographical parts of the *same country*," but he holds it to be impossible that the same results can follow free trade between *different nations*; because nations, like *individuals*, differ in every moral and physical quality! No one, I believe, ever heard of such a definition of free trade before—no one ever contended that it would *equalize in all respects, the condition* of the parties engaged in it—it never did have that effect between *individuals* (clearly as 'H' understands its operation here), much less between different states; and if ever it can have that effect upon different states of the same government, it will have it between states foreign to each other, because it has precisely the same difficulties to overcome in the one case as in the other. Nor less illogical is the

conclusion, than extravagant the premises. Because free trade cannot bring all nations to a common level, is it to be cramped and fettered by the government at pleasure! When the government tells me that I shall buy my goods at Lowell or forfeit a third of my year's earnings, does it equalize the condition of the vender and purchaser? Is this "the fairness and reciprocity" which 'H' sees so plainly and so charmingly? But why all this mist and confusion about a very plain intelligible matter. The free trade for which we contend is the privilege of selling our own to whom we please, and of carrying the proceeds to our families without having the hand of the government thrust into our pockets—the right of buying where we can get the best bargains, without being forced to buy of Northern manufacturers. Is there any thing very visionary in all this? Is it not wonderful that in a representative government where the whole power is in the hands of the agriculturists, they will not force the government to allow them these privileges!

As to the allegation that *England* does not practise free trade, though she is ever hypocritically pretending to do so, I have only to say, be it true or false, it has nothing to do with the question. It would be easy to show that just so far as she does not, she acts unwisely. Nothing would be more easy than to demonstrate that her corn laws have been vastly injurious to the mass of her people, though they have been vastly beneficial to those who happen to have the power of sustaining them. This suggestion, of course is designed to awaken in us a spirit of retaliation; a spirit as unwise in nations as in individuals. It is never satisfied with equal measures of injury. It must ever inflict more than it suffers. An insult must be retaliated with a blow, a blow with a wound, and a wound with death. The main object of government is to check this desolating spirit, not to encourage it. But to carry it into trade, especially international trade, is commercial suicide, because commercial privileges are denied.

In reply to the common remark that trade should be left to regulate itself, which 'H' is pleased to designate by the common appellation of every thing that opposes his views; he asks why not apply it to gaming, and offences generally. "Let us alone," says he, "might serve as a very convenient protection to outlaws and pirates, but is altogether inapplicable to a law-governed people."

The intellectual vision, that is blind to the distinction between these cases, and that which is under discussion, is not likely to be assisted by any light that I can shed upon the subject. If 'H' will take the trouble to reconsider the cases which he has put, he will perceive, that with one exception, *Congress* by universal acknowledgment has no right to interfere in them, beyond the District of Columbia, however necessary restrictions may

be, to the peace and good order of the community at large. The excepted case falls within the powers expressly delegated to the Federal Government. If, therefore, "the great ruling principle," be admitted, "that society is bound so to legislate as to secure the greatest good to the greatest number," Congress is certainly not that "*Society*." The thief, the robber, the bandit, the incendiary, might plunder and destroy at pleasure, through every state in the Union, and Congress could not raise a finger to restrain him; and is it to be allowed to burden the innocent traffic of one portion of the community, in order to enrich another, upon the plea that the general good requires it! But do restraints upon trade, for the benefit of manufacturers, "secure the greatest good, to the greatest number?" Whether the consumers or the producers bear the burden of these restraints, they far outnumber the manufacturers. But where is this long promised, ever-chanted *public good* that was to result from the protection of home industry! Passing over the scenes that were exhibited in the halls of Congress in 1828, when troops of manufacturers stood over their representatives in Congress, and forced them to exactions which they were willing to forego—passing over the scenes of 1832, when these same manufacturers placed their liberty and the liberty of the nation in the hands of one man, in order to secure by force, what they had at first suppliantly begged as a boon—passing over the disclosures recently made from the Custom House of New-York; I ask where is the "*general good*," to compensate for the *particular evils* that have grown out of the misnamed American System! We have paid in advance more than two hundred millions of money for this general good, and we have waited five and twenty years for it; and now where is it! It would have been a thousand times better, a thousand times cheaper to the people of the United States, to have subscribed an amount equal to the whole cost and profits of the factories, and to have paid it to the manufacturers, than to have been taxed as they have been in every thing that they consume for the support of these hot-house plants of the General Government. One generation has passed away since the commencement of the miserable system, and yet the independence which it was to produce, is still in prospect. For more than a hundred and thirteen millions worth of our productions, we have to seek a foreign market still; and to these foreign markets the manufacturers rush with an avidity as keen as the planters, when they can profit by them,—ever harping, as they go and come, "*let us protect home industry, let us be independent*." Still we bring one hundred and seven millions from those countries which they tell us to have no fellowship with; and they themselves furnish eleven millions of the products given in exchange for them. Fine teachers of independence these, truly!

But, continues this writer: "to foster manufactures by high duties, say some, is not only injurious to agriculture, but is taxing one portion or division of the country for the benefit of another. *Even if this were the fact*, it is still maintained, *on the principle of the general good*, that one half the population ought not to be reduced to low diet and scanty clothing, in order that the other half may be provided with superfluities and luxuries." I find it difficult to treat such an argument as this with common respect. Does it follow that one half the population is to be reduced to low diet and scanty clothing, because the other pursues a lucrative employment! Does the farmer take anything from the manufacturer! Does he forbid him to plant, and thus to share his profits! The one chooses a profitable employment, the other chooses an unprofitable one—the one grows rich and the other grows poor; and now, says the sagacious writer, the public good requires that the government should take from the one and give to the other, in order to equalize their conditions! Nay, the case is worse than this. The one goes industriously to work on a farm; the other says, I will work at nothing but manufactures, and by this work I cannot live unless the farmer gives me a third or a half of his earnings. By all means, says 'H,' make him give it; national independence, the public good, and home industry all require it; and no "*parental government*" ought to refuse it. It happens that no parent of common sense ever dealt thus with his children. One makes cotton and the other makes shoes—that father who would force the first to give a part of his earnings to the last, would better deserve the name of tyrant than father.

In answer to the argument that high duties are injurious to agriculture, this writer says: "It has grown into a familiar saying, that commerce and manufactures are the handmaids of agriculture." And here follows a fanciful description of agriculture. "The mistress" "in queenly superiority," presiding over "her less pretending, but not less industrious handmaids:" while they, "her ever faithful ministers, provide for her in return by their ingenuity and toil, an endless variety of comforts and facilities." And thus, this objection is disposed of, with no other support than a brief *ipse dixit* of Raymond, that the best way to encourage agriculture is to encourage manufactures. Though upon a subject as important as this is I would have preferred something a little more substantial, I am not disposed to deny the familiar maxim, which it presents to us, even with these garish ornaments. Let it be remembered, however, that it is only when reciprocal interests, voluntarily pursued, unite this interesting group in kind offices, that they sustain towards each other the captivating relations in which 'H' exhibits them to us. If her *Royal Highness*, is put in keeping of a custom-house officer, who enters "*her temple*," seizes on "*her riches*," and

ago. To be sure his proof is confined to one article—coarse cotton—because it would have been extremely difficult for him to have made good his assertion with any thing else. I wish he had happened to take iron for his example, the farmer's *sine qua non*. But take the position as established; why do manufacturers want a Protective Tariff? It has, says this writer, not only cheapened their fabrics, but cheapened them so much as to repel British competition from foreign markets. Surely then there can be no danger from Great Britain, in the *home market*. Will these "*handmaidens*" extort from their '*Queen*' "that which not enriches them, and makes her poor indeed?" Do they not perceive that if they continue to press the tariff, they must ultimately ruin themselves? How strange that they should be importunate for a tariff, that is actually cheapening their productions annually!

But it is a fact long since discovered by political economists, and most painfully demonstrated by the history of the American System, that a Protective Tariff, while it injures every other interest, cannot permanently advance the interest of the manufacturer, unless it be perpetually increased. His profits must soon come down to the average profits of other occupations. 'H' himself gives the reason of this, when he states that *competition* brought down the prices of cotton fabrics. Make a business very profitable, and men will rush to it, from other pursuits, until by competition and overproduction, they sink its profits. And when forced up and sustained by government-favor, it is a consuming fire that spreads and desolates as it is fed; but instantly expires, unless it be kept alive by ever increasing supplies of the fuel that kindled it. Thus has it been with the manufactures of the United States. The tariff of 1816, carried up cotton goods

oppose her laws to the unrighteous the Federal Government, they gave voices for a law that overstepped a Constitution; and placed the liberty can people at the mercy of a single no imaginary picture; no "metaphor;" it is melancholy history; a form as inoffensive as truth will per-

And, here is the proper place to tion which the writer under consideration pleased to cast upon the State of This "chivalrous state," says he since, disdaining any other consolation, buckled on the armor of war manifesting her excessive attachment deliberately resolved to tear the Union From so grave a writer, and one to "all design of treading upon party, a right to expect more candor. "I which South Carolina gave to the C not exclusively her own. It was given to it by every State south and the construction that will be every impartial tribunal under he acquainted with its terms and its history believe, whose judgment is not warped or unsettled by alarm or passion, the right of Congress under that in one class of the community *mere trade of another*. The right of C duties, she never denied; but then them, *in order to foster manufactures* If Congress have this right, it means exclusion of all imports, and of contraction of all foreign commerce; suppose 'H' would hardly contend hence. Nor did South Carolina

own forts turned upon her citizens—and her seaports blockaded by American vessels of war. As these things transpired, she made preparation to meet them; and but for the Compromise Act, the end of the Protective System would have been the end of the Union. Who would have been to blame for this melancholy issue? A British writer, one too who denounces the *British* Protective System in unmeasured terms, thus speaks of the controversy between South Carolina and the General Government: "It is difficult, however, to say how long this *perverse system*" (the tariff) "might have been maintained, but for its political effects. It was principally patronized by the Northern States. It is quite impossible, we believe, to show that they either did or could derive any benefit from it; but at all events it is *quite certain* that it was highly injurious to the Southern States. Their staple products are cotton, tobacco and rice, of which by far the largest portion is exported to foreign countries, and the planters speedily found that every restriction on importation from abroad occasioned a corresponding difficulty of exportation. This led to a discussion of interests and to strong remonstrances against the traffic. These however were disregarded. Provoked by this treatment, South Carolina took the decisive course of refusing to enforce the customs," &c. &c. "This was a deathblow to the tariff. Congress now saw *what all sensible men had seen long before*, that it was necessary to recede. A law was accordingly passed, commonly called Mr. Clay's bill, &c. These acts restored tranquillity; and there can be no doubt will be in *every point of view highly beneficial to the republic*." Thus speaks an impartial observer, upon a calm review of the past, when he could have no motive to misrepresent. On the contrary, 'H' holds this language: "We trust that statesmen will be found of sufficient wisdom and *firmness*, to assume *whatever responsibility* may be necessary to the performance of *so high a duty*"—(the duty of protecting manufactures): To which I have to reply, that I hope that when such statesmen are found, they will be candid enough in the outset, to avow frankly their designs. Let them, as 'H' does, declare that they mean to "leap over all thorny points of constitutional law;" trample the Compromise Act under foot; and, at every responsibility, force the yeomanry of the country to support manufactures. Let our doom be so distinctly marked out, that there can be no division of opinion among ourselves, except upon the single question, whether we will submit or resist? Let not the true design be concealed, under the flattering cry of *home industry and independence*. Such language as this, at the conclusion of a long essay professing to be little else than the quiet musings of a friend to truth, brings forcibly to my mind, the words, (with all their accompanying circumstances,) "thy speech bewrayeth thee."

As to the right which S. Carolina exercised, of expounding the Constitution for herself, I am not disposed to repeat the numerous arguments which have been urged upon her side of the question. I should have supposed however, as 'H' himself appeals from Mr. Madison's resolutions of 1798-'99 to the text itself, he would have conceded to a whole State the like privilege. I have only to say that if the majority in Congress are the only legitimate expositors of that instrument, our wise forefathers never did so silly a thing as when they framed the United States Constitution. That instrument was certainly a compact between *States*, all admitted to be sovereign; and it differs from a treaty only in its constituting a new and limited government, to guard and to promote those common interests, which could not be confided to the *States* separately. Had it been called a *treaty* instead of *constitution*, no one would have questioned the right of each party to it, to decide for itself what powers it had yielded, and what reserved. This doctrine, that, stipulations between independent sovereignties are to be decided by the majority of the *States*, is quite new. The absurdity of it will be plain by supposing the confederation to have consisted of New-York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Delaware and New-Jersey alone. Would the interpretation given to the articles of confederation by the three last, be conclusive upon the other two, with seven times their population? Nor would it be more equitable to refer questions arising under the compact, to the decision of the *majority of people* in all the States; for then the two first would control the three last, with Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Maryland, added to them. By the same rule, seven States would rule the whole twenty-six. But when, I ask, did the majority of *States* decide that Congress had power to protect manufactures? What States but those who suffered under the restrictive system, ever, in their sovereign character, expressed their opinions upon the question? This doctrine of majorities applied to *States*, justifies Russia, Prussia and Austria, in dividing Poland between them; and so of the rule of decision, by population. It would be bad enough in common articles of copartnership, to allow the majority to interpret them for the minority; but in a confederation of States, it would be a thousand times worse. In the first case, there is some security for justice, in the candor, magnanimity, and liberality of individuals; but these are virtues unknown to States, when they stand opposed to local interests. *Self* is the word with States, unite them as you may.

I conclude these remarks with a brief statement of my objections to a Protective Tariff.—It is flatly opposed to that clause of the Constitution, which denies to Congress any powers not expressly given in that instrument, or necessary to carry into effect the powers therein dele-

shows—upon the manufacturers, by encouraging avarice, luxury, and a spirit of extortion—upon the importers and planters, by tempting to smuggling and other devices, to escape the operation of laws palpably unjust and partial. It is dangerous to the Union, by creating sectional animosities and discontents. It encourages prodigality in the government, by filling its coffers with useless treasure. Since the foundation of this government, more than eleven hundred millions of dollars have been extorted from the honest earnings of the people, and most of it to protect manufactures; and it has been squandered with a profligacy unheard of among nations; and with a partiality among the States that is startling.* It can, as we have seen, be of no permanent benefit to the manufacturers themselves. It never can secure a home-market for our products. As for rice and tobacco, it is not contended, I presume, that they are benefitted by manufactures; and yet their exchangeable value is reduced by a tariff. And how is it with cotton? The home consumption is a mere nothing to the production. Such is the state of things after twenty years' protection. If the whole crop could be manufactured at our doors, what would it be worth if confined to our own country? And what more preposterous than to suppose that we can make a price for our cotton, by increasing the facilities for turning it into cloth? Does any one suppose that by doubling the number of rice mills and flour mills, the price of rice and flour would be doubled? Rather the reverse. As to the India rivalry, which 'H' hints at as dangerous, there is but one way in which we can make that formidable, and that is by fettering our foreign trade.

* Would that the Southern people could make their ven-

bor, bagging, and shipping, and with me instantly. Lastly; a Pro-
riously depresses the price of
They bring into the country mos
and it would seem axiomatic, tha
their exchangeable value, you de
If cotton could buy nothing, it
nothing; if it could buy but hal
purchases, it would be worth but
value. Now a duty of fifty per c
the effect of making it buy but
would otherwise purchase—and
does any duty affect it. But
much disputed, I turn from it to
ble.

During the operation of the
tem, for about fifteen years, (exce
when the grand humbug was play
English speculators,) cotton kept
decline; so that for six years p
averaged not quite ten cents per
years succeeding the Compromis
rather more than thirteen cents
those years it had to struggle
barrasament of the commercial
this! Never did the production
pidly than in these eight years, a
ney been so scarce as in the two
when there is hardly money or t
it is within a cent of the average
last years of the tariff. The eff
promise were instantaneous upon
of our country. Our Southern
a new aspect—trade became bu
agriculture flourished—works of
ment were to be seen in all qua
feelings which had prevailed bet

all hazards. So spoke the British government once; and it cost her millions of money, much of her best blood, three millions of her subjects, and the richest territory in the world. So spake the King and Parliament of Great Britain once; and it cost the King his head, and the Parliament its existence. I am by no means satisfied with the innovation upon the Compromise Act to supply the wants of the government, nor shall I ever be, until I become better satisfied with the mode in which those wants are produced. If the government is to be permitted to waste at pleasure, and then tax us to supply its wants—and if, in so taxing us, the interest of the manufacturers is ever to be consulted; the Compromise Act is worthless.

This is but to offer a premium to a large class of the community, to encourage prodigality in the Government; and they will do the service for the reward. We have seen this already. The public debt was for a long time the apology for protection, and the *protected* squandered in every direction to keep the public debt from being paid.

Finally, there is not an unbiassed writer upon political economy, who has risen within the last century, who does not denounce the System of Protection as unwise and unjust. 'H,' to be sure, brushes them all away with my uncle Toby's kindness, as things too harmless to be hurt, and too silly to be noticed. If his readers however, will take the trouble to peruse them, they will find them entitled to as much respect, and quite as practical in their views, as 'H' himself. Strange that Adam Smith should have ever been denounced as a visionary theorist. Dr. Franklin says that when he was writing his *Wealth of Nations*, "he was in the habit of bringing, chapter after chapter, as he composed it, to himself, Dr. Price and others of the literati; then patiently hear their observations, and profit by their discussions and criticism—even sometimes submitting to write whole chapters anew, and even to reverse some of his propositions."* Quite likely, that his articles upon Free Trade, passed the revision of that great practical philosopher, Franklin himself; and these 'H' pronounces splendid theories, got up to favor British policy. When Mr. Webster dared speak his honest sentiments; this was his language: "Resolved, That no objection ought ever to be made to any amount of taxes, *equally* apportioned and imposed for the purpose of raising revenue; but that taxes, imposed on the people for the sole benefit of any class of men, are equally inconsistent with the PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION, and with sound judgment: That the supposition, that until the proposed tariff or some similar measure be adopted, we shall be dependent on foreigners for the means of subsistence and defence, is, in our opinion, *fallacious and fanciful, and derogatory to the character*

of the nation: That high bounties on such domestic manufactures as are principally benefited by that tariff, *favor great capitalists rather than personal industry*, or the owners of small capitals; and therefore we do not perceive its tendency to promote national industry: That we are incapable of discovering its beneficial effects on agriculture, since the obvious consequence of its adoption WOULD BE THAT THE FARMER MUST GIVE MORE THAN HE NOW DOES FOR ALL HE BUYS, AND RECEIVE LESS FOR ALL HE SELLS: That, in our opinion, the proposed tariff, and the principles upon which it is avowedly formed, would, if adopted, have a tendency to diminish the industry, impede the prosperity, and corrupt the morals of the people."*

Thus then we see that the principles which South Carolina avowed, were first broached in the State which was her most inveterate foe when she proclaimed them; and of the man who fought the last pitched battle against these principles.

The same man concurs with 'H' in the opinion, "that agriculture, commerce and manufactures, will prosper together;" but from these premises they happen to come to directly opposite conclusions: "Therefore," says 'H,' "manufactures should be protected:" "Therefore," says Mr. Webster, "all legislation is dangerous which proposes to benefit one of these without looking to consequences which may fall on the others."†

Mr. Webster is right. It is only when all are undisturbed, that agriculture, commerce and manufactures, can prosper together; and it is just, because there is a natural union between them, resulting from mutual dependence, that favoritism to one degrades the others.

I have but one remark more to make, and I have done; and I hope this controversy is done, and forever.‡ If protection really be a blessing, let those States which believe it, practise it. They can favor manufactures to their heart's content, by *bounties*, if not by *duties*; and the rich fruits of their wisdom will all then be confined to themselves; and of course will be more abundant, than if diffused over the whole surface of the Union. The fact, that in not one of the twenty-six States, has ever been made a *proposition even*, to protect its own manufactures, while for half a century our ears have been dinned with arguments in favor of the policy, is proof decisive that there is but one *opinion* upon this subject North and South, however different the *language* of the two sections.

B.

* Mr. Webster's resolutions in the town meeting of Boston in 1820.

† Mr. Webster's speech on the tariff of 1824.

‡ We thank our correspondent for his hint, and assure him we mean to profit by it. We eschew every thing that tends to politics, and therefore cannot hereafter yield our columns to discussions of this character.—[Ed. Mess.

* Watson's Annals of Philadelphia: p. 514.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

From Hymen, late, Love bought a bark,
 And launched it on Life's billowy sea,
 Nor paused the swelling tide to mark,
 For Beauty bore him company.
 Mild as his mother's glance the sunbright weather,
 And Love and Beauty tempt the waves together.
 Love softly breathed in Beauty's ear
 How fair her charms, how great their might;
 And Beauty bent, his words to hear,
 And smiled her smile of radiant light:
 And Love declared yon sun might leave the sky,
 And earth be lit by Beauty's smiling eye.
 Thus on they glided—till a cloud
 Slow gather'd o'er the azure heaven,
 And pealed the thunder from that shroud,
 By lightning flashes lit and riven.
 While winds and waves in battling fury, roar,
 And snatch from Love's weak hand, the useless oar!
 An instant to the Gods he prayed,
 Then turned to Beauty trembling near,
 To claim her fair hands' feeble aid,
 Or bid her syren accents cheer:
 But cold—unfit for woman's gentlest task—
 She sat—nor comfort gave, nor seemed to ask.
 Where had her charms, her graces, fled?
 The smiles that late her soft lip decked?
 Love, anguished, gazed—and groaning said,
 As 'gainst the rocks his boat was wrecked,
 Ah Beauty! formed for joy's unruffled sea.
 He's lost who braves life's stormy tide with thee!

LOVE SKETCHES.

NO. III.

THE WIDOWER'S BRIDE.

That eye so bright and radiant
 A sadder look should wear,
 For the weakness of thy spirit
 A punishment must bear;
 And the laugh will leave thy lip
 Ere many days have past,
 And that heart so cold and careless,
 Must learn to feel at last.

"You are free, Evelyn; the tie that once bound us is broken forever, and your happiness will be given to another's keeping. May he love you as sincerely as I have done, and may his wealth win for you the blessing of forgetfulness." These were the parting words Evelyn received from the lover of her youth. A few days after they were written, he was seeking among strangers the pleasure his home denied him, and she became the bride of a rich and gifted man. It was to his riches that Mr. Mordante was indebted for the smiles of his lady; though, fascinated by her grace, he did not dream of the worldliness lurking beneath it. He was a widower, and having been peculiarly fortunate in his former connexion, he sought Evelyn's affection, in the belief that she would revive his

early dream, and give to his only child something of the tenderness they both had lost. Absorbed in the excitements of public life, literary in his pursuits, and fastidious even to a defect, Mr. Mordante's choice was not a judicious one; and was attended by that self-deception and want of judgment so frequently displayed in the selections of intellectual men. He soon discovered he could meet with little sympathy in his bride; but the illusion of love was still around him, and she was so graceful in her levity, so winning, even in frivolity, that though disappointed, he could scarcely complain; and, with the sanguine faith of affection, he trusted to the future to correct the follies which shadowed the present.

Several weeks after their marriage, were past in the city of —; and, wearied at length by continual dissipation, and tired even of what she called happiness, Evelyn accompanied her husband to his country residence—where, during the two years of his lonely domestic life, his child had remained. With the impatience of an *enfant gâtée*, the lady looked forward to the quiet of her new home; and while fatigued by the gayeties of town, she saw nothing even gloomy in living beyond their circle. Mr. Mordante listened, with a smile, to her playful petulance, and answered her exclamations with lover-like attention. He was gratified by her unexpected willingness to forsake the enjoyments she delighted in; and, believing her faults were those incident to youth, tinging the mind rather than the heart, he indulged in none of those forebodings, which an impartial observer would have experienced. To a lofty spirit, suspicion seems meanness; and Mordante's disposition was too high-toned and generous to remark in others, what he was too noble to practise himself.

Constant and sincere, ardent in truth, yet reserved in seeming; feeling deeply, but rarely betraying feeling, his was a proud and confiding devotion, a woman might well be happy to have gained. But alas! it was not for himself, Evelyn had wedded him; all the affection one so selfish could give another, she had bestowed on the lover whose farewell wishes we have read; though in the reliance of an earnest tenderness, Mr. Mordante never questioned the veracity of her oft-repeated declaration, that he was the only one whose love she had ever valued. Had he for a moment thought otherwise, the link between them would have ceased: for his sensibility on this point was morbid; and, conscious of having transferred to Evelyn the kindness once the portion of another, he dwelt with peculiar warmth on the idea of being the first and only object of his wife's deepest sentiments. She had, at an early period of their engagement, observed the strength of this feeling; and many, very many had been her professions of an attachment she avowed no other had excited. How often in after years did the remembrance of

that first step in deceit come over her, when the recollection was agony!

As they approached their home, Mr. Mordante grew silent and abstracted; some painful impression was evidently weighing upon him, and his gaze was fixed anxiously on his animated companion, as if he sought to find calmer thoughts within that gayety. At length even Evelyn noticed his *distrait* manner, and taking his hand, she looked at him with that bright smile, whose persuasion he could rarely resist, and asked jestingly the cause of his reverie. But Mordante was graver than she had ever seen him, as, pressing to his lips the fair hand he held, he said in the hesitating tone of one who is uncertain how his words will be received, "I was thinking, dearest, of the happiness and the blessing my child will gain in your kindness. My duties have separated me much from him, and he is at an age when a mother's care is all important. You have had few occasions to practise self-control, and I fear Arthur will sometimes test your patience, but you will be gentle with him, I am sure; you must endeavor to bear with his childish trials of your temper, Evelyn; and love him for my sake!"

"Indeed I will," was the lady's reply; "you know I dote on beautiful children, and he will soon learn to love me."

"That I do not doubt," returned Mordante; "but Evelyn, you must try to be affectionate to a child who is *not* beautiful; you must be prepared to see no uncommon loveliness, for Arthur has few charms to win a careless eye, and his brief existence has been one of constant suffering. My poor boy is deformed."

Involuntarily Evelyn withdrew her hand from her husband's grasp, and then, ashamed of the cruel impulse, as hastily replaced it. Mordante made no remark on the movement, but it struck coldly on his heart. The remainder of their journey was passed almost in silence; Evelyn vainly endeavored to resume her gay tone; the emotion her companion evinced, stilled her levity.

Left to her own reflections, unbidden visions of the future thronged before her fancy; she was doomed to live, for several months at least, apart from the allurements of dissipated society—to be thrown, in a measure, on her own mental resources; and how slight they were! There was no love on her part, to gladden solitude; the one for whose sake she could have borne it, her inconstancy and deceit had estranged; and she had no sympathy with her husband's pursuits—no appreciation of his lofty character. Already a faint shade of disappointment was with her: memory brought contrast and regret; and, as she recalled the sacrifices of truth and feeling she had made to worldly interest, she felt baffled by her own arts. She thought too, of the boy whose early years it would be her duty to watch over; and she shuddered to picture the

long, dreary hours it might be her lot to spend by the side of a feeble and suffering child. Her heart grew colder as she pondered on her vanished hopes and her present fears; and there was little of her former enthusiasm lingering, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she entered her future home. Attributing her lassitude to fatigue, Mr. Mordante's attentions were unceasing; and his anxious look became brighter, as with an appearance of interest Evelyn inquired for his child. It was late in the evening, and Arthur was asleep. With the eagerness attending all her impulses, and which fell gratefully on Mordante's feelings, the bride hastened to the child's room, and bent over the little sleeper. It may be that some shadow of the grief hoarded up for him in the hereafter, troubled his dreams, for he sighed heavily and stirred restlessly beneath the lady's gaze. He was not beautiful, if childhood can be otherwise; his features were not lovely, and his face lacked the rich hue of robust health. But his hair waved in sunny ringlets; and the lashes rested long and darkly on the pale cheek. The expression of the boy's countenance was sad, even in slumber, as if some profound suffering had already entered the young heart with a foretelling gloom. This look of melancholy may often be early noted in children who have lost a mother's tenderness; it is as if the sorrow so irreparable, takes from infancy its unconsciousness, mingling with its helplessness the knowledge of grief. Poor child! well might his visions be disturbed, for the beautiful eyes of his father's bride were careless in their glance; and the softer ones that would never have met his in coldness, could only gaze on him now from the far-off heavens.

Days glided on, slowly and heavily for Evelyn. Her husband's duties carried him frequently from home; and that home, even for him, was beginning to lose something of its attraction. Marriage seems the certain remedy for the blindness of love, and Mr. Mordante was frequently pained by the selfishness and indifference his wife displayed. Too thoughtless and capricious to be long a successful hypocrite, Evelyn gradually ceased to affect a fondness she did not experience; and the respect she involuntarily felt for her companion, chilled and deepened almost to awe. Their occupations were widely different; there was no similarity in taste or motive between them. In a few weeks, Mr. Mordante's devotion to books and business grew more exclusive; and the bright smile he once loved to meet, now greeted him rarely, and was numbered among the blessings of the past. For a short time, Evelyn had been gentle and affectionate to his child; and this had been a bond of kindness; but her impulses though sometimes pure, were but transient, and Arthur was soon neglected when the novelty of his dependance wore off. She had undertaken, in a momentary mood of tenderness, to initiate him in the mystery of reading, and

she had not yet forgotten the *belle* in the wife ; and anger at being controlled, was her only emotion. "It grieves me, Evelyn," Mordante said, "to be obliged to blame you, but your own heart must tell you your conduct has been unkind, that you have not proved to my poor boy the friend you promised to be. I know he has few external charms to repay your care ; but his heart is warm and susceptible, and should not be met by coldness. Remember how hard his lot is, and how early he has felt the greatest of life's sorrows, and you will repent the hasty reproofs that have darkened the young spirit so shadowed already. He is not accustomed to harshness ; for until I knew you, he was dearer to me than all on earth ; and I tried by indulgence and gentleness to recompense something of the true devotion I gained and lost in his mother. Forgive me, dearest, if my words pain you ; I trust I shall never be forced to mention this subject again ; and when your patience is tested by Arthur's childishness, treat him kindly, Evelyn—recollect how little happiness the future proffers for him, and how few he has to love him."

Resentment at her husband's interference, ended in confirmed dislike to the innocent cause of offence ; and with the trivial vengeance of a narrow intellect, Evelyn visited on the child the anger summoned by his father's appeal. She never addressed him except to censure, and Arthur soon learned that his only comfort was in avoiding her presence. Placidly and without a murmur, the child endured the blighting conduct, which sank but too painfully on a mind rendered prematurely sensitive by suffering and misfortune. His mother's death combined with the peculiarity of his temperament, to produce that thoughtful and melancholy tone of character, often visible in those whose spi-

lyn, in the satisfaction of accomplishing to town, had kind words and gentle child she had hitherto scarcely de- except in blame. It may be too- rienced some faint dawning of self the midst of her busy preparations the slight form of Arthur, as he window, trying, with profound at his simple lesson. He looked pal- curls were carelessly thrown bac- head, and the blue veins in his strangely distinct. His eyes w- mournful, and his movements evir- ness, so painful to witness in the acquired through time, the privi- Mr. Mordante observed his son- alarmed for Arthur's health, prop- their journey, or allow the bo- them. But either of these plans- Mrs. Mordante's sudden fondness it was decided the child should- and his mother's sister, who had- visiter there, should be asked to- ring their absence. Miss Courtne- dante's cousin ; and, doubly relate- had always been the favorite an- companion of his infancy. It was, ho- surprise, she received the invitati- charge ; for since his father's sec- visits had been merely formal. of Evelyn, gathered from these, w- one, as Mrs. Mordante looked wi- distrust on the connexions of th- once borne her name. But with- fulness of her nature, Edith Cour- her cousin's guest ; and with a li- Mr. Mordante departed, and hea-

and though his health continued delicate, his gayer feelings produced rapid and visible improvement. The faint rose-tint brightened a cheek so long pale with sorrow; his eyes, always dark and lustrous, shone with lovelier light; and the face his father's bride thought so forbidding, was almost beautiful with the glow of feeling and awakened intellect. With the tenderness of an elder sister, Edith watched over and instructed her little companion; and the difference in their ages scarcely divided their sympathies, for Arthur was thoughtful beyond his years, and hers was that guileless and gentle disposition which seems never to lose its childhood. Their enjoyments were simple and rational, and they both half-dreaded the period which would mar their tranquillity, in bringing Mrs. Mordante home. But that period Mrs. Mordante used every effort to defer. Plunged once more in the whirlpool of gaiety, still fascinating to strangers, and with more than her girlish frivolity, she shuddered to picture her destined return to the dull dwelling she had quitted so eagerly. But Mr. Mordante's engagements in town were fulfilled, and after having more than once postponed their departure at Evelyn's earnest entreaties, he at last declared he would remain no longer, and insisted on leaving town immediately. The delay of a few days was all Mrs. Mordante could obtain by remonstrance and persuasion, for her husband was dissatisfied with her levity, and resolved to allow folly to separate him no longer from his child. A week of happiness was, however, still in her power; and with childish eagerness she snatched its pleasures. Three nights previous to the day decided on for their return, Evelyn accompanied a gay party to the theatre. Mr. Mordante was not among them, and his lady did not regret his absence; for his grave manners disconcerted her, and at times she was startled by the stern reproof in his look. She was afraid to trifle in his presence; and graceful trifling was her forte. She was in her brightest mood that evening, and more than one speech of gallant compliment had been spoken to her, which she was glad Mordante had not heard. With the confidence of acknowledged beauty, she glanced around the house, when she encountered the fixed gaze of a gentleman in a box near her. Evelyn grew pale, and the smile passed from her lips as she turned hastily from that look. Before she had recovered her composure, the gentleman was standing beside her. "It has been nearly two years since we met; may I venture to hope Mrs. Mordante has not forgotten one of her earliest friends?"

The question was asked with the coolness of one who knew he was remembered, and the speaker's tone was ironical. Abashed by the calm address of him from whom she had expected either the coldness of a stranger, or the resentment of a deceived and rejected suitor, Evelyn answered confusedly—and the gentleman, taking the vacant

seat next to her, continued: "The pleasure of meeting you to-night, is really an unexpected one. I only reached town to-day, but had previously heard you were ruralizing some distance hence. I scarcely credited the report; it is impossible that Mrs. Mordante could have the cruelty to hide her attractions, even if they may no longer make victims."

Provoked by the familiar mockery of his manner, yet possessing neither the consciousness of undeserving it, nor the dignity to repulse it decidedly, Evelyn's colour deepened as he spoke, and her evident embarrassment seemed to encourage her companion's remarks.

"Mr. Mordante, I believe, is not here!" he asked, glancing carelessly around him. "So you have already forgotten your girlish creed of devotion, and learned to be happy even in separation. I recollect you were often eloquent on the text of lovers' attentions to each other, continuing unaltered, yet you are here without your husband, and without seeming to miss him!"

"Mr. Mordante was engaged this evening, but requested me to accompany my friends here; I am not aware Mr. Lebourne, that our long acquaintanceship gives you any right thus to criticise my conduct."

Evelyn spoke haughtily, for she was incensed at her companion's effrontery; but she said what was untrue, for Mr. Mordante had not requested her to attend the theatre, though she had affirmed it. Evelyn was prompt at inventing excuses, and not very fastidious as to their veracity. A transient smile passed over the gentleman's face as he saw her anger, and suddenly changing his tone to one of mournful softness, he said in a low tone, "You are angry—forgive me, Evelyn, if I have offended. There was a time when my offences were sure of pardon from you, when your words and looks were kind. Is that time forgotten? Is the past blotted from your memory by the happiness of the present?"

"Forgotten! happiness!" repeated the lady bitterly, and she thought of her dreaded return to her quiet home.

"Then you are not happy," said the gentleman sadly, looking earnestly at her as he spoke; "do not contradict me, I have read the expression of that face too well, in other days, to be deceived in it now; you are dissatisfied; I see it in your restless manner, your wandering glance. It has been a comfort to me in all my lonely pilgrimage, to picture the bliss you were enjoying and bestowing; yet I find you here, unattended by the care I should never have found wearisome; and even the name of happiness, you call in bitterness. Evelyn! I would never have left you, even with friends!"

It were difficult to paint the feelings that governed Mrs. Mordante as she listened to these words. Surprise and anger gave way before the

visitor's altered and softened manner; his sympathy offended, and his inferences piqued her; yet, as he continued, a thousand tender memories thronged about her; dreams were recalled whose love-light had faded; and hopes she had long tried to forget, came back blighted. There are moments when indecision decides our destiny; the sorrows of many years, for Evelyn, hung on those brief instants of silence, and remembrance, and regret. It was a relief to her when the party rose to quit the theatre, for she had vainly endeavored to resume the usual gayety of her manner, and perhaps for the first time, her levity vanished before the tumult of real and conflicting feelings.

With the easy familiarity of an intimate friend, the gentleman adjusted her shawl, and attended her to her carriage. "We shall meet often, I trust," he whispered; "you cannot refuse me friendship, though you denied me love!"

"We leave town in a few days," was the lady's reply.

"So soon!" he exclaimed, "is my glimpse of happiness to be as brief as it is unexpected! You know I cannot visit you, for Mr. Mordante once dreaded me as a rival, and has never forgiven me my transient place in your kindness. He was jealous, you remember, of every smile you deigned to bestow on others, and I should scarcely be a welcome visitor even now. But I will see you elsewhere; nay, do not forbid it, Evelyn; may we not still be friends?" and he pressed her hand as he assisted her to the carriage, with a warmth far from friendly.

Evelyn did not see the smile of triumph on the face of her former lover, as, agitated by the interview she hastily returned his parting salutation. Angry at his boldness, dissatisfied with herself for not repelling it at first, decidedly, yet bound by countless sweet thoughts to the offender, Evelyn retained no trace of animation as she entered the room where her husband awaited her return. Mr. Mordante was seated by a table apparently reading a newspaper, but he put it aside on her entrance, and after looking up for an instant at her pale face, said gravely, "You seem fatigued, Evelyn, but if you are not too weary, I wish to converse with you for a few moments."

The lady threw off her shawl, and seated herself opposite to him in silence. "You attended the play this evening," resumed her husband, "contrary to my wishes, as I could not accompany you, and I cannot approve of your appearing so frequently in public, without the sanction of my presence. I am aware that my opinions on this subject are behind the age, but I had hoped that from you, at least, they would have met respect and compliance. My engagement terminated sooner than I expected, and I entered the theatre to attend you home. You were so deeply absorbed in the earnest conversation of the gentleman beside

you, that my approach was unnoticed; do not look so alarmed," he continued haughtily, "I overheard no secrets, though your companion seemed to be making you his confidante. May I ask, Mrs. Mordante, if you had expected to meet Mr. Lesbourne?"

"Indeed I did not know he had returned," Evelyn answered; "I was much surprised at seeing him—but you well know we are old acquaintances."

"He is not a person whose conduct or principles I admire," returned Mr. Mordante. "Is he a particular favorite of yours?"

Evelyn said, with a blush, that he was not.

"Then I trust you will be guided by my wishes, and not allow him the privileges of one. Do not think me exacting, Evelyn—I would not ask you to give up a valued friend, even if our opinions regarding him differed; but as you confess you have no friendship for Mr. Lesbourne, I am sure you will not hesitate to grant my request and treat him coldly. He is admired in society, and his manners are graceful; but he is not a desirable intimate, and has few qualities to win serious approval. I believe I am still a lover, dearest, for I cannot bear to see your smiles and attention bestowed on strangers; will you promise me to be less generous with them hereafter?"

Frightened and perplexed, Evelyn readily acceded, and her conscience smote her for her dissimulation, as Mordante, gratified by her prompt consent, and angry with himself for his suspicion, tenderly drew her towards him, and kissed her forehead.

"You look tired and ill," he said, "but the roses will speedily bloom on your cheeks, for we shall soon be at home again!" Home! how few charms that word held for Evelyn!

She arose the following day, restless and feverish, from a sleep haunted by troubled dreams. Alarmed by her appearance, Mr. Mordante insisted on her spending the morning quietly in her room. He endeavored to prevail on her to relinquish her evening engagement; but she remonstrated so vehemently, that he yielded to her urgent persuasions, and agreed to accompany her to the assembly she intended to grace.

The day dragged wearily on, as Evelyn sat listless and alone with a new novel in her hand. She could not bind her thoughts to the page before her, and they wandered back to the occurrences of the previous night. They rested on her unexpected tête-à-tête with her discarded lover, and her husband's dislike to him, and she was busily wondering if Lesbourne would be at the ball that evening; and fancying Mr. Mordante's stern glances and suspicious watchfulness if he should be, when a note was brought to her. She knew the writing well, and the seal was one she had given Lesbourne during their engagement. His boldness in venturing thus to address her, was beyond even her

forgiveness—and she rang hastily to inquire who had left the letter, that she might return it unopened. She learned it had been brought by a servant who had not stayed for a reply. Ignorant where to direct it, Evelyn was tempted for a moment to shew it to her husband; but dread of his certain displeasure, and its probable consequences, mingled with fear that the contents of the note might compromise herself, concurred to prevent this confidence. She could not show the letter without revealing her own continued deception, and she lacked the moral courage to do that. A few lingering scruples—a few flickering doubts, and the seal was broken. With tremulous eagerness she locked the door of the apartment to prevent interruption.

In the early dawn of error, we shrink from the observation of others as from an evil; afterwards solitude has its terrors, and no human censure is so terrible as the voiceless condemnation of the spirit within us. For Evelyn, this era was still to come; as yet, the sense of right was not wholly lost. As she returned to her seat, she glanced at the mirror, and turned away, startled by the flushed and anxious face it reflected. But the hour for reasoning and suspense had gone by, and she rapidly read the lines she held:

"There was a time, Evelyn, when I needed no apology for addressing you; when in the trust of a devotion, only too true and earnest, I felt you would read in kindness the words I wrote in love. Now, I do not know that you will even deign to finish my letter—but nevertheless I *must* write, to implore your pardon for my folly and presumption at night. I approached you with feelings of bitterness, whose cause you cannot have forgotten if the past was ever as dear to you as your confessions acknowledged. We had parted—coldly on your side,—on mine, how mournfully! Could I see you again without painful recollections of promises broken, and affections unvalued? For you, lovely and beloved, the present has unnumbered sources of happiness—mine were all lost in losing you. Forgive me, if the rush of those old feelings woke emotions of regret and bitterness, too deep for concealment or control, if I spoke hastily, perhaps rudely. Had you loved, Evelyn, as I once tried to dream, you would pity, without blaming, the impulses of a heart, in which hope has faded before the lessons of memory, and tenderness left nothing but despair. I fancied time had brought me, at least, outward calmness, that in returning to your presence I should bear with me, self-command and the power to suffer in silence. But I am wrong, your influence is fatal to my peace; I find my philosophy all vanity. In a few days you will go to your happy home, and we may not meet again for years. Can we not part now in kindness! Evelyn, will you write me one line of compassion and pardon? My presumption might well

offend you; but I can scarcely regret it as I ought, since it has been the cause of my writing to you once more, and tracing, though for the last time, the magic name I have loved so long. I shall see you to-night. Will you bring me the written assurance of your friendship, that I may treasure it hereafter, when we are divided, perhaps forever? If I ask too much, your refusal will be a sufficient punishment; but let the period when we were more than friends come back to your thoughts, and you cannot deny your kind wishes to him who once was blest with the belief of your love!"

Painful and perplexing were the reflections summoned by these words—many and varying the resolutions they occasioned. She dared not answer them; and as the remembrance of her husband's gentleness and indulgence stole over her, she half determined to acknowledge her early deception—to give him that letter, and trust to his generosity for pardon. But then she recalled his horror of deceit—his cold, stern gaze—his calm and haughty tone. She pictured his contemptuous manner, the suspicion which must always follow her after such hypocrisy, and the ending of all confidence between them. She fancied his resentment at being deceived, his sarcastic spurning of the deceiver, and the strength to do right failed her; the sacrifice was beyond her power. With the indecision of a feeble mind, in which principle, though vacillating, is not extinguished, Evelyn compounded with her conscience, and determined to retain the letter, but not to answer it; to meet her lover, but not to encourage him. Her feelings were rarely sufficiently ardent to disturb her self-possession; she relied now on the coldness which so seldom deserted her. It was a dangerous experiment; for a faint spirit, there is no safety but in avoiding the temptation it cannot struggle with; heaven help the heart that trusts thus to its own weakness!

Evelyn had never looked half so beautiful; her cheek was colored with feverish brightness; and thought lent to her features, an earnestness of expression usually wanting in their levelness. Mr. Mordante gazed on her proudly and kindly as he carefully adjusted her cloak. He spoke so gently too, that Evelyn shrank, conscience-stricken, from his expressions of admiration and tenderness. Her thoughts were busy with herself, or she would have observed that her companion's tone was sad; that he seemed anxious and harassed. Some uneasy impression was evidently weighing on him, and it was with an effort he appeared composed. His grief, whatever it might be, was concealed from his wife, either to spare her pain, or to avoid her condolence. She was too selfish to console earnestly; and the sympathy of indifference, is profanation.

"I entreat you, dearest, to be cautious and reserved this evening if you should meet Mr. Les-

certainly be misunderstood. Mr. Lesbourne is well aware of my knowledge of his past life, and dislikes me as much as I condemn him, and that coolness will be foundation enough for yours. I will tell you hereafter my reasons for this request, and you will not think me unreasonable, though I may seem so now."

"Then I will not go out to-night," exclaimed the lady impatiently, afraid to give a promise she was prepared to break, and irritated at being lectured again on this subject.

"Is it then so disagreeable to you to afford me pleasure?" returned Mordante, in a sad and disappointed tone. "No, Evelyn, you must go and be happy. Only remember, that my happiness depends on your conduct. Will you sacrifice your husband's peace to the idle claim of a mere acquaintance? And now look gay once more, I cannot bear to see your lip without its smile. O! Evelyn, if you could but dream how I love you!" and with passionate tenderness he drew her towards him.

Ah! what taunting self-reproach throbbed in that heart so faint and erring! Why was there not some prophet tone, to tell, before too late, the remorse, the weariness and the suffering, hoarded up in the future to brand that bright young brow? Alas! the warning had been uttered and silenced. Conscience once hushed to sleep may rise to torture, but will wake no more to save. Not amid the shadows of ignorance do we tread the pathway of life: the mentor is beside us, if we would but listen; the star shines over us, if we would but look; we falter, and the friendly voice grows weaker; we err, and the star is clouded. We yield to follies, and deplore their results; we darken our own lot, and then call our sorrows—Destiny.

nypocrite: have you suffered me of your husband to erase an early kindness? Is my last hope granted answered my letter?"

"You asked an impossibility," "but if you are willing that Mr. B read that letter, I will write any dictate."

"Your ideas of confidence are: Have you carried them so far as to: correspondence to your husband? I of possessing several of your letters wish, I will send to Mr. Mordante

The lady quailed before the mocking look of her companion; and as she could assume so graceful said, "Evelyn you are greatly changed; can treat so harshly a desire so: Your conduct has already made and your severity now only, con griefs of the past. I shall leave it and never trouble you again. Tlessness here for one who has lost the refused the friendship which would and blest his life. Do not recall: cause I have loved too well to be give, and if you can, forget me!"

Evelyn could not listen to this voice had still a music she could her own was tremulous as she reproach me with severity; is it kindness in you to address me with words of gentleness is insult? I go home to call that home where I enjoy no feel no love. Why will you make it still by embittering my memories! that bind me now are more sacred united us, and I implore you not to

ing contempt Mr. Mordante bestowed on him, and turned with perfect composure to utter some gay remark to the lady next to him. Evelyn noticed the look and the action, and she needed no explanation of either.

That Mr. Mordante had heard at least the latter portion of their conversation, was evident; and what could she explain in her own defence? With the ceremonious coldness of a stranger, he assisted her to the carriage—and ordering the door to be closed, proceeded homeward on foot.

Who shall say this world has no punishment for transgression? Sooner or later error recoils upon its author; from the follies of youth spring many of life's after-sorrows; and the weary victim of self-reproach has no reward but a blighted existence, and no hope but a quiet grave.

The moments of that solitary ride, were the most wretched Evelyn had ever known. For the first time a doubt of Lesbourne's sincerity rushed upon her; and she questioned the earnestness of one who could employ hypocrisy so successfully with others. It is always terrible to doubt one we love, for affection loses its holiness in losing its faith; how doubly fearful was the suspicion that she had sacrificed to an idle illusion, all the happiness, all the peace of her own and another's existence! She dreaded to meet Mordante again; and as the remembrance of his kindness, his tender entreaties, his unceasing indulgence rose over her, she shrank shuddering from the purity and depth of the proud devotion she had wronged. The present and the future, both were full of terrors to her mental gaze; how could she expect forgiveness from a heart so lofty and so deceived! even if forgiven, what could she feel hereafter of pleasure or repose! She knew that Mordante's adoration for truth was stronger even than his love, and how had she trampled on both! She recollected Arthur too, so dependant and suffering, committed with such trembling tenderness to her care—her whole career, as she looked back on it now, seemed one record of falsehood and broken trusts. There was little remaining of the loveliness her husband had dwelt on so proudly, as Evelyn threw herself on the couch in her room, and sobbed with agony beyond the power of utterance. The sufferings of many months seemed centred in a few hours, and she had no comfort in reflection, no solace in a higher hope. She listened anxiously for the sound of Mordante's footsteps; at last it came. He entered the adjoining apartment; the door was partly open, and Evelyn saw him prepare to write. He first opened a drawer containing papers, and arranged them carefully—then he commenced a letter, and her heart grew faint; too well she knew those lines were to herself. He wrote rapidly; and confidence died in her soul, as she saw the settled calmness of that haughty brow. More than once, urged by the impetuosity of wretched-

ness and regret, she was tempted to enter that room, to confess her faults, and implore their pardon—to kneel in that most abject prostration,—the humility of an erring heart. One look of gentler grief on the countenance before her; one gleam of anger, less stern in its sorrow, and even yet the days to come, might have brought peace to them both; but it was not to be thus. Mordante's was the composure of a mind whose resolutions were unswerving, and Evelyn's that timid and unprofitable repentance which had no moral courage. The letter was sealed—the various papers were replaced in the drawer, and Mordante arose to depart. Evelyn hesitated no longer, and the next moment saw her kneeling at her husband's feet. "In mercy do not leave me!" she exclaimed—"I will tell you all, if you will but stay and pity me!"

Mordante regarded her with compassion, not unmingled with contempt; Evelyn felt that look; her terror returned; she arose and stood trembling before him.

"I do pity you from my soul, Evelyn," was his reply, in a tone so calm as to crush all hope in his listener; "and you can tell me nothing that I do not already know. I am not to be again deceived—let me pass!" and his hand was on the lock of the door.

"Stay for one instant!" was the wife's passionate prayer—"tell me what you heard, what you believe, and I will confess to you the truth."

"Truth!" repeated Mordante with involuntary scorn; and then in his cold voice he continued, "I need no confessions; the expressions I unintentionally overheard to-night, have revealed enough. Did I require other proof of your early and protracted deception, accident has given it in the last half hour; I found this note among my papers;" and he pointed to Lesbourne's letter, on the table, beside his own. All Evelyn's energy forsook her as her eyes fell on the fatal note; and without a word of explanation, she buried her face in her clasped hands in helpless despair. She heard Mordante's step; the door closed; yet she was motionless as if bound by some sudden spell. When she looked up again, she was alone. She eagerly seized her husband's letter; it contained these lines:

"I do not write to reproach you; I leave you to your conscience and your memory. After late events, all confidence between us must end. I owe it to myself to prevent all repetition of deceit on your part. It will be unnecessary for us to meet again; an interview could only be painful to me, and humiliating to yourself. I shall remain in town some time longer, but have ordered the carriage to convey you home. I will make every arrangement for your future comfort, but I must request, that while you continue under the same roof with my child, you will not interfere with his pur-

suits or companions. I learned by a letter received this evening, that he is suffering from illness; and had I obeyed the dictates of my feelings, I should have hastened to him at once, and perhaps been spared the torments of the last few hours. But I was unwilling to deprive you of the enjoyment you anticipated so eagerly, and hoped you would, at your own suggestion, accompany me home to-morrow. It was willed otherwise, and my presence there shall trouble you no longer. Arthur is in affectionate care, and I do not wish to render more grievous that loneliness of heart you deplore. When my child has sufficiently recovered, he will be removed to another home, and you will be at liberty to select your own companions. Rest assured that I shall not hereafter interfere with your friendships. As soon as my engagements will permit, I intend going abroad, perhaps for years. I leave you in pity, rather than anger; and the only wish I now feel with regard to you, is an earnest hope, that for both our sakes, we may never meet again."

Exhausted by emotions so new and terrible, Evelyn wept herself to sleep; and the next day was far advanced, before she awoke from that slumber of despair. The cloak Mordante had adjusted was still around her, and her ball dress seemed strangely at variance with her paleness and haggard expression. Her hair, uncured and tangled, was put back from a forehead on which trouble had imprinted the sadness of time. Slowly, and with the lassitude of a mind tried beyond its strength, she recalled the occurrences of the past night. They appeared to have happened long ago; she could not realize an alteration in her lot so sudden. To the young, change seems necessarily the task of time; it takes many years of experience in grief, to teach us how often the most important vicissitudes of existence are the work of a few hours—how a single instant may form a strong contrast, between what has been, and what is!

Evelyn had no energy left, even for tears, when she reached her lonely home. There were no bright faces to smile her welcome—no gay voices to grow sweeter at her coming; all was silent and cheerless. Instructed by a letter from Mordante of all that had taken place, Miss Courtney was prepared for the lady's return; and after a brief interview, embarrassing to them both, Evelyn retired to her apartment, and Edith to her station beside the sick bed of her little charge. Evelyn dared not approach the child's room; her husband's command that he should not be contaminated by her presence, was not to be disobeyed. She heard the soft steps of the attendants as they moved lightly in the chamber of sickness—she caught the weak voice of the boy in his murmurs of pain and delirium; and she, the mistress of that mansion, the promised guardian of that child, was alone and unheeded, pitied and avoided by the very menials

around her, humbled, forsaken, wretched. A proud disposition, or a sensitive heart, would have sunk beneath the humiliation of such a position; but Evelyn was not endowed with either. Hers was the tempestuous sorrow which trifles gradually alleviate, not the mighty overwhelming misery which the grave relieves. Her hours were marked by passionate weeping, or sullen composure; they brought her neither self-knowledge, nor the resignation which is wisdom. She blamed alternately her own folly, and Mordante's severity; but the latter was not unexpected; she had incurred it not in ignorance; she had known from the first that her husband, noble and high-principled himself, had no patience with the weakness, nor indulgence for the errors of others. She could complain of no injustice; deceived and trifled with, as Mordante had been, he had consulted her comfort in all his arrangements for the future—he had taken from her only the confidence and the love she had wronged. Even with her faint sense of right, Evelyn could not doubt the loftiness of his motives; he had never seemed to her, in the flush and fulness of his affection, half so worthy of reverence, as now, in the coldness of scornful compassion. Several days passed; she learned from the attendants that Arthur's illness had increased, and that his father had been sent for. Unconsciously she cherished the hope that Mordante's feelings might have softened; that the violence of his emotions might have left him kinder thoughts, and she would even yet be trusted and forgiven. This dream deepened to a belief, and during the three days he spent by the side of his child, Evelyn listened with feverish anxiety for his well-known step; but she listened in vain. At length she was told Arthur's danger was over, and as soon as he could bear removal he was to return home with Edith; that Mr. Mordante was going abroad immediately, and intended leaving there the following morning. As the moments dragged on without bearing the pined-for meeting, this last hope deserted her; she dared not risk the additional humiliation of seeking an interview which would be useless, and all the tumult of contending impulses overwhelmed her again. The carriage which was to convey her husband from the home she had made so gloomy, waited at the door. She heard his tremulous farewell to his child, and the boy's passionate exclamations of grief. Then Mordante's parting words to Edith, fell coldly on her ear: "Let Arthur write to me regularly. God will bless you, Edith, for your kindness to my desolate child." Evelyn watched him from her window; he departed without one backward glance; the carriage rolled rapidly away; and long years of change, and solitude, and suffering went by, before the wife saw that face, or heard that voice again.

JANE T. LOMAX.

Washington, *City*.

TO MY SISTER ADELA.

Sweet sister, there's a quiet vale
Near to my forest home,
Where frosty wind, and stormy gale,
And tempest cannot come ;

Where dew-drops lie from morn to night
Amongst the joyous flow'rs,
And sunbeams dance in dreamy light
Within the odorous bowers.

Oft, mid this valley's garlands dim
At the meek hour of pray'r,
I've blent my vesper with the hymn
That birds were chanting there.

Adela, there's a Willow tree
Amongst that valley's bowers,
Beside a spring that gushes free
As joy in girlhood's hours ;

And oft I bless that Willow's lot
When care my bosom wrings ;
It grows in such a lovely spot,
Among such blessed things.

But late I sat beneath its shade
While gentle winds pass'd by,
And lo ! the Willow droop'd her head
And marmur'd plaintively.

High on a rugged mountain near,
With stately seeming form,
There grows a Pine that year by year
Does battle with the storm.

And thus to it, the Willow said,
" Oh highly favor'd tree !
Heaven's purest light is on thee shed,
Would I were blest like thee.

High o'er the mighty mountain's crest
Thou wav'st thy banner fair,
The royal eagle loves thy breast
And rears her fledglings there.

The clouds that o'er the valley meet,
And wrap noon-day in night,
Roll in bright waves beneath thy feet,
While all above is bright.

And when in winter's reign of death
My foliage all is riven,
More glorious green, thy living wreath
Will beckon on to heaven."

The Pine inclin'd her plumed head
Above the verdant vale,
And listen'd while the Willow said
Her discontented wail.

Then with an air of tender woe
She shook her head and sigh'd,
And with an accent soft and low
Thus pleadingly replied :

" Thou wouldst not wish, my sister dear,
This rocky height to share,
If thou couldst know how lone and drear
These mountain-summits are ;

Rich shades, and balm of dewy flow'rs,
Are all around thee thrown ;
While on these bleak eternal tow'rs
My shadow lies alone.

With thee the song birds make their home,
And hymn their richest lay ;
While unto me their warblings come
Like echoes, far away.

And who would wish the Eagle's brood
To dwell within her breast ;
Do they not make their feast of blood,
And strew with bones, their nest ?

The spirit of the burning noon
Lies fierce upon my form ;
And all unshelter'd and alone
I bide the mountain storm.

I dearly love the summer bowers,
With all their glorious things ;
Yet these bare summits have no flow'rs,
Sweet birds, or living springs.

And sister, He who plac'd me here,
Gave thee that shelter'd spot ;
Each fills her own appropriate sphere,
Well fitted for her lot.

Shouldst thou in thy rich home repine
For this bleak rocky tower ;
Or I bend from this throne of mine
And envy thee thy bower ?

Though thou may'st fancy that my boughs
Bathe in heaven's purer light,
Yet sister, *Omnipotence knows*
No difference in our height."

Adela ! thou art skill'd to hear
The voices of the wood ;
Then let us each adorn her sphere
By meekly doing good. LYDIA JANE.

TEMPERANCE.

An Address read before the Temperance Society of William & Mary College by Beverley Tucker, Professor of Law. Published at the request of the Society.*

I regret, gentlemen, that my engagements have so long delayed the fulfilment of the duty to which you have been pleased to appoint me. My regret is proportioned to the interest I take in your association, and my desire to show myself not unworthy of the favorable opinion manifested in your selection of myself for that duty. But even now, I beg you to accept my congratulations on what you have done, and my thanks, on behalf of our venerable *alma mater*, for the service you have rendered to her.

It is not my purpose to expatiate on the evils of intemperance, or the general advantages of temperance societies. Were I so inclined, I should find myself forestalled by innumerable publications, in which every argument has been exhausted, every exhortation urged, every anecdote collected. I

* We have departed from our rule in giving a place to the above *Address* ; but as the duties of the learned author have, of late years, rendered his contributions like "angels' visits," we would fain woo him again into our columns.—[*Ed. Mass.*

have no mind to steal the thoughts, or to repeat the words of other men, or to state facts, however striking, on doubtful evidence. It is in bad taste to put forth statements which stagger the faith of the hearer; and exhortations which urge too strongly the sluggish zeal, are apt to "return void" to him that utters them. The credulous simplicity that so often characterizes the best men, sometimes betrays them into indiscretions which injure the cause they advocate. Guileless themselves, they apprehend no guile in others; and, in perfect sincerity of heart, relate, as unquestionable, every anecdote they find in circulation. So too the *intemperate* zeal, with which some men advocate the cause of temperance, and urge on others the example of their own tastes and habits, sometimes provokes reaction. Men are reminded of the exhortation of the Apostle, "to be temperate in all things;" and they feel, that, in the example of those who are so, there is a beauty that needs no eloquence to recommend it.

Let me not be suspected of undervaluing temperance societies, or their labors in the cause of human happiness and virtue. Few men perhaps estimate them more highly: none prize them more. As a matter of *taste*, intemperance is not more disgusting to any man on earth, than myself. As a *moral evil*, no man looks upon it with more abhorrence. As an *enemy to peace, order, intelligence, industry*, and all the *elements of prosperity*, no man deems it more deserving of restraint and censure. But it is superfluous to dwell on truths denied by none who are not deaf to the teachings of reason and experience.

Of the general evils of intemperance therefore, I do not propose to speak, nor shall I offer more than a passing remark on that worst form which the deadly mischief ever can assume; when, like the canker-worm, it insinuates itself into the bud of the youthful mind, and eats the core, and forever arrests its farther development. I should be uncandid, gentlemen, did I pretend to think that many of you had been in actual danger, of this awful destiny. The dissipation of a college-life, are rarely attended with such a result. The very associations that tempt collegians to irregularity, are restraints on any disposition to habitual intemperance. Instances of young men who contract, at college, that degrading habit, which sinks man to the level of the brute, are quite rare. It is too revolting to the self-respect and pride of character, always so conspicuous among young gentlemen assembled together at such a place. This and other powerful influences, are always in action to restrain such as may be predisposed to intemperance. The unfortunate youth, sees that he is forfeiting all claim to academic honors: he finds himself cast out of refined society; and perceives that he is sinking into contempt, even with those who sometimes participate in his excesses. He

has every inducement to resist temptation, and struggle to reclaim himself; and, if he basely shrinks from the effort, he betakes himself to secret drinking, and endeavors to hide his shame from his companions.

I am far, gentlemen, very far from considering an academic life as one of extraordinary danger to the habits and morals of youth. It has its trials indeed, but they are trials to which all men are to be sooner or later exposed, and which most men encounter under circumstances far more disadvantageous. The man whose first acquaintance with the exhilarating glass is made, when it offers itself as an antidote to the corroding cares of his more advanced life, is sorely tried. It comes to soothe the anguish of a bruised spirit, and he receives it as a friend. It stretches forth a hand to lift him from the abyss of despair, and he clutches it with the eagerness of a drowning man. It comes to deaden the sense of present suffering, to blot out from his mind the memory of the irreparable past, and to blind him to the fearful approach of the inevitable future. He has indeed *been told* that death is in the cup, and that in the end it will surely aggravate the ills it proposes to alleviate. But he does not *know* this, and having nothing else to hope for, he hopes this may not be true. Buried in solitude; hiding his afflictions from the common eye; why should he suffer, when the Comforter is at hand, whose cheering influence may lighten his afflictions! In the night he toases on his bed; his pillow is wet with tears; and sleep—

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care:
Balm of hurt minds," denies her balm to him.

When there is none to pity, none to soothe, and none to censure, shall he forbear to steep his senses in forgetfulness with the oblivious draught that courts his lip! Happy! happy he, whose first struggle with this temptation is not postponed till the authority of parents and tutors and the influence of generous emulation are no more, and till the petty troubles that do but dim the sunshine of youth, are exchanged for that deep midnight of the mind, which no ray of hope can penetrate, and which despair peoples with the fiends, and lights up with the fires of hell.

Gentlemen; if I were called on to say wherein consists the chief advantage of an academic education, I should place it precisely here. Speaking from the experience of a life, of which nearly half has been spent in connexion with this institution, I am satisfied that it teaches nothing so valuable as self-knowledge, and the habits of self-command, self-respect, and self-confidence, which it is our study to establish in the mind of the student. I think I may speak as well for my brother-professors as for myself, when I say, that never do we feel so sure that our labors will not be in vain, as when we see that the minds of our young friends are awakened to a sense of the value of these things.

Little does he know of life, who is not aware that its sorest trials, its most formidable dangers, are to be encountered in the struggle with our own passions. These are the fiery steeds that drag the chariot which youth is so eager to mount, and which is to bear us all, whether we will or no, through all the burning signs of the zodiac of life's eventful day. Like the son of Clymene, all of us have to pass between the threatening horns of the bull, and the bloody jaws of the lion, and the long ensnaring arms of the poisonous scorpion. Each of us must contend, as best he may, with the eager spirit of the winged steeds that stand impatiently pawing at the barrier, and filling the air with the fiery breath of their neighings. Alas! how many are there, whose eagerness to enter on this perilous career, is, like that of Phaeton, exactly proportioned to their incompetency to its tasks and dangers! To what destiny it shall lead, depends on the firmness and skill of the hand that holds the reins. Whether we shall plod heavily along, unnoticed to the goal; whether we shall set fire to the earth, leaving a track of seared desolation to perpetuate a curse on our memory; whether we shall impiously war against heaven, and provoke God's thunders to strike us down in mid career; or, mounting up on the wings of the morning, shall run our bright course along the appointed path of usefulness and duty, blest of God, and a blessing to the world, depends on ourselves.

At what hazard does he enter on this dangerous journey of life, who, kept in strict irresponsible pupillage, to the very hour that suddenly establishes him in all the prerogatives of manhood, has the reins of self-government for the first time committed to his unpractised hand. What father does not tremble, as he utters the last admonitions which are to prepare his son for the dangers he is about to encounter? What father does not wish that the days of pupillage could be yet a little while prolonged? What father's heart does not echo the tender expostulations, the touching appeals of Apollo to his impatient and ambitious son? How earnestly does he wish that a small portion of parental authority might still be allowed him; an authority to advise, if not to command—to censure, if not to condemn—to restrain, if not to control—to rebuke, if not to punish. But no. The fatal hour has come; the wand of authority is broken; the word of power is hushed; and the impatient youth, impatient by reason of his prolonged pupillage, rushes unprepared to the exercise of all the rights, and the enjoyment of all the privileges, and (as he fondly imagines) the pleasures of manhood, and absolute freedom.

Gentlemen; that season of preparation which the anxious father wishes thus to employ—that mitigated authority which would exercise the unpractised youth in his first essays at the duties of manhood, without exposing him to the irreparable

evils that await its errors, it is the office of academic discipline to supply. Experience is the only school of practical wisdom, and it is proverbially a dear school. To him who takes his first lessons after he has arrived at that time of life, when mistakes are visited with loss of character and loss of fortune, it is dear indeed. Then the protecting disabilities of the law are removed: then the responsibility of the father is withdrawn; then the sympathy with which men look on the errors of youth, no longer pleads for him; then the paternal roof no longer affords shelter to the erring prodigal; and the respectability of a father's name is no longer a screen, behind which the disgrace of the son can lie hid, until it is forgotten.

"In naked helplessness, and aching pride,
He bears the un pitying blast on every side;"

and when he would retrieve his error, there is none to guide his footsteps through the labyrinth in which he is involved. Where shall he find the unquestionable sincerity of a father's advice? where the stern fidelity of a tutor's admonitions? Who now will take the trouble to understand his affairs; to think for him; to watch over him; to supply the defects of his knowledge; to counsel his inexperience; to rebuke his follies; to restrain his waywardness; to soothe, and cheer, and reanimate his wounded spirit?

These considerations have long since led me to the conviction, that there is decided benefit to the student in a system of discipline, that leaves him, for the most part, the regulator of the *details* of his college life. The responsibilities under which he assumes, to a certain extent, the guardianship of his own morals, and the formation of his own habits, afford a reasonable security, that he will be faithful to himself in the discharge of this important task. Entrusted with a considerable portion of personal independence, before he has learned to be impatient of restraint, and restive under authority, a slight admonition, a hint at reproof, are often enough to keep him in the path of duty, while, at the same time, he is left to feel himself free, and to enjoy the success of his struggle against temptation, as a triumph achieved by himself.

In these struggles, and in these triumphs, is one of the most important parts of education. They teach self-command: they inspire self-confidence, and self-respect, and these make the Man. Idleness and dissipation are the serpents that steal into the cradle of infant genius; and, in his strife with these, is the first trial—the first exercise of his fortitude and prowess. He strangles the enemies that seek to destroy him there, and thenceforward he treads upon the adder and the asp unharmed.

In your association, gentlemen, I see an instance of this: hateful and destructive as intemperance is, the security that you have provided for yourselves against that disgusting vice, owes its chief value to the fact, that it is devised, established, and

like absurdity. To me it seems to present an instructive example, of which they, who are called to aid him in his great work of preparing the hearts and minds of his creatures for his service, would do well to avail themselves.

"Satan desires to have us all, that he may sift us as wheat;" and it is in that sore trial that the character acquires the strength and consistency which the Saviour sought to establish in the chosen disciple whom he had just before selected and planted as the corner-stone of his church on earth.

The beginning of wisdom is self-knowledge. It awakens to repentance. It is the guide to reformation. Perceiving our errors "we are cleansed from secret faults," to which self-love might have blinded us to the end. The lessons taught in this severe school, are infinitely various, and suited to all the infinite variety of human character. To each man they teach that which it is most important that he should know. To humble, unpretending merit, they impart self-respect, encouraging it to emerge from obscurity, and signalize itself in the tasks of virtue and usefulness. To rash presumption, they administer rebukes that admonish it to hide its insufficiency behind the semblance of modesty. They teach confidence to the strong, and prudence to the weak; and, at the same time, they apply to both the salutary discipline of opinion, which prescribes forbearance to the one, and inspires the other with a sense of security.

Gentlemen; it is common to speak of youth as the season when the passions are most intense. I neither affirm nor deny this. It may or may not be so. That their ebullitions are then most frequent and conspicuous, I doubt not. Not regulated by experience, not restrained by reason, youth, given up to absolute independence and self-

which the victim expects to call
And why not? Who would not
death? How can the passion
hugs it to his bosom as the joy
of his life? The thing is impos-
Coquetry throws aside her mask
that was employed to ensnare the
ger exerted to retain the disregard
nods and beckons and wreathed
changed for slighting neglect—
though the "Sapphire's blaze may
beside the eye of Phillis!—what
black, and like a hawk, and wins
Is there not something more to
der, in the dewy glance that steals
transparent lid of Chloe's, "like
just trembling through a cloud of
as if a violet peeped out from beneath
snowflake? Is there no reaction
love, to kindle resentment, and so

"If she be not fair for me

What care I how fair she

Is there nothing in the testimony
mirror to remind the graceful
wont, another will? In short,
force of youthful passion, is the
versatility of youth to divert its
the destroying blow? Who would
health, honor, peace of mind, sell
the cold sense of duty, for any
surrounded by ten thousand others
within reach, all glittering with
young morning, all sparkling in it

Gentlemen; the passage from
is the transition from the belief
and beautiful and good, to the con-
vanity. In this transition, the

things *but one*, on which alone his hopes of happiness are centred, is the difference between a soul prepared for heaven, and one ready to sell itself to perdition. Look at *AMBITION* as it flames in the breast of a man, who, having accomplished all the subordinate purposes of life, has outlived every domestic enjoyment, without having outlived his powers. In the heart of the husband and father, it held divided empire. To the widowed and childless old man, it is the fierce and remorseless tyrant that prompts him to trample on the hopes and hearts of others. "What he inflicts he feels." Look at *AVARICE*. Why is it sordid and craving, just in proportion as the miser has none to love, none to inherit his wealth? The reason is the same. All other passions have been lopped away, and the whole vigor of the mind has gone to nourish this.

Now turn to the other extreme of life. See childhood's furious rage and clamorous grief! If Passion have power to kill, shall that boy live to manhood? Even while you ask the question, it is answered in a beaming smile of love and joy. Some new and cheap delight has soothed his grief, and won his heart. So truly says the poet—

"The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer-breeze sweeps by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

In short, the business of education is, *at first*, to play off the passions and appetites against each other. When Reason dawns, her light is well employed, to show the essential difference between objects until then equally coveted, because equally valued. But it is long before Reason becomes strong enough to contend alone with Passion. She must engage the alliance of rival passions, till, having used them to conquer, and finally to destroy each other, she may establish her serene empire over the mind.

The most important, and the most hopeful struggle, is that which takes place in the season of life commonly devoted to academic education. The heart just then begins to perceive beauty and attraction in objects, which can only be attained by virtuous effort. The newly awakened spirit of independence urges to those exertions which are necessary to secure it. The nascent love of Fame points to her temple, seated on an eminence which none can climb without toil—approachable only by a path which none can thread, unless led by the hand of Virtue. Then too, is first felt the charm of Beauty's favoring smile; and even this, intoxicating though it be, prompts, as I have said, to all that is decorous—all that is graceful—all that is honorable.

At such a moment, when the prevailing passions of the hour covet the guidance of Reason, and offer themselves in aid of her instructions, is it fit that she should decline the proffered alliance, and commit the whole discipline of the mind, during that

most critical season, to a system of coercion? Should she not rather seize the occasion to imbue the heart with a lively scorn of every thing that is base, with disgust and loathing at every thing that is impure, brutal, or degrading? Is not that the moment to place before generous and aspiring youth the Circean cup, that transforms the image of God into a beast, that, with his own hands, he may dash it to the ground, and trample on its fragments?

Thus we reason. It is in this spirit, that those who have charge of the education of youth, choose to commit the regulation of their own conduct, in great measure, to the youth themselves. We think it enough to bring in aid of Reason, and their own nobler passions, our candid advice, and frank admonitions; and, in the last resort, to apply the extreme measure of our academic censures, and to cut off, and banish from among us, those whom these admonitions, *aided by Reason*, and *AMBITION*, and the *LOVE OF HONORABLE INDEPENDENCE*, and the *LOVE OF WOMAN*, cannot keep from the foul sty of brutish debauchery. Let them go! Such is the sentence of law, and I am persuaded there is not one among you, whose heart does not ratify it.

Why am I thus persuaded? It is because you have had some little experience of the evil. It is because you have been permitted to taste for yourselves of the apples of Sodom, and to find that, though fair to look upon, they are ashes to the taste.

But is this all? No gentlemen. You have achieved a triumph over yourselves. You have gained the present mastery over an appetite, which, whatever may be said of other passions, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. He who yields to it in youth, may vainly contend against it in after life. You can never know that you are safe, unless, like the strong man of Crotona, you daily try your strength upon it. If you shrink from the weight of the calf, you must be crushed under the burden of the full grown ox.

After all that I have said, you will hardly be surprised when I add, that I am more pleased than otherwise that your association is temporary. It is long enough to give you experience of its benefits; and, while the sense of these is fresh in your minds, it is to be hoped it may be renewed. It is long enough to serve as an exercise of self-denial, self-command, and fortitude. You will be perhaps the better for an early opportunity of making a new trial of yourselves. It is perhaps as long a term as it may be prudent to engage for. You cannot determine too soon, nor bind yourselves too solemnly to conform in all things, and through life, to the law of God, and to the laws of your country. But when a man proposes to devise for himself a rule of action going beyond these, and to impose on himself restraints not prescribed by these; it becomes him to consider whether the youth of eighteen has a right to bind, by a law of his own

making, the conduct of the man of forty. It is prudent to consider whether the mature man will not think of this, and absolve himself by the plea of infancy. He who, in early youth, makes such an engagement, will not be long in discovering, that to this conclusion he may come at last; and, anticipating that his pledge will, sooner or later, be recalled, he has the less difficulty in making up his mind to recall it at once.

Thus you may see, gentlemen, that when I say that I like your association for being temporary, it is because I have more confidence that it will live out its allotted time, than if it professed to be perpetual. Irrevocable resolutions, eternal friendships, and unchangeable love, all belong to the same category. Had your association been of that character, I should not have been surprised if some few members had already renounced the pledge, finding their excuse in the thought I have just expressed. As it is, all are left without excuse. And yet, in my view of your pledge, its great value is that you are free to break it from day to day, and that it is thus from day to day an ever-recurring trial of your strength, fortitude, and self-command. In violating, or renouncing it, you will injure none but yourselves. You have but to plead *infirmity of purpose, impotence of mind, a want of self-respect, and of a proper sense of honor, and an indifference to the opinion of the world*, and none can complain that you do him wrong. All that can be said will be, "The dog has returned to his vomit, and the sow that washed to her wallowing in the mire." And what of that! To him who can make up his mind to lie in such a bed, what others may say must be a matter of small moment.

Gentlemen; I hope better things of you. For, in view of the circumstances that surround you, how can I fear that you will be so unwise, so imbecile, so dead to honor, as, for the most paltry of all enjoyments, to forego the advantages of your present position—to lose the opportunity of intellectual improvement and academic distinction—to disappoint the cherished hopes of parents and friends at home—to forfeit the respect of your associates—to lose your place in a society which tasks its resources to minister delight to the student's life—and to exchange the favoring smile of beauty for the glance of scorn and the frown of disgust! When good and evil are both set before you—not in remote prospect, but in immediate enjoyment or suffering, you cannot hesitate which to choose. "You have begun well: what hinders you to continue?" Go on then. "Be not weary of well doing." Persevere to the end; and, if you carry away nothing else from this place, you will bear with you the honors of victory in the first struggle of that long warfare between Reason and Passion, which is to continue through life, and on the event of which depend all hopes of happiness in this life, and in the life to come.

THE LILY.

A lily arose with petals pale,
Waving its flowers in the fresh'ning gale;
Its snow-white corol was gemmed with dew,
And its orange anthers oped to view.
The King of the East, on his golden throne,
Who called the wealth of Ophir his own,
Who claimed from Ind the glittering gem,
Which shone in his sparkling diadem:
Who brought rare perfumes, and silks from far,
And diamonds which vied with evening star;—
Whose porches were trellised with net-work flowers,
Where "costly stones" gleamed 'midst each light vine
Whose columns were crowned with the cunning art
Which skillfullest sculptors could impart;—
Whose path was strewn with the perfumed wreath
Lending to air its odorous breath;—
Whose presence was hailed with loud acclaim,
Whose words were proverbs, whose wisdom fame;
Not he, in the might of his glorious power,
Was e'er arrayed like this simple flower.

The lily arose, and its petals pale,
Trembled, and bowed in the fresh'ning gale;
The starry flower bends to earth its head,
Then rises tall from that cold, damp bed.
It weeps bright tears of pearly dew,
For its petals stained, and darkened hue;
It weeps, but its tears tho' thick and fast,
No mercy stir within the blast.
Another gale snaps the flower away,
No more to smile in the light of day,
No more will its scent, and blossom gay,
Gladden the heart of the dancing fay.
The plant will live, but a bare, green stem,
Rises in place of the pearly gem;
The plant will live, but alas, not now,
May a starry circlet grace its brow!—
The heart which garners its every hope,
On the blossom which earth permits to ope,
A lesson may learn from the lily's fate,
Whose bloom must wither or soon, or late:
And ne'er again can the wrung heart bear,
Such precious perfume, or beauty rare.

Columbus, Geo., April 28, 1842.

CLM

SPECULATIONS

Upon the Consequences of a War with Great Britain

"All historical events have, in some sort, a distant cause. Their consequences are prolonged to infinity are connected with all the past, and all the future."

A writer in Fraser's Magazine, in an article headed "War with America a blessing to kind," makes the following remarks: "We are not about to indulge in any prognostications on the issue of the existing controversy with the United States. As rational would it be to attempt to predict whether a wolf about to be let out of his cage, would make his rush to the South, the East, or to the North. The real power of the country is in the hands of the mob; and what venture to surmise the extent or the complexity of a mob's absurdities?"

In answer to the inquiry, how such a war

be prosecuted most advantageously for Great Britain! he comes to the conclusion, that the only way is to land blacks from Jamaica—to free and arm our slaves in Carolina and Georgia,—and that by so doing, “in three weeks from their appearance, the entire South would be in one conflagration,” and “the chains of a million of men would be broken.” He further remarks, “nothing would render our possessions in America so secure as a dissolution of the Union—an inevitable result of this line of action.” All of which he asserts would be “in every way honorable and advantageous to England, and in the highest degree desirable to the whole human race.”

If the greatest degree of benefit to the human family is to determine the result of such a contest, by looking at the future through the glass of history, keeping in view those grand principles which have been through all changes steadily extending themselves, and which have been more and more developed by every commotion—we think, that no mysterious spirit of prophecy is necessary to predict the result of any future contest between the United States and Great Britain. We think, that the development of human rights, through the past and up to the present time, will show that such a contest would be under the control of considerations of far greater extent, than the specific difficulties in which it has its origin. While we may admit, that particular events in the history of men and nations are the results of laws, which, having been put in operation, are left to their own undirected action; yet, taking into view a space of time comprehending a combination of these events, we will find them to be linked harmoniously together; and all, no matter how insignificant by themselves, or how much, apparently, opposed to a systematic scheme, tend to the gradual advance of the human family—in civilization, good government, equal rights, and more extended happiness. In subordination to such a general purpose, it is a remarkable fact, that men, who from the power of their talents, reach a controlling influence among their fellows, and who, from their position and comprehensive views, should be the first to discover the remote consequences of any particular course of actions, often seem to be the most blinded to those consequences; and, by an obstinate devotion to a narrow and selfish interest, bring about the very circumstances they have been most desirous to prevent. The attempted destruction of Joseph by his brethren, made him a ruler in Egypt, and the protector of his father's family; the murderous edict of Pharaoh raised up under his own roof, the leader and deliverer of the victims of his persecution.

Our preceding observations will be illustrated by tracing the advance of human rights through modern times. The debased tyranny of John has existence to the Magna Charta, embodying two of the fundamental privileges of civil liberty—

the habeas corpus, and the right of trial by jury. But, while those original minds and bold spirits, who, in the midst of ignorance and fettering institutions, could discover and dared to assert the natural rights of man, had no means of communicating their sentiments to the world, those sentiments had but a limited and insulated influence; they expired with their authors; and consequently, the advance of liberal institutions must be slow and interrupted. But then comes the tremendous power of the printing press, which at once seizes the noble thoughts of intellect and genius—bears them with lightning rapidity to the minds of other men—makes the product of genius the property of the world—annihilates time and space—introduces the master-spirits of the earth to their fellows of every age and nation—uniting freedom of thought, the power of genius, and the light of truth in the cultivation and protection of human liberty. Under the facilities afforded by this engine, the spirit of liberty increased and spread itself until it became too vast for the continent of Europe, but not powerful enough to cope with the deep-seated strength of its antiquated institutions. There was no neutral ground, upon which, freed from those institutions, the congenial spirits of all nations could congregate, and unite their forces. At this juncture, by a stupendous coincidence, Columbus leads the way across three thousand miles of hitherto untracked ocean, and presents another continent, vast in extent, rich and fertile in varied resources, upon which the human family, untrammelled, may reorganize itself for the greatest good of the greatest number. We then see ecclesiastical and political tyranny lending their aid to accomplish the progressive work; sifting from the population of the Old World, the very spirits required in the New—the bold—the free—and the intelligent. And next, the most liberal nation of Europe by a blind pertinacity in illiberal exaction, drives the most energetic blood in this New World, despite its own intention, into national independence, another essential requisite to fulfil the great object to which all things are tending. To sustain the new principles of a new government, and the wide extension of human privileges, it became necessary that a large population should spread over the new continent and be subjected to them; and we do not think it inappropriate to notice the coincident discovery of steam navigation as effective of this requisite. Many of the most fertile territories of the New World, being traversed by large and rapid rivers, the settlement of these territories would have been the work of ages but for this power; and, just as it was needed has it been given, coincident with, but not growing out of, the necessity of the case; and owing to the agency of steam navigation, populous free States are existing where otherwise would have been a lonely wilderness.

Already, owing to the foregoing combination of

The executive seat in monarchies, called the throne, is vacated every five (*four*) years, and the sovereign returns to his condition of subject again, while another is chosen from the same class to fill his place. Aristocracy is not hereditary—neither are titles, rank, or honors; every man comes into the world with equal prospects, and leaves his children on the same level with those of all his fellow-citizens."

How strongly does such a condition of things contrast with the institutions of "the freest realm in Europe!" We see the powers and honors of government confined to exclusive classes, designated by the accident of birth; the people driven to starvation, and groaning under taxes to sustain, not so much the necessary expenses of government, as the idle pageantry of royalty; the most simple and republican religion perverted to the same criminal purpose, and to the support of ecclesiastical princes; and, as one wrong begets another, the unnatural law of primogeniture—robbing the brethren of one family, to concentrate upon a single member, all its wealth and privileges—becomes necessary to perpetuate the aristocracy; and the no less iniquitous law of entail is equally necessary to protect the wealth of that aristocracy from the diffusion which would otherwise be the consequence of its vices and extravagance; and finally, the corn-laws tax the bread of the starving population, that the landed proprietor may riot in splendor and luxury. The whole system is unnatural; and, being so, is necessarily doomed in the course of time to overthrow. These very corn-laws are undoubtedly to be the means of restoring the British people to their rights. Abolish them; and, at once, a blow is stricken at the great landed proprietors, and the people are placed in a more powerful attitude. Persist in them—and most likely they will be persisted in—and the most powerful

of vengeance which, despite the tempest bayonets, rises in Great Britain, is the sacred and burning.

It is contrary to reason, and the grand design indicated by the progress we have traced out, to suppose that the leges are to be confined to the United States of the continent of America. Although the World was necessary to release civil liberty from the trammels of oppression, and to permit its full development, the beneficence of heaven, to supply what is withheld from the millions of the earth, may seek it by emigration; and it is supposed that those who remain in Europe, tended by their Creator to continue in the oppressive and unequal institutions of the Old World, are millions on another continent are in violation of every human right. Already the antiquated foundations of every exclusive institution of the Old World are being silently undermined by the influence of self-government exhibited by the United States, and they only await a coming storm to be blown into ruin. The splendid, but evanescent glory of Napoleon, has fulfilled its purpose in the revolution which has been all the while a drama played before the eyes of the world to the nature of divine right, and of legitimacy. He sprung at once to a royalty more splendid than that of the past, played with kings as with toys; sought to confirm his true claims of legitimacy, fell again humbled, yet every throne of Europe has felt the appearance of Napoleon.

As Englishmen were the first to introduce civil government into the New World, civil government comes

rather see the extension of liberal principles by peaceful influences, than to see them urged on by bloody contests. British statesmen must reflect that when they war with the United States, they do not war with a government, but with a people; with a people who are advocating the most extended rights of humanity; and who, consequently, have with them, the sympathies of those who would be free, of all nations. They war not with the pride of a few, but with the pride of all; for, it has grown into a maxim, that "The proudest of governments is the republican. Virtue is its principle; not the virtue of a few, as in an aristocracy, but of the whole nation of those who are governed, as of those who govern."^{*}

Let them reflect, too, that when they send their armies against such a government, and such a people, they send away the very power and support of their government, and leave their institutions a prey to their most violent enemies—to ravenous charlatans, and to oppressed Irishmen, thirsting for vengeance and liberty. We think that the result of such a contest is very clearly indicated by the events of past history, by the physical and political relations of the parties, and by the extended interests of humanity; and it is, that the next gun fired, in hostility, between the United States and Great Britain, signals the overthrow of the British monarchy, and opens the way for the emancipation of Europe. Indeed, such appears to be the rational conclusion of the British writer whom we have quoted, when he reasons aside from his delusion respecting the power and disposition of our slave population. He makes the following very just and prudent remarks:

"For, it is useless to shut our eyes to certain collateral issues and necessary contingencies which would speedily mix themselves up with the main question. The first maritime power in Europe, with about 25,000,000 of people, but encumbered with debt, goes to war with its only rival on the seas, a nation of 14,000,000; proud, uplifted, and far too strong to be easily overwhelmed by a *coup de main*. And as the more powerful of the two proposes to attack the other by sending expeditions across the Atlantic, the inequality of their forces becomes considerably diminished, and the probability of a protracted struggle grows still more apparent. Now, supposing this to be the state of things, must we not remember, that our next-door neighbor, the great and warlike nation of France, is burning for an opportunity of wiping off the disgraces of the last war; and has given many most significant tokens of late, of her eagerness to seize the first favorable opportunity of striking a blow at her ancient enemy? And, further, can we avoid hearing, by each mail from Ireland, the plainest threats that were ever couched in language,—that so soon as England shall be fairly entangled

in a foreign war, the Romish faction in that country will claim, and, if necessary, will seize upon, the sovereignty of that portion of the empire?

'Nor is this all. Do we not know, by abundant proofs that the Russian emissaries are unceasingly employed in fomenting mischief in the East; and that the very moment that saw England fully occupied in other directions, would see a Russian force on its way to Northern India? On all these grounds then, and on others which might be added, we should look upon our entanglement in a protracted warfare with America, as the too probable commencement of our national humiliation, dismemberment, and ruin. Of all such plans and projects, then, we can only say, may God forbid!"

His only dependance, then, is upon the slaves. In relation to them, it is now well known, even among themselves, that there is scarce one who is not more comfortable and free from care than a small farmer of England; and there are none so miserable as to change places with the starving peasantry and laborers of England and Ireland, without being worsted. So that, as far as the interests of humanity are concerned, the many millions of Great Britain have first to be elevated to the degree of comfort and happiness enjoyed by our slaves, before the field of human improvement can be transferred from the Old World to the New. But admitting that the slaves could be instigated as a body, to arm against their proprietors, which we very much doubt, there is another circumstance which very much interferes with the certainty of his calculations. Independent of all other force to be brought against such an enemy, the large, free, and populous States on the Western waters, by commercial relations, have their interests identified with the Southern slave States; and these alone could and would furnish a force, and a force too of the most energetic character, sufficient to annihilate all slave insurrectionists, and their aiders and abettors. Taking, therefore, from him his calculation upon such means, we leave then his own conclusion as to the issue of a contest between the United States and Great Britain, "humiliation, dismemberment and ruin" to the British monarchy, and we will add as a consequence, liberty, abundance and happiness to the British people.

THE BLUSH.

A rose from my hand, *Ellie's* ringlet had graced,
From its snare to her cheek it caressingly bowed,
And a lily—snow-white—in her bosom, I placed,
She chidingly half, and half willing, allowed!

I had just culled the rose, blooming, fresh from the bush,
And the beautiful lily was new from the mead;
I looked; and her cheek taught the rose how to blush,
And the lily, so beaten, had hung down its head.

Logansport, Ia. May, 1842.

^{*} Chenevix on national character.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

PAPER SIXTH.

THE MOALLAKAT.

The Poem of AMRU, and that of HARETH, were delivered before Amru, king of Hira, in Mesopotamia, who had been appointed umpire between the tribes of Beer and Tagleb. The murder of Coleib, a Taglebite, had given rise to a long war between these tribes, which had caused mutual exhaustion; and, by referring their disputes to the king of Hira, it was hoped that all differences would be adjusted. The prince, however, evinced a disposition to appoint a prefect over the Taglebites, which Amru, the son of Celtham, prince of Tagleb, vehemently resisted. In the entertainment of the rival poets, there appears also to have been an indifferent observance of the rites of hospitality towards the Taglebite bard, which he notices in the opening of the poem. There appears to have been more of the bachanal, than the warrior, in the character of Amru; yet, under the sense of injustice, at times, flashes of indignation are seen in his poem like those of unsheathed sabres. He opens, by a call for a cup which he considers the true inspiration of a poet; pays his court to the queen's mother, who appears to regard him with small favor; praises the beauty of the queen; and then passes to the subject under umpirage; in the discussion of which, he recounts the warlike achievements of his tribe—defends its policy—and mingles sarcasms, vainglorious boastings, and menaces against the life of the umpire.

Wake damsel! awake! let our rich morning draught,
The soft wines of Euderein, from the goblet he quaffed:

Bring the well-tempered vintage whose bright bubbles swim,
As tintured with saffron around the gemmed brim.

It is this, the fond lover beguiles of his pains;
All his woes are forgot as the beaker he drains;

'Tis this warms the miser—his niggardly soul
Grows regardless of fortune as circles the bowl;

And its flame does the bosom of sober youths fire
With a soul thrilling frenzy and gentle desire.

O, mother of Amru! why turn'st thou away
The cup from its course in the wassail to-day?

He is not the least worthy or noble of soul,
From whom, mother queen, thou withholdest the bowl.

How many a cup have I quaffed of red wine
In Balbec, Damascus, and fair Kasirein.

Let us drink and be gay! We must die soon or late;
Fate is destined to us—we are destined to fate.

Thou loveliest rider of camels, oh stay!
Come tell us thy joys—we our sorrows will say:

Still firm in thy purpose to part—wilt thou go
And leave thy too confident lover in woe?

While he strives 'mid the dust of the red battle ground,
May coolness and verdure thy senses surround.

O Amru, when on thy beloved's fair breast,
Thou liest when the eyes of thy foes are at rest;

Her delicate limbs she displays to the view,
As a camel's that frisks over mounds wet with dew;

And breasts smooth as ivory globes, and as white,
Yet defended by braid, from the touch they invite.

Her form is a treasure of grace to the arms,
Her sides rise like towers with all their full charms.

Her taper waist maddens my bosom with love,
And her elegant hips swell like arches above.

With their two marble columns so polished and round,
On which trinkets and rings make a stridulous sound.

And my soul is on flame when the litter that shrines
The fair I behold, as the evening declines,

When the towers of Yemen in the setting sun blaze
Like far-flashing sabres unsheathed in his rays.

The foregoing verses are the opening of the poem, and will serve as an indication of the author's manner.

HARETH.

As soon as Amru had concluded, Hareth arose, and poured forth, in extemporaneous verse, a reply, which, like the mountain-torrent, bore every thing before it. Although one hundred years old, such was the impetuosity of his spirit, that he is said to have cut his hand on the bow upon which he was leaning, after the manner of the Arabian orators. He preludes by complimenting Asoma, the queen, and Hinda the queen's mother, who were behind the tapestry listening to the contest. After a short description of his camel, he proceeds to the subject under contest, and defends his tribe against the attacks of his adversary. He is temperate at first; but as his harangue is continued, his indignation is kindled, and he pours forth the winged words like a tempest. Frequent reference is made to the occurrences of the protracted war and the calamities of the Taglebites, which he shows were the effects of their own indiscretion. The style is exceedingly concise; but the expostulations and sarcasms with which it abounds, and the frequent interrogations, often render it abrupt. It reminds us of the impassioned oratory of our Indian tribes. The royal umpire was influenced by the poem, and gave award in favor of the Beerites. The poem was afterwards approved by the suffrages of the tribe, and was ordered to be suspended in the temple. Not long afterwards the king was slain on account of his decision by the fiery-spirited Amru. The following stanzas, commencing at the 44th couplet, will afford a specimen of the nature of the composition:

Shall Canda's crimes be charged to us? Shall we reprimand
bear

For spoils their conquering chiefs have made, in which we
had no share?

Are Haneifa's excesses ours? Must we the charge sustain,
Of all the deeds of violence upon the desert plain?

Must we for all the varied wrongs of Ateik's sons atone?
If plighted faith were broke—the broken faith was all their
own.

And does the weight of Ilaad's guilt, upon the Becrites
press,
Like the overburthened camel's load, who groans with weariness?

No! Those who raised the din of war, do not to us belong!
Nor fiery Kais, nor Tondal bold, nor Hadda fierce and strong.

Your vile, unjust aspersions cease, your pretext vain forego!
Must we for these atone, as for the lambkin bleeds the roe?

'Tis true, from Tamein, fourscore warriors came in martial
state,
With flashing mail, and lances bright, whose barbed points were fate.

They swept in fury by, but ne'er did hallowed place profane,
When Rizaah's sons for mercy called, they did not call in vain.

Yet from the fields they drove the flocks, where dread and dying lie—

A train so long, the drivers' ears were deafened with the cry.

LEBEID.

This author was contemporary with Mohammed, and ridiculed, at first, the new faith; but he was converted in the 6th year of the Hegira. The circumstances that led to his conversion were remarkable; they show the enthusiastic disposition of the poet. Having finished a moral poem of great excellence, he hung it upon the gate of the temple, as a challenge to any who might dispose to rival its merits. Not long after, Mahomet himself suspended over against it, that part of the Koran which is called Beccret. The vigor of the composition, and its strong denunciations against those who refused to believe, affected strongly the imagination and the heart of Lebeid; and in a burst of enthusiasm he exclaimed, that no one uninspired of Heaven, could have produced it. He acknowledged at once the divine mission of the Prophet, and became one of his most active abettors.

The occasion that gave rise to the poem which we are about to consider, was this. Entertained at the court of Hira, in Mesopotamia, Lebeid had a warm controversy with Rabeiah, son of Zeiad, chief of the Absites, concerning the comparative excellence of their tribes, in which he was victorious; and, having commemorated the event in this poem, he hung it upon the temple gate. The poem opens with a lament over a deserted village, which is natural and affecting. Reflections on his unavailing sorrow succeed—then a description of his camel—his own intrepidity—and the glory of his tribe, which concludes the composition. We give the opening of the poem from Carlyle; and shall probably draw on the same author for some future translations, which we will mark as quoted. As he has allowed himself great liberty in his rendering, it will be perceived that he has so far amplified the text that it is by no means a literal translation:

Those dear abodes which once contained the fair,
Amidst Mitata's wilds, I seek in vain;
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there;
But scattered ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals that once Rayana graced,
Their course neglected, and their waters gone,
Among the levelled sands are dimly traced
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayana, say how many a tedious year
Its hallowed circle o'er our heads hath rolled,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listened to the tale I told.

How oft, since then, the star of spring that pours
A never-failing stream hath drenched thy head!
How oft the summer cloud, in copious showers
Or gentle drops, its genial influence shed!

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caused thy sands with glittering gems to flow!
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne,
To fall responsive to the breeze below!

The matted thistles bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows, once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale,
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray.

The large-eyed mother of the herd that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a safe retreat;
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Strength to their limbs, and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept these vales
And given the deep foundations to the light,
As the retracing pencil that recalls
A long-lost picture to the raptured sight.

Save where the rains have washed the yellow sand,
And bared the scanty fragments to the view;
As the dust sprinkled on a punctured hand,
Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue.

No mossy record of their once loved seats,
Points out the place to man's inquiring eyes;
No tottering wall in echoing sound, repeats
Our mournful questions and outbursting sighs.

Yet 'mid these ruined heaps—that naked plain—
Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
Recall the busy throng, the jocund strain,
And picture all that charmed us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear;
I see, I see the crowding litters yet,
And yet the tent poles rattle in my ear.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend;
The steamers wave in all their painted pride;
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
What melting glances through these curtains play!
Sure Weira's antelopes or Tudah's roes,
Through yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The band moved on—to trace their steps I strove,
I saw them urge the camels' hastening flight;
Till the white vapor, like a rising grove,
Snatched them forever from my aching sight.

We have passed around the pannels of the Kaaba, and given a rapid sketch of the poetical portraits with which they are hung. In the next paper, we will present our readers with a brief analysis of the Koran, with such reflections as it may suggest.

RANDOM SKETCH

Of a Trip from the "Old Dominion" to the "Crescent City" of the South.

To T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

My Dear Sir,—I take up my pen to redeem the pledge I made some time since, to give you a brief outline of a long and interesting trip from your city to the Great Emporium of the South. I hope the account may not be uninteresting to you; and if you think it will afford any amusement, interest or instruction, to the numerous readers of your journal, you are welcome to publish it in the *Messenger*.

It cannot be doubted by any one, that the great Valley of the Mississippi has become one of the most interesting portions of our wide-extended territory. Its interest is increasing daily. The tide of emigration is constantly flowing thither. Its deep and mighty rivers are thronged with steamboats, and these steamboats are thronged with passengers from every part of our country. This extensive valley promises to become, in time, the most populous—the most productive, and the richest part of the globe. In the midst of it, has risen up an immense and populous city, which has increased with unparalleled rapidity; and which is justly called the "lap" of this great valley, into which are deposited the productions of the teeming and exuberant soil. New-Orleans has doubled her population during the last ten years. Its permanent population, according to the census of 1841,—was more than a hundred thousand; and it is supposed, that the transient population during the winter is equal to half that number, making an amount of one hundred and fifty thousand persons, during nearly half of the year. The amount of shipping has increased with great rapidity. During the winter, there are not less than three hundred vessels in port at one time—besides sixty or seventy steamboats; and there are not less, I am told, than five hundred steamboats that ply to this city, during the year. All this strikingly evinces the vast wealth and resources of the Valley of the Mississippi.

I shall say nothing more, at present, of the Crescent City, but, in a future communication, may allude to its character and peculiarities—the manners and customs of its inhabitants, &c. But to my trip;—yet what can I find new or interesting, to say on this subject? Have not thousands and tens of thousands passed over the same ground—sailed down the same rivers, and yet comparatively few have taken up their pen to give an account of their peregrinations; the majority think it would not be interesting to any one; and yet, I believe ninety-nine out of a hundred are fond of reading an account of the country through which they have travelled; and those who expect to take a trip in any particular direction, are always glad to meet with a chart that will give them some idea of the country before setting out.

But we have no time to chat any longer—the bell rings—the steam is up, and the cars are about to be off—and here begins my long trip—a distance of two thousand five hundred miles, through some of the most interesting portions of our great country. Of course, I anticipated a delightful and interesting time, as every one does at setting out,

who is fond of travelling—fond of acquiring interesting and useful information. When we left your city, about the middle of November, 1841, the weather was pleasant, and we expected to have an agreeable time, until we could reach Wheeling, on the Ohio; but before we had gone twenty miles, it commenced snowing rapidly, and we readily anticipated the cold blasts and deep snows we should have to encounter in crossing the mountains. In consequence of the snow, we reached Washington too late to take the cars for Baltimore; we therefore took our seats in the stage which left for Wheeling, at 1 o'clock, next morning. It was not very delightful to be called up from our warm beds, in the dead of night, to take our seats in a cold stage, without the smallest hope of touching a bed again in three cold days and three long chilly nights. We provided ourselves, however, with warm, thick Mackinaw blankets—talked the time away with our stage companions—told anecdotes in turn, as fellow-travellers are wont to do—noddled some and slept some—swallowed down a hasty meal three times a day, and by constant perseverance, through day and night—though frequently, moving only at a snail's pace, we reached Wheeling on the third night after leaving Washington. We passed some of the steepest and most dangerous parts of the mountains in the darkest hour of the night. Our driver told us there was great danger of upsetting, while going down a long and steep mountain called Laurel Hill. The snow had made the road very slippery—it was late in the night—the weather extremely cold—an immense precipice was on the left, and for fear of being whirled over the threatening brink, all the passengers deserted the stage, except an old gentleman and myself; and we concluded that it would be as cheap to take a ride down the precipice, as to expose ourselves to the freezing influence of such a cold and bitter night.

Having reached Wheeling, we were detained a day before we could meet with a boat going down the Ohio. There is nothing about Wheeling that would attract the attention of the traveller. It is a town of considerable business—but the coal smoke very much defaces its appearance. We left Wheeling on Saturday, and reached Cincinnati on the following Monday—distance three hundred and fifty miles. For some distance below Wheeling, the mountains on either side, present a grand and magnificent appearance. They were then covered with snow,—in the spring, summer and fall, I am told, they are picturesque and beautiful. It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding the river runs for a considerable distance between lofty mountains on both sides, there should be no falls, nor are there any, until you get beyond the range of the mountains. The river was low; and we were frequently "grounded," or lodged on bars from which it was sometimes difficult to be extricated. It is certainly much to be lamented, that such a noble stream as the Ohio, should be frozen during a great part of the winter, and frequently so low during the summer, as not to be navigable. This reflection reminds me of an amusing anecdote I once heard in connection with this subject, and which, perhaps, is familiar to many of your readers. It is said, that Mr. Clay once made an attempt, in Congress, to obtain appropriations to improve the navigation of the Ohio, and made a speech to this effect, when Mr. Randolph, in his usual laconic and sarcastic manner, replied, that he was opposed to the reso-

lution—as the river was frozen up one-half of the year, and dry the other half.

I regretted very much that I did not have an opportunity of visiting Cincinnati—it is described as a beautiful city—the Philadelphia of the West. I learned that it was improving with great rapidity, and contained a population of more than forty thousand—twenty years ago, it did not contain more than a fourth of that number. With what astonishing rapidity do the Western cities increase in business and in population! And yet there does not seem to be any danger of violating the principles of Malthus, the great political economist, who contended, that the increase of population should never be permitted to exceed the capabilities of the soil to sustain it. But as the soil of the great Valley of the Mississippi is inexhaustible, so its population, in the course of time, will be almost innumerable.

Leaving Cincinnati on Monday, we reached Louisville the next day—distance one hundred and fifty miles. We there met with one of the finest and most commodious boats on the river, about to leave for New-Orleans, and we engaged our passage. I had not seen Louisville for a number of years, and regretted that I did not have more time to witness the improvements of this interesting and handsome city. The houses are large and well-built—the streets are handsome and cleanly, and the whole city was full of life and activity. In 1820, the population was only 7000—now it is more than four times that number—another instance of the astonishing rapidity with which the human species is multiplied in the productive regions of the West. We left Louisville on the morning of the 23d—the weather still remarkably inclement. It was the coldest November I ever witnessed, and continued so, until we reached the mouth of the Ohio.

I have already mentioned, that we engaged our passage on a large and splendid boat, with the very best accommodations. One who has only travelled in the boats which navigate the Eastern rivers, can form no idea of those which stem the current of the deep and rapid waters of the Mississippi. There is no comparison in the accommodations. We had large—commodious state-rooms. The dining saloon, presented a splendid appearance, being about ninety feet long—covered with Brussels's carpets, and, at night, illuminated with splendid lamps. There were two other rooms, one for the ladies' parlor, and the other for the gentlemen. The fare was excellent—we had every variety of meats and sweet-meats, that the palate could relish—wines of all descriptions—servants in abundance to wait upon us—and every thing "done up" after the style of the finest hotels in our large cities. It was natural for a stranger, making his first trip on the Western waters, to cast his eyes around him, and observe the society into which his lot is cast for thousands of miles, and with which he has constantly to mingle for a number of days; and I will venture to say that the traveller will not meet with a greater variety of character in any part of the world, than in one of these large steam-boats, full of passengers, and on its way to the Crescent City.

There are lawyers, and doctors, and preachers, and merchants, and farmers, and mechanics, and gamblers, and negro-traders, and women of high and low degree—all mingle together and become more or less acquainted in consequence of being cut off from all other associations.

But night comes on. The fine chandeliers are lighted up—supper is over—the music begins—and we soon have a jovial dance—sometimes an old-fashioned Virginia reel, while the boat is rushing on at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Several card-parties may be seen engaged in one part of the saloon—and at the bar-room, a parcel of jolly fellows may be seen swallowing punch—laughing and singing and telling merry tales. But to proceed with my journey. On Friday, 27th November, we began to approach the mouth of the Ohio. The weather became mild and delightful, and we felt that we were in another climate. The Captain pronounces that we are in sight of the Mississippi—my feelings were immediately excited to the highest pitch. In my school-boy time, I had often read of the Great Father of Rivers, and which my geography taught me was the deepest and longest river in the world. I then thought if I could ever see and travel on this great river—and see that other great natural curiosity—the Cataract of Niagara, I would be the happiest fellow in the world, and God has granted me both these early desires of my heart. The deep and turbid waters of the Mississippi, soon effaced the clear and placid stream we had just been navigating. Here in one draught, I could partake of the mingled waters of a thousand streams, proceeding from the Rocky Mountains—the Lake of the Woods, and almost every part of Northern and North-Western America. The following is a beautiful and correct description of this mighty river, from the pen of Mr. Flint. It is better than any I can give, and I therefore quote his words.

This description has more particular reference to the high stage of water, which occurs during the winter and spring. "The boom of the river is covered with prodigious boils or swells, that rise with a whirling motion and a convex surface, two or three rods in diameter, and with no inconsiderable noise, whirling a boat perceptibly from its track. In its course, accidental circumstances shift the impetus of its current, and propel it upon the point of an island, bend or sand bar. In these instances it tears up the island, removes the sand bars, and sweeps away the tender alluvial soil of the bends, with all their trees, and deposits the spoils in another place. At the season of high water, nothing is more familiar to the ears of the people on the river, than the deep crash of a land-slip, in which larger or smaller masses of the soil on the banks, with all the trees, are plunged into the stream. Such is the character from the Missouri to the Balize; a wild, furious, whirling river, never navigated safely except with great caution."

The banks assume a very different appearance from those of the Ohio—they are flat and monotonous, and covered with a deep, impenetrable forest. The river is constantly changing its channel, leaving a part of its bed on one side, which is soon covered with a growth of cotton-wood trees; thus producing a regular succession of cotton-wood forests, rising in regular gradation above each other, and which, in some places, present a beautiful appearance.

Saturday, Nov. 28th. The weather still more pleasant and delightful than yesterday. We could hardly believe, that but a few days ago, we were in a climate of snow and ice, where every thing was bleak and barren. It was a beautiful sight, this evening, to see a Southern sun shedding its

bright warm rays upon the broad waters of the Mississippi. The night was clear and beautiful—the sweet pale orb of night, shone in clear and unclouded splendor, and Venus, the evening star, glowed with a beauty and brilliancy I have not seen before. Was not such a scene calculated to inspire a little of the romantic—poetical feeling—if one had any poetry in his soul? The moon—the stars—the thoughts of some fair and beloved one—a thousand miles distant—might not these naturally suggest that beautiful stanzas in Don Juan:

"He thought about himself and the whole earth,
Of man the wonderful and of the stars,
And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
And then he thought of earthquakes and of wars,
How many miles the moon might have in girth,
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars
To perfect knowledge of the cloudless skies:
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes."

Looking on the bright canopy of the cloudless skies—and the sparkling gems which adorn it—he holds sweet converse with the far-off object of his affection.

"The stars which meet thy pensive eye
Are present still to mine,
The moonlights which surround my path
Around thy footsteps shine."

But the bell rings for our boat to stop—and we touch at the bluff upon which the town of Memphis is situated. I regret I did not have time to get out and visit this flourishing place. I am told it has been rapidly growing for several years, and is destined to be the largest and most important city in Tennessee. There is an extensive and fertile back country which is filling up with persons from almost every part of the Union. It has been thought that this is the most eligible point in the West for the establishment of an Arsenal and National Boat-Yard, which are so much needed in the South-Western country. The situation is perhaps the most healthy point on the Mississippi river, and the town is always accessible for the largest boats. The letters to Mr. Clay, by Union Jack, alias Harry Bluff, published in the last October number of the Messenger, are, I think, highly interesting, and his arguments are all founded upon solid and substantial data.

Sunday morning, Nov. 29th. This is a delightful morning. The woods present a beautiful appearance. The trees have not lost their verdure, but present a variegated appearance of green, red and yellow, as is the case in Virginia, in the beginning of autumn. Eight o'clock this evening, arrived at Vicksburg, 400 miles below Memphis. As it was in the night, could not see the town—it is said to be a place of considerable business—population about 4000.

Monday, Nov. 30th. Reached Natchez this morning—100 miles below Vicksburg, and 300 miles above New-Orleans. Natchez is quite a neat and handsome town, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. Remained in it a day or two, and was very much pleased. Many of the houses are well built, and the streets are cleanly. There are some beautiful and romantic-looking residences in the outskirts of the town. Many parts of it, however, present sad reminiscences of the destructive hurricane which swept over it last summer. Many fine houses were destroyed, the ruins of which can only be seen, and the roofs of many were blown

off which have not yet been repaired. The wind was so tremendous as to kill many of the trees, particularly on the opposite side of the river, from which, it is said, the bark was entirely stripped off. One cannot but feel serious and sad while viewing the wreck of so much property, and meditating on the loss of so many human lives.

I am afraid I am becoming too tedious and minute, and must hasten to a close. A good steamboat can run from Natchez to New-Orleans in twenty-four hours. The scenery on the river is peculiar and interesting to the eyes of the stranger. The forest trees were green, and covered with long moss which prevails every where in Louisiana, and presents the appearance of deep mourning. There are handsome and extensive sugar plantations on each side of the river, and very pretty residences, built chiefly after the French style. The planters own a great many negroes—the negro-houses are well built, and present the appearance of little villages. Passed several quite interesting towns. Baton Rouge is handsomely situated, and contains several thousand inhabitants. Passed also a small town called Plaquemine, mostly inhabited by the French. The country for about fifty miles above New-Orleans, is said to be the most interesting in Louisiana. There are very extensive sugar plantations, and the private residences are very fine. Beautiful flowers of all descriptions, and orange groves, laden with oranges, were almost constantly in sight. We at length approach the Crescent City. Its lofty steeples are seen in the dim distance. We see the lofty steeple of the St. Charles hotel, which is one of the most imposing buildings of the kind in the world. The ships, forming a crescent line, look magnificent. The steamboat touches the shore. Porters immediately infest us. The crowd of passengers rush out. I order my trunk to the St. Charles hotel, and follow it on—and thus ends the chapter, and also my long trip to the Great City of the South.

Excuse the mistakes of this hastily-written letter—and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate friend,
VIATOR.

THE COTTAGE FLOWER.

I.

I know a spot where I love to go,
The dearest of all to me,
'Tis where, when the zephyrs gently blow,
They bend the tall poplar tree.

II.

Where the waves of the streamlet dancing play
O'er the rocks, like a tiny sea;
Where the moon looks down with her sweetest ray
On the cot by the poplar tree.

III.

But 'tis not the tree, nor the cot that's there,
That I love the best to see,
For I know a flower more sweet and fair,
That blooms by the poplar tree.

IV.

I've gazed on the flower of many a spot
And still was wild as the bee,
But I've seen the one that lives in the cot
That stands by the poplar tree!
Logansport, Ia. April, 1842.

OUR HERO.

Why martial hosts in dread array?
 Why shrieks a nation in dismay?
 Why warriors fierce their plumes display?
 And rush to arms confusedly?
 In ev'ry sunbeam gleam their spears;
 On ev'ry steep a troop appears;
 Every vale the Clarion hears—
 Loud presage of calamity.
 But midst those ranks a hero's seen,
 Of sable crest and haughty mien,
 And brandished sword—whose lightning sheen
 Flashed wildly in the morning beam,
 And marked a foe, menacingly.
 These troops have gathered from afar
 'Neath freedom's standard—freedom's star!
 That foe was led by Britain's Czar—
 That Chief was WILLIAM HARRISON.
 But hark! Now thunders rend the sky,
 Now war-shouts fierce—"Now stand or die!"—
 I hear some plaided chieftain cry—
 "Now strike for God and liberty."
 Like war-horse dashing to the fray—
 Like eagle darting for his prey—
 Like lightnings sketch the storm's highway,
 He sped to strike for liberty.
 "To arms, my braves," OUR HERO cries,
 "And by yon meteor* on the skies,
 "Columbia's bird that holds that prize
 "Shall bear those stars till th' oppressor dies,
 "Then scream the note of victory.
 "On—on! thou mercenary foe!
 "Strike for the gold your kings bestow!
 "Strike for yon laurels decked with woe!
 "Strike for the joys which slaves may know!
 "And deal thy thunders manfully.
 "Now mark the bird your fathers got—
 "Now mark the stars which carnage bought,
 "That sheet for which old heroes fought,
 "Great ensign of your destiny."
 Now armed with terror, nerved with rage,
 Rushed Britain's Lion to engage.
 * * * * *
 Like meteors on the pall of night—
 Like icy spears when sea-gods fight,
 Forth leaped a thousand falchions bright,
 Red heralds from death's armory.
 As ships high poised upon the wave
 Where gathered tempests madly rave,
 So hung the fight, whilst heroes brave
 Struggled for glory's gory grave,
 And vied for grim mortality;—
 For every note the clarion woke—
 For every peal the cannon broke—
 For every crimsoned falchion's stroke—
 The foe sank rapidly.
 But lo! from Freedom's heights afar,
 Yon "bird of Jove" has plucked a star,
 Which tyrants' steel shall never mar,
 To deck a nation's diadem.
 Then quick with talons red with gore,
 That bird which Freedom's standard bore,
 The meteor flag of Britain tore,
 And sent his lion home to roar,
 And clank his chains maliciously.
 Now hushed the cannon's deadly peal;
 Now sheathed the warrior's crimson steel;
 Now balmy peace her incense shed,

* The American flag.

To saint the mem'ry of the dead.
 Where Cæsar stood—when perished Rome,
 Where Faction spent her floods in foam—
 Now high upon that gilded dome—
 Old Freedom's temple, Freedom's home—
 Flouts the proud stripes of Liberty.
 Now, too, upon its gilded fane,
 COLUMBIA'S SONS behold again,
 Your bird resumes th' imperial reign,
 And watches o'er your destiny.

Bird of Heav'n, cease thy fluttering,
 Go snatch you sable garb of death;
 Trump of Fame, cease thy muttering,
 Hush! hush! thy clarion breath.

Thou Eagle bird! away thy treasure,
 Go veil those stars in night's pavilions—
 Go wrap in black those stripes of azure,
 And scream in dirge with weeping millions,
 OUR HERO'S dead.

Clarke Co., Ohio, 1842.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY,

SKETCHES OF INDIANS, AND LIFE BEYOND THE BORDER.

By a Captain of U. States Dragoons.

CHAPTER VII.

The Arkansas river is here the boundary of the United States and Mexico; it is 23 degrees west of Washington city. Our orders were to march no farther; and as a protection to the trade, it was like the establishment of a ferry to the mid-channel of a river.

Traders had always used mules or horses. Our oxen were an experiment; and it succeeded admirably; they even did better when water was very scarce, which is an important consideration; and it may be mentioned here, that a pair were sent on some 600 miles, to Santa Fe, and maintained their superiority, and that they have been generally used since.

A few hours after the departure of the trading company, as we enjoyed a quiet rest in a hot afternoon, we saw beyond the river a number of horsemen riding furiously toward our camp. We all flocked out of the tents to see, and hear the news, for they were soon recognized as traders. They stated that the caravan had been attacked about six miles off, in the sand-hills, by an innumerable host of Indians; that some of their companions had been killed, and—they had run, of course, for help. Maj. R. hesitated not a moment; the word was given, and the tents vanished as if by magic. The oxen, which were grazing near by, were speedily yoked to the wagons, and into the river we marched. Then I deemed myself the most unlucky of men; a day or two before, while eating my breakfast, with my coffee in a tin cup—notorious among chemists and campaigners for keeping

it hot—it was upset into my shoe, and on pulling off the stocking it so happened that the skin came with it. Being thus *hors du combat*, I sought to enter the combat on a horse; which was allowed; but I was put in command of the rear guard, to bring up the baggage train. It grew late, and the wagons were slowly crossed; for the river unluckily took that particular time to rise fast, and before all were over we had to swim it, and by moonlight. By doubling the teams in succession, some of the animals could touch and pull, whilst others swam. I was thus two hours in the river, mounted on a horse, with my lame foot across his neck. When safely over, I found that three companies had marched on, and we slowly followed. Awkwardly mounted as I was, I was seized with an invincible propensity to sleep; and once having mistaken a sand hillock for the rearmost wagon, and halted, I took quite a nap before my men discovered the state of the case. We reached the encampment at 1 o'clock at night. All was quiet, and remained so until dawn, when, at the sound of our bugles, the pickets reported they saw a number of Indians moving off. On looking around us we perceived ourselves and the caravan in the most unfavorable, defenceless situation possible—in the area of a natural amphitheatre of sand hills about 50 feet high, and within gun-shot all around. There was the narrowest practicable entrance and outlet.

We ascertained that some mounted traders, in spite of all remonstrance or command, had ridden on in advance, and when in the narrow pass beyond this spot, had been suddenly beset by about fifty mounted Indians; all fled and escaped, save one, who, mounted on a mule, was *abandoned* by his companions, overtaken, and slain. He was a Mr. Lamb, the largest capitalist and owner of the company. The Indians perhaps equalled the traders in number; but notwithstanding their extraordinary advantage of ground, dared not attack them when they made a stand among the wagons; and the latter, all well armed, were afraid to make a single charge, which would have scattered their enemies like sheep.

Having buried the poor fellow's body, and killed an ox for breakfast, we left this sand hollow, which would soon have been roasting hot, and advanced through the defile, of which we took care to occupy the commanding ground, and proceeded to escort the traders at least one day's march farther.

These "Sand-Hills" compose a strip of country found occasionally a few miles off, on the Mexican side of the river, and where its valley has no abrupt boundary; they are irregular hillocks of the loosest sand, seemingly formed by the sport of the wind. There is scarce a sign of vegetation, and they present an aspect as wild and desolate, and as little *American*, as possible.

Emerging from the hills, we found ourselves on the verge of a vast plain, nearly level, where it

seemed nature had ineffectually struggled to convert a sandy desert into a prairie. There was a scanty and dwarfish growth of wiry grass, brown and withered, amid the white sand. On we marched, under a fiery sun, facing a burning wind. Not a tree, not a shrub, nor the slightest indication of water, could be seen in a view apparently illimitable in every direction. Thus we struggled on until noon, when the panting oxen, with lolling tongues, seemed incapable of proceeding. A halt was made, and they were taken from the wagons, but stood motionless; the wind blew a gale, a true *sirocco*. We sought every cover to avoid it. A messmate—one of those unfortunates who prefer the dark side of a picture, and croak when a cheerful word of encouragement is needed—gave vent to his despondency, and sought to engender discontent and fearful apprehensions; he predicted we would lose our baggage train, if not our lives, in the desert. Indignant, and without a better answer, perhaps, I undertook to prophesy, and actually foretold the exact event, viz: that, pushing on, within ten miles we would find water and grass in some hollow, and buffalo too. After marching about that distance, we came to the sandy bed of a dry creek, and found in it, not distant from our course, a pool of water, and an acre or two of fine grass. On the surface of the water floated thick the dead bodies of small fish, which the heat of the sun had that day destroyed. After encamping we saw a few buffalo, attracted doubtless by the water; and several were killed. Beyond our hopes, all our necessities were thus ministered to; it seemed a special providence.

Next morning Major R. determined to march no farther into the Mexican territory. The traders held a council, and nearly half of them at first determined to remain likewise, and spend the summer with us. To combat this pusillanimous resolution, we took the utmost pains; it seemed that we were about to lose our time and property, and be disgraced, and not ourselves. They were finally talked and shamed out of it.

The *sirocco* still continuing, by enveloping a tin bucket with cotton cloths kept well wetted, we converted a hot and disgusting fluid into "ice water;" and with the further comforts of buffalo hump and marrow bone, we passed a pleasant day in the little oasis, and the sufferings of yesterday were forgotten. Fortunate constitution of the mind—happy life, where pain but gives a greater zest to the fleeting pleasure!

At the first light next day, we were in motion to return to the river and the American line, and no further adventure befel us, save a night alarm, occasioned by a sentinel firing at a noble setter dog, which luckily he did not hit; the men turned out and took their places with the quiet precision of veterans, as they were.

The vicinity of Chouteau's island is further remarkable for a timbered bottom, which stands op-

posits its foot on the American side. We had seen none other after leaving Council Grove, 300 miles back, although now and then we had passed pleasant open groves on the river bank. The battalion encamped immediately on the river opposite the island, a few hundred yards above the timber.

While here, the terms of service of four men expired, and they were discharged; and contrary to all advice, determined to return to Missouri. After marching several hundred miles over a prairie country, and often on high hills commanding a vast prospect, without seeing a human being, or the sign of one; and, save the trail we followed, not the slightest indication that the country had ever been visited by man, it was exceedingly difficult to credit that lurking foes were generally around us, and spying our motions. It was so with these men; and being armed they set out on the 1st of August on foot for the settlements. That same night, three of the four returned. They reported that after walking about fifteen miles, they were surrounded by thirty mounted Indians. A wary old soldier of their number succeeded in extricating them before any hostile act had been committed; but one of them, perhaps highly elated and pleased at their forbearance, or led on by some blind faith, insisted on returning among them to give them tobacco and shake hands. In this friendly act he was shot down. The Indians stripped him in an incredibly short time, and as quickly dispersed to avoid a shot; and the old soldier, after cautioning the others to reserve their fire, did fire among them, and probably with some effect. Had the others done the same, the Indians would have rushed upon them before they could have reloaded. They managed to make good their retreat in safety to our camp.

On the 2d, Captain W., myself, and fifty men, were ordered to take a guide and proceed to search for and bury the body. We marched about fifteen miles; our guide became bewildered, led us several miles from the river, and could not find the body. We were then suffering much for water; Dr. N. particularly, who vomited frequently, and seemed to think he could neither stand, walk, nor ride. Our course was then directed to the river. So great was the suffering, and the eagerness to reach water, that the party became strung out, according to their strength, in quite a *saure qui peut* style. The river water was very muddy and very warm; the doctor could not drink—his stomach would not bear it; but he threw himself in, and lay a long while to relieve nature by absorption. We got to camp from our unsuccessful expedition about 10 o'clock at night, as weary a set of fellows as ever marched.

August 3, 1829. This morning a large party were sent out, with the same object, under Lieutenant I., who took other guides. The battalion was encamped in the order of the Regulations, with

the rear on the river opposite Chouteau's island; the prairie hills skirted the river for miles, at a distance of about 500 yards; along its banks above, were trees enough nearly to conceal the prairies beyond. I was officer of the guard of forty men, stationed about 150 paces in front. About 2 o'clock, when all the cattle and our few horses were grazing about a mile off above, under charge of five men, an alarm of a great uproar and yelling was suddenly heard. I and my guard sprang into ranks, and looking to the left, saw the cattle rushing towards the camp, followed by between 400 and 500 mounted Indians, who, decked in paint and feathers, uttering horrid yells, brandishing spears, and firing guns, and riding at full speed, seemed about to make an intrepid charge. At the first instant I conceived I was entering into a very doubtful battle, and reviewed in thought all the actions of my life; in the next, seeing that the "light" company (armed with a kind of rifle unloaded) was ordered to advance to oppose the first onset of the enemy, I reflected they might easily be cut to pieces, and that the cattle-guard too were exposed to instant destruction, and I asked for permission to advance with my command, with loaded muskets; it was granted; and I set off in double-quick-time to meet the Indians, and endeavor to avert these calamities. As we were about to meet the foremost Indians they branched off, firing on us as they ran, which in view of the main body I scarcely noticed, but kept steadily on until I found they were all playing the same game; and the whole opened out at a respectful distance, like buffalo, and fled or charged far clear of my flanks, except a body of them which seemed stationary, more than a half mile in advance. The company to my left had met the cattle-guard, and they were saved, with the exception of one man, who had received eleven wounds. I looked back and saw the camp surrounded, at a respectful distance, by the Indians, all in rapid motion, a part still in pursuit of a body of cattle, rushing along the sand-bars and island, and heard two companies, formed in rear of the camp, firing at them regularly by platoon. I then marched round towards the front of the camp, which was wholly exposed; the 6-pounder, as we passed, threw a round shot over our heads, and I saw it strike just in the midst of the body of the enemy which remained above, perhaps a mile from the piece; it made a great commotion amongst them. The piece was then directed against the enemy galloping four or five hundred yards off, along the hill side in front; the grape-shot struck like hail among them, but seemed to hit but one. I then saw a company advancing in pursuit far beyond the right flank, and a bugle signal, "double-quick," was sounded from the camp; but of course they could not overtake a mounted enemy, but entered the woods to their right. The Indians were now beyond fire, though to be seen in every direction over

the country; but they gradually drew off, assembled on the hills beyond the river, fired a volley, gave a general yell, and disappeared. They carried off their dead, afterwards ascertained to be nine in number. Our loss was one man mortally wounded, and fifty oxen and twelve horses killed or driven off.

On my first advance I saw an Indian handsomely mounted on a gray horse, gaudily ornamented with feathers, conspicuous for his rapid action and loud commands. A corporal on the right of my detachment was so much struck with him, that, unobserved, he came to a halt and took a deliberate shot at him; but, I believe, came much nearer hitting myself. The Indians who dashed by the rear under a sharp fire, extended themselves completely on their horses, hanging by their left legs and arms, to which shields were attached, which thus partly covered themselves and their horses' necks. Excited as they were, they seemed the best of horse-men; and rushed up and down places which few persons in cool blood would think of attempting. A number of horses and cattle were killed around. One of the Indian horses was at one time in our possession; and one gun and a bow and quiver were found on the ground.

We now felt some little uneasiness for our detachment, though so well commanded. It soon returned; having heard the cannonading, they were hastened on; but unluckily could not arrive in time to meet the Indians retreating from the right flank.

These Indians, who thus, from education and on principle avoided our bold opposition—had we wavered or fled, would have proved the fiercest and most formidable pursuing enemy perhaps in the world. Their plan seemed to have been to cut off the cattle and their guard by a combined movement of two divisions; the one moving over the hills on our side of the river, the other hidden by trees from beyond the river, to meet the first. It was in a great measure disconcerted, by the first party making its appearance too soon; but it was still a *surprise*.

Late that night I received a report from the rear that the Indians were gathered close by for a rush upon the camp; a sergeant was ready to swear to it, as he had distinctly heard hundreds of horses crossing the river to the island, which was near by, and the water very shallow. I instantly proceeded to the spot with a platoon: whilst patrolling up and down through the high rank grass, leading the men, with a pistol in one hand and my sword in the other, I felt conscious of a want of prudence in being clothed in white, while all the men had great-coats, and expected at each moment to receive an arrow or a shot; but no discoveries could be made in a quarter of a mile along the bank. I then heard myself what I thought must certainly be the noise of horsemen fording the river, and the battalion was quietly put under arms; but nothing happened; and it was afterwards ascertained to be wolves,

which were crossing to the carcasses of horses and cattle which had been killed.* I am certain I could not now distinguish their motion in shallow water from that of horses.

CHAPTER VIII.

After the attack of August 3d, our camps were formed in an order more suitable to our circumstances; in a square open at the corners; a company in a single row of tents on each side; and across the angles, slightly masking the flanks of each company, were four rows of wagons; the whole forming a kind of octagon. The cattle, always yoked, were grazed at a more cautious distance, and at night were tied to the wagon wheels.

We were instructed to wait here for the return of the caravan, expected early in October. Our provisions consisted of salt, and half rations of flour, (besides a reserve of fifteen days' full rations,) and as to the rest we were dependent upon hunting. When buffalo became scarce, or grass bad, we marched to other ground; thus roving up and down the river for 80 miles. The first thing after encamping each company, we dug and constructed, with flour barrels, a well in their front; water was always found at the depth of from two to four feet; varying with the corresponding height of the river; but clear and cool. Next we would build sod fire-places; these, with net-work platforms of buffalo hide, for the purpose of smoking and drying meat, formed a tolerable additional defence—at least against mounted men.

Hunting was a military duty, done by detail: parties of fifteen or twenty going out with a wagon. They threw out three or four hunters, and remained under arms for the purpose of protecting them, &c. Completely isolated, and beyond support, or even communication, self-dependent in any emergency that might arise, and in the midst of many thousands of Indians whose concentration our long stay seemed to invite, the utmost vigilance was maintained. Officer of the guard every fourth night. I was always awake, and generally in motion the whole night. Night alarms were frequent; when, all sleeping in their clothes, we were accustomed to assemble instantly, and with scarcely a word spoken, take our places in the grass in front of each face of the camp; where, however wet, we sometimes lay for hours. I never failed for months to sleep in pantaloons and moccasins, with pistols, and a loose woollen coat for pillow; my sword stuck in the ground in the mouth of the tent, with my cap upon the hilt; and although I have often slept undisturbed at the firing of a cannon thirty paces off, here, always after the firing of a musket, if 500 yards off, in less than ten seconds I was out of my tent, prepared to perform my duty.

* General Henry Lee tells a story, in his "Southern campaigns," of a similar false alarm occasioned by wolves galloping in a river bottom at night.

August 11th. We are encamped in our new order, a few miles below Chouteau's island. An alarm was given, and we were under arms for an hour until daylight. During the morning, Indians were to be seen a mile or two off, leading their horses through the hollows. Captain P., however, with eighteen men, a wagon and team, were sent across the river after buffalo, which we saw half a mile distant. In his absence, a large body of mounted Indians dashed down toward our left flank; the cattle were secured in good time. Captain W., with his company, of which I was Lieutenant, was ordered to cross the river and support Captain P. We waded in some disorder through the quicksands and currents, and just as we reached a dry sand-bar in the middle, a volley was fired at us by a squad of Indians, who that moment rode to the water's edge. The balls whistled harmlessly near our heads; and wishing to return the compliment instantly before they fled, I stooped down and the company fired over my head, and the Indians retreated beyond the more elevated margin of the prairie bottom. This had passed in half a minute, and we were then astonished to see a little above, among some bushes on the same bar, the party we had been sent to support; and we heard they had abandoned one of the hunters who had been killed. We then saw above, on the bank we had left, a formidable looking body of the enemy in close order; and hoping to surprise them, we ascended the river; in crossing the channel we were up to the arm-pits, but when we emerged on the bank they were not there; they had detected the movement and fled. We then rested on our arms, and saw a discharge of canister shot from the 6-pounder in camp, at the flying Indians; and one, though galloping across the line of fire, was struck from his horse. Instantly two or three others approached at full speed, replaced him on his horse, and rode off on each side of him. Casting our eyes beyond the river, I saw a number of the Indians riding on both sides of the wagon and team, which Capt. P. had deserted, urging the animals rapidly towards the hills. I counted the Indians on that side, and there were but eighteen. At the same instant Captain W. received an order through the Adjutant, to cross and recover the body of the slain hunter. On reaching the ground, we found the body within the distance, as we were told, from whence the party, by order of Captain P., had made their precipitate retreat, although his cries were heard for support. It was an old soldier, and favorite, bugler K. I saw an arrow which had been driven through his huge chest, from side to side; the scalp was gone.

We were then astonished to see the wagon and team at a distance, and no enemy near; and on approaching were still more so, at finding the oxen wounded. I was then refused the independent command of a platoon, with which I wished to try

some experiments with the Indians, who were still in sight above. I was much disgusted, at such a time, with the idea of cutting up buffalo, which had been killed on the ground, and transporting them into camp. But I had to perform this duty.

And now a storm came on. Signal smokes rolled in eddies over the surrounding hills, and on their tops were our foes, motionless on their horses, revealed like spectres by the glare of the lightning. Divisions had grown among them, and they looked on and did nothing. There was a wild gloom over nature and over the spirits of our little band; and rumors of a life lost by cowardice and misconduct seemed to be strangely amongst us, although no man was heard to utter a word to create them. A corpse lay on the earth in our midst, and a voice for the vengeance of blood seemed still heard in the moaning winds. There was a strange excitement, and a solemn silence, as night fell in a raging storm. Darkness seemed to wall us in. The waters rushed through the camp; it seemed that the river had turned its course. I never passed a more wretched or melancholy night.

August 12th. A morning, bright and serene as ever made man happy, fills all with cheerfulness again. With the black and tempest-driven clouds, the dark passions and the gloom over our hearts had passed away; and the little band, in solemn silence, were gathered together to perform the last services to the dead—to consign to the bosom of the distant wilderness the remains of their unfortunate companion.

It was a humiliating condition to be surrounded by these rascally Indians, who, by means of their horses, could tantalize us with the hopes of battle, and elude our efforts; who could annoy us by preventing all individual excursions for hunting, &c., and who could insult us with impunity. Much did we regret that we were not mounted too; and I believe nearly all prayed that the enemy would become bolder, and enliven us with frequent attacks; but this was their last open attack, though they were frequently seen hovering around; and the running of buffalo was a sign of their vicinity frequently observed on our buffalo hunts. It is known that they crawl to the tops of commanding hills, and using the head and skin of a wolf as a mask, spy out the motions of an enemy, with little or no risk of discovery; but despising us—wholly on the defensive—they now took not this trouble, but appeared openly on the hills. We learned afterwards, through Mexican traders, that our motions had been watched the whole route from Council Grove; whilst we, concluding from appearances, scarcely conceived that a human being could be within hundreds of miles of us. The spies who had watched us reported our coming in great force and with white buffalo. It would seem that these Indians had never seen the ox before. We saw a

Unfortunately but few books had been provided—Shakspeare, a copy of the old regulations, and but one or two others; all of which I read regularly through, and the first named more than once. Hunting, except by detachment, was dangerous, and forbidden; but occasionally an antelope or a deer was killed. Of that singular animal—the antelope—we saw great numbers; and in the fall, once or twice, many hundreds in a gang, which, all of one accord, would dash hither and thither with wonderful swiftness, looking at a distance like the shadow of a moving cloud. There was a remarkable species of hare, near twice the size of the eastern; the fleetest of the prairie animals, though in very tall grass they were easily caught. I had a nearly tame one, which fed on rushes, which would disappear in its mouth as if pushed through a hole. Badgers were common; and prairie foxes of light and elegant proportions. We met with many prairie dog “villages;” whole acres of their burrows, with entrances in a small mound; the animal more resembles a ground squirrel than a dog; being of the same color, and not more than thrice the size. They are very shy, and quick as light in their motions; they come to the mouths of their holes, and bark at intruders; it is a bark, in manner of utterance, but of a treble intonation, more resembling that of a bird than of a dog. Of wolves there were thousands of all kinds and sizes, except the large black-wood wolf; never an hour of a night passed without the accompaniment of their howls—even by day they were to be seen around. One dark night, being officer of the guard, I advanced some 200 paces to a spot where there was an excavation and a small mound of earth, and

CHAPTER I

But little occupied,—so little in amusements,—the time passed but happily our little society, dozen of us,—was harmonious; we were accustomed in the fine form a little circle,—lying in the grass,—and thus to hold conversation and speculations upon the past like Chaldeans, on the stars, discourses were ever of the The telling of stories was of source. On one occasion a young man, one which he had written some very dirty paper, which (turn) he had taken the precaution supply of. The story was applied away, and I give it to the shape, without any alteration:

SHA-WAH-NO

Late in the afternoon of a few years ago, a solitary Indian man toiling at the dangerous ascent of the Mountains. He followed the mountain torrent, where others bore in awful confusion, even now. Now, with the nerve of a champion, he faced a fearful space: a moment's effort, and he was void below, bounded by the precipice. He must have disturbed the brain. And now, he traces the projected mountain precipice, ('twas never below him is death; a look must him vertical granite, not a sign

well-stored quiver, and in his belt was a tomahawk.

He leant his lofty form against a rock, and contemplated the dangers he had passed,—the valley below and the mountains beyond, with mingled feelings of simple devotion to the Great Spirit, and admiration at a view where beauty and sublimity were mingled in the happiest proportions. The “glorious god of day” was fast retiring to his couch. The sun in mid-heaven is but a tame spectacle; his effect, though dazzling, is simple; there he is something alike beyond our ken and thoughts, merely *useful*. But when he approaches, as it were, our earth in setting,—is surrounded by the horizon’s mist,—it is then that he is the glorious father of a thousand beauties; a hemisphere blushes red as roses; a mountain structure of calm and motionless clouds, seems a palace of fancy adorned with every heaven-born hue. It was such a sun that shed its divine influence over that valley. The ground swelled into slight undulations; a stream wound its way in the midst; its banks were dotted with trees; all was rejoicing in the influence of spring; all was covered with the most delicate hues of green. The soft light of the sun’s last lingering rays, fell upon some spots only to contrast the richer shade; and the surface of that valley appeared as fair, as soft, as a maiden’s cheek; and its contemplation filled, for a moment, as large and tender a spot in the heart of the Indian, as did the thoughts of his beloved, his beautiful,—the lost Ayeta.

And Sha-wah-now mused on; and his excited mind burned with thoughts as lofty and as grand as the granite peak which bore him above the earth. His bosom heaved, his whole frame swelled with the sense of the glories around him, and the conscious expansion and sway of a master mind. Unthought by man, and his vain books, he had drunk deep of the inspiration of nature in her majestic altitudes. Amid mountain storms he had ever loved with wild joy. Amid the warring elements his spirit had ever sought fellowship of its own reasonings; and then the pent-up broodings of his heart had fierce and loud utterance. His aspirations were wild, and turned on a nation’s wrongs, and their revenge: “Oh! that I could clothe myself with the wings of the northern blast, and sweep with desolation the oppressor’s race.”

And Sha-wah-now mused on; and perhaps grasped his intuitive conception the dim future of rolling years. He saw on this wide field, fresh from the hand of its Creator, the rise of a pastoral race, and sheld its glad youth delighting in the health and innocence of athletic games—his prophetic Mentor, the genius of the valleys, pointing to this fair future with a smile of godlike youth.

His aspect changed, and such a change! He looked a stern grey-beard! He waved his arms! and lo! many hundred years rolled past. Sha-wah-now saw a new world grown old; its beauteous

simplicity all changed; and innocence had fled the destroyer, man. The poet no longer retired to a grotto to invoke the forgotten goddesses of his art, nor the lover to green and solitary glens, to mingle his sighs with the murmur of falling waters. All this had passed. The favored clime had become the granary of nations. Its resources developed, were a world’s supply. He saw the mighty “father of waters” the placid slave of man. He that of old, fearful as ocean, was wont to be his grave, was subdued by a kindred power; his own *offspring*, a mighty spirit, man had kindled by a spark of his own ethereal fire. Its sullen heaving bosom seemed whelmed beneath the pressure of a world’s supply, and the great return, the undreamt perfections of slavish art.

Sha-wah-now long and intensely gazed. *He saw no red man’s face*. But ere the simple question which his look betrayed, the demon mocked him, and was seen no more.

The chief aroused him from this horrid dream, and sought to be soothed by the beautiful night; for the sun had long gone, and the glories of his path, gently fading, had yielded to the crescent moon and her companion star; and now arose the evening’s holy anthem, that lulls the lovely sleep of nature; the sighing breeze that crept from leaf to leaf, and gently whispered to the grass; the spirit-wailings of the pines; the deep-toned chorus of the insect song; and its harmony with

“that hour
Of love, and night, and *mountain* solitude,
O’erflowed his soul with their united power.”

Sha-wah-now’s mood was softened into prayer. He thanked aloud the great Wah-con-dah that he was *there*; that his soul was free; that his right arm was strong; and he invoked his blessing upon his desperate purpose.

But what was the motive of Sha-wah-now’s perilous journey?

Though fierce and inexorable in war, eloquent and profound in council, he, like other great, and some of the greatest of men, had reluctantly at first, and then with enthusiasm, yielded to the heart’s ascendancy.

Ayeta was the daughter of a brother chief. Early had she been marked as an extraordinary child; one of retiring modesty, and fond of pensive solitude. Her eye was remarkable as different from almost all her race; it was blue; whilst the long lash and brow were of glossy black. Owing to youth and little exposure, (she was the favorite and pride of her father,) her complexion might have been envied as a clear brunette. Her mind was well fitted to so superior a mould. Sha-wah-now had marked her with a tender interest as early as her twelfth year. Before her sixteenth, he had wooed and won her heart. She admired him for those qualities which made him the pride of his na-

tion, and which seemed to mark him as alone worthy to win so great a prize; but from more hidden sources had sprung that holy sympathy of love which bound their hearts.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth." War, relentless war, at once the scourge of love and pride of lovers, had fallen upon the tribe with unusual severity. Some of its governmentless, ambitious and ever-restless youth, had been unequal to a temptation to steal horses from their vagrant neighbors, the Chayennes; reprisals were made; at length a scalp was taken; the tribe was aroused to revenge; the warrior put on his red and black paint, and struck his battle-axe into the war post. Cupid was frightened from his summer bower; the maidens trembled for their lovers; but each brave rejoiced in the confusion—in the storm which each aimed to direct.

But, for Indians, this war had been conducted with extraordinary severity. In the absence of a very large party conducted by Sha-wah-now, the Chayennes made a daring irruption, and took many women and children—and, what was unusual, some warriors—prisoners, with whom they made good their retreat. Returning, and unsuccessful, he learned the unhappy truth. The nation had suffered severely; his reputation was at stake; but his inmost soul confessed, that worse than all, was his Ayeta a prisoner! Great within him was the conflict of rage and despair; he retired from all witnesses that might discover his weakness. He deemed that a curse was on him; and entirely alone, spent a day and night in fasting, and rude chants and prayers. He then made a vow to the Wah-con-dah that he would not again enter a lodge, nor commune with his people, until he had avenged their honor, and rescued his betrothed from the hands of the foe; this he would do, or offer himself a sacrifice to the offended Deity.

Such was Sha-wah-now's desperate errand. He that night allowed himself but little rest, for as he approached the probable vicinity of his enemies, caution and concealment were necessary to that safety by which alone he could succeed. The next day, consequently, he advanced but very little; for in the trailed grass he had discovered the fresh sign of a large party, the one, he was induced to believe, which he sought; but ere dusk he had gained, by untiring exertions, a high point, from which to make a close survey of the surrounding country. After a long and anxious examination he thought he had detected a slight appearance of smoke rising from a spot not very distant. But then it was most improbable that his enemies would thus betray their night-camp. He watched the spot until, to his strained eyes, the "sign" became wholly uncertain, and when nearly in despair of making so soon the much wished discovery, his keen and practised ear detected the sound of horses. He no longer doubted. He was prepared, mind

and body, for every risk, and commenced his noiseless approach.

Hours were thus spent, but at length the whole truth was before him. He beheld from high ground, in a deep ravine below him, the camp of his foes, with the bound captives in the midst. The war-party, elated with success, and tired by the long and rapid excursion, had ventured, in their partial concealment, to light fires for better refreshment. Their dusky forms were extended in sleep around the dying embers. The horses were picketed almost in contact. Though eager for action, he made a deliberate survey of his enemies, their situation, and of the ground, both near and far as the eye could penetrate, for the moon still afforded some light. His plans were formed, but an obstacle to probable success was presented in the wakefulness of an Indian who sat near the captives gnawing at a bone. What must he do? Wait 'till he too should sleep? It was absolutely necessary. It seemed an age. And would not another take his place and watch? He knew that although they keep no sentinels, with all Indians in such camps, some one or a few are nearly always awake; generally eating. But at length his feverish anxiety was relieved; the unconsciously tantalizing Indian sank apparently into deep sleep. Now was his time or never. He commenced his stealthy approach, crawling flat on the earth, and was soon in the midst of those, whose highest ambition was his scalp. He discovered his Ayeta; she was sunk in deathlike sleep. Sha-wah-now touched her form; she uttered a low murmur; he whispered in her ear, "be silent or die." She opened her eyes, and beheld the warning face of her lover; his finger was on his lips, enjoining silence. By an effort of a well disciplined mind, she suppressed any audible emotion. He cut the thong which bound her, and those of all the prisoners within his reach; but with the utmost caution not to arouse them. He then slowly extricated himself from among his sleeping foes; she as cautiously followed him. He had cut loose a horse; he clasped the maiden to his heart, and sprung upon its back.

The first sounds of its motion, and the alarm was given. The Chayennes sprang to their feet. A moment for astonishment; a moment for discovery; and the next, an astounding yell of rage burst from the lips of all.

Some rushed forward on foot with uplifted tomahawks; others hastily strung their bows; whilst the first cares of the many were to secure and mount their horses. Favored by the obscurity, the arrows flew harmlessly by the fugitives. They could only be arrested by horsemen; and Sha-wah-now had fortunately mounted one of the best. Doubtful was the pursuit. Shame and rage stimulated the pursuers to desperate efforts. Darkness and the winding valleys favored the flight; but the enemy were widely dispersed, and all could not mistake the

direction, though many were at fault. Encouraging shouts occasionally marked the point that all aimed at. But it would not do; the pursuers dropt off one by one, until at last one, who had outstripped all the rest, was left to his own efforts. This Sha-wah-now soon discovered; and right glad was he that it was no worse, for his jaded horse had begun to fail under its double burthen. He was fast losing ground, and something must be done.

Sha-wah-now was one of those whose faculties seem inspired to the mastery of great emergencies where the multitude are confounded; and such men are known only in times of great or general calamity. Thus calm, he was prepared to meet the danger to which he considered his precious charge, rather than himself, was exposed. Practised in stratagem, as he was, a happy thought was soon suggested by the circumstances, which he hastened to execute. He spoke encouragingly to the half senseless girl; explained his intention; told her to sit firmly, and to continue to fly; and then easily slipping from the horse, suffered himself to fall flat upon the ground. As expected, the change was not noticed by his pursuer, who rapidly approached straight to the spot. The bow was strung, the arrow was notched, and when he was within a few paces, it whizzed through the air. By the time the horse had reached the chief, who stood tomahawk in hand, his reeling foe fell headlong to the earth. He gave a signal yell of triumph, hastily took the scalp, and having mounted the horse, was soon by the side of Ayeta.

Sha-wah-now now slackened his speed; but continuing steadily on, corrected his course as landmarks were recognized, with the view of reaching his village by the nearest route.

Soon after the sun had risen, they suddenly found themselves in full view of a large and mounted body of men. The chief was much alarmed, but only, it will be believed, at the new jeopardy in which he saw placed his beloved Ayeta, now well nigh exhausted with such unwonted efforts. His first impulse was a new retreat, the chances of which he endeavored to scan, by rapid glances at the country around. But he soon perceived that such was impossible; that the horsemen were within a mile, and had discovered them; at the moment about a score of them approached at full speed. But Sha-wah-now's practised eye had not failed ere they reached him, to penetrate their true character. They were friends, and of his own peculiar band. The delighted chief, exulting in his fortune, uttered the loud and swelling cry of triumph, in that well known voice which now electrified this band of eighty devoted braves.

The first greetings over, the chief recounted to his brave friends, in the loud and rapid tones of eloquence, the incidents recorded; and announced to them his readiness instantly to lead them to pursuit and certain victory. His address was received

with peals of applause, tinctured with that enthusiasm with which master-spirits can never fail on occasion to inspire the multitude. Ayeta was entrusted to the care and guidance of a friend; and the chief, without further delay, set forth at a rapid pace, in the direction whence he came, at the head of the war party. The swift motion of fresh horses, and by daylight, carried them in a much shorter time than he expected, over the ground of his slow retreat made after the light of the moon had failed him. Within two or three miles of the enemy's camp, the troop came so suddenly upon a footman as to endanger his life in their blood-thirsty excitement; but he was instantly recognized. He was one of the captives whom Sha-wah-now had so thoughtfully released from the restraint of his bonds, and who in the subsequent confusion, by large drafts upon that store of cunning, agility, and presence of mind, which Indians generally possess, had made good his escape, so far as to reach a neighboring place of concealment; and there he lay perdu until the enemy had taken their departure, which they did at daylight, with some indications of haste, if not confusion. This was a fortunate rencontre in two respects, for it so happened the fugitive was one of the best guides of the nation, who in the spirit of that habit of observation which was the foundation of his skill, watched critically the course which they took, and remarked those general features of the country which must necessarily modify it. He was mounted by direction of Sha-wah-now, behind one of his followers, and undertook to lead the party by a near route, which would intercept the retreat of the Chayennes.

His judgment was verified by the result; for the sun had not passed in his course to the meridian, through many more than that number of degrees which we designate an hour, when, on issuing from the defile of two abrupt hills, upon one of those high level "table land" prairies, the enemy were exposed to view. The leader, by a powerful effort, suppressed a yell which was incipient in so many open throats, and led them at a sweeping, but little noisy gait, a good space—which was all gained—ere, owing to these precautions, they were discovered. The instant that was ascertained, he set them a powerful example in one of those shrill out-bursts of sound, of which the object, intimidation or panic, is often attained. It has an awkward effect upon the nerves, that sudden salute of fierce and quavering yells, especially when you see its accompaniment of extravagant and threatening action; the flourishing of arms, the brandishing of spears, and the glaring colors of paint and feathers.

But the Chayennes made efforts at organized resistance, honorable under the circumstances—of surprise, and the furious onset of rather superior numbers—and their leaders, too, were absent. Its only result was the loss, upon the spot, of some of

their bravest men. A superstitious anticipation of misfortune (to which Indians are subject) seemed to have taken hold upon their minds from the moment of their disaster in the night. The natural result was a panic, which soon led to a flight of desperate disorder. The scene which ensued, the East can never witness; and its stirring interest, the *regular* shock of embattled thousands cannot equal. A race, a fox chase, an ordinary battle, are but in comparative progression toward the intensity of excitement which the sight and sounds of that flight and pursuit inspired! And it *was* witnessed by two spectators, under peculiarly painful circumstances. The Chayennes had been led by two "partisans," who, at the moment of the surprise, were separated from their command, together on a hill, for the purpose of reconnoitering. For a few of those moments, big with results, they seemed paralyzed by their misfortune; but quickly recovering, their minds were intensely wrought upon to decide upon the alternatives—death or dishonor. They decided *differently*. The one, with a devotion *unsurpassed* in ancient or modern times, rushed onward to certain death. He charged furiously into the midst of his foes, and all alone, bravely fought and fell! His enemies, full of admiration, spared his scalp!

The Chayennes, on the verge of the prairie, found themselves rushing down the descent of what seemed a valley, and congratulated themselves with the hopes which uneven ground inspired; but their cruel fates had decreed them unlimited misfortune. The valley soon fearfully narrowed, and finally ended abruptly in a ravine or immense gully, at the bottom of which was a stagnant pool; into this the wretched fugitives were precipitated by an impetus which was irresistible, and all found their death. Their other leader, the only survivor, returned in safety to his tribe, and was suffered, by a species of cruel mercy, to live, thenceforth, the life of a despised and miserable outcast.

Sha-wah-now entered his village in an imposing procession of triumph; in which, after the liberated prisoners, all of whom he had safely rescued, the most imposing spectacle was seventy reeking scalps, borne aloft on spears, the bearers of which chanted triumphal songs. But were not his thoughts busy with the humble Ayeta? Her safety he esteemed the happiest fortune of that eventful day. The grateful and devoted maiden thenceforth graced his lodge.

Sha-wah-now had performed deeds that day, that could add lustre to even *his* name; and long he lived, ever sustaining his reputation and unrivalled influence. But at the festival, he ever recounted the rescue of his cherished Ayeta, as his greatest action.

It is recorded, with the subsequent victory, upon a buffalo robe, in rude hieroglyphics, which were

explained to me by an old chief, as the proudest record of his tribe.

When Phil. had finished reading, he was saluted by unceasing laughter and joke; his "love-sick" tale was unmercifully criticised, and condemned as being neither good sober sense, nor having the least foundation in probability and truth. He was forced to confession; but swore by all the snakes in Arkansas, that the latter part—the battle and massacre—*was* all true;—it had happened to the Kansas;—he had often heard every word of it. His style was as roughly treated as the matter of his tale. "Who," quoth S., one of his persecutors, "ever heard a man who wanted to say 'in about an hour they came upon the enemy,' go so far, and be so fine, as to word it 'the sun had not passed in his course to the meridian, through many more than that number of degrees which we designate an hour, when the enemy were exposed to view!'" Phil. turned from S. with a look of great contempt, and called on D., another of the party, to tell a better story if he could. D., who was more of the matter-of-fact order, and an old hand as to Indians, promised, somewhat to our surprise, to give us at the next meeting a strict account of some incidents, which to his knowledge had happened to a Punca woman.

CHAPTER X.

The next evening, accordingly, we were all assembled on the grass in expectation of the story, when D., after a little rallying, delivered himself as follows:

MAH-ZA-PA-MEE.

The Punca Indians are a reduced band; their warriors amount to no more than one hundred and fifty. They are invariably friendly to whites; and are noted for bravery and swiftness of foot. Their village is at the mouth of the L'eau-qui-court, on the Missouri, a thousand miles from the spot where that river mingles with the Mississippi. In the spring of '14, a calumet party of about twenty Grand Pawnees paid them a visit in their villages; the two tribes being on as good terms as Indians ever are. These are called by us, begging parties; but with a desire always to make the best of human nature, I would ascribe to them less degrading motives; for though custom decrees that presents be made on such occasions, all in turn give and receive. The visitors were "smoked" as usual; feasted on fat dogs; and then they sang, danced, and "counted their coups." What a simple but powerful incentive to virtue, (*Indian virtue*) is this custom! and how innocently is ambition thus satiated. The time is night; brilliant fires burn around; the stately chiefs are seated with all the cross-legged dignity of Turkish Pachas; the animating music of the song peals forth; the exhilarated brave

dance with emulous ardor and activity;—for a moment they cease;—one of them recounts a *coup*, deposits some article of small value, and tells the actor in a greater feat, to take it as his own. The dance is renewed with increased animation, till at length another relates his superior adventure:—his form seems to swell, his eye glistens with delight, as he removes the prize and lays it at the feet of the chief. Long they continue, but with endless variety; until finally the chief distributes the simple honors, and thus adds his sanction to the merit of the prizes. *Fashion* decides that modesty is not wanting in this self-praise: but it also requires and has the most powerful means to enforce, that the recital be the strictest truth. Thus does the red man of our forests closely imitate the noblest customs of Greece, in the day of her virtue and renown!

Thus were the visitors treated; but a faithless return was made for open-handed hospitality. A young brave of their number being very *unceremoniously* entertained by the principal chief Shu-dagah-ba, and his family, easily discovered an unfortunate difference; a jealousy between his two wives; and, struck with the appearance of the favorite, Mah-za-pa-mee—for she was a pretty woman—he determined to improve a temporary advantage, and engage in an intrigue. His affections, and ambition too, became engaged in the suit, and he warmly urged it. His good looks and eloquence combined to persuade her that nothing could equal the Pawnees, and the delightful life they led: he told her that they killed more buffaloes, planted more corn and pumpkins, and had more scalp dances than any other nation; and above all, they stole more horses too, and their squaws never walked. How could she resist so happy a picture! She did not: she consented to fly with him to the promised paradise. His arrangements were easily made; and the next night, like Paris, the beau *ideal* of beaux, he escaped triumphantly with this modern Helena. Mah-za-pa-mee took with her an infant son; and, guided by her lover, in due time arrived at the village of the Grand Pawnees, on the Rio-de-la-plata, *Anglice*, the Big Platte.

On discovering the flight, the chief was quite outrageous: it was too late for pursuit: they had taken the best horses; but the sacrifice of the remaining Pawnees, until then perfectly ignorant of the proceeding, could well appease his ire; and though innocent, they had paid with their lives the forfeit of the indiscretion, but for the active influence of Manuel Lisa. They were dismissed without presents, and with dishonor. But Shu-dagah-ba had more pride or policy than *Menelaus*, and war did not immediately result.

Not long after this affair, a small party of Dah-cotahs,* probably to prove the truth of Hobbes'

* *Dakotah* is the national name of many rather distinct bands, but chiefly *Sioux*.

theory of our nature, by carrying on a war "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," directed their footsteps to the village of the Grand Pawnees; and there prowled about undiscovered, until at length they killed and scalped a son-in-law of that very distinguished chief Car-ra-ra-ka-wah-wah-ho, whom the whites called Long Hair. This was done in darkness, and very near the village. A trail cannot be followed at night; but very early the next morning, eighty braves were in pursuit as fast as their chargers could carry them. During the night, the Sioux had not been idle. An Indian a-foot can travel as far perhaps in twenty-four hours as another on horseback. The next morning the sun rose upon them near fifty miles from the Pawnee village; the Pawnees perceived from their trail that their enemies were but five or six in number, which induced them to continue in untiring pursuit for three days. The Sioux in their flight passed by the Punca village, simply because it was in their nearest direction home. The conscience-stricken Pawnees had from the first suspected them to be Puncas; but on perceiving that the trail led directly to their village, doubt yielded to certainty in their minds, and they continued the pursuit—not to attack the Puncas, but in the hope, if failing to overtake the party, to cut off some straggler at a respectful distance from the village. Accordingly, when arrived within two miles of it on the fourth day, they were delighted to discover two young Punca hunters; they instantly engaged in hot pursuit. But the ground was much broken, and the young Puncas were determined that the reputation of their tribe for swiftness of foot should not suffer on this occasion; so they ran like heroes, for their lives were at stake. The Pawnees did not dream of their escaping; nor did they, which was more important, perceive how near they were approaching the village, so warmly were their imaginations engaged with the idea of the two scalps that were careering before them. But the Puncas did escape, and soon did they make it known; for never, till then, was heaven's conclave saluted with such horrid discord. The braves all yelled like devils; each squaw howled for *ten*, and wolf dogs were ten to their one, and gave distinguished proof of the power of their lungs. The luckless urchin that disturbs a nest of hornets, is not more warmly assailed, or sooner put to his heels, than were the panic-struck Pawnees by this nest of fiery Puncas. Those that could not lay hands on horses sallied forth scarce the less swiftly on foot. Away! away they went! with what a sublime confusion of sound and motion! a mighty chase, with life and death upon the issue! On! on they go! now they dash into that bushy ravine, and how the awful din is mellowed. But the hill is gained, and they burst pell mell into view with that astounding shout! Away! away! Now Pawnee do thy best! Hear that cutting

sound, that shrill war cry! sweet music to the Punga; to the Pawnee, the jarring signal of his doom. Six times was heard that well-known yell of Shu-da-gah-ha. He was avenged. Noble feats of horsemanship were that day performed by the best of riders; feats which made one shudder to examine in cold blood. But most of the horses were run down and abandoned, and Punga and Pawnee ran on foot. The latter threw away their guns and strewed the prairie with cumbrous finery; and to this, many were indebted for their safety. The Puncas ceased to pursue at night more than twenty miles from their village; they had taken eight scalps, and captured many horses and guns.

Thus we see two tribes fairly in a war, originating in the indiscretion of Mah-za-pa-mee, which led to the mistake which caused the war.

But, to return to our heroine and the Pawnee village. In due time the foremost of the scattered messengers of misfortune arrived: it was in the night. Fortunately, Mah-za-pa-mee had made a warm friend of an old squaw, who hastened with the first news of the disaster, to warn her of her impending danger; for then no one could doubt the fate that was in store for her; she and her son would be sacrificed to Pawnee revenge. The old woman furnished her with moccasins and smoked meat, and she immediately escaped from the village, *alone and on foot*, and she took with her her son.

This was late in June; and she determined "to strike" for the nearest waters of the L'eau-qui-court, hoping to meet her band, who usually followed up that river on the summer buffalo hunt. Her meat was soon gone, and roots were her sole resource; and she was without any means of kindling a fire. Thus she journeyed, carrying on her back her child, now two years old, enduring the scorching heat of the shadeless prairie by day, and chilled by its cold dews at night. Thus simply are the facts narrated. But who shall paint to the senses the full horror of her sufferings of mind and body!

She reached the L'eau-qui-court, and found that her entire tribe had passed many days before. Mah-za-pa-mee did not despair. She could not hope to *overtake* them; but for days, she searched their trail and camps, endeavoring to find something left or "cachéd" that would serve for food: but all failed. She then resolved to follow down the river, and, if able, to reach the village; she would find there green corn, and pumpkins, always planted before the annual hunting migration. More than a hundred miles were before her, starved and burdened as she was, wasted by the extremes of the weather, and ever assailed by that maddening pest, the musquito. But her life was prolonged by the small fish which she caught in shallow streams and pools, and they of course were eaten raw!

Late in August, Mah-za-pa-mee reached the vicinity of her village on the Missouri: and she found it—oh! last stroke of unrelenting fate!—occupied by hostile Indians, before whom the last vestiges of vegetation were fast disappearing. She *hid herself*, but yielded to despair.

Mah-za-pa-mee and her son were discovered the next day by a white man of Mr. Lisa's company. He was of a small party that had been left in charge of a storehouse, some distance below: provisions having become scarce, they had ascended the river to see if the Puncas had returned with a supply of meat. Their appearance when found was described as emaciated, wretched, and even horrible. And, indeed, if there were room for it, who would not doubt the possibility of their surviving?

Under no other circumstances does poor human nature show so much its weakness, become so much degraded, as when assailed by starvation. Famine! nought but thou canst reduce proud, gifted, noble man, to the level of the wretched beast. Thou shakest his reason from its pedestal! Thou makest him yield all to revolting appetite! But, no more.—Mah-za-pa-mee, well and hearty, would probably have terminated an existence then worth preserving, rather than meet her husband thus humbled, and a petitioner: but now, suffering worse than death—the loathsome picture of famine—true to the singular nature of her species, clinging the more closely to life—she seeks to offer herself before her injured lord, for a mouthful of food.

Mah-za-pa-mee at length rejoined her tribe, and sought to throw herself at the feet of her husband. Pity is allied to affection; and much was she to be pitied: but chiefly was she to depend upon her child, that inseparable link of union, for forgiveness. It was that which succeeded: for surely the chief, Shu-da-gah-ha, did not believe her, that the Pawnee threw "squaw medicine" (love powder) on her; that "he bewitched her." She was forgiven, grew apace in flesh and favor, and has since been, as has her son, healthy and happy.

CHAPTER XL

One day, about the end of August, to our utter astonishment, we saw the approach of a white man, on foot, and in tattered garments, and so poor he seemed scarce able to walk. He was instantly surrounded by a crowd, and recognized to be corporal Arter, whom we had left at Fort Leavenworth. The following is the substance of his story: He had been sent with another man, about two months before, well mounted, as an express, with some order for us from General L. After striking the Arkansas in safety, they were one day suddenly surrounded by fifteen mounted Indians, armed with bow and spear; they did not offer immediate violence, and the corporal succeeded in extricating himself and companion; when the lat-

ter, in good feeling produced by their forbearance, returned, in spite of the corporal's remonstrance, if not orders, to give them some tobacco, and while in this act, was wounded by the thrust of a spear in his breast; the Indians instantly scattered to avoid a shot from the corporal, one of them dropping his bull-hide shield; and the corporal, at the expense of horses and baggage, rescued the wounded man, and judiciously reserving his fire, stood over him, keeping the Indians off for several hours, and receiving a slight arrow wound in his wrist; they seemed particularly anxious to recover the shield, which he gallantly defended. After the Indians were gone, Arter helped the wounded man to the river, and constructed a rough shelter for him. He had lost his ammunition, and was compelled to sustain life by eating a part of the diseased ox we had left, and snakes, frogs, &c. Soon after his adventure, he left the wounded man, Nation, as well provided for as possible, and followed our trail to the point of our crossing the river, and then gave it up for a time as hopeless, and returned to his charge. Afterwards he had heard, he thought, the sound of cannon, and soon after made this successful effort to find us. A command, with an ox-cart, was immediately sent after Nation; they found him twelve or fifteen miles below, and brought him to camp that night; but the poor fellow lingered some weeks, and then died.

The 10th of October had been named by the traders, and agreed to by the commanding officer, as the very last day of our stay waiting for them. The time approached—the weather was growing cold. We had frosty mornings, and the summer clothing of the men was nearly worn out. The 10th came, and no caravan; it was determined to wait *one* day longer; and accordingly, having waited during the 11th, the next morning, at sunrise, one gun was fired, and we turned our faces homewards.

About 9 o'clock horsemen were seen following us at full speed; the battalion was halted, and disposed for action, covering the baggage. As they approached in view of this preparation they drew rein, and the commanding officer and his staff advanced to parley, but soon discovered that they were white traders; the caravan was a few miles beyond the river; our cannon shot had been heard, and these men sent on to overtake us. We proceeded to the nearest fit camping ground, and established our camp. We learned that the caravan was accompanied by an escort of a company of regulars, and a body of Mexican militia, or Indians. Major R. had written to the chief of the province of Santa Fe, requesting this coöperation in the protection of a trade beneficial to both countries; and Colonel Viscarro, Inspector General of the Mexican army, happening to be there, had volunteered to conduct a command accordingly.

A day or two before, they had been visited by

several hundreds of Ar-ra-pa-hoes and Camanches, (our old friends,) who were on foot, and seemed to be on a horse-stealing expedition. They pretended friendship, as the best way, doubtless, of effecting their purposes. A guarded intercourse took place, and Col. V. was warned by some of his Indians, and the traders, not to trust them; at last, as Col. V. was talking to their chief, the latter, being a few feet off, presented his gun and fired. One of the Colonel's Indians, who had been most suspicious, and stood by watching, with heroic devotion, sprang between, just in time to receive the ball through his own heart. He had a brother near by, who, as the Indian chief turned to fly, sprang upon him like a tiger, and buried his knife to the hilt in his back. Almost at the same instant another chief fell, by a shot from a trader, who had marked him in anticipation of the result. The Indians fled, and many of the Mexican militia and the traders pursued them on horseback. The ammunition of the Indians soon gave out, and their pursuers would overtake them in succession, dismount, fire, take the scalp—without being particular whether the man was dead or not—reload, and pursue again; several of the traders were mentioned as having killed three or four in this manner—like turkey shooting—and perhaps nothing but nightfall saved the whole party from destruction. It was not ascertained that the Mexican regulars shed any blood on the occasion; but, on the other hand, we were assured that the cruelty and barbarity of some of the Americans disgusted even the Mexicans and Spaniards; that they scalped one Indian at least, who had life enough left to contend against it, though without arms; and they undoubtedly took the skin from some of the bodies, and stretched it on their wagon bodies. I myself saw several scalps dangling as ornaments to the bridle of a trader.

Several of our officers returned with a trader to conduct the caravan to our camp; they arrived in the course of the day, and encamped near by. That evening Captain W. invited Colonel Viscarro, Captain Obrazo, and another gentleman, secretary, and since Governor of Santa Fe, with whom he became acquainted before they arrived, to sup at our tent. I distinctly remember the feast we gave them. Seated cross-legged around a green blanket in the bottom of the tent, we partook of bread, buffalo meat, and, as an extraordinary rarity, some salt pork; but to crown all, were several large raw onions, for which we were indebted to the arrival of our guests; a tin cup of whiskey, which, like the pork, had been reserved for an unusual occasion, was passed round, *followed* by another of water.

Colonel V. was a man of fine appearance, and of perfectly dignified and gentlemanly manners. His horsemanship—extraordinary for a Spaniard—had been witnessed that day by Captain W.: an im-

mense drove of horses, &c., which they brought was frightened, and disposed to run; he rode at full speed to prevent it, and seemed in many places at once; stopping his horse, with the aid of the unmerciful Spanish bit, in full career, more suddenly than if shot, and throwing him on his haunches, he would whirl him around, and cause him to plant the fore feet, with equal speed, in an opposite direction. On the march he had pursued a noble wild horse, which baffled all others, and both being at utmost speed, had thrown his lazo, for a fore foot, and caught it! Unfortunately the shock broke the poor animal's leg, when the Colonel drew an arrow, and shot him through the heart.

The next day we had time to look about us, and admire the strangest collection of men and animals that had perhaps ever met on the frontier of the United States. There were a few Mexicans—creoles—polished gentlemen, magnificently clothed in Spanish costume; a large number of grave Spaniards, exiled from Mexico, and on their way to the United States, with much property in stock and gold—their whole equipage was Spanish; there was a company of Mexican regulars, as they were called, in uniform, (mere apologies for soldiers, or even men;) several tribes of Indians, (or Mexicans,) much more formidable as warriors, were grouped about with their horses, and spears planted in the ground. Frenchmen were there *of course*; and our 180 hardy veterans, in rags, but well armed and equipped for any service: four or five languages were spoken: but, to complete the picture, must be mentioned the 2,000 horses, mules, jacks, which kept up an incessant braying. The Spaniards and their attendants were in motion, throwing the lazo, catching wild mules; and others dashed off after buffalo, which seemed disposed to send representatives to this congress of the men and animals of two nations. I remember, too, that some Camanche dogs came over the hills into camp, from a direction opposite to that of the march of the Mexicans; but this strange circumstance was hardly noticed, though I did hear some one ask, "where the d—l did those wild geese come from?" as a pair of them were seen dodging about.

The battalion was reviewed and drilled for the edification of the Mexican officers, and then a company of light infantry, at the old tactics. (which being admirably suitable, and truly American, has been dropped.) Afterwards we visited the Mexican camp, when their motley force was drawn up; to judge from the appearance of their arms, &c., a volley from the regular company, at fifty paces, would have proved of small consideration. After their dismissal, we fell in with a group who were singing, and introduced, in some way to their conclusion, the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON; whereupon one of them advanced, hat in hand, for a collection. Their officers were much mortified, and

kicked him off; while we considered it laughable to be thus called upon, in consideration that a single piece of money was unknown in our camp, where the very existence of a "circulating medium" had been so long useless as to be almost forgotten.

I saw a characteristic exploit of one of the southern mongrels—a camp follower. He rode a blindfolded, unbridled donkey in pursuit of a buffalo, at which he continued to snap an antique fire-piece, until it was almost out of sight.

We all dined, by invitation, with Colonel V. and his officers; his tent was very large and comfortable, oval in shape, and quite roomy. We sat down, about sixteen, to a low table, all the furniture of which was silver; which, however, we scarcely noticed, in view of their inviting contents, among which was fried ham. This course was followed by another of various kinds of cakes, and delightful chocolate; and there were several kinds of Mexican wines. All had been brought, no doubt, for the occasion, direct from Santa Fe.

In the dusk of evening, a large group of the Mexican Indians came into camp, bearing aloft on spears the scalps which they had lately taken, and singing Indian songs; dark figures, with matted hair streaming over their shoulders, uttering the wild notes of their deep-toned choruses, they resembled demons rather than men. Suddenly one would enter the circle, and indulge in an extravagant display of grief, beating his forehead and breast, and howling like a famished wolf; and then dashing the scalps to the ground, stamp on them, and fire his gun at them. After this propitiatory lament to the manes of a departed friend, or relation, he would burst forth, with the others, into the wildest and most unearthly song of triumph and exultation.

The Indian who had lost, and avenged his brother, as related, had been in camp in the day; he was a fine fellow, and seemed inconsolable. He made us speeches, unintelligible of course; but expanding his bare chest, and striking it forcibly with his palm, he would end them by exclaiming, "Me die for the Americans."

CHAPTER XII.

On the 14th of October, having relieved the Mexicans of their charge, we took a very friendly parting, and again marched early on our return. Soon after, we saw smokes arise over the distant hills; evidently signals, indicating to different parties of Indians our separation and march. Of what purport, whether preparatory to an attack upon the Mexicans, or ourselves, or rather our immense drove of animals, we could only guess.

The passage over prairies with horses or cattle, while it is free from all money expense for forage, is attended with the trouble, risk, and delays of grazing. There is always danger of horses straying off, being frightened by accident, or driven by

an enemy. Hobbling is never effectual; and if tied with lariots, they frequently cripple or cut themselves badly before they become used to it. To provide against trouble and danger in our case, with our few cattle, a plan of camp for the return march was adopted, which enclosed them in a space large enough for grazing. The tents of three companies were pitched in single lines around three sides of a square, the parallel sides of which were equally extended by two rows of wagons, while the fourth company, on guard, completed the parallelogram.

For these places of camp, and many other benefits, we conceived ourselves indebted to our Adjutant, the lamented J. F. IZARD, who fell gallantly in Florida. As an humble tribute to the memory of so brave, so talented, so accomplished a soldier, I can truly say, that, on this expedition, he was never known to fail in the zealous, thorough, and exemplary performance of any single point, important or minute, of any duty that could possibly be construed to be his; besides frequently volunteering to perform the arduous details of others. He has gone—but has left us the bright example of his life and his death.

Unhappy Florida! Thy soil has drunk the heart's blood of the army! Thou hast robbed her and the country, of IZARD, and LANE, and BROOKE, and a host of other brave spirits, whose loss is irreparable.

Our march was constantly attended by immense collections of buffalo, which seemed to have a general muster, perhaps for migration. We found them much further eastward than we had met them. Sometimes a hundred or two—a fragment from the immense multitude—would approach within two or three hundred yards of the column, and threaten a charge, which at best would have proved disastrous to the mule-drivers and their charge. Mounted flanking-parties of traders were then kept out.

The weather was very cold, and we had generally black frosts. One day it snowed a little, and seventy mules were abandoned and left, being overcome by fatigue and cold. It must not be supposed that the prairie grass was now fit for grazing; on the contrary, so dry and rigid had it become, that it wore the feet of unshod animals until they bled; and we had to make buffalo-hide shoes for many of the oxen; but in the river and creek bottoms, particularly where there was timber, or where they had been burned early in summer, (which can always be done when they escape the previous winter,) we always found green and tender grazing, sufficient for our wants.

It is surprising in what fine training our campaign had put us all, (to say nothing of our fine health; and, among the men—unable to commit excesses—not a case of sickness had occurred.) One day an immense gray wolf had the audacity to trot through the line of wagons, and I set off afoot in

pursuit, regardless of the laughter of my companions, who derided the idea of outrunning a wolf. I nevertheless did overtake him, and brought him to bay, when he jumped and snapped at me, with a disagreeable clatter of tusks. I was only armed with a pistol, and unluckily, owing to a very high wind, it snapped repeatedly, and I left the gentleman to take his course; but in returning I saw a camp follower take my place, with a rusty sword, with which he attacked him. The wolf rushed at him, and received several blows over the head; when making a motion to turn tail, his antagonist as gladly seized the opportunity of doing likewise, and they exhibited the extraordinary and laughable spectacle of enemies running away from each other with all speed, at the same moment.

After passing 110-mile creek, we marched 25 miles without water, and then found the little branch on which we depended, to be dry. A hole, filled with water, was however discovered six or eight hundred yards to the left, but for some unaccountable cause we were marched near two miles further, and encamped where the country was as dry as tinder, and in fact we were threatened with fire—a long line of it extending across the immense prairie, was gradually approaching. I was ordered, with some fifty men, to secure the camp, by burning round it, when a wild fellow, with a blazing brand, ran along firing so much at once that the matter was like to be made worse; it rapidly approached in a great sheet of flame to the ammunition wagon, and would have swept the camp but for the greatest exertions, to which I set the example, to the sacrifice of a cloak, and some damage to whiskers and eyebrows.

To my astonishment, my mess was that night supplied with a keg of water, for which two of my men had gone, unasked, near two miles. But about midnight it commenced raining hard and steadily, and it continued for eighteen hours; and but for this, it seemed impossible that the cattle could have got on; they were few in number, and had suffered much before, and indeed the men were required to assist in pulling the empty wagons for several days' march. The piece of artillery which had been pulled out in fine style by six mules, came back with a yoke of oxen.

The next day we marched twenty-five or thirty miles through a hard rain; and bearing off to the left, struck a bold creek and encamped.

In our long absence from the world, and with so little occupation for the mind, it seemed that our imaginations had become disordered, and we had lost the power of forming a just estimate of the most familiar objects. I saw a group of officers examining, with seeming admiration, a brass-mounted rifle which they found in the hands of an Indian hunter; and when the friends of the traders met them with fresh horses from the settlements, I thought them, at a little distance, splendid stal-

lions, when they were, in reality, work mares, though in fine order. Such questions as, "Is the President dead?" were asked of these men.

The day after the hard march mentioned above, I walked twelve miles in three hours, without the slightest fatigue. We returned by the agency on the Kansas; and the log-houses there, were the first habitations of men we had seen for five months.

Under the friendly cover of the shades of evening, on the 8th of November, our tatterdemalion veterans marched into Fort Leavenworth, and took quiet possession of the miserable huts and sheds left by the 3d infantry the preceding May.

A MEMORY.

She was a gentle, quiet girl,
With darkly waving hair
Just parted in her simple way,
On a forehead low and fair.
No flush of brilliant loveliness
Was sparkling on her face,
But something tranquil and subdued
And touching in its grace.

She seldom smiled; but then she brought
No cloud on other's glee;
And ever on her pale young brow,
A shadow seemed to be;
And then her voice was very sad
In its soft and earnest tone,
With a low and winning eloquence,
And a sweetness all its own.

Some hidden sorrow, on the past,
A darkness seemed to throw;
She never spoke of early ties,
Or of pleasures long ago.
But in the daily, common cares
She calmly met her share,
As one who had no shrinking from
The trials life must bear.

No jest was on the placid lip
Where kindest accents hung,
And never now, the careless laugh
From her still spirit rung.
But with a light and silent step
She moved among the throng,
Promoting in her noiseless way
The cheerful dance and song.

She had a pleasure in the sight
Of others' happy mirth,
Such as an angel might have felt
While looking on the earth;
For she was like an angel here,
So lovely and so pure,
And she hath passed where spirits are,
To dwell with us no more.

We miss the kindness of her voice,
And the beauty of her brow;
And the sweetest words we ever heard
Are silent to us now.
She never spoke the quiet grief,
Whose blight so early fell—
She had been gayer once, they said,
But loved too long and well.

Fredericksburg, Va.

JANE T. LOMAX.

FLORENCE COURTLAND.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

"I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep thro' her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!"—*Longfellow.*

"Il avait un caractère mobile, sensible, et passionné; il réunissait tout ce qui peut entraîner les autres, et soi-même; mais le malheur l'avait rendu timide envers la destinée."
Corinne.

Night, the gemmed and beautiful night, undimmed by fleecy cloud, or "envious mist," was holding its revel in the sky! In sparkling group, or silvery galaxy, each star was turning its golden eye towards the east; and, clustering together upon the blue concave, shone forth the daughters of the Ocean nymph—the glittering Pleiades. Within the luminous ring, the seventh sister beamed not; for fated Ilium, she had quenched her light, and thenceforth, Electra stood not amid the starry circle. Faintly, sadly twinkled the sorrowing Merope; doth she pine for her mortal love! or weeps she, that, among the sister stars, she only hath linked herself to son of earth! Wielding his "golden sword," Orion stood forth among the glittering myriads; and far across the azure expanse, stretched away, in one bright zone, the countless groups in "the Milky Way." Yet the banquet speeds not the while fair Dian is away—the amber-colored gates of the East begin to gleam and brighten—the dusky ramparts on either side are just tipped with a silvery ray—bright, and yet more bright, streams out from the opening portals, the flood of moonshine; and now glides forth in majesty and beauty, the queen of the festival, attended only by one meek-eyed star whose lustre pales into dimness beside her own refulgence. Comes there no homage from the myriads of her subjects, as thus bright Dian moves amid their groups! In the dimmed lights, as each star veils its twinkling eye, there dwells, if speechless, yet simultaneous homage throughout the shining court;—but far away, lingering upon the horizon's verge, fair Venus sparkles, and putting forth every ray, she strives to emulate the peerless beauty of the queenly Dian, for she loves not that her light should be shrouded in the radiance of another; but she is not unchecked in her vain aspirations—swart Mars looks askance at her, to reproach the unloyal presumption, with which she is concentrating her brightness, and as he looks, colors a dusky red, in the excess and ardor of his allegiance. The dancing meteors stream along with dazling retinue, as they waft their homage to the Queen of the Night.

* It is well known, Mars is distinguished from the other planets, by shining with a red lustre.

Night, and then with quickened step, and on trackless way, hurry away!

But 'tis not the distant stars alone, which are shining and banqueting, for they looked down upon illuminated halls, from whose windows there was flung forth a flood of radiance, as if in mockery of the starry lights above, and from whose gay, and beautiful throng, there came upon the ear of night voices full of mirth and music.

Radiant forms flashing with jewels, fitted past, which the glittering mirrors multiplied to a dazzling infinity. Eyes, blue as the heavens where we have just been lingering, bright as the stars with which we have just been dallying, languished, or sparkled, amid that gorgeous crowd. Music, flowers, lights, the silvery laugh, the whispered word, the bright smile, all, all were girding that terrene banquet with their enchantments; and yet, apart from revelry and joyousness, there might be seen *one*, whose spirit went not forth to meet such influence. Within the recess of a curtained window, he stood apart from the glittering crowd, and while the silken draperies screened him from the curious gaze of the revellers, he could readily note what he listed, among the throng; but as it hurried past him, 'twas easy to see his eye rested on none, with a warmer or kindlier feeling than mere passing admiration. Often he turned his gaze away as if weary of the gaudy pageant, and sought through the open casement, to dwell upon the gemmed sky above him, as if his thoughts had more kindred fellowship there than with the sickly frivolities of which he was a some-time looker-on—not a participant. In his dark earnest eye, there was "the clear midnight of southern skies," and on the olive of his expansive brow might be traced his *tropical* origin; for his home was far away in the sunny south, beneath skies of sapphire brightness, and amid the fragrance and beauty of an almost perpetual spring. Did his thoughts now wander away to his sea-girt home, his beautiful Cuba, as he stood just without the circle of the mirthful, and gazed upward at the quiet stars, or bent his look upon the dark green leaves of an orange tree, which, within an antique vase, shared the window seat with him?

But while we pause with this child of the beautiful south, I would fain detain thee, yet longer, gentle reader, from the band of revellers, and whisper to thee, what I wot of the history of one with whom we have much to do in the hours thou may'st grant me. Dost thou not read in the deep mournful eyes, a tale of sorrow and stricken promises? Dost thou not mark upon the ample forehead, a lingering of the touches of care? Dost thou not see about the chiselled lip, a something of earnestness, which would tell thee the child nurtured under nature's softest heaven, has yet bowed him beneath the mutterings of a storm and breaking forth of a tempest, more appalling and withering than ever marred the skies of his own fair land?

Herbert Somerville's earliest youth had known no sorrow! Born of parents whose almost inexhaustible wealth had pampered his childhood with every luxury, whose tender care and watchful affection ever kept their vigils about his daily path; springing from infancy to youth amid the voluptuousness of a southern clime; his imagination fostered by its beautiful influences;—who could wonder that he put back from him every shape of misfortune, and successfully tutored himself to the belief, that his life of happiness and indulgence would never be overmantled by a stern adversity? Years sped on, and the child was merged in the boy; still fortune smiled and toyed and caressed him, as if she could not be too prodigal with her favors—nor was Herbert the only heir of the stately house over which the fickle goddess so richly presided; another, a fair, beautiful boy, whose childhood was not yet spent, divided with him each gilded gift, and shared equally the treasures of a parent's affection. With his golden curls dancing on the sunlight, and large beseeching eyes of heaven's own blue, with an ever-variable rose flushing his cheek—and skin of pearly whiteness, he was the entire opposite of the dark noble-looking youth, who never wearied of leading him about, initiating him into all his boyish sports, obeying his every whim, and repressing all his more manly aspirations, that he might minister to the caprices of little Carlos. Herbert bent over his couch the last thing at night, to hearken to his balmy breathings or hush him to his "rosy rest;" and, with the first golden sunshine of morning, he was there to rouse the little sleeper to the enjoyment of another day full of promise, full of happiness.

It was the opening of summer in their own beautiful island, and one of the most cloudless of summer's days had scarcely worn away its earliest hours. The long shadows lay upon the enamelled turf. The blades of grass bent beneath the tears of night—within the blushing bosom of each floweret there yet lolled the dew-drop, in whose mirror a thousand sunbeams seemed entangled—and a tremulous and capricious breeze shook a shower of white leaves, ever and anon, from the boughs of the orange trees, dispensing a fragrance which was borne upon "the light wings of Zephyr" to the portico where the family of Mr. Somerville were gathered to luxuriate in the first fresh hours of the morning. But soon they dispersed to their several occupations; for Herbert, who was somewhat of a student, gave the earliest portion of the day to his father in his study, where the *arcana* of classic lore had wherewith to fascinate and charm his young imagination. Feminine employ beguiled the *idlesse* of the long mornings for his mother, while little Carlos was left to amuse himself as best he could, in the absence of Herbert. On this morning, he had gambolled over the green lawn, till, weary of his loneliness, he threw himself beside the

water's edge, (for the grounds sloped down to the sea,) and began watching the mimic waves as they chased each other almost to his feet, and then broke in musical murmurs on the brink of the green sward. A half hour passed away thus; and, as Carlos was sighing in half weariness at the long absence of Herbert, a tiny wave swung around from the decayed trunk of a tree, the little skiff in which his brother was wont to row him of a soft still evening, when some extraordinary self-denial or evidence of magnanimity, had procured for him this indulgence.

"How beautiful the water *does* look with the sunshine upon it," said Carlos, musingly, "and how soft the wind is! I am sure I could row our skiff now, just as well as Herbert; but I will not try, lest he should be angry with me. I will only step into it, to see how nicely it rocks, as I swing myself to and fro." Thus saying, he sprang with childish glee into the boat; but soon tiring of the monotonous motion, he bethought himself how pleasant it would be *just* to coast along the lawn—all scruples vanishing before the perspective of enjoyment, this idea opened to him: It was but the labor of a minute to detach the little bark from its anchor, and in another moment, Carlos was careering over the waters, at the mercy of the wind and waves, when they should claim so fair a prey.

"How merry dear little Carlos seems!" said Herbert, half musingly, as he bent him over the pages of the Athenian orator; "I am afraid he will not sigh for my companionship, if he amuses himself so well without me"—and even as he spoke, the gladsome laugh of the child came ringing over the waters, and was borne through the open window near which Herbert sat.

Away flew the moments, and yet the little sailor was toying on the waves, and father and brother sat, unwitting of his peril. A gust of wind came through the casement with sudden violence, and dispersed several fragments of paper which rested upon the table.

"Our sunbright morning is soon overcast," said Mr. Somerville, as he advanced quickly to the window to lower it. "From the dark masses of cloud which are stretching across the sky, I should not wonder if the storm-king be pavilioned in their angry looking folds. Only see how lowering is the face of the whole heavens!" but as he looked, his countenance became of a livid paleness, his knees smote each other; and turning from the casement with a frenzied exclamation, he hurried from the room, leaving Herbert in dismay at his sudden and agonized agitation. With breathless haste and an indefinable apprehension, Herbert followed him, and as they sped to the water's brink, he saw a sight which curdled his young blood with horror! Carlos was tossing in the frail bark which every breeze was bearing farther and farther from the shore, and rocking to and fro, as it pitched from the

crested summit of one wave into the yawning depth of another. The wind had arisen with that suddenness usual in southern latitudes, and even as they gazed in powerless anguish of soul, they could perceive its increasing violence. Fiery flashed forth from the angry clouds, the forked lightning—loud rattled the pealing thunder—fierce howled the rushing wind—dark scowled the blackening heavens—fast came the arrowy rain! God of heaven, what, see those agonized watchers! The long silken curls float on the winds,—the tiny arms are stretched forth for aid—one long, wild, piercing shriek arises over the din of the warring elements; and — the waters only can tell the rest!

On one fair morning which seemed to taunt the sufferers by its calm and sunshine, the body of Carlos Somerville was borne to his home. The golden locks were still dripping with the treacherous waters, and upon the soft fair cheek, there seemed something fresh like life—yet the ghastly features, set and rigid, spoke too truly the work of the destroyer,—placid and serene smiled that young brow,—yet looking upon it, there arose an awe, a solemnity which told, the sleeper was locked in that slumber which knows no awaking! From that hour Mr. Somerville never smiled, and the flowers had not blossomed upon the sod which covered his last born, ere he was laid beside him, while poor Herbert was left alone to console and sustain his mother.

Years, though they brought alleviation, offered not oblivion—their grief abated into a deep and unbroken melancholy; hoping time would effect for both what nought else could do, Herbert Somerville clasped his mother in a farewell embrace, and was launched upon "the deep and dark blue ocean." It was her strongly urged persuasions which had induced him to come to the United States for the completion of his education—upon which he had acted only after many tears and prophetic unwillingness. Was it not *prophetic*? for ere the lapse of two years, another than his own kindred had broken to him one more of life's dark truths—his mother had gone to join his father and his brother; and another mound arose beside the memorials of his blighted affections, and another sculptured tablet told the passer-by, that, worn out with the weariness and fever of life, the mother had laid down to sleep beside the husband and the child!

The last of his kindred, Herbert Somerville stood alone, without ties or sweet domestic bonds—without "the poetry of life's dull prose."

Delicately sensitive, with all the refinement of a mind of rare and beautiful texture,—all the kindness and warmth of a heart whose gloss had not been polluted by the contact of *worldly* sentiments, and *worldly* considerations, he was but ill fitted to breast the conflicts of a stormy political horizon, or yet the turbulent career of the votary of pleasure and fashion.

His collegiate course perfected, why marvel that he should yet shrink from a return to the home of his youth—embittered, as his recollections of it were—desolate, as it was now to him! He was but a looker-on in the gay coteries of New-York, whither he had been persuaded to accompany a classmate, and whom, as his *cicerone*, he was following to some of the ré-unions of this northern capital.

Robert Harley, who was not precisely an adequate mentor, a modern Democritus, vivacious, full of sparkling sarcasm, with an overflowing exuberance which tinged all it touched with *couleur de rose*, was the beloved friend of Somerville. 'Twas strange that a nature, quiet and tranquil like that of Herbert's, should have sought and mingled with the more rushing and gleeful one of Harley—yet it was so—and a friendship, warm as 'twas sincere, had sprung up between the two, amid the monotony and retirement of college associations—a friendship, which bade fair to resist the test of separation and the uncongenial pursuits of manhood.

CHAPTER II.

"Shall we not in to see the festal show?"—*Velasco*.

From the poetic realm, where "leaves never change, and skies never weep," I would bear thee again to the garlanded banquet. The radiant forms in pleasure's throng, have not paused in the flying dance, nor have the chords which ring through the lighted halls, for a moment hushed in their melody; our absence has been unnoticed and uncared-for amid so much glee; and the "bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath" have not worn away their hues while we were gone. The deep window yet shrouds from observation, the graceful occupant, who continues to linger within its curtained covert; but now, the large lustrous eyes seek no longer the skies and stars, or droop upon the flower near him which bears with it memories of his own far-off and. The earnest glance dwells upon a form as radiant as the shining "poetry of Heaven," and rests upon a brow as white, as the blossoms in the cultured vase beside him! Sweet and delightful was the reverie in which he was luxuriating; and ah, most dissonant, seemed the laughter-loving notes which tore asunder the golden web his fancy as brightly weaving; for the words were high and airy, and the voice came from one who had penetrated his concealment, and was there to share it with him.

"Who, but myself would have thought of seeking you here?" exclaimed Robert Harley, for the intruder was no other than he, "ambushed in these hidden draperies, and no doubt lying in wait for the next pair of dark, gleaming eyes, which will recall you the image of the Spanish Señorita, in your solitary isle, whom you are already pining for. But I served this curtained window, was a good point for such traitorous designs and — *me voici!*"

"For the prosecutions of your own schemes then," replied Somerville as a faint smile lighted up his countenance. "'A looker on in Venice' I can derive no advantage, or a mere ephemeral one, from the ambuscade with which you charge me. The truth is, I am in an atmosphere of starry eyes, from whose bewildering mazes I shall find difficulty in extricating myself, but it is a sort of tantalizing fascination, for I can only worship at a distance. You forget, I am ignorant even of the name of each divinity that claims my adoration,"

"Ah! yes!" returned Harley; "and I must open the stores of my memory and furnish you with a catalogue of the pretty faces that are passing before you. Remembrance, I hope, will not play me false, for my long absence from such circles has thrown over my recollection, a shade which may have obscured its perceptions. Well—*commençons*—The lady, you observe in such an exuberance of *toilette* and who, in her feathers, flowers and jewels, sweeps through the rooms with somewhat the air of a tragedy queen, is no other than our lovely hostess. The two young girls on either side of her just now, are portionless nieces, who have no other dower than their dark, handsome faces, and for whom *Madame La Tante* is exerting her generalship to secure establishments, the counterpart of her own luxurious and elegant mansion. Wo, wo to the hapless wight who comes within the circle of her enchantments!"

And thus he went on, caricaturing every individual that fitted past, and connecting with each one, some merry jest or laughable anecdote, which oftentimes, appealed, not unsuccessfully, to the risible faculties of his companion. Somerville longed to know who was the fair being that had so enchained his admiration before he was joined by Harley; but, dreading the covert raillery he knew full well he should encounter, he forebore to inquire. Suddenly the circle just in front of them parted, and as it did so, the object of Herbert's impassioned admiration appeared again to his gaze. She was gracefully reclining on a divan just opposite, and listening with a languid weariness she could not disguise, to an elaborately-dressed, *exotic*-looking personage, who, despite her evident *ennui*, pertinaciously preserved his seat beside her, and was speaking to her with a volubility which seemed to promise indefatigable perseverance.

"Ah," exclaimed Harley, "there is the *bijou* of our belles—Florence Courtland. I knew not before, she was here, or I should have sought her. Is she not very lovely—a "sea-born Venus," beside your dark languishing southern women?"

"Beautiful! very, very beautiful!" murmured Somerville, as if communing with himself. "I cannot conceive of a more faultless vision of loveliness," added he, as he continued to gaze upon her.

With all the flush of her girlish freshness, and the joyousness of her young heart leaping to the

lip in beaming smiles, Somerville felt fascinated—he could not withdraw his eyes from that sweet face; and, silent, rapt, entranced, his gaze continued rivetted to her.

"She is assuredly, as you say, 'a faultless vision of loveliness,'" replied Harley, "but unfortunately a little tinged with *la coquetterie*—just the least possible shade—and yet 'tis well to forewarn you, that you may invest your heart with its panoply of resolves, determinations—et cetera. And now," added he, rising as he spoke, "let me present you, and introduce you as an humble and devout petitioner for the indulgence of sighing away your life at her feet—and a pretty pair of feet they are, I warrant you—a pair, which in Titania's day, would have secured her the honor of attendance on fairy royalty; but come, come, my friend," and he extended his hand to Somerville. Herbert drew back.

"No more of that Hal, an thou lovest me," responded he. "You know what a saddening influence, music, even the gayest, exercises over me; therefore for this evening I must be excused a presentation to the lady you have already designated as gifted with so many and dangerous attractions. Perhaps too, the panoply of which you speak may be penetrated by her shafts;" and Somerville, smiled half in earnest, half in jest as he suggested the probability.

"Ah! yes! *pour moi*, I may confront even the blaze of her charms, but you have not been steeped in the "Stygian tide;" and 'tis better reflection should aid your resolves, ere you are brought in contact with allurements so rare and irresistible." Thus saying, Harley glided away, and the next moment was beside Florence. 'Twas evident there was a kindness of feeling between the two; for, as Harley advanced, the graceful inclination with which she received others, was discarded for a more unreserved salutation. The white hand was extended to greet him, and the rounded fingers gently closed over his own. Her face lighted up with merriment at his mirthful sallies, and occasionally the musical gleeful laugh came ringing from the lip—a little too loud, perhaps, for fashionable decorum, yet full of gladness—"full of life without any control"—the unrepressed overflowings of a young heart over which no shadow of care had ever flitted!

And Somerville, Somerville left again alone, pondered upon the words which had designated to him, the beautiful Florence, as a graceful blending of nature's handiwork without those enkindling qualities of the heart, which impart their refined and softening influences to the most ordinary countenance. She *could* not be that "light, unmeaning thing," sporting with hearts as with baubles, to be thrown aside when the eye had grown weary of the plaything—shattering the hopes her own smiles had fostered, with a levity embittering the act! Who could look upon that young, fresh counte-

nance, and believe such excess of heartlessness lurked beneath so fair an exterior! Whether with her features in perfect repose, and the deep violet-blue eyes softened by the night-black lashes, and gleaming through their silken fringe with an expression sweet almost to sadness—or whether, with sparkling countenance as a smile shot athwart her face, awaking from its lurking place each dimple, and chasing over the rounded cheek each flitting blush, she appeared lovely as a "divinity that should be worshipped"—the more beautiful from the variableness of that beauty.

"I have a rare gem of sentiment for you in the person of my friend Mr. Somerville," said Harley, addressing Florence. "He is a wanderer from the flowery south, and amid the congealing properties of the atmosphere of our society, his glowing romance and sentiment are shivering piteously. A Ferdinand he is, in very truth, who, in all affairs of that little flutterer, cycloped the heart, might, without any sacrifice of veracity, echo to his Miranda, the veritable words of Shakspeare's Neapolitan hero—

"The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides
To make me slave to it."

"What a delightful acquisition he will be to our coteries," laughingly responded Florence. "In this age of cold realities and among our every-day, matter-of-fact cavaliers, we lack some sprig of chivalry, who may seem to have lingered by chance upon this nether world since the stirring age of tournaments—romantic deeds—and chivalrous prowess—who will prate knowingly of moonlight and roses—soft glances of ladye, and love of knight, and weave together a heterogeneous tissue of such absurdities."

"Yes! my friend is primitive enough to acknowledge himself a downright proselyte of that horridly antediluvian theory of love at first sight; and sure, no disciple of the schools of Aristotle or Pyrrho—Epicurus or Zeno, ever defended his belief with more zeal or eloquence. Bah! *Love at first sight!* a sickly image methinks, beside the more modern deity of Mammon we are bowing before, at whose altar hearts are bartered for shining gold and broad lands."

"What a field for a skirmish of words! what I now uphold the orthodoxy of your friend's sentiments, and by appropriating his opinions, prove myself also a renegade to the modern faith!" And half-menacingly—half-laughingly, she held up her finger to her vivacious companion.

"Pshaw! I should say—but n'importe what I should say. We are toying with words and pretty speeches, while the more *rational* of our revellers do not allow the winged hours to cheat them out of their enjoyments. Come, for a *tour de Valre*."

Florence rose from her seat—another moment and they were lost in the giddy whirl of the dance

As she thus disappeared to the eye of Somerville, he found himself turning away with a half uttered exclamation of regret and disappointment, for he had preserved an unabated hostility to this "exotic dance," and had revolted at its introduction into our fashionable *salons*—still more had he deprecated the readiness with which it was welcomed and *naturalized* by those, whose dissent alone can crush all such innovations, swaying as our fair daughters do, the sceptre of despotism over the *réglements* of the drawing room. Living in seclusion at his early home, while yet a boy seeking a temporary abiding-place in another land, immured in almost uninterrupted solitude as a student, rarely emerging from the cloisters of his *Alma Mater*, Herbert, from his recent initiation into society, was not prepared to appreciate the blind homage which fashion exacts and receives.

"What is she to me?" thought he; and he crushed the emotion of regret which had sprung to his bosom, as he thus found Florence a participant in a practical approval of an innovation he contemned—"what is she to me! Nothing! a vision of starry loveliness certainly, which may hereafter sometimes gem the waves of memory—"a bright particular star" on which the eye of retrospection may occasionally linger—but nothing more! then why encourage the buddings of a feeling which can only, in time, wither with its accompanying canker—why suffer my heart to pause, where its worship, if tendered, might, after a brief space, be trampled upon and derided—but no! I will not look upon so sombre a picture—there is too much soul in those beaming eyes, for that excess of lightness, and heartlessness!"

Well has it been remarked by a beautiful writer whose sentiments, in the garb of seductive and poetic language, come to us with all the faithfulness of nature—truly has it been said—"the heart is not logical—it is content to feel—affection never reasons"—and thus reason and logical deduction shrink from the bosom of Somerville, as the breathings of the master-passion began to tremble upon the surface. His ardent temperament but burned with an intenser fire, from the barriers with which reason would have smothered it.

Fast "they chase the glowing hours with flying feet;" and now, one by one, drops away from the gaudy chain, until in very weariness, the last floating forms vanish from the circle, and cease to obey the inspiring strains, which would woo them to the fleet dance yet again.

"How very warm it is," exclaimed Florence—"do put aside that curtain, that I may feel the breeze which its heavy folds shut out," and she stood beside the window in whose recess Herbert Somerville was reclining. Stepping from his concealment with a natural grace and ease of manner, which not even this *contretemps* could ruffle, he assisted Harley to put back the silken folds, until the

balmy breeze, freighted with the odor of the orange tree over which it swept, came fresh upon the cheek of Florence; and, then approaching, Harley instantly presented him. She responded to his graceful salutation, in a few, a very few words; and Somerville felt his heart tremble and his face glow, as he drank in the tones of a voice, soft, low, and musical as the whisperings of the night wind among flowers. A tremulous blush arose upon the cheek of Florence, as she uttered these words; but it might have been a lingering flush called up by the excitement of the dance in which she had just mingled—and besides, it was one of the most touching and lovely features of her beauty—that perpetual wandering of the eloquent blood, over cheek, brow and lip—now retreating from its temporary home—now leaping from its lurking place, dyeing the pearly skin with its crimson flood!

Somerville had long enough mixed with the world's circles, to know that any excess of feeling, or any exhibition of that feeling, is derided and mocked; and therefore he put by the deep enthusiasm, the events of the evening had so powerfully aroused; and, one moment after his presentation to Florence, he was talking as lightly, and laughing as sportively, as if no thought nor tenderness—no dark memories, nor bitter spirit had ever swept the chords of his heart! But what had care or forethought to do with glittering hours like these? Amid mirth and revelry, why should the probabilities of a dim future, utter, in discordant notes, their dark sayings? So thought he as he surrendered himself, link by link, to the chain of that thralldom wrapping itself around him. Hour after hour, he lingered near Florence; and the sparkling playfulness—the graceful naïveté, or anon, the poetic sentiment which dwelt upon her words—that *je ne sais quoi* of manner, indescribable as it is irresistible, deepened the admiration with which he already regarded her, and cast their spell over his captivated senses.

In Somerville's dreams that night, no wonder if the soft, sweet face of Florence Courtland gleamed brightly with smiles and blushes, beside the countenance of "rosy hope." No wonder if the broad future, his wild wishes had scarce dared to paint, sprang up into a luxuriant present, and if he and Florence, hand in hand, wandered through its flowery labyrinths!

CHAPTER III.

"One defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil."—*Tempest*.

Florence Courtland was but verging upon the rich midsummer of life—girded by every coveted gift of nature and encompassed by every luxury fortune could bestow. The only child of wealthy parents whose blind indulgence of her from wailing infancy to careless childhood, and from child-

hood to bright womanhood, left no wish unfulfilled, no caprice without gratification, is it to be wondered if the gentler qualities of Florence languished and drooped, in the absence of proper culture; and if vanity, conceit, and selfishness put forth their buds, flourished apace in the heated atmosphere which engendered them, and soon overspread, with their gigantic shade, the delicate blossoms nature's hand had implanted! Yet with worldliness and wilfulness usurping the dominion of her natural virtues, these latter were not stilled entirely—they were dimmed, not extinguished. Sunk into heavy sleep, they had fallen below the sparkling surface but to slumber, not to be perpetually entombed—and yet resolutions pure, and gentle, were too often fated to be washed away in the over-mastering current of a fashionable career.

Glittering with all the varnish of light accomplishments, Florence had come forth upon the *area* of society, intoxicated by the homage of the world—an homage yielded with no niggardly hand; receiving all admiration with indiscriminate pleasure—smiling with encouraging sweetness on every votary at her shrine—holding out alluring hopes to those who were gazing from afar and trembled to approach, she had won for herself a dangerous and revolting character. Branded with *coquetry*, she stood conspicuous with a celebrity which every femininely sensitive mind must deprecate. Yet it was not coquetry in its excess, in its dark heartlessness, which had shrouded her fair name; from the *wilful* infliction of sorrow upon another, Florence, with her latent sensibilities would have revolted; from *undisguised* cruelty to a fellow-creature, none would have more indignantly shrunk; but who can doubt that desire of conquest which oft-times riots in a woman's breast? for "the heart is *her* world—it is there that her ambition strives for empire"—and even as the warrior pants for victory, so the belle sighs for her tender dominion. Thus the superlative love of admiration which grasped the soul of Florence Courtland, blinded her to the means she was seizing to secure that admiration; and if, in her brilliant pathway of success, she sometimes rudely brushed aside the tendrils of affection which were seeking to entwine themselves around her, 'twas inadvertently committed, in her haste to throw her flowery fetters around newer subjects and newer slaves. Believing the homage she exacted to be the just tribute her beauty levied upon the "Lords of creation," she accepted it as her due—as a right none might dare dispute; and, light, careless, gay, she fluttered among her satellites—the fit goddess of a ball-room. Who would seek for depth of feeling amid such never flagging volatility! and yet, emotions profound and passionate, were sleeping beneath the surface, ready to spring forth when the magical touch should sunder the spell in which they were wrapped. Struggling to attain that imperturbable apathy, so esteemed in

the fashionable world as a finished repose of manner, she was ever checking and repressing whatever natural emotions were seeking an egress; but in the domestic relations of life, where she was the undisputed idol,—around the hearth of her childhood, Florence stood begirt with many and tender affections; and the character of frivolity and coldness which she put on in the world's pageant, was laid aside as she entered the home, where the indulgence of doating parents had garnered for her every comfort—every enjoyment—every luxury. How could she be otherwise than amiable, loveable, tender-hearted, where watchful affection anticipated every wish, and knew no pleasure beyond that of ministering to those wishes, ere their utterance rose to the lip!

Absorbed in his mercantile pursuits, in the acquisition of that wealth whose golden stream had never turned aside from his coffers, Mr. Courtland's world seemed bounded by his counting-house and his home. To return to the quiet of his fireside after a day of turmoil and business—to dream away the long evenings in listening to Florence's music, (for of music he was passionately fond;) or, in the indulgence of "aerial architecture," the groundwork of which, was always his fair Florence, and his matrimonial speculations for her—to wing the hours in affectionate prattle to this "sole daughter of his house and heart"—or in graver discourse to his gentle wife, was the anticipation ever before him, from the first golden light of morning, through the long day spent in the tedious drudgery of his employment.

Mrs. Courtland was one of those meek, gentle, unresisting beings, who seem content within the atmosphere of one secluded hearth—timid—soft—a creature formed for the sequestered walks of life, and ill fitted for those startling truths and harsh duties, adversity oft teaches—or yet to revolve in a sphere which would demand tact, quick perception or self-control. All she had of character seemed merged in her up-looking love of her husband, and in her rapturous admiration of, and attachment to, her daughter.

For many weeks after his introduction to Florence, Herbert Somerville was a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Courtland, where he was always received with a cordiality most flattering to him and encouraging to those hopes, he could no longer conceal from himself, he had begun to cherish.

Yet it is not to be presumed he had staked all his dreams of happiness upon the attainment of this object, without many trembling misgivings lest he was steering the bark freighted with so many and rich hopes, by a light, which, though dazzling, might yet be false—but what lover ever reasons! and thus, in the intoxications of a passion to which daily communion with its originator ministered its tribute, he was soon dead to every emotion un-

connected with his love. In the affectionate attentions Florence was ever ready to tender her parents—in the tones of her voice, as she would caressingly prattle to her prisoned birds—in the care with which she would tend her beautiful flowers—in every movement, every word, every glance, there dwelt for him, a charm and a fascination, none other had ever awakened. How he loved now to picture the future!—to dream of the destiny hope had painted for him!—to think of Florence as his imagination had robed her, not as the world depicted her! how he delighted to talk to her of his fair and sunny home, and as she would listen to his enthusiastic portraiture of its “golden fruited shades,” how had the words trembled on his lips to woo her away to its blue heavens, where the romance of his love might fling its spell around the sweet, domestic bower.

The “soft, shadowy days” of Autumn were gone, and winter, dark, stern winter, with stormy wrath and on desolated track, had succeeded. The blustering day had almost closed into night, and the billowy clouds swept over the face of the sky with darkening scowl.

“How this whistling blast makes me sigh for my southern home!” said Somerville, as he laid aside the book from which he had been reading to Florence; “how it makes me pine for the dreamy groves where winter’s decaying touch cannot linger.”

“But,” remarked Florence, “you have been so long a loiterer in our colder climate, that you must have become quite habituated to the usurpation of winter, and must dwell upon your sun-bright home, more as a sweet and dreamlike memory, than link with its remembrance, a wish to steep yourself again in the light of its ‘summer skies.’”

“That is true—for a restoration to home from which the light of happiness has gone out, and from whose hearth, the voice of affection has departed, must be one of the most chilling realities of this dark life—a home, beside whose portals, ghastly death forever stalks, gibing and taunting you, that your “household gods” could not be shielded from his shafts.”

Florence did not reply, but gazed intently on the fire whose fitful blaze cast fantastic shadows upon the wall.

“And yet,” continued Somerville, “memory then does not hover over that home with gilded incense, for the blue waters which purl around it, seem to me ever singing a requiem for the young knight form which found within its dark caverns, an untimely end—and the flower which lifts its weary eye to the sun, is always gemmed with a tear from the kindly heart which lies still beneath its mossy bed—and the murmur of the winds among the green boughs, is to me, but as the sweet, low sigh of her whose gentle eye shall never more be seen as ’twas wont to do, when its glance rested

upon me—the last of her race—the solitary scion of the household tree.”

“What a *Jeremiad* you are giving vent to, Mr. Somerville!” exclaimed Florence, as she rose and advanced to a stand of flowers at the extremity of the room. “I must get away from your sombre influences as fast as I can, or you will thoroughly tinge me—but I do not know that a proximity to this fuschia will be an effectual antidote, for it is positively drooping its head through sympathy—only see,”—and so saying she raised the superb scarlet flower in her fingers and glanced towards Somerville. He was sitting in the same posture with his hand shading his eyes. He was provoked, that his sad memories should have been thrown back tauntingly upon him—and he was grieved that such seeming lightness should have emanated from the one, who, because identified with all his hopes of the future, should have sorrowed with him over the wreck of the past. Had he looked towards her, he would have marked that the quivering lip, and starting tear were strangely at variance with the words which met his ear. There was a pause of a moment, when suddenly a subdued breathing of music arose from the street below, and a rich voice began a strain of song in unison with the instrument which had just been swept with a masterly prelude. Florence advanced to the window, threw it open, and beheld a delicate young girl, so thinly clad that at each gust of wind she shivered, and drew her tattered garments more closely around her, while the small feet, almost without covering, seemed to shrink from the cold pavement on which she stood. She was singing the low, musical air which had been borne to the parlor above, as a decrepid old man whose feeble frame she was supporting the while, accompanied her voice with the full chords of a harp.

Florence listened with a flushed cheek until the air was concluded. Her father had joined her at the window, and from the singular sweetness of the melody to which he had been listening, he was induced to put a few questions to the wanderers. This drew from them the recital of their melancholy history—’twas one of concentrated suffering indeed, and ere its relation had ceased, tear after tear was dropping its tribute from the beautiful eyes of Florence Courtland.

“Dear, dear father!” uttered she beseechingly, as the girl concluded. It was enough—gold, bright gold was dropped into the ragged hat, which was held up to receive it, and the beautiful smile which broke over the face of the poor girl, as she essayed to speak her thanks for so much generosity, and the half-murmured blessing, which came from the trembling lips of the old man, were recompense enough!

“Strange, strange inconsistency,” thought Somerville, as he beheld tears brightening Florence’s eyes; “how can I discriminate between a tender-

ness which will exhaust itself in weeping at the misfortunes of one, and a frivolity which heartlessly mocks at the desolation of another!" But even as he thus thought, his eye dwelt upon the dewy pathway of the tears, which had escaped over the cheek of Florence, and as he gazed, he longed for the privilege of drying their traces with his warm lips!

Ere the evening was spent, every unpleasant remembrance was dimmed in his mind; and, a willing captive, he revelled in his bondage!

CHAPTER IV.

"To me

Thou'rt the fulfilment of the brightest dreams
Of young romance."—*Velasco.*

Somerville had much to endure from the railery of Harley, who, half-suspecting the truth, loved to annoy him by dwelling on the flirtations and coquetry of Florence. A sort of *quasi* relationship secured him unceremonious admission into the house of Mr. Courtland, and thus he was enabled to scan Herbert's actions closely. When they were alone together, he would caricature every word and movement that had fallen under his observation, with such graphic skill, that Somerville would not unfrequently find himself laughing, with as much glee as his companion, at portraiture in which himself and his actions were tortured into fantastic and ridiculous features of the picture.

Forever wandering amid a wilderness of dream-like happiness, time wore away to Herbert, and yet his love had shaped itself into no passionate words; for, content in its worship, it spurned the language which would have measured its fathomless depth! But his lingerings afar from his distant home, already so prolonged, must now terminate, for the breathings of spring began to whisper to him of the verdant south which earliest responds to its balmy wooings, and with the thoughts of departure, came thronging fast and thick, all the images of happiness which had walked side by side with his love.

'Twas a sunshiny morning in early Spring. The "rosy hours" hand in hand were hastening to the embrace of the Season of Promise, yet pausing awhile to throw back a taunting smile towards the shivering old monarch, to whose arbitrary will they had so long ministered.

The golden sunbeams came softly through the rich curtains which were pushed aside to admit the uncertain zephyr, and tinted with the crimson draperies through which they partly passed, rested upon the beautiful cheek of Florence Courtland, who sat alone in the gorgeous room. That cheek was paler than its wont, but even as you looked upon it, the rich blood came capriciously dancing to its surface, and the lip oftentimes relaxed into a half-smile, as some passing fancy stirred the dimples encircling it. An

embroidery-frame rested upon her lap, and buds and leaves were mingled in bright confusion upon its tapestry, while the silken leaves of one matured rose occupying the centre of the wrought boquet, stood forth conspicuously, but half-perfected. Had the fair architect laid aside the creation of love's own flower to revel in the sweet realm of hope which is love's own world? She leaned back in her chair, heedless alike of the blossoms which had arisen beneath her skilful touches, and of the many-hued silks scattered around her. The hand which supported her brow was half imbedded in the volume of ebon tresses clustering around it; and in the dreamy depths of the half-closed eyes, there was a tenderness, a soft languor which said, the reverie was one made up of sweet fancies and happy imaginings!

"Has the olden time come back to us, with the ladye in her lonely bower, giving neither heed to the brodered tapestry, nor neglected lute!" whispered the soft voice of Somerville, as he stood by the chair of Florence and swept his fingers over the strings of the guitar which rested on the stand near her.

She started—

"Why sounded not the warder's blast to give me warning of thy coming, Sir Knight! Forgive me thee! that without herald, thou hast crept stealthily to our fair presence! And now thou hast—"

"Come to cast myself at thy feet!" said Herbert with an air half-earnest—half-jest—"to thee how, amid the din of the busy world, which my heart has pined for one glance of thine eyes, one smile from thy lip—one tone of thy dear voice!"

"Softly, gentle cavalier!—ere thou transform me into an orthodox dame of chivalric memory, must don the head-gear, and stately hoop which agreeth not to my more modern flexibility, and therefore I'll none o' it!"

"But the cavalier, sweet ladye mine, the cavalier, who has so long, I had nigh said, so long loved thee—whose heart, thy silvery tones do yet more than fame's loudest plaudit—who lovest more one hour's soft dalliance with thy charming than ages spent in the garish world around us—wouldst thou spurn him so?" And with the mitigation of levity, but the reality of feeling in his deep eyes, Somerville knelt beside her.

"Inimitably acted, upon my word," exclaimed Florence, while a warm blush stole into her cheek,—"spoken like a true knight of chivalry."

Words apparently jestingly spoken, but truths deep as the heart which prompts them, said Somerville as he rose, and bent over the hand he held—pressing his lips passionately upon it.

"There now, Mr. Somerville, that will do," and Florence turned aside her head, to conceal the blush which leaped to her very temples, and drew her hand to hide its tremulousness—

plunge into a tirade of sentiment, or else the while you are entangled in pretty words and 'silver sweet confession,' I'll try to recall the little *Barcarole* Edward Vincey was teaching me yesterday." Thus saying, she turned to the piano, and after a rambling sort of prelude, wandered into a blithe joyous air, every note of which, full of melody, seemed, to the excited ear of Somerville, to be made up of discord!

And yet he loved her, with an intenser fire, if possible—yet he lingered near her with worshipping devotion—and sought not to sever the bonds which drew him daily, hourly, to the fascinations of her presence!

CHAPTER V.

"The wide mirrors glittered with the crowd
Of changing shapes—the young, the fair, the proud
Came thronging in."—*L. E. L.*

There is that in the glittering pageantry of a festival, which speaks to the heart of human life. Life with its early hopes—its golden visions—and tones of luring music—when group after group steps forward along its verdant walks, and dances among its illuminated bowers—and yet how soon does cold reality crush the springing joy which ne'er again rebounds from the rude touch—how rapidly does the hand of bitter experience extinguish light after light of the gay visions—and despair, with its grating voice, quench the soft harmony of the Seraph, Hope!

It was Florence Courtland's birth-night, and her home glowed with sparkling lights, like a circle of diamonds upon the brow of night. Light feet trode the measure of the graceful dance, and smiling faces gathered around the beauteous Queen of the Fête, tendering the thousand complimentary *nothings*, such an occasion usually induces—another of the bright and careless years of her youth had dropped amid the mists of the Past—and Futurity, losing ray after ray of its glittering atmosphere, was opening its portals wider to the young wanderer. Strange that such a period should bring with it words of joy!—but so it is.

Florence had never appeared more lovely than on this evening; for the rapturous reminiscences, stored as jewels in memory's treasury—the feelings and emotions intense as they were, until now unknown, with which the events of the last fleeting months had peopled the sanctuary of her heart—these had stirred up new beauties. "Th' electric chain" had been magically touched, and the bright park had run with trackless step through each indred link. Florence Courtland *loved*. All the woman's worship now came forth from its hidden recesses—the long pent-up flood gushed from its vent—flashing in the sunshine of hope—and promise after promise, robed in the bright-hued vestments of happiness, thronged the laughing vista of the Future.

As the evening wore away, and Florence grew weary of the homage to which there was no response in her bosom, she turned away from the illuminated rooms, glad to escape for a time the empty flattery in which her heart had begun to disown its share. Terminating the vista of the gorgeous apartments, and in contrast with their glare and merriment, was the beautiful conservatory, whither Florence and Somerville were irresistibly lured. Mimic lamps trimmed amid glossy leaves, emitted a soft radiance, which seemed to struggle for supremacy with the flood of moonlight pouring in the whisperings of music as they wandered from the distant rooms, more faint and dreamy—like the strains of the elfin orchestra on Titania's banquetting night; the perfumed breath, floating from each leaf and bud, lingered upon the fragrant atmosphere—birds of gay plumage flitted on bright wing, from flower to flower, in their beautiful prison—and so blandly, yet so effectually, did these entrancing influences steal over the occupants of this realm of enchantment, that each seemed unwilling to sever the spell by a whispered word. They were alone, and to both there came a feeling of embarrassment, and blushing consciousness, in the hush of the apartment; for *who* has loved, and has not felt those tremblings of the heart, when eloquence dwells best in "expressive silence"—when the chords of the soul, vibrating beneath the breath of hope, give forth the murmurings of its melody, and the echo springs to the lip—there lingers, and there dies in a sigh!

"We are alone now, beautiful Florence," at length said Somerville, "and the wild hopes which for weeks have clustered around my heart, leap to my lips—yet I can give them no voice,—their intensity, the agony or bliss which hovers over their disappointment or their bright realization, 'outstrip my faint expression!' In the leaves of this blushing rose then, I murmur the depth of the emotions which have been called up into life,"—and as he spoke he culled a half-blown rose, nestled amid its green drapery, and presented it to Florence.

"And how am I to coax away the honeyed words you have dropped therein, unless haply, some little sprite has made a glossy leaf its couch and been an unbidden listener to your whispers;"—and with a blush—and a gaiety which strove to cast its sparkling curtain before this tell-tale of the heart, she placed the flower in her bosom.

"Shall I then tell you in powerless language what your woman's heart has long since taught you! Shall I shadow forth to you the worship with which every sentiment of my soul—every feeling of my heart has prostrated itself before one shrine! Shall I recount to you the fate which has blasted flower after flower around my household hearth—seared hope after hope, in my young heart—overcast vision after vision in affection's sky, until I had well nigh deemed myself the sport and plaything of

which she was standing, bathing in its bright flood, face and figure, until with her downcast eyes; and motionless attitude, she seemed personating some fabled Naiad.

At this moment she raised her eyes timidly; and, as she did so, she perceived an indistinct shadow darkening the doorway. Hurried away by the fervor of his feelings—a fervor which colored every word, Herbert marked it not. Aware of the coming interruption, and wishing to escape its awkwardness,—with womanly tact and true feminine diplomacy, Florence started from her attitude of attention, and threw from her arm, the hand which had momentarily rested upon it,—exclaiming, “out upon you, Mr. Somerville—out upon you! you commence to initiate me into the mystic language of the ‘painted population,’ but soon, diverging from its flowery mazes, you embark upon such a torrent of high-flown declarations, that I am actually just recovering the consciousness of my identity, and beginning to emerge from the new creations, with which you have been environing me—so, *me voici* no longer a patient listener.”

Thus saying, she turned to greet Harley who at this moment entered; but Somerville, as he strode hastily away did not note the intrusion.

“By your frivolity on a former occasion, Miss Courtland,” remarked Herbert with a cold dignity, and some severity—“you interrupted the expression of feelings which I consider too sacred to be thus lightly met, and you now respond to them, with a superlative heartlessness, of which I had not conceived you capable. What am I to understand from this conduct?”

Then turning abruptly towards her, as he con-

garned and cherish with ardor o

“To support my character responded Florence; “I must n ‘the giddy, whirling, loving d: Somerville seems to have establ *surveillance* over my actions, I gard his reproofs, or disrobe my ty. My present decision speaks

So saying, she yielded her h swept out of the room, while he glancing over his shoulder win at Somerville, saying:

“This is what I call taking ‘*par la queue.*’”

Thus sprang up between the distrust and coldness, which th far over the Heaven of their walked towards the lighted room short time before, with far differ charm was being dissolved—hue lorings were vanishing. “Ah! F thought he, “can it be that I my breath, my being, only on beautiful and faultless as the yet cold, dead and senseless marble.”

The pageant gone—the banquet sought her rest, with the soothing explanation and reconciliation wi age was but the more clearly n som’s depths from that alienation would be so transitory. Soon, drooped over the moistened eye-pillowed upon the hand, lost its fainter rose-hue—the balmy brea

only to show the nakedness of the future, without the hopes that once illumined those hours.

CHAPTER VI.

"Ingeminant cura rursusque resurgens
Savit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu."

Virgil.

For many days Somerville came not, and no word of explanation, no expression of regret was sent in his stead, to cheer the lagging and desolate hours. Unhappy, anxious, and alternating between hope and despair, Florence's bright eyes were dimmed, and the warm hues of the cheek flickered and faded.

She stood alone on the spot where Somerville's half-whispered confession had, one week before, ceased her heart to throb tumultuously. She remembered the deep, the entrancing happiness which had revelled in her breast, when the dawning of hope sprang, with one bound, to bright meridian—she recalled the murmured words—the love-beaming glance which came with those words—and she gazed upon the withered rose she held—his gift—fit emblem of her own seared hopes—till the blinding tears overflowed her eyes, and nestled in the bosom of the faded flower. A footstep sounded near; hastily dashing away her tears, she seemingly occupied herself with her rare and rich flowers, and as she turned to welcome the intruder, none could have guessed that fair young face had just been flooded with bitter tears! Woman's task to veil the heart is early acquired.

It was Somerville who entered, and a bright flush swept over Florence's cheek, as she responded to his greetings. He was very, very pale, and an expression of the deepest melancholy shaded the lustre of his fine eyes. He advanced towards Florence who continued standing; and, speaking with rapidity, as if anxious the interview should be brief—said—

"I have called this morning, but for one moment, Miss Courtland, to make you my adieu before my departure for my distant home. I have received intelligence, which renders it necessary that I should depart without any delay."

Florence bent down over the superb camelia near her, to conceal the burning crimson tide which rushed over her brow and cheek, as Somerville announced his intention. There was a silence of a minute—ere it had passed, she raised her head, and the beautiful face was as colourless as the hueless petals of the flower, over which she had leaned.

"'Tis needless to speak to you," continued Somerville, "of the regret with which I sever myself from associations, interwoven with the dearest reminiscences of my lonely life; in these feelings you will not participate; I cannot hope, that in your own happy fate, you will throw even one transitory remembrance to the stranger who has, for a season, mingled in your circle."

"If my remembrance is what you covet," replied Florence, and she spoke coldly and bitterly; "if my remembrance is what you covet, you may depart with that wish gratified to the full. I cannot forget you, Mr. Somerville, nor would I ask oblivion; for my brief association with you has taught me, the romance of ideal life is sometimes graphically caricatured, in the sombre realities of this 'brave world of ours.' How I shall remember you—with what sentiments you will be linked in my remembrance, is different—*c'est tout autre chose*—" added she, laughing sarcastically.

Somerville gazed earnestly and sorrowfully upon her as she turned away. "'Tis as I thought—as I feared," said he mentally—"how could I ever hope deep emotions would make a home in so frail and airy a temple—where every breeze, toying carelessly with sacred things, scatters afar each offering the hand of the worshipper may have deposited therein. Oh! Florence—Florence, thou art indeed beautiful as the sunbeam upon the ripple of a placid lake—yet cold—cold as the frozen slumber winter casts upon its waters!" He, however, repressed his emotions, and with a voice in which sadness had no part, and with a smile light as her own, he retorted,

"Since I am to be remembered in so equivocal a manner, 'tis best at once to relieve you of my personal presence. I have the honor, Miss Courtland, to bid you adieu"—and he bowed so low that the clustering dark hair fell in confused masses over his forehead, and shaded the startling paleness which had gathered there, as he felt the darkness of his destiny was closing around him, and that he was severing the last tie between his fate and that of the beautiful girl to whom his heart had gone forth, in all the trusting faith of its worship!

Florence, concentrating dignity, pride and coldness into one withering focus, glanced towards him, inclined her head slightly in acknowledgment of his adieu, and murmuring a blithesome melody, she stooped to caress the queenly blossoms of the camelia, near which she had continued standing, during her interview with him.

The door closed after him—the step passed from without the hall—and Florence then felt he was indeed *gone*! She buried her face in her hands, and though no sound came from the heaving bosom, yet the ocean-springs of her heart were bubbling up to the surface—the tears flowed in torrents from her eyes, and oozing through the fair, and slender fingers, dropped like jewels from the bowed face. Long and wildly she wept—but the intensity of sorrow at length exhausted itself—she grew calm, and binding again the long shining tresses which had strayed over her shoulders—removing from her face all traces of tears—"I will forget him" she said—"I will not quench the light of my beauty, by vain regrets—but I will go forth into the circles I have so long adorned, and trample upon

the reminiscences of one, who is so unworthy of the prodigality of my affection!"

Alas! poor Florence! this was but the unequal struggle between the Eros and the Anteros of thy Destiny! but the braggart boasting of old pride—that woman's champion! what though love cowers for awhile beneath his stern look of defiance—'tis but to crouch amid the flowers of memory, and soon leaping from his covert—unfurling his banner whose golden motto has been traced by the finger of Hope herself, he thrusts the usurper from the garrison whither he has vauntingly betaken himself, and the Heart's Citadel is again Love's—all Love's!!

MAIA.

(To be continued.)

TO MISS C——.

BY THOMAS STANLEY MATTHEWS.

Your question, fair one, bids me tell
The magic, wonder-working spell
That rules the poet's heart;
What constitutes the mystic tie,
The symbol of his art;
What is the source, earth, air or sky,
That breathes those floods of living song
That sweep the strings of Thalia's lyre,
And wreath the Muse with speaking fire?

True poetry is but a dream:
The whole creation is its theme;
The springing blade within the glade,
The leaf upon the tree,
Are each a tongue, from which are rung
Its tones of melody!
It is a thing of feeling, not of thought—
An instinct, not an art;
Its treasures from the farthest worlds are bro't—
Its home, the human heart!

'Tis when the soft, sweet breath of waking love,
Fresh from the azure fields above,
Swells through the fairy grottoes of the soul,
It echoes first are heard;
It rises like the summer breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
To meet the evening bird;
Till, in a glorious flood of sound
Its mighty surges roll,
From hill to hill rebound,
And swell to either pole.

Love is its language of discourse;
Music, the measure of its speech:
Nature the only mistress of an art,
That none but she can teach.
True inspiration's purest source,
Is found within the loved one's eyes;
Unlike the stony lustre of the spar,
Unlike the chilly radiance of the star,
That brightens only in the depths of night,
With borrowed rays and secondary light;
Unlike the glitter of the dew—
Unlike the wave reflected rays,
With which the shallow streamlet plays;
For 'tis there, her soul shines through.

The spirit-gem, imbedded in the crystal pool,
Glow steady, strong and full.
Brilliant as a diamond mine
Her orbs intelligently shine;
And here, fair maid, are thine!

Cincinnati, June, 1842.

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

It is unnecessary to enter into any disquisition as to what constitutes Taste; but, assuming that all understand Mr. Webster, when he defines it, "Judgment: nice perception; the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, symmetry, or whatever constitutes excellence," &c. We propose to suggest a few thoughts upon its cultivation. At the outset we meet the following objections: 'It is a waste of time, and promotes luxury,' says Economy; 'Cui bono?' says Utility.

If it were the highest end of life simply to amass gold, or to be a slave to constant labor, such cultivation might be considered a loss of time. And if it were desirable that society should make no advance from the savage state, it might properly be considered a promoter of luxury. But no one will say that his Maker has brought him into being, merely to breathe, eat, drink, grow sick, take physic, and die. For what end has man been endowed with noble faculties? For what end has the eye been fitted up with such exquisite mechanism, unless it be that it should delight in seeing; or the ear, save that it may delight in hearing? Coarser instruments than these might assist us sufficiently to 'buy, and sell, and get gain.' But is it true that good taste, is an expensive attribute? May it not promote real utility,—real happiness? We think that it may. It will nerve the peasant, to make his cottage the abode of comfort; while sloth is folding the hands for a little more sleep, he will prevent the steps of the morning, that he may train the woodbine or honey-suckle over his low porch, and surround his home with numberless little conveniences, and sources of pleasure, of which his idle neighbor is ignorant. It will also restrain the extravagances of affluence, and lead to the fountains of permanent happiness.

Taste has, frequently, for its object works of Art. Nature, many suppose, may be studied with some propriety, but Art they reject as entirely superficial. But what is the fact? In the highest sense, Art is the child of Nature, and is most admired when it preserves the likeness of its parent. Tradition tells us that the harp was first suggested by the vibration of a dead turtle's sinews, which Apollo found on the banks of the Nile, and the flute, by the piping of the wind in hollow reeds among the marshes of the same river. Are the pagados of Burmah any thing more than an improvement on the rude tent of the Tartar? Is not

the proudest ship that rides the sea only a perfection of the canoe of the savage? Are not Gothic churches only an advance on 'the forests, God's first temples,'—the drop-roof, an imitation of hanging boughs,—the stained windows, an attempt to counterfeit a sunset sky, sending its light through the interstices of waving foliage? In Painting, it is always the aim of the artist to copy nature; and, other things being the same, his success is in exact proportion to his skill in imitation. Why does he love to represent the unaffected positions of children, rather than the stiff attitude and awkward grimace of men? It is unnecessary to answer. The same principles apply to music, poetry, and all the arts. If these things be so, does not the man who objects to the study of art, virtually oppose the study of nature?

Of all the benefits arising from the cultivation of correct taste, we cannot now attempt an enumeration. It fits us to estimate better the world in which we live. That the universe was designed by its Creator to afford happiness to man, cannot be denied. Its adaptation to his physical and intellectual organization, strikes the observer at a first survey. God might have made the earth a monstrous plain, of one color, without flower or bird. Instead of hanging over us by day, a tent of many-tinted clouds, and by night, a curtain of azure, he might have made the sky of a gloomy, unchangeable hue, with little beneath it to promote the well-being of his rational creation. But how far otherwise is the fact! How prodigal is Nature in her gifts! How all things contribute to render us happy!

'More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.'

But he who does not cultivate a discernment of these things, walks blindfolded over the earth. This beautiful adaptation, running through all nature, brings such an one few thrills of pleasure. In his estimation, Niagara furnishes excellent water-privileges; and his perception is about as accurate as that of the blind man who thought that the color of scarlet must be something like the sound of a trumpet!

The cultivation of Taste is but a cultivation of the entire man. Who can doubt that Poetry has a tendency to polish the roughest nature, and impart new and pure aspirations? Will not he who has just conceptions of the true and the beautiful, shrink from whatever is low and degrading, sooner than he who has no such conceptions? And who will affirm that Music has no influence in making men better? Taste rocked the Cradle of Music and Poetry, and led them on to their present maturity.

To comprehend fully the influence of true taste (and we here use it in its enlarged acceptation,) we need only for a moment to suppose the world destitute of it. How cold and desolate! The forest

grows and decays untouched from age to age. The gold glitters in the sand, and the more useful metals lie buried in the dust of the earth. The pearl remains on the floor of the ocean. The granite and marble are hid in the bowels of the mountain, and man creeps about in the skins of animals. In this state of things, introduce Taste, and lo! the transformation. The forest bows to the woodman's axe and is converted into implements of utility, or floats on the ocean. The metals become ornaments, and a medium of exchange among all nations, and the hum of happy industry rises on every gale. Music strings her harp, and Poetry chants her numbers. The marble breathes—it starts to life: the granite is converted into the abodes of man, and into temples of the Most High.

In conclusion, we say that the perversion of taste to evil is no argument against its proper cultivation. Like all that was originally good, and designed to promote happiness, it is liable to become an instrument of the arch enemy; but if cultivated with a becoming spirit, it may be like the star which shone over Bethlehem,—it may lead wise men to worship God. D.

SONNET.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

O weary heart, that dwellest long in pain,
Beams there no star upon thy prison home?
Dost thou look forth and long for rest in vain,
While round thee deeper grows the shrouding gloom?
O, wanderer, on a dark and dismal way,
Where sorrow walks, companion stern, with thee!
Dost thou press earnest toward the goal, and pray
To reach it, and be from thy burthen free?
Earth has one blessed boon for eyes that weep,
One refuge for the heavy-laden slave;
A couch of peace—a long and dreamless sleep;
A welcome bourne—the cold and silent grave!
Open thy arms—O mother! on thy breast
That I may lay my weary head, and rest!

June, 1842.

Notices of New Works.

NEW WORK

ON THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

We are informed by Messrs. WILEY & PUTNAM of New York, that they have now in press, and expect to issue, early in July, a work entitled "*The Mineral Springs of Western Virginia*," written by our fellow-citizen, WILLIAM BURKE, Esq. Before the Manuscript was sent on to New York, we were favored with a glance at it, by the gifted author, and we can, and do, assure the public, that we have rarely met a work of so unpretending a title, containing so much valuable information, and composed in so pure and fascinating a style.

It is very much to be regretted that the book is to be delayed by the determination of the publishers to stereotype

it; but this very circumstance is conclusive evidence of the estimate set upon it by those discriminating and judicious gentlemen. The friends of Mr. BURKE were aware that he was a man of high classical attainments; but we doubt whether they were generally prepared for the information, which this work cannot fail to impart, that he is, moreover, a learned and practical physician, and puts forth views and disquisitions on medical subjects no less profound than they are original. We had hoped that the work would have appeared in time to be reviewed by some eminent physician of our City, in this number of the Messenger; but it is otherwise, and for the sake of our readers, we are sorry for it.

If the publishers fail to make a large sale, it will be because they are too late for the Springs-going community.

PORTICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE LUCY HOOPER, collected and arranged, with a Memoir, by John Keese. New-York: Samuel Colman; 1842.

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket."

There is something at once touching and consolatory in the early death of the gifted. When we think of their unfolding powers, their rich promise, their winning graces, we shrink from the idea of their departure. But if we remember how many of those we have loved or respected, have disappointed our confidence, and dimmed the faith we cherished in their excellence, it seems as if life was made more holy and hopeful when its stars are withdrawn without having, for a moment, fallen from their exalted orbits. Thus human character is hallowed to the imagination and the heart; and some of the friends who have cheered and charmed us, become the canonized saints of memory. Such reflections naturally suggest themselves to the reader of a volume like that before us. It is the legacy of one endowed with a superior mind, and graced with the tenderness and truth that is the glory of woman. The biography annexed to these poems is drawn by a partial hand; and for this very reason, we find it attractive. To no indifferent pen should such a duty have been confided. We have no patience with those who would coldly dissect a youthful character, or critically examine the first flowers of genius. There is a bloom and freshness about such offerings that should make them sacred. If there is a spot on earth where the heart's impulses may be innocently followed, it is beside the grave of youthful genius. In a spirit of pure sympathy and generous interest, Miss Hooper's biographer has edited her remains. In previous numbers of the Messenger, we have spoken of Mr. Keese's "Poets of America" as the work of a liberal and tasteful mind; and our inferences from the previous specimens of his tact and warm interest in American literature, are amply borne out by the work before us. It is a remarkably neat volume of nearly three hundred pages. The memoir narrates but few events; for the life of Lucy Hooper was one of seclusion; but it portrays various traits of character and habits of mind, which cannot fail to interest all who find pleasure in her poetry. Her facility in composition appears to have been remarkable. Mr. Keese says she seemed "to think in verse." There is a spontaneous air about several of her poems, particularly those in blank verse, which give them the charm of unstudied simplicity. Her religious sympathies were strong and prevailing, and they color her writings so as happily to modify the sad spirit of her muse. We have been struck, in looking over this volume, with frequent evidences of refined taste in the use of language; and no characteristic has served more forcibly to justify the exalted estimation in which Mr. Keese regards the poetess, than a certain feminine delicacy and elevation of senti-

ment, that breathes, as it were instinctively, from every note of her lyre. We are told that Miss Hooper regarded every commendation she received, "not so much as a tribute to past achievement, as the strong incentive to future effort." She obviously possessed a progressive mind; and it is delightful to trace, in her poetry, a gradual but distinct improvement in style and vigor of thought. With the spirit of this lady's muse, we heartily sympathize, not merely because it is pure and truthful, but because it is ardent and womanly. In speaking of Komer's bride, she says—

She had listened
To the rich music of the voice that now
Was hushed forever, till the Earth had not
For her an echo like its tone. And now
Could she live on, when never more that brow
Might greet her own, when in his honored grave
The hero slept, crowned with the laurel wreath
Of a bright, early fame—and in his hand
The sword, men called his bride? p. 104.

In the "Daughter of Herodias" there is a fine vein of feeling:

Mother! I bring thy gift,
Take from my hand the dreaded boon, I pray,—
Take it, the still, pale sorrow of the face
Has left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away;—
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face—oh! mother, is this death! p. 8.

"Osceola" is a spirited and moving lyric. The fate of the brave savage is eloquently lamented; and who does not respond to the concluding stanzas?

Wo for the bitter stain
That from our country's banner may not part,
Wo for the captive, wo!
For burning pains and slow,
Are his who dieth of the fevered heart.

Oh! in that spirit-land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath past,
Chief, by those sparkling streams,
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last. p. 30.
This holy admonition is addressed to a painter:

All these outward things
Which thou art wearing life away to paint,
Are linked unto corruption, and will pass;
But there are aspirations of the soul
Uniting us to angels, there are calm
And quiet sufferings, which wear a trace
Upon our spirits, and refine its dross,
But men will pass them by, for there are few
Can enter in the temple of the heart
And read its secret sorrow. p. 233.

The sentiment of Miss Hooper's verse is never sickly. It has the refinement of her sex with the depth of a strong nature:

Those were strange tales
They told in olden days of silken chains,
And flowery fetters,—these are seldom Love's!
His is a sacrifice of lonely thought—
Of vain, sweet fancies—of rose-tinted dreams.
His is the offering of burning tears,
And vows the deep heart utters. p. 248.

This is a vigorous prelude to one of her sketches entitled "Pencilings":

It was Ambition's hour. I laid down
The glorious record of the olden time,
The stirring annals of those mighty men

Whose names are channelled in the eternal rock
Time's restless torrent laves. p. 254.

We commend "The Poetical Remains of Lucy Hooper" to all of our readers who delight in elevated views gracefully expressed, and cherish an honest pride in the minstrels of our country. We think Mr. Keese has conferred no slight obligation upon readers of taste, in presenting to the public a volume of this nature in so attractive a form. We feel assured no one can peruse it without being made better and happier; and that it will be cherished not less for its intrinsic worth, than as the memorial of a gifted and sweet daughter of our young Republic, who, after striking her harp to a few exquisite and lofty strains, was called away, bequeathing this wreath of wild-flowers to keep green her memory. We cannot take leave of the beautiful character portrayed and illustrated in these pages, more appropriately than in the lines of Sprague prefixed, as a motto, to the volume:

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? OR THE WILL AND THE WAY.
Harper & Brothers. By the author of *Wealth and Worth*;
1842.

This is the second of a series of American tales by a native author. The writer's name is unannounced—but his works need not the additional attraction of a name, already loudly whispered by Fame, to claim for them the high literary standing which their merit has already commanded. When *Wealth and Worth* appeared, we hardly supposed that any production of the same unpretending nature could be more creditable to the author, or more worthy of the notice of the public; but we are forced to acknowledge that "What's to be Done" has proved this opinion erroneous; for the perfections of the second tale have almost thrown the beauties of the first into the shade. We unhesitatingly pronounce it one of the most valuable works of the kind which have yet been issued from the American press. We hail it as strictly national, and calculated at once to impart knowledge, elevate and strengthen the mind, refine the understanding, and foster an appreciating love for American customs, manners and institutions. In such attempts the author honors not himself alone, but his country.

The work abounds in great truths most impressively inculcated. Independent of the moral which may be drawn from the plot of the tale itself, every chapter seems enriched with an especial moral of its own. The style is natural, polished, vigorous and graceful. The scenes, as they vary from grave to gay, from gay to grave again, evince a versatility of talent suited to please all dispositions, and gratify every variety of taste. The most thrilling interest is excited and sustained throughout; yet there is no straining after effect, no endeavor to throw the characters into striking but forced positions. In a word, nature has been the study, and the work strongly bears the impress of its model.

The scene is laid in New-York. The characters, from the high-minded Ruth, down to the fat good-natured grocer, and his thin vinegar-tempered wife, are delineated with a truthfulness and accuracy, which, if you behold them with your mind's eye, gracefully grouped together, reminds one of some of Dubouff's finely executed paintings, in which the figures of the back ground, and every object—even a giraffe, ruff, or plume, are as highly finished and delicately shaded, as the most prominent portions of the front. Against the heroine, the gentle and lovely Ruth, but one charge can

be brought, and that is, of too great perfection. But as she is intended as a model for the young of her own sex, and as the beauties of a model are seldom more than partially copied by its emulators, it was, perhaps, a pardonable error to make her too wise and faultlessly fair for humanity. But while we have said thus much for the tale, let the tale say something, which it can far better do, for itself. It is filled with passages and sentiments equal in beauty and merit to the following:

Mr. Bibb, the friend and sometimes counsellor of Ruth, demands of her—"Pray, what do you dislike in Mr. Edward?"

"Nothing of which I am conscious."

"Is it not, then, a little selfish in you, Ruth, to see your brothers toiling till they are sick, and suffering bitterly for the want of proper food and care, when you have the power to relieve them by a word? Even supposing that in uttering that word you had to make a slight sacrifice of inclination, would it not be ungenerous to refrain on that account?"

Ruth seemed puzzled for an instant, and then exclaimed, "My heart assures me that you are wrong, though my tongue cannot tell you why?"

"To save your brothers and sister from penury and disease—death perchance—will you not accede to this proposal?" asked the grocer.

"No! as Heaven is my witness, I will not!"

"And why?"

"Because, in so doing, I would be no better than those fallen creatures of my sex, whom I cannot even name without a blush. Think you not that *they* too have the plea of expediency for their mercenary violation of the holy sympathies which God has implanted in their natures? May not *they* have their sick and pining brothers, their dying parents, or their own desperate necessities to goad them to acts at which the angels weep?"

"Yes, Ruth; but—but the comparison is not a fair one. The sanction of marriage—"

"Ay, the sanction of marriage! I know what you would say. But the religion which my mother taught me, by example and by precept, has made me feel that the sanction of marriage can only render the prostitution the baser and the more enduring; not, I well know, in the eyes of that packed jury of the world, society, but none the less so, on that account, in the eyes of eternal justice, purity, and truth!"

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—The May number of this Journal—(Mason's reprint) is on our table. We were surprised to find an *Irish* publication so rabid against the American Republic—e. g.: Laing in his 'Notes of a Traveller' expresses the opinion, that in the march of the spirit of freedom, it is much more likely that the states of Europe will resolve themselves under our great federal Union—than that the American States will, in the course of time, fall back into separate, unconnected and hostile monarchies and aristocracies, which so many English travellers assure us is their doom, etc.: to which the reviewer in the *Irish* journal before us, says: "It does, we confess, surprise us somewhat to find that any amount of democratic prejudices—any extent of republican ardor, could have induced a man to *have ascribed*"—(we wish, by the way, the Reviewer would write English; we would have said—*could have induced a man to ascribe*)—to "America a higher physical, moral, and religious condition than is enjoyed by the nations under the government of a monarchy."

"It is not necessary to carry a long memory with us, to make the assertion something hard of belief. The memorable trial of McLeod is too recent to be forgotten. Does Mr. Laing remember the conduct of his boasted federal government on that question? Can he call to mind its

vacillations, its hesitations, its trucklings to mob intimidation—the abortive efforts of the few able and honest men in Congress to inform the people on a subject of international law? the way that information was received?—the conduct of the Government, of the State? Where was the boasted power of republican institutions then, when the question of peace and war was deliberated, not by the collective wisdom of the nation, but hung trembling in the balance of every gin-twist orator's power of persuasion, as he vented his hatred against the land, from which, perhaps, *his father came forth a felon?*" This from an *Irish* pen and in an *Irish* magazine! *et tu quoque, filii mi Brute?*

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, delivered in the first and second Presbyterian Churches, in the City of Washington, and in the second Presbyterian Church in Alexandria, D. C.; By Rufus W. Clark, A.M., Pastor of the second Presbyterian Church, Washington. Published by Wm. M. Morrison—1842.

The style is chaste and beautiful, the arguments and reasoning forcibly put, the precepts wholesome and the maxims good; and were it not that young men, for the most part, consider 'good advice' too *cheap* to buy, we would advise all to buy and read over and over again, this little volume. It may be had at the well supplied Bookstore of Messrs. Randolph & Co.

TECUMSEH; or, the West Thirty Years Since. A Poem. By George H. Colton. New-York: Wiley & Putnam; 1842.

Our readers will award the credit of industry to this new aspirant for the minstrel's honors, when we state that his first attempt in verse, constitutes a duodecimo volume of 293 pages, exclusive of the notes. We fear such a work will find few thorough readers; and yet from the glance we have given it, there are many passages of spirited description and graphic portraiture. The subject, however, is one of those which open so vast a field for fancy, and require so much elaboration to give it breadth and interest, that we are scarcely surprised, that it grew and expanded beneath the writer's hand. The metre chosen is one which it requires no little conscience and firmness to use with moderation. The facility with which it flows provokes both haste and diffusiveness. Accordingly, there is a want of concentration about the poem; and the metaphors too often remind us of favorite passages in English poetry, particularly that of Wordsworth and Scott. As a work of promise, Tecumseh is worthy of praise. The author has an eye for nature—a command of language, and apparently a relish for local history, which, with judgment and care, will enable him to produce far better things.

THE RUSCHENBERGER SERIES.

ORNITHOLOGY.—This is No. 3, and like its predecessors is excellent. These are the most valuable additions of the day to our stock of school-books. The avidity with which they have been seized upon by teachers is unprecedented. Though the first vol. was published for the first time only a few months ago, it has already gone into the fifth edition; the second is following close upon its heels; and the third promises to be even more popular than either of the other two. These books have been adopted by the 'Royal Council of Public Instruction' for the use of schools throughout France. They are recommended and have been adopted by some of the most eminent teachers in the United States. It would be well worth the while of teachers in Virginia to examine them.

ITALY AND THE ITALIAN ISLANDS, from the earliest ages to the present time. By William Spalding, Esq., Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh: with engravings, and illustrative maps and plans. In three vols. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1842.

This work forms volumes Nos. 151-2-3 of the Family Library. Mr. Spalding writes well, and has produced, *multum in parvo*, a good history. We congratulate the Messrs. Harper on this very judicious selection for their Library.

HISTORY of the Expedition under the command of Captains Lewis and Clarke, to the sources of the Missouri, thence across the Rocky Mountains, and down the river Columbia to the Pacific Ocean; performed during the years 1804-'5-'6, by order of the United States Government. Prepared for the press by Paul Allen, Esq. Revised and abridged by the omission of unimportant details, with an introduction and notes, by Archibald McVickar. In two vols. Harper & Brothers: New-York: 1842.

These form volumes 154-5 to the Family Library, and make a valuable addition to the series. The abridgement by Mr. McVickar is for the most part judicious—so that the History of Lewis and Clarke's Expedition, now forms one of the most valuable and readable works in the Family Library. Every one is aware of the interest attached to the discoveries of these two men, and we take pleasure in calling the attention of all, to this entertaining and instructive history.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM FISK, D.D.: first President of the Wesleyan University. By Joseph Holdich. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1842.

Dr. Fisk was a devout and consistent Christian, though not remarkable for having performed any very great work. He preached—wrote letters, and disputed as many others have done; and, as his biographer observes, "It has often been remarked that Dr. Fisk's life was destitute of incident," his life was that of a plain practical man, and a useful member of society, and as such only we commend his biography to the attention of readers.

SERMONS AND SKETCHES OF SERMONS. By the Rev. John Summerfield, A. M., late a preacher in connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church: with an introduction by the Rev. Thomas E. Bond, M. D. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1842.

The author of these Sermons was a man of great eloquence in the pulpit, and though short lived, has left a valuable monument in the discourses before us—of his zeal and Christian fervor. He commenced to preach at the age of 20, and was much admired and esteemed by all who knew him. The Sermons breathe the spirit of religion, and will be welcomed by a numerous class of readers.

MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In a note to an article in our April number, the punishment of *peine forte et dure*, was said to exist by the Criminal Code of North Carolina. We had been so informed—credibly as we thought, but upon investigation find it to be all a mistake. When one finds himself in the wrong, the sooner he confesses his error, and makes the amend as far as in him lies, the better. We take pleasure in correcting the mistake, as publicly as it was committed; and we say to the 'Old North State,' (God bless her,) that the insertion of the note was to brighten, not to stain her escutcheon.

[Ed. Messenger.]

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NO. 8.

MRS. LATOUR.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF VIRGINIA.—IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"I protest, you're quite a female La Bruyere!" exclaimed Mr. Reynolds, after he had heard Charlotte Burnley conclude—even to the very last word—a flaming panegyric of some lady, who, for the time, had control of her fancy. The tone which conveyed this doubtful compliment was severe and dry, and the young lady stopped short; she was abashed and angry.

"It is the first time in my life," she said, coloring deeply, "that I ever heard it forbidden to speak well of people!"

"You must, then, have woefully needed instruction!" replied her caustic companion. "Nothing can be more unwise, than, without possession of proof, to speak either well or ill of anybody. In the first case, the person whom you praise, most probably does not deserve the character you bestow; and, in that event, you have departed from truth, deceived society to the extent of your influence, and given currency to qualities which might otherwise have been 'nailed to the counter,' by the general discretion. In the other—where you speak ill of people—they are, perhaps, quite as far from meriting the abuse with which you favor them; and then your aberration from veracity is even a more mischievous dip into falsehood; because, to the extent of your influence, as I before provided, you do positive injury; and that to particular individuals, who are, notwithstanding, better, very likely, than yourself. Nay, even when proof is in your hands, it is generally imprudent to speak either good or ill of character. If the persons of whom you talk are good, it may be indelicate, or improper, or painful to *themselves* to relate what you know of them; for, with truth, you can only do so from *facts*; and these facts, they often would desire to conceal. If you make the bad your theme, remember that frequently the strongest evidence of their wickedness cannot justify the exhibition to society of their evil example; unless, indeed, as rarely happens, its punishment could *immediately* be made apparent to the mass. Instances of what is called poetical justice occur, believe, oftener in real life than is generally imagined; but this cannot, from the nature of things, be obvious to the many; and, the consequence is, that vice is sometimes envied. You would therefore do injury even by abusing the wicked. Nor does the matter end here. You hurt yourself at the same time. You acquire the habit of watching

your neighbors, instead of yourself—of fruitlessly, and worse than fruitlessly, attending to their affairs, instead of profitably managing your own—of drawing upon yourself severe animadversion, to be repaid with bitter recrimination! At this point the motive of malice comes in, and you establish yourself as a gossip and noisy defamer, if you have sufficient hardihood—if not, as that vilest of earthly creatures—an underhand poisoner of the hearts of others. Even you, Miss Burnley, may, by this process, become that creeping thing which all men dread and all despise—a secret tale-bearer."

"Perhaps so!" said Charlotte impatiently. "I do not care to contest a point which it gives you so much pleasure to imagine established."

"Pleasure! And of you—you, the daughter of my best friend—you, my god-daughter too! Pshaw, you are angry! It is very true in theory, that young ladies are all angels; but in practice, and when angry—they are distressingly human."

"Enough to be angry at, I think," said Charlotte, shortly.

"Not at all. I cannot see it. What injustice have I done you?"

"For speaking well of a friend you blame me!"—

"A friend! Is Mrs. Slaughter your friend? Then heaven help your character, and mend your taste!"

"Here you are falling into an error which you ascribe to me, Mr. Reynolds. You are speaking ill of Mrs. Slaughter."

"I am not. I am only hoping that Heaven will keep your character from her handling, and direct your taste to some one less devoted to such dissections."

"You also suppose me necessarily guilty of defaming privately, as a consequence of long habits of evil speaking, lying, and slandering."

"I am glad you remember so much of the good old church catechism. But I have done you no injustice. The habit of extravagant praise leads to the habit of extravagant censure. You will soon discover that the object of your admiration does not, by a great deal, deserve your eulogium. One of two things will then assuredly follow. Either you will, to maintain a show of consistency, continue to ascribe to her, a character which you no longer believe to be her's; or, you will run to another extreme, and report of her as unfavorably as at first you spoke too warmly. The last, perhaps, will be your case, Charlotte, for you are rash and thoughtless; and so far, better than a deceiver upon system."

"I am flattered by the compliment," said Charlotte scornfully.

Mr. Reynolds stood up before the fire, and tapped his silver snuff-box, which was in exact harmony with his general appearance. Mr. Reynolds was a little gentleman, and dressed with astonishing neatness. Mr. Reynolds always wore a suit of grey. His hair was grey; his remarkably clear, keen, and shrewd eyes were grey. Something mingled with the tints of his red and blue complexion which gave it a decidedly grey tone, and he was as upright and active a little gentleman of fifty or sixty, as it is possible to conceive. Only his boots were black, and you might see your face in them. He was a rigid censor, but his judgment was right; a caustic adviser, but his strictures were just; a sharp-sighted friend, but his heart was true and faithful. He was the torment of his god-daughter, but he loved her sincerely, and was most anxious for her welfare and success in life. She seldom bore his remarks with patience; for, he offered the edge of satire too freely; yet she held him in high respect, and generally shunned him as she would the plague, because she desired to avoid being impertinent to him, as, in their debates, she invariably became.

"But, Charlotte," he now added, "you have already begun the defamer's career. Are you not always ridiculing people?"

"Not quite *always*."

"Whenever you can, at least?"

"If people will be odd, I cannot help seeing it. If people will be droll, I cannot choose but laugh. If other persons are by, I cannot help amusing them."

"At the expense of their superiors?"

"Very likely. The better for the droll, if they are laughed at only by their inferiors."

"No, it is not. Their respectability is, to that extent, diminished in the eyes of fools, whom otherwise, their example might benefit. Now I heard you half an hour ago, laughing at Mrs. Latour, and arranging a visit to her for the express purpose of ridiculing her!"

"Won't it be amusing?"

"I should not think so."

"Why? Are you particularly interested in her?"

"Not further than regards your business with her."

"Mine?"

"Your's—the business of lessening her high respectability."

"Oh! that I cannot do."

"And of depriving her, by rendering her ridiculous, of an influence in society more beneficial probably, than your own."

"And all that must follow a laugh at her odd ways?"

"Yes, most likely,—and that, too, when these odd ways are odd only in your misrepresentations."

"Misrepresentations! I will give her to you in truth and to the life. Is it not odd to attach one's

self to nothing human, but to give one's sole devotion to a little curly, white lap-dog, scarcely the size of a kitten?—to form one's life by that of the pattern heroine of some old musty novel!—studying, painting, playing upon every instrument under the sun, working in all sorts of stitches—in short, a blue-stocking hum-drum's existence, varied by venturing according to rule into society, to find out what is thought of it all?"

"And by such nonsense, you are to lessen her weight of character?"

"Pshaw, if she has weight of character, it will command its worth in respect. People are always valued as they deserve."

"Very wide of fact!—that is assuming as truth, a sophism. Perhaps, in the long run, character may assert its own claims; but what of that? they may be long concealed; and, in the meanwhile, mischief may be busy as a sorrowful consequence. Besides—grant that proof should at last be had that Miss Burnley's representations were all untrue, what then becomes of *her* weight of character?"

"Oh! come, Mr. Reynolds," said Charlotte, highly incensed, "now you are going too far. I cannot suffer this! Trust my character to take care of itself, if you please, and pray be easy on my account. My 'misrepresentations' at least are harmless."

"There cannot, by any conceivable possibility, be such a thing as a harmless misrepresentation," replied the invincible Mr. Reynolds. "If it hurt nobody else, it injures its author."

Charlotte's face crimsoned, and expressed almost ungovernable impatience.

"I prophesy that you will find it so," added her Mentor, fixing his keen eyes upon her angry countenance. "Misrepresentation of characters or circumstances, be they ever so free from malice at first, leads to it at last, and opens the door to mischief. As none of us know each other perfectly, so none of us can pretend to represent truly the virtues or faults of others. Therefore, any meddling whatsoever in the matters of other people, without their full knowledge and concurrence—and tattling of their characters, is meddling with their matters—any thing of this sort must lead to evil. First, we misrepresent without the motive of malice, and then with it; and consequences rush in, not more terrible to our victims than to ourselves. From such consequences you will perhaps at last receive conviction—since you will not otherwise receive it!"

"You've read Bulwer's last novel—have you?" asked Miss Burnley, uncourtously cutting short this triumphant prophesy.

"No!" replied the little grey gentleman, with perfect good temper. "Passing over your want of politeness, I reply to your question. I have not read it. Paul Clifford I did read, and there I stopped. His earlier novels, some of them, I

greatly admired. But I condemn every attempt to invest crime with interest; and when I saw a robber converted into a hero, I saw that the author's mind would no longer be a well of pure and sparkling waters. I have never read another of his books."

"Oh, gracious! you are so strict!"

"Perhaps so. At least I have not wasted time," replied the sage. "But that was ten o'clock I heard struck—was it not?" and he pulled out an old-fashioned silver watch. "Yes, in good truth! I must go!" He rose, and ringing the bell for himself, with a freedom from ceremony to which he seemed accustomed, he asked for his cane, hat, and great-coat. Whilst the servant went for them, Charlotte glanced at the old watch, which he still held in his hand.

"My dear Mr. Reynolds, why don't you change that ugly, old, good-for-nothing watch!"

"An instance that you may be mistaken," replied the old man. "Out even in your account of a watch! Ugly, it may be, but not good for nothing. One of the best time-keepers I ever saw. Besides, an old watch that brings to a man's mind the memory of a good father, who has worn it before him, is surely good for something."

"Very likely," said Charlotte, with a long yawn. "Good night, Mr. Reynolds. Ah Heaven! what a bore!" she added, as she heard the outer door close after him; and forthwith she threw herself upon a sofa, and seemed to rest in a "rapture of repose."

"What could my aunt be dreaming of," she thought, "to leave me here the whole evening, whilst she is nodding at a night meeting of people in whose sect she is not numbered. She must have left the meeting too an hour ago, and, I suppose, has just dropped in at Mrs. Simcoe's, to discuss the lulling discourse! I declare, I wish I had gone with her. I might have known that this old man would come, and that I should have him all to myself. Ah! how tired I am! how tired! how tired! And as for Mrs. Latour, she is absurd, and I cannot, and will not, help laughing at her. As beautiful and rich as she is, such a life is nothing but absurdity. Oh, me!" and here she yawned again most wearily, "I wish to heaven Mr. Reynolds would fall in love with her! I would consent to be bridesmaid, I am sure, only to see the ceremony. I would, even if I were obliged to carry her pet Nina in my arms to the altar, by way of paying for the amusement."

Incorrigible Charlotte Burnley! Many a gossip has begun as amiably.

Two days elapsed, during which Miss Burnley quite forgot old Mr. Reynolds' lecture; or, at least, so far forgot it, that she was again in charity with him. She had appointed this day to go out with an acquaintance upon the necessary but unprofitable errand of morning visiting. True to their design, her friend had arrived, and sat in the draw-

ing room, whilst Charlotte lingered at the mirror, pulling out one last obstinate curl, which refused to occupy, beneath her bonnet, the place it had held without it. Her aunt, a very old but pleasant-looking personage, sat knitting by the fire, in a comfortable arm-chair.

"It's a pretty curl, notwithstanding," commented Charlotte, as she labored in vain. "Never to sit right in the world, however, I do believe."

"I dare say it is well enough as it is," observed Mrs. Warner. "The weather is so desperately cold, that you will not meet a creature on the street—and the wind is so high, that not a curl will be in place, fifteen minutes after you get out. I think I never saw a more unfavorable day for elegant visiting."

"Oh! but, Aunt, this is the loveliest bonnet you ever saw, and will bewitch Mrs. Latour, if she can condescend to cast her eyes upon it. Every body says her taste is perfect; but, for my part, I compliment the *wealth* that buys for her taste and a great many other things. I suspect she has little to do with the selection of her finery."

"Finery! I always see her elegant—I never saw her fine!"

"Well—her *elegances* then. I will test her fancy with this bonnet to-day. If she do not praise it, she has no taste at all. I *must* go to see her. I *must* laugh at her. She is too deep in sublime absurdity to be foregone. I would travel over Kamtschatka, to amuse myself with her. Emily, do you like this cloak?"

"Beautiful! The lining is so delicate, and the fringe so rich."

"Well—I am ready. Good morning, Aunt!"

"I can't return that wish, Charlotte. It would sound too much like laughing at *you* who are about to plunge into such a cold and boisterous wind. Bless me! I am chilled to think of you! The carriage too is gone to the coachmaker's, to be mended."

"I know that—never mind!"

It is astonishing to think, amidst what discomfort Fashion is content to think herself in pleasant circumstances. She never minds tight shoes, nor breath pent closely up in stays, and pays morning visits in the teeth of the frost—and thinks it something to be envied by the vulgar.

They called at several houses—every body was "out" or "engaged." It was so cold that people were unwilling perhaps to be plagued with morning visits. Nobody's door opened to them! Not even the usual five minutes thaw by an expiring parlor-fire. Charlotte began to shiver. Emily's lips grew blue, and her nose, we fear, had a tinge of the ruby. They were, however, near Mrs. Latour's, where, somewhat to the horror of Charlotte, they met Mr. Reynolds, greyer than ever, through the influence of the North wind then pleasantly prevailing.

"Where are you going?" asked the old man.
 "To see Mrs. Latour, as I told you I intended," replied Charlotte, resolutely.

"Mrs. Latour, Miss Burnley?"

"Exactly so, Mr. Reynolds."

"But, you recollect, only three nights ago"—

"I do, indeed. It is because she is diverting, that I am going thither now—partly."

"And partly what else?"

"Because it is so cold! Don't you see? I shall sit by her fire, which is always a good one, and she will send immediately for cake and wine, as she always does, and in time I shall be thawed."

"And occupy the first moments of the comfort which she will bestow upon you in laughing at her, or in laying up matter for future ridicule of the very woman who is kindly entertaining you?"

"Just so. Very exactly stated. And very nice entertainment too. There are few houses, now-a-days, where one gets any thing better than the sight of finery."

"Aye! because show is all that people care for now," edged in Emily, between her chattering teeth.

"Won't you come in with us, Mr. Reynolds?" said Charlotte, pausing on the steps of Mrs. Latour's house. "Let me introduce you."

"I have already had that honor," answered Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "But I *shall* go in—to see if you really have the heartlessness to do as you have said." He rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Latour at home?"—to the servant who answered it.

"She is, sir—just come in. Step into this room, ladies, if you please."

They were ushered into an apartment, in which, as Charlotte had foretold, the fire was burning cheerfully. Curtains, sofas, carpet, chairs,—all the arrangements of every sort, betokened taste, comfort, wealth. Upon an ottoman near the fire, wrapped in a little warm shawl, lay an exceedingly small lap dog, white as a powder-puff, and covered with silky curls, but breathing thickly and uneasily, and evidently suffering much. There is something in the silent endurance of brutes that is very touching. It is an appeal to humanity, very apt to reach good hearts. Mr. Reynolds looked with pity upon the little dog. Charlotte smiled, and said,

"It is the pet, Nina. I suppose she is ill—and Mrs. Latour of course in deep affliction."

She had hardly finished the sentence, when Mrs. Latour entered. Delicately and finely formed—her every movement grace, her face beautiful as her form, she appeared to Mr. Reynolds—a professed admirer of beauty, and as gallant a gentleman of the old school as unflinching deference to truth would permit him to be—a very unfit subject for the satire of his companions. Her eyes were large, in color hazel, and full of softness, which expression was increased by the long and shadowy

lashes that drooped from their white lids. Her skin, delicately white and smooth, received, upon her cheek, a pure and brilliant hue, and her lips were vividly red, and exquisite in outline. Nothing indeed could be more faultless than her features—nothing lovelier than their benevolent, but pensive character—nothing more spotless than the fair brow, upon which natural curls of the richest and darkest auburn fell—and shone. She was very young, though a widow—had long lost father, mother, all near kindred—was, so far as natural ties were concerned, alone in the world—these circumstances accounted for the gentle expression of her countenance, which might be called softness, rather than melancholy. Possessed of large fortune, independent of all other people, free to pursue her own tastes, she yet felt, though years had intervened since they were broken, the want of those links to life which were severed by the death of her parents. They had been devoted to her, and she had been educated by her father—a Frenchman of some rank, who had left France in the days of the revolution—to the keenest perception of that filial sentiment, which is a characteristic of his nation. After many difficulties, in a strange land, Mr. Latour had, late in life, married an American lady, but without foregoing many of the prejudices of his own day and country. In compliance with one of these, he had married his daughter at the age of fifteen, to a scion of his own house, whom, in all his troubles, he had protected with unflinching friendship, neither inquiring what her own wishes might be, nor troubling himself to consider more than the fitness of the match. Francois Xavier Emanuel de Latour, however, had unluckily for his beau-père, and fortunately, perhaps, for his wife—who cared, at that gay time of childhood, no more for him than for every body else—happened to die one day, within a week after his marriage, very much lamented, and very soon forgotten by every one of his friends, except the first and truest—Mr. Latour himself. After his death, this excellent gentleman, seeing nobody near him whom he particularly coveted for a son-in-law, applied himself seriously to the education of his daughter, and forbore all further efforts for her establishment in life. He entered into trade, displayed great enterprise, industry, and foresight—regained from France, unexpectedly, a large portion of his former property, through the bequest of a kinsman, who had obtained possession of it in the troubles, and, in happier and later days, been enabled to restore it by will to Mr. Latour—and in five years after his daughter became a widow, she was by the death of her parents one of the richest inhabitants of —. Nevertheless, their loss fell heavily upon her. For two years she was seldom seen, except by the poor and miserable, and, at the end of the third, she was just beginning again to mingle freely in society—with something of a reputation for eccentricity, &

must be avowed, since study, addiction to some of the fine arts, great independence of character and action, a love of pets, and unbounded charity, were some of the traits ascribed to her. With all these, however, were mingled unfailing gentleness, delicacy and reserve, and her beauty, grace, and invincible self-possession rendered her an object of general admiration—an admiration which Charlotte, as a rival belle, could not but perceive, and secretly resent.

"Laugh at her! *They* laugh at her, indeed!" thought Mr. Reynolds, whilst he rose to meet the lady. "Truly the jest is a good one!"

She greeted one and all, gracefully and kindly.

"You have been pitying my poor little Nina, Mr. Reynolds!" she said, looking at the dog as she passed. "I fear she suffers greatly, but I am afraid I cannot lessen *that*. She has taken cold, they tell me, and I reproach myself for having rendered her dependent upon cares, which, for once, have been cruelly withdrawn."

"How do you mean?" said Charlotte, eager to draw her out.

"Why, a short time since, the weather was mild and fair, and I desired my maid to wash poor Nina, who was much less beautiful than usual through the influence of the coal-dust—I'm sure, like *Destiny*, it colors all things—and I particularly charged her to dry the little creature carefully by the fire, as she has often done before. That day I dined out, and the servant only in part obeyed my directions. She washed those pretty curls, and then, instead of drying them by the fire, she laid the dog in the porch, that the air and sunshine might save her the trouble. A snow-storm came on. Within an hour the air grew intensely cold; and, when I returned, my dear little dog was almost frozen. She has ever since appeared to be dying!"

"I am afraid I cannot give you much hope of her recovery," said Mr. Reynolds; "she really seems to suffer pitifully."

Mrs. Latour drew the shawl closer round the dog, and then sat down to entertain her guests.

"This is a terribly cold day, Miss Burnley. I am therefore the more obliged by your visit. I was out myself, this morning, and found it intensely cold. By the way, I stumbled upon a scene of great suffering—a poor mantua-maker, in want of work—of fuel, of food even. I resolved to ask my friends to give her employment. It is easy to give immediate relief; but, to render charity a substantial benefit to persons capable of exertion, it should, I think, include something to do. I have supplied her with work for the present, but that will not last long; and, really, if you, Miss Burnley, or you, Miss Emily, can employ her, you will be doing good. Perhaps all your winter dresses are not yet made?"

"Not all made! No," replied Charlotte. "But

this mantua-maker cannot be fashionable, or she would not be in want!"

"*Make* her fashionable—you can—and she will not be in want," answered Mrs. Latour, smiling.

"I cannot spoil my clothes, through an ostentation of charity," said Charlotte, rather shortly.

Mrs. Latour was silent.

"Mrs. Latour," said Emily, somewhat shocked at the rudeness of this speech, as well as at its want of even the seeming of humanity, "Mrs. Latour, I will give her one or two dresses to make. Perhaps, if you will accompany me to see her, and suffer your taste to direct her, we may be able, in time, to give her the advantage of that potent spell, Fashion. Will you?"

"My taste! Really this is a delicate flattery, Miss Emily, which I can accept with pleasure. I will attend you, whenever you please."

"Say then, to-morrow."

"Well, then, to-morrow."

"And, Mrs. Latour," said Mr. Reynolds, offering a note of some value, "you will perhaps do me the favor to select for me a pocket handkerchief, and give it to the work-woman to hem for me. The balance of the note is to pay for the hemming. You will not refuse me the pleasure of following in the wake of

'Fair ladies who drop manna in the way
Of starving people.'

Mrs. Latour smiled, and undertook the odd commission.

Answering the summons of Mrs. Latour, a servant now brought in cake, fruit, and wine—handed them to her guests, then drew up a small table, thereupon deposited the tray, mended the fire, brushed away a few fallen cinders, and retired. All was done in silence, and in a fashion so indicative of orderly habits, that Charlotte might well praise the comfort of Mrs. Latour's drawing-room. That lady did the honors very prettily; and then, taking a piece of cake, leaned over the little dog; and, with childish fondness, but without affectation, tried to rouse it, and induce it to eat. The dog answered her voice with a sick look of intelligence and attachment, but did not raise its head, and it ate, feebly and slowly, the morsels she offered. The humane pity visible in her beautiful face, touched Mr. Reynolds, and interested him for her. He could comprehend how so young a person, bereft of kindred, might learn to prize even the dog that seemed to love her. He could not sympathize when Charlotte sneered.

"How very lovely," thought he, "in that neat and becoming morning dress, and engaged, with true womanly feeling, in acts of pity. Bless my soul! The fine clothes my god-daughter rather carries than wears, will never harmonize with her beauty so charmingly. *She* is a fine pretty girl to look upon; but this lady has a different air—as if she belonged to a higher grade of being. And

Charlotte undertakes to laugh at her! My poor dear god-daughter has much to learn! I must talk to her of this, upon my word."

A port-folio lay open upon the table. Among a few uncommonly fine prints, several very beautiful pictures—landscapes, fruit, flowers, &c. in water colors, on paper, and ivory, were found; and Emily, who was fond of painting, began to examine them. Attentive to the interest she displayed, Mrs. Latour opened a small cabinet, and brought from it some exquisite paintings on porcelain, and in enamel, and others upon ivory, in cases. The subjects she explained with polite patience; and when the clock struck, and Emily reminded her companions that it was time to depart, even Charlotte internally confessed that the half hour had glided away with great rapidity.

Yet when she reached the street, she began to laugh.

"Is she not droll with that miserable little dog?" she asked.

"Not in the least," answered Emily. "I thought her care of the little sick thing, very natural, and I quite love her for her goodness to the poor man-tua-maker."

"And I quite approve your feeling, Miss Emily," said Mr. Reynolds; "I think in time we shall be great friends."

"I hope so, indeed," said Emily, laughing.

Miss Charlotte was greatly disconcerted; ashamed because it was implied that she wanted feeling; and angry from mortification and want of sympathy, she became unjust.

"Mrs. Latour is only ostentatious," she said, "and I will wager there is some human motive at the bottom of this angel-benevolence. I have often wondered how she got on so—how she contrives to make such a show—where her wealth came from. I warrant you, she ekes out her income by getting many a job cheaply done by the poor she patronizes."

"Will you, Miss Emily," said Mr. Reynolds, "will you do Mrs. Latour the justice, and me the favor, to inquire of this dress-maker, whom it seems you are to visit, what services she has rendered to Mrs. Latour?"

"I will, with pleasure."

"As for her property," added Mr. Reynolds, "as she is a widow, and a lady, we are bound to suppose that she holds it by bequest."

"She is very gay for a widow, I think," said Charlotte, scornfully.

"Rather cheerful than gay," suggested Emily.

"And if she were gay—as she is not—it would be nothing against her," said Mr. Reynolds; "for, she was married a mere child, to please her father. Her husband, I remember to have seen once or twice. He was handsome, and a youth of great promise it was then said, but she had been used to see him every day of her life from childhood, and

was thought to be indifferent to him. she ever would have loved him, cannot be proved; for a few days after the marriage he was killed by a fall from his horse, or some accident. She was then only fifteen, and has since elapsed."

"Has any body proposed for her since Charlotte, eagerly.

"I am informed, many."

"How came you, Mr. Reynolds, to know of her?"

"Why the truth is, your account interested me last night. Endeavoring to separate facts from its fictions, I gathered that she was unfortunate, and was singularly isolated amidst of the gifts of fortune. I found that she was good, and prone to things 'of good report;' and, meeting, by chance, with a gentleman who is her particular friend, was her father's, and who is also her agent in some inquiries, which he answered as answered yours. He added that, since the death of her parents, which happened three years ago, she has continued to live in the house of her father's, alone, conducted her establishment, managed her fortune, with great judgment, that she is one of the most estimable beings. I allowed something, Miss Emily, the partiality of friendship, and resolve for myself. I made my first essay this

"And found it satisfactory!" said Emily.

"More so than a first essay usually is

"Will you not come in, and dine with me to-day, Mr. Reynolds?" said Emily, as she stood before her father's house.

"I thank you for the invitation, Miss Emily. I fear I must decline it. A friend will call on me to-day."

"Charlotte, you will be at Mrs. Wood's to-morrow evening?"

"Oh! of course."

"And you, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Perhaps."

"Mrs. Latour will also be there, shall we not all meet again?"

"If Nina vouchsafe to be well enough, Charlotte.

Emily smiled, and they parted.

"Charlotte," said Mr. Reynolds, as they walked on, "I beseech you take care what you do say of this lady—You know nothing of her and I have an idea that her weight of opinion will go against yours, if you incautiously and incorrectly assail it."

"I must entreat you, Mr. Reynolds, not to anticipate the worst from me," said Emily angrily. "If you must sit in judgment on every act, at least be so good as to wait until harm is done."

"Some harm will soon be done, I f

Mr. Reynolds. "It is because I would prevent it that I speak, not because I desire to sit in judgment upon your every act. But be assured, Charlotte, that it will not answer to laugh at Mrs. Latour. People will begin to make a comparison, which will not be advantageous to you. She is more beautiful, more *formed* than you. Her elegance is of a higher cast than yours. I fear, my dear, the laugh eventually will be against yourself."

This sincere exposition of the matter filled the measure of Charlotte's wrath. As is usual in the game of life, the strong interest felt by the player, blinded his eyes, and hurried his move, or he would never have expected to render advice effectual by making it unpalatable. It was impossible, as Charlotte felt, to vindicate her beauty, manner, or claim to elegance in her own proper person, and with her own individual tongue. Her view of the affair might be considered partial—besides, one's own praise becomes any body better than one's-self. This necessity to reserve, perfectly enraged Miss Burnley, and she walked beside her tormentor in silence, which spoke volumes. Mr. Reynolds was aware that she was displeased, and suffered her to enjoy her humor without adding another word to his reproofs, parting with her at her aunt's door as if he suspected nothing of the matter.

Now, then, the motive of malice had entered Charlotte's heart. She could not forget the words Mr. Reynolds had imprudently uttered. She was resolved, however, that the world should judge differently; but being inexperienced, she could not rightly choose the means wherewith to influence it. Nothing better than to out-dress and out-act Mrs. Latour in society, occurred to her; and to laugh at, and decry her, came so naturally, as a relief to her heart, that it was an indulgence she could not forego. She poured out her disgust to her friend Mrs. Slaughter—concealed her pique, from very mortification—and avowed her suspicions that Mrs. Latour was an artful woman, who had very good reasons for all her charities. Mrs. Slaughter received these suspicions as facts, and abused "the little French widow"—as she would any body else—Miss Burnley's entire and solid satisfaction.

The evening after, brought Mrs. Woodson's party. Lighted rooms, handsome furniture, expensive ornaments, luxurious refreshments—all the materials of a fashionable entertainment are present to the mind of my reader, and forbid description. Mrs. Woodson at the post of reception, Mr. Woodson, and the Miss Woodsons, in every possible spot at the same moment, are of course understood—for, it was a polite family—and the music which was to set small and large feet in motion, and which, though still invisible, could occasionally be heard by a scrape of the violin, or a flourish of the flute,—this music, I say, nobody could forget.

At an early hour, came Charlotte Burnley,

dressed in the height of fashion—her hair scrupulously arranged—sparkling with gems—her whole appearance striking and attractive. Her salutation made to Mrs. Woodson, she walked to the fireplace, and was soon encircled by a crowd of gay young people.

Emily Bentham soon after joined her, and presently Mr. Reynolds too came stealing, like the gray dawn, upon the scene. Tea and coffee were now brought in, for Mrs. Woodson was in some respects both obstinate and old-fashioned, and declared that whatever was done elsewhere, tea should always be served comfortably in *her* house. Young ladies must now sit down quietly to partake of these refreshments; and, very reluctantly, Charlotte and Emily acquiesced in the necessity. Mr. Reynolds stood beside them, but seemed to be surveying the whole company in search of some one whom he was expecting. Charlotte's eyes followed him, full of curiosity. A remarkably stately and noble figure, near the door, caught her attention. It was that of a young and well-dressed gentleman. He was a stranger, for she had never seen him before, and she knew all the fashionables in town, and, to excite her interest to the utmost, he possessed an extraordinary share of manly beauty. He stood in a group of four or five, with whom he seemed to be conversing, conspicuous by his personal advantages.

"Mr. Reynolds," said Charlotte, quickly, "do you see the stranger near the door?"

"In the full suit of black? I do. One could hardly overlook him. The handsomest fellow I have seen these twenty years."

"Extremely good-looking, indeed. Do you know who he is?"

"Yea, indeed—the son of an old friend of mine."

"But what is his name?"

"A plain one, at your service. His name is John Thetford."

"Is he clever?" asked Emily.

"Clever, and accomplished."

"Rich?" asked Charlotte.

"Very. But why has neither of you inquired, is he good?"

"Because," said Charlotte, "according to your own rules, you would not have answered if we had. But the lay down of rules, like the sportsman, who will not touch his own game, is the man of all others to abstain from following them."

"In such a case as this, I might with propriety have satisfied you," replied the little old man, with perfect good humor. "I know his character well, and could establish, by proof, my estimate of it."

"Then tell us something of him."

"No! as you would not think of character *first*, you shall find it out for yourself; but see! there comes Mrs. Latour—radiant in loveliness."

"You are caught, Mr. Reynolds," said Emily, smiling, and looking towards the door.

And—dressed in soft and flowing white, relieved by a brilliant set of sapphires, with white and crimson buds of the *Camelia Japonica*, and their dark and glossy leaves resting in her bright hair, and beautifully harmonizing with her fair brow, and glowing cheek—Mrs. Latour made her appearance—moved with grace and self-possession to the spot where Mrs. Woodson still stood, and greeted that good lady. Then she assumed a seat, and began to converse easily with the persons who failed not to draw around her.

But at this moment, Charlotte had no eyes for Mrs. Latour; for, conducted by a gentleman of her acquaintance, Mr. Thetford was making his way towards herself, and the minute afterwards was presented to her in form. He engaged her hand for the next dance, and remained beside her in the meantime, talking agreeably of many different things. Emily soon wandered away to another part of the room, and Mr. Reynolds joined the group of which Mrs. Latour was the centre. This movement drew the eyes of Mr. Thetford towards her, and he was struck with her extreme beauty.

"Who is the lady to whom Mr. Reynolds is speaking, Miss Burnley?"

"A little French widow—Mrs. Latour."

"French! There is nothing French in her air or manner. Soft, quiet, gentle as she looks, I never should have fancied her a French woman."

"By birth she is American, and so was her mother. Her father and husband were French."

"She has not lived much in French society perhaps!"

"I do not know indeed."

"She is exceedingly beautiful. I never beheld so brilliant a color, or so pure and delicate a skin."

Was it the Old Father of Mischief himself, that prompted Charlotte to a sudden and wicked impulse to raise her eyes with bewitching naiveté of expression to Thetford's face, and to put on a smile of great but ambiguous meaning? By no means. She was simply vexed at heart. She had before begun to dislike Mrs. Latour, on account of Mr. Reynolds' rebukes. His implied disapprobation of her want of humanity in the matter of the dress-maker, his comparison of herself with Mrs. Latour—the estranged sympathy of Emily, which had wholly gone over to her rival, as she was pleased to consider that lady—all these things together, had provoked her to a feeling of very unjust aversion to the "little French widow;" and her friend Mrs. Slaughter had, since the visit we have recorded, done, as we have seen, little to allay her irritation. On the contrary, she had thrown out, not only hints, but assertions, that Mrs. Latour was not all she seemed. Charlotte had been delighted to treasure them, and the smile she now put on, was no further a falsehood, than a repetition of one of Mrs. Slaughter's slanders, in contra-

diction of the evidence of her own ~~sense~~ her own clear convictions, might so be ~~ex~~ She was glad, when Mrs. Latour was | a handsome man, to be able to diminish | tion. She therefore answered his ~~obs~~ we have seen, merely by an expression expression implied a good deal. He ~~say~~

"One would judge from that smile," gravely, "that the lady is less indebted than to art, for that very delicate bloom!"

"I accuse her of nothing. What have answered Charlotte, laughing, but not ~~d~~ insinuation.

"Your manner says a great deal," Thetford, seriously.

"I cannot help my manner," said lightly, "and it is saying a great deal | nevolence, I think, that I only express | what others do not hesitate to put into |

Thetford made no answer. He was | ing at Mrs. Latour, and noting, at the | the approving countenance of Mr. Rey | was seated beside her, and with whom conversing with an air of interest ~~as~~ although one or two younger gentlemen near, seemed to desire to interrupt him prove indifference to admiration, or ~~on~~ mate art! The beautiful innocence ~~of~~ as she raised them to catch Mr. Reynolds, seemed to answer so injurious a ~~qu~~ Thetford was inclined to be satisfied.

The trying of violin strings, the ~~sc~~ bows, and a prelude upon the flutes, ~~an~~ commencement of the dances; and ~~Chad~~ phant in being the choice of the hands | ger, joined the candidates for applause | not, as in the days of simplicity ~~embel~~ verse of Goldsmith,

— "Seek renown,
By holding out to tire each other ~~des~~

but who, forgetful of the chief use of the | ment, lounged through the figure, as if | nor any thing else in the world, were exertion—or, to read the sight with un eyes, as if, from wretched self-indul | bodily ability to enjoy the natural pleas | of dancing, were wholly and forever ~~d~~

Mrs. Latour had declined dancing— | now partook of the amusement," and | nolds, who was delighted to engross ~~be~~ decided, in his own mind, that, though have been no harm if she had chosen ~~to~~ it was a token of great propriety and feeling, that she did not mingle in the ~~d~~ while Charlotte soon forgot Mrs. Latour, gathered from some remark of Thetford was just returned from Europe, after | dence there, and in the East, drew his wide field for description, anecdote ~~an~~ is human nature to be pleased with any

one evidently pleases—who will listen to one with fixed interest, and enter into the spirit of the entertainment one endeavors to afford. And Mr. Thetford, who had begun by thinking Miss Burnley a very pretty girl, now added to that amount of admiration, the fancy that she was intelligent and agreeable also. Encouraged by his animation, to believe that she was making a favorable impression, Charlotte's spirits rose, and from the delighted auditor, she glided into the character which habit had made her imagine most attractive; and anxious to show her wit, became lively, thoughtless, and voluble. She began to talk of the present scene, and the actors in it; and, occupied wholly with her own idea of the effect she was producing, she sometimes failed to observe the expression of her companion's face, and to see that it often varied "from gay to grave, from lively to severe."

The set of quadrilles over, Mr. Thetford found for her a seat; but, to her surprise, resigned his place beside her to a gentleman, who came to engage her for another set. He moved away, and again gave his attention to Mrs. Latour, who was still talking to Mr. Reynolds, at a little distance. Her voice was peculiar in pitch and tone—low and rich, but singularly clear and musical; and he fancied he could observe in her language, remarkable purity and simplicity; and in the thoughts which it conveyed, great delicacy, and refinement. Even remarks, in themselves common-place, seemed to acquire dignity from this characteristic; and, as he looked and heard, he became extremely regretful "that she should paint." He was aware that much may be achieved by human cunning, but her apparently natural graces did seem so perfectly incompatible with such arts!

"Could she not have trusted for effect to those beautiful eyes?"

Now, Mrs. Latour had never in her life considered what their effect might be. She knew that she was beautiful; and, with womanly instinct comprehended the means by which dress, gems, and colors could be made to heighten loveliness. Naturally, she took advantage of this knowledge, and her taste was universally admitted to be exquisite; but as to calculating on the effect, either of her beauty or her taste, she really was too little interested in the general world to think of that. Her pleasures were of a different kind, and the love of admiration, and the spirit of rivalry had among these, no place. Misfortune has a power to sober heart and mind, and the chief events of her life had been such as to produce reflection, and to quiet impulse.

"By the way, I forgot to inquire for your little dog!" Thetford caught the words, as Mr. Reynolds uttered them in the affectionate tone which might have conveyed them to a favorite child.

"Oh! she is much better, I have really hopes of her recovery to-day."

"Nina is fortunate to engross your cares. But she does not wholly engross them. How goes on your human protégé, the work-woman?"

"Ah! I should thank you, in her name, for the goodness of several ladies, who have to-day, at your instigation, called to give her employment. Your handkerchief too is ready. Shall I send it to you?"

"By no means—let me have the pleasure of calling for it."

"I shall be happy, on those terms, to keep it."

"Is this Mr. Reynolds?" thought the amazed Thetford. "And is he thus unwontedly smooth and approving towards a thing all artifice? I cannot make it out. Yet that thoughtless, headlong Miss Burnley cannot have deliberately slandered her, surely. Perhaps the old fellow is in love! I cannot otherwise account for the softening influence exercised by this lady upon his well-matured heart, and vaunted judgment. Sharp as a lightning flash to every body else, he is, to her, amusingly courteous and deferential. I must know by what magic she leads him."

"Miss Burnley," he said, moving to her side, as for a moment, she stood still, whilst another lady in the quadrille was fastening the loose ribbon of her slipper. "Miss Burnley, do tell me what is going on yonder. I have been listening to my old friend Mr. Reynolds, who seems to be highly entertaining to Mrs. Latour. I think he is bewitched, for he is gliding on, soft as a summer-dream, in all the smoothness of old-fashioned gallantry, and she is attending with enchanting interest. Every moment I expect to hear him 'plump the inquiry.' What is it all, Miss Charlotte? He used to be any thing in the world rather than gallant. What has wrought the change? Is it a serious case, or merely a flirtation? Has he resigned his mighty heart, or does he only study the graces? Or, finally, is all this only an encounter of ancient courtesy, with youthful observance? I assure you, I am desperately puzzled."

"I am as profoundly perplexed myself, Mr. Thetford," answered Charlotte in a tone between jest and earnest, "I have lately reflected deeply on this subject."

"Is it an affair of long standing?"

"Very recent, I should imagine."

"Then I know not what to think. I will renew my espionage."

He approached the objects of his curiosity, and contrived very dexterously to be jostled against Mr. Reynolds in passing. The seeming was most accidental, yet he instantly stopped to apologize.

"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons!"

"Not one of them necessary! Permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Latour."

The presentation effected, Thetford took up his position beside them, and began furtively to scrutinize the tint and composition of the lady's com-

plexion. If artificial, it was certainly bestowed upon a fine foundation; and was, besides, most delicately done. If natural, nothing else could equal it. He suspected she was slandered, for he imagined that her fine color varied—but that perhaps was fancy. However that might be, he continued near her, conversing with her and with Mr. Reynolds easily and cheerfully. Persons, as well as things, were talked of. He noted that her comments were invariably good-natured. Not a censorious stroke at any one. Yet did not this reserve render her conversation insipid. Her apprehension was quick, her wit ready, her tone of speech and manner inexpressibly soft and feminine. He could not help being charmed; but the inuendo of Charlotte Burnley disturbed his impressions. The story of her painting once located in his fancy, and his residence abroad having familiarized him with the ever-varying and easily assumed seemings of excellence in women, whose art was scarcely denied, he hesitated to admire; and finally suspended himself in a web of doubt; admitting, however, that she was the most beautiful and attractive woman he had ever seen.

He had come home a marrying man, but fully determined not to cast the quiet of his future life upon the hazard of a chance fancy. Never was there creature so faultless as Mrs. Thetford was to be. He had time to look about him—he was young. He meant to deliberate wisely—to judge coolly. Above all the other qualities by which his choice should be distinguished from the other daughters of Earth, Truth, which was his own idol, should shine conspicuous. He had found that Truth, which seems the easiest virtue in the world to practise, is really in practice, one of the merits most difficult to find; that “little habits of exaggeration,” or “little habits of inaccuracy,” or “little habits of forgetting,” and alas! sometimes, little habits of remembering, have a wider sway in society than society would suppose; and these little habits he vowed Mrs. Thetford should dispense with, in speech, thought, and action—and I do not know that he was not in the right. He imagined that sincerity and the art of skin-painting were somewhat incongruous; and, like many of his countrymen, was simple enough to believe that they could not be united in one and the same individual. His admiration of Mrs. Latour was, therefore, somewhat qualified and contingent. Notwithstanding this unfavorable state of things, he could not but be interested in her extreme gentleness, her childlike simplicity of speech, full, as it was, of fitting knowledge, and strong and excellent sense. She seemed too so readily to appreciate and consult every body’s feelings, so naturally to enjoy the pleasure of the scene—at Mr. Reynolds’ skilful call, so many innocent and becoming tastes made their appearance—the love of flowers, and birds, and pictures—of music too—which art, Thetford

had cultivated himself with great success, at home and abroad. And then she was necessarily so independent, so self possessed. He admired the effect, but pitied her for its cause—her destitution of kindred.

He asked “if she loved reading?”

Yes. She found it a resource.

“A resource! Did it not clash with the claims of society?”

She thought not. Society could have claims only as far as they were admitted. She set apart for her own pursuits, hours which belonged to nobody—the early morning hours when “the world” was usually asleep—those too, when the morning of visitors was over—sometimes long evenings, when she was alone. People complained of want of time. She always had time, and found it agreeably provided with occupation.

“You rise early?”

“Very early. But that is merely habit—acquired in childhood.”

“You seem to have many resources—books, music, birds?”

“But not birds in cages. They are too dismal. I could never see their monotonous hopping from perch to perch, or hear the sameness of their melancholy songs, without an inclination to sleep, which is really irresistible. I cannot account for it. It wearies me to death, I know not why. But in my garden, I have a rose bush, and in that bush a mocking bird has built, and day and night it sings with a life and variety of song that I can listen to with real delight.”

“He is a bird of taste,” said Mr. Reynolds, with the courtesy of a bygone day.

“No. I am afraid he is a very mercenary. I take care that he shall find supplies near his rose bush, and he is often very busy among them.”

Notwithstanding the insinuations of Miss Charlotte Burnley, Mr. Thetford, when the party broke up, shared with Mr. Reynolds the honor of escorting Mrs. Latour to her own door. As they were delayed a moment, whilst Mrs. Latour was speaking to a lady, Thetford heard the voice of Miss Burnley, low and guarded, at his side. He turned.

“I observed you catechising Mrs. L.,” she said, laughing. “Did she stand the examination well? But see, she is coming. No answer! Good night!” and she passed on, apparently in high good humor.

But was it good humor? Not in the least. There is a laugh which is the bitterest thing in nature—the laugh that covers mortification. Miss Burnley had witnessed Thetford’s attentions to “the little French widow” with great disapprobation, and his escorting her home completed her disgust. She was now quite ready to add to the information she had already given him several other items, equally false and injurious. She had taken the gossip’s first step; and the first step only costs—as we are

told so often, that the quotation is no longer sufferable. Mrs. Latour was her rival, and she must take the consequences. She would have that man in her train, let what might happen. A stranger—rich—from Europe last—young, handsome! What a feather for the cap of the fortunate winner! Even if she should not marry him, how largely he would count!

As Charlotte stood before her glass, in her splendid party-dress, glittering with gems, and herself a pretty substantial specimen of beauty, she wondered how any mortal could, in her presence, find Mrs. Latour so attractive. The flowers which her aunt's green-house had furnished for her hair, were a little fallen. She petulantly pulled them out; and angrily remembered that Mrs. Latour's camellias, had, to the last, been as fresh as when she entered Mrs. Woodson's drawing room. At this recollection, her surprise unconsciously found words for its expression.

"La, Miss Charlotte, it's all art!" exclaimed her abigail, who was accustomed to converse quite at ease with her young lady, "something about sealing wax and scalding the stems. Mrs. Latour's maid, Lucy, told me all about it—only I was not listening at the time. It's all art, I assure you, Miss Charlotte."

"I dare say! I am told it is not her only art," said Charlotte peevishly. It was hardly possible to go to one's nightly prayers in a worse temper than that with which she dropped upon her knees, to run through the form of words which she was accustomed to utter.

"Don't you want your Bible to-night, Miss Charlotte?" said Elinor, as her mistress arose from the attitude of supplication.

"No: that I don't. Do pray put the book down, and take yourself off this minute. Don't talk to me of the Bible, when I am tired to death, and worried besides."

"I'clare, Miss Charlotte, I didn't mean nothing—and I never should have thought of the Bible, if I had thought it would have made you so mad, ma'am—and you just off your knees too! You know you never comes from a party but you calls for the Bible, and I did'n't know but what it might be the same to-night. I might have known, though, that it wasn't worth while—for you never reads five minutes at a time in it."

It may seem strange, to minds which have never been agitated with such conflicts, that a young lady, at the very first blush of her acquaintance with any gentleman, however great his apparent merit, should so completely set him down to her own account—so bitterly resent an unconscious rivalry—so spiritedly plan the defence of her assumed rights. Some people may say "the thing is impossible!"—we only know it is of daily occurrence. We do not pretend to explain it. We would as soon decide what is the substance of the

sun. But we do say such things are—for we have heard them avowed.

In a spirit of charity with all the world—in a mood of calm thought, which excluded Mr. Thetford, and Charlotte, and all other creatures—and in a semblance which suggested the idea of an angel—prayed Mrs. Latour that night, alone, in silence, and in truth. No two human beings could be more unlike than she and Charlotte Burnley. The difference between them was that which separates Peace from Strife.

The next day Mr. Thetford accompanied Mr. Reynolds to pay a visit to Mrs. Latour. "It was the old fashion," said the little grey gentleman, "and I like to keep it up."

This visit proved to be so delightful, that it was unmercifully prolonged. Thetford was touched by the lady's position in society. Isolated from all natural ties, yet formed for dependence upon kindred and affection; lonely herself, yet surrounded by all the advantages of wealth and station; completely thrown upon herself for resources against sorrow, ennui, and all other evils, and yet so lady-like, gentle, and refined—Thetford could not but be interested by the romance even of this position. She herself, however, seemed to be happy. Her nature appeared to be serene, and calm; and, for the rest, she was evidently used to rely upon herself, and her quiet self-possession never deserted her. Here was another point of interest. Individuality is a powerful attraction. It requires society, or at least the influence of some other person, or persons, to complete the character of most people, but when we meet with a nature in itself entire, we are won by it without reflecting why.

The result of this visit was, that Mr. Thetford discarded the insinuation of Charlotte Burnley as entirely unworthy and injurious, and that he and Mr. Reynolds were charmed with Mrs. Latour. Thetford called upon Miss Burnley next day, but the room was filled with morning visitors, and Charlotte found no opportunity to follow out her plans of captivity. •

Accident favored the fancy of Mr. Thetford. The next morning he met Mrs. Latour in the street. The morning was fine, and she had visits to make. He was only too happy to offer his attendance; and, when the tax she was paying to society, was duly discharged, it was no small reward to his gallantry to follow her into her cheerful drawing room, and forget, for an hour or so, how he was wasting her time. Wasting her time! No body could well do that. She produced her work, and her pretty white hands were busy all the time she was unconsciously stealing the heart of Mr. Thetford. Before they parted, it was arranged that he should, if the weather were fine, drive her out next day, in a small open vehicle, which had already, from its fashion and elegance, attracted the admiration of various eyes in —. In the evening, he met

Charlotte Burnley at a party. Mrs. Latour was absent. A sort of intuitive dread of her charitable communications already rendered him unwilling to speak to Miss Burnley of "the little widow." He hated the phrase, and would not draw it out. As he did not speak of her, and danced with Miss Charlotte several times, she concluded that she was upon the verge of conquest, and made herself agreeable with all her might. In proportion to her exultation this night, was her despair next day, when she unhappily beheld Mrs. Latour seated beside Thetford in his little carriage, and the handsome owner sporting a pair of splendid bays. All her animosities were redoubled. Bitterly did she this morning abuse Mrs. Latour to that good-natured listener, Mrs. Slaughter.

PART II.

Mr. Reynolds was, at this time, summoned to a distant part of the country on particular business, and Charlotte saw him depart with the highest satisfaction. His lectures were insufferable, and he was a check upon all her designs, for it seemed to her that his eye was ever upon her.

For some weeks, events flowed on without externally altering the position of things. Sometimes Charlotte would fancy herself triumphant; and at others, she admitted, in bitterness of spirit, the ascendancy of Mrs. Latour. Yet had Thetford done nothing to deceive her. He had generally spent his mornings at Mrs. Latour's. Charlotte had ceased to visit her, and was of course ignorant of this fact. In the evenings, she often met him at parties, at public places of amusement, everywhere—but almost always in the presence of many other persons, and whilst he offered her only common-place attentions, and conversed with her upon indifferent subjects, he had no idea that he was to her an object of importance, or that she could imagine him attached to her. But unfortunately Miss Burnley had suffered him to occupy her thoughts, until she was no longer fancy-free. On the contrary, she admired him so much, that the admiration began to render her conscious of a deeper feeling. In this state of the case, it was gall and wormwood to her impetuous temper, to be forced, by an unmanageable crowd, one evening, at a ball, to listen to the following conversation.

"What a handsome man that Mr. Thetford is! Immensely rich, too, he is, I am told. What a catch he is, or was, for I suspect, Major Dory, that Miss Charlotte Burnley has caught him already! I saw them dancing together a little while ago—but I don't see them now. Gone off to promenade up and down the next room, perhaps."

"Oh! depend upon it, Mrs. Hewson, Mr. Thetford is not thinking of Miss Burnley. If you had guessed Mrs. Latour, now, you might have been nearer the mark."

"Why, goodness, Major Dory! Why do you speak of Mrs. Latour?"

"I only know that Mr. Thetford is at her house every day, ma'am, all the morning, and I often see him escorting her about,—whilst the greatest attention he ever shows Miss Burnley, is to dance with her sometimes; or, in a morning, once in a way, to call upon her for a few minutes. But I think he really admires Mrs. Latour. I was praising her before him yesterday—every body praises her, Mrs. Hewson, madam, every body really does—and he said something so confused, that I didn't understand it, ma'am, and he blushed up to the very eyebrows."

"Quite a case!" said Mrs. Hewson. "Well! he will have great luck if he marry Mrs. Latour. She is the sweetest creature I ever saw in my life. Miss Charlotte is a very nice girl, but of course there is no comparison."

Miss Charlotte, in a paroxysm of anger, stole out of hearing. She cast her eyes around to assure herself that Thetford had not likewise had the benefit of the dialogue to which she had been a listener. He was standing alone, and—what an opportunity! Mrs. Slaughter sat a little behind him. Another rash impulse—which anger did not permit her to resist, and she was engaged in the commission of an act of guilt and folly, which, perhaps, a little reflection might have prevented.

She advanced to Mrs. Slaughter, and obtained a seat beside her. Assured of her sentiment, she did not hesitate. In the open tone of general conversation, she began, for she felt that he was too honorable to listen, should they affect concealment. Openly, therefore, Mrs. Latour—the very object of Thetford's contemplation—was named. An involuntary movement informed Charlotte that he heard.

"She has very gentle manners," said Charlotte, admiringly.

"Umph!" responded the malicious lady, whose nature it was to give nobody credit for any good thing, but who was nevertheless wholly unconscious that she was doing in the present instance, any particular mischief.

"Why I must say," said Charlotte, smiling a very unhappy smile, "I must say, I agree with you. Gentleness in itself is a very pretty thing; but, as part of a system of deception, it is, to me at least, a great deal less attractive."

"And to every body else, I do suppose," said Mrs. Slaughter, grimly. "You and I know well enough that there is not so much sweet temper behind the scenes as before, in that quarter. Good acting too, as nobody knows better than you do, Charlotte."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Slaughter, I can't pretend"—
 "She has a great reputation for generosity, too, and knows how to keep it," continued Mrs. Slaughter. "Now, I've a notion she understands where

to pare the edges, for all she is so liberal. You remember the dress-maker we were talking about?"

Charlotte bowed—she was a little conscience-struck, for Mrs. Slaughter was now manufacturing facts out of what she had herself put forth only as suspicions, and her tongue refused to utter the assent given by her gesture. The gossip however was serving her purpose, and she suffered her to proceed uncorrected.

"A poor creature," continued the benevolent Mrs. Slaughter, "a poor creature that had nothing to eat even! To make a fuss about *her*, and contrive that other people should be taxed to support her, and then to get the cheap jobs out of her to suit herself—I call that *mean*!"

"She is greatly admired," said Charlotte, "for her freedom from coquetry."

"My stars! My goodness! That's news to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Slaughter, as Charlotte had foreseen. "What do you imagine all that softness is for! Now I could tell things of my own knowledge, and so can you, as you'll not deny, worth two of that my dear Charlotte."

"Honesty is the best policy after all, Mrs. Slaughter."

"Indeed it is!"

Thetford amazed and disturbed, turned to look at them.

"Hush!" said Charlotte, with affected caution.

"Why! What is the matter?"

"Don't say another word about it now! You will be heard."

"Heard! I don't care. If every body would speak out as I do, and not be afraid who heard them, a great many people would be found out to be different from what they seem."

"Very true. But look there—at the door—who is that! Is it Major Dory?"

"I think it is—yes, certainly—yes, it is Major Dory!"

The lady had acted her part; and Charlotte left the stage.

Not without a glance of observation at Thetford, did she give her hand to the gentleman who asked it for the next quadrille. She was satisfied—the dart had reached its destination—he was evidently disturbed. A momentary exultation blinded her to the consequences, and the guilt of what she had done; and she smiled upon her partner, apparently unconscious that evil had ever existed in the world.

At first, shocked at the nature of the charges embodied in what he had heard, Thetford was tempted to reject them as slanders, and to yield to generous enthusiasm for a beautiful and unprotected lady; but alas! marriage is a serious matter. The thing being done, cannot be undone, and the consequences of tying so hard a knot, before all the circumstances have been properly considered, are too durable not to teach gentlemen prudence. "If," reflected Thetford, "Mrs. Latour should, by any

horrible possibility, be in reality insincere, bad-tempered, or mean, how exquisitely evil must her nature be, to be capable of a seeming so plausible, and so sustained. It was shocking to imagine such a possibility, yet it might, notwithstanding, be a possibility, and much as he—did he *love* Mrs. Latour! At least he *loved* the creature she seemed to be. Certainly he would not proceed further towards *committing himself*, until he knew the truth. No! he would see her continually; exercise, upon her conduct, vigilance the most profound—judge for himself—but never betray his feelings. But here conscience reined him up to a dead stop. He could not, in honor, pay this lady attentions susceptible of but one interpretation—visit her every day, and continue the course he had heretofore pursued, without afterwards offering his hand. If she were unworthy, he could never do *that*. Whatever he might feel, he must act in all honor, and suspend the happiness he had found in her society, until he could sift this matter thoroughly."

He then fell into a profound study of the means whereby it might be done. Who was likely to possess information upon which he might depend! He did not know Mrs. Slaughter—he thanked Heaven!—nor could he take upon him to compromise Mrs. Latour by going about to make inquiries as to her character. He could go to Charlotte, and touch this jarring string to her perhaps; yet he doubted if even that were proper. Yet how absent himself from Mrs. Latour's; and, in public, hold aloof from her, without any explanation! But none could be attempted, and he *must* seem indifferent. Against this seeming his heart rebelled. If Mr. Reynolds were but in town—but he had been away six weeks at least, and nobody knew when he was coming back. He would probe the soul of Charlotte the very next day. Such uneasy thoughts filled the greater portion of the night, and the next day he forbore to call upon Mrs. Latour.

He went to see Charlotte, who, highly elated at this sign of success, was resolved not to lessen her advantage. She determined to guard look, word, and manner. Thetford staid with her a long time, reluctant to approach the subject. She perceived that his gayety was assumed, but fell into that mood, and they talked of a great many things, in which neither felt the smallest interest. This was doing nothing. Thetford made an effort. Unwilling to betray his feelings, however, he opened the subject boldly—mentioned Mrs. Latour, and avoided the appearance of endeavoring to *draw out* anything.

"Mrs. Latour is, I find, no favorite of yours, Miss Burnley."

Charlotte was disconcerted; but, as Thetford could not suspect the reason, even her confusion assisted her, for it gave her the air of being surprised at the attack, and unwilling to avow the dislike, imputed to her.

"Of mine! why—I don't know her intimately."

"Well, but why don't you! She seems to be a charming woman."

"Very charming, I dare say. I don't know—exactly how it happens."

"Perhaps I can guess. You and Mrs. Slaughter spoke too loudly last night."

"I am not responsible for Mrs. Slaughter's assertions. For myself—I said nothing."

"I thought between you, you implied a great deal."

"Aye! What was implied! I am sure I don't remember!"

"No! Don't you! I'll remind you. Insincerity—bad temper—meanness."

"Mrs. Slaughter knows all this better than I do. I cannot tell you any thing about it," answered Charlotte, with apparent reserve.

"It was *you*, not Mrs. Slaughter, who charged her with insincerity."

"And if I did?"

"Can you *prove* it?"

"I would not, if I could."

"You are very amiable. But *CAN* you?"

"Why what is it to you?" This home-thrust saved the necessity of falsehood for the minute, for it abashed Thetford. Nevertheless he got on.

"Did you never hear that I am a little of a gossip?"

"Never before."

"Never before!—But now?"

"I see you are."

"Then do indulge the foible, and tell me a little scandal to the present purpose."

"If to indulge the foible be to *share* it, excuse me."

"I cannot. Is she insincere now, really!—tell me."

"I don't—know," hesitated Charlotte,—"*You* must judge of that."

"And bad-tempered too!—If so, she must be amazingly cunning."

"Mrs. Slaughter said *that*."

"And what say you?"

"That it is no business of mine, and I have nothing to do with it."

"Astonishingly prudent! But you won't deny you have reason to believe it."

Charlotte was silent, and pretended to some embarrassment. At last she said, as if also in some displeasure, "I am at a loss to comprehend the motive which can urge you to question me so closely. I cannot allow you to insist upon my giving you a strict account of every thing I ever heard or thought in my life,—and even of things that I never did hear or think."

"Two points confessed," said Thetford, laughing, but not very heartily. "Bad temper, and deception! What creatures you ladies are!"

"Remember," said Charlotte, a little frightened, but unwilling to lose what she had gained, "remember *I* have not said these things."

"But you have, by look and implication, avowed your knowledge of both."

"I have not, indeed."

"Then deny both!"

"If I should, as a true gossip, you will not believe me."

"As a true *man*, I will! Deny them, and I will not believe them to be true."

"I really cannot pretend either to affirm or deny them. I can have nothing in the world to do with Mrs. Latour's good or bad qualities."

"Then you are not the Miss Charlotte of last night, for *then* you had something to do with the latter at least," said Thetford, stoutly. "You then *distinctly affirmed* her to be systematically insincere; and you did not deny to Mrs. Slaughter *your knowledge* that this insincerity covered a bad temper. This was equivalent to an assertion of your own that these heavy charges were facts. Further, she was accused of meanness—apparently of pecuniary meanness—some petty saving made out of a starving dress-maker. You were asked if you did not remember it; and, Miss Burnley, you did not then deny the recollection; as in common truth and honor, you must have done, had the story been false. I hoped you might not have noticed the appeal to your memory, when you were silent, but Mrs. Slaughter proceeded with items sufficient to refresh it, and you said nothing. Now, then, unless you can, at this time, deny them, these charges are established *as facts*, upon the credit of your undoubted veracity. See how important both to yourself and Mrs. Latour it is that you should state exactly what you know. Thus far, without your positive contradiction, she must stand condemned—and you responsible."

Mr. Reynolds' warnings rushed upon the mind of Charlotte, as he spoke. The case was strongly, because truly stated, and she was frightened at its force. But it was too late; some of these things she had so nearly asserted, that to draw back would be an avowal that she had been guilty of falsehood. *That* would bring upon her the contempt of Thetford—*that* would be to relinquish him to her rival. Never! she could not retract. Yet to confirm the accusation would render her responsible for it. Obligated to answer at once, she chose the middle course, and again equivocated.

"I cannot help your interpretation of all this," she said, "I will give you no further information. I am not responsible for any strange things you choose to fancy, Mr. Thetford—and I may have excellent reasons for refusing to say more."

"That then," he said, "looking firmly into her face, that is *ALL* you will say! You will neither affirm nor deny these charges?"

"Neither."

"Then, Miss Burnley, I receive them solemnly as *your testimony* against this lady. You do not even qualify—you do not plead ignorance of circumstan-

ces. You are authority for their truth!" He made a stern pause. Charlotte's heart beat rapidly, with alarm, at the dangers which she had herself created, but she did not speak. "Let us say no more," added Thetford; and, to conceal his vexation, he opened a book of prints. After a short silence, he spoke of some indifferent matter, and shortly after took his leave. Charlotte felt that she now feared as well as loved him. But the truth, the firmness of his character were not lost even upon her, and she admired them even whilst she dreaded their future consequences to herself.

That evening Thetford spent alone in his own chamber, deep in musings exceedingly bitter. Now and then the idea of Mrs. Latour, in all her beauty and apparent innocence, rose above the gloom, but this image also brought suspense and misery. Suppose she should indeed be all she seemed—he was destroying his own happiness forever. Nothing could be more uncertain or disturbed than his reflections.

And Charlotte! She was at first terribly alarmed, and dared not look to the future; but, by degrees, the former view of affairs began to displace the latter. She repeated to herself, "that *she* had said nothing—absolutely nothing—that she could not help Mr. Thetford's interpretation of things his own way, and had told him so." She took courage, and hoped she had gained a great advantage by "his perverseness." It would, at least, detach him from Mrs. Latour, and that would throw him into her own society. Skill and vigilance must do the rest.

During the next week, Thetford did not once present himself at Mrs. Latour's. By this, however, Charlotte profited nothing, for he spent the time chiefly in riding about the surrounding country. Sometimes at night, to dissipate his own thoughts, he would look in at a party; and then, as Miss Burnley was every where, she would meet him; but she was painfully associated in his mind, and he rather disliked to be with her. Yet supposing this sentiment to be unjust, and that his manner, if more distant, might seem resentful, he sometimes spoke to her, and paid her the slight attentions he had before shown her, and even upon this scanty diet, her hopes continued to feed.

But what did Mrs. Latour, the while? Mrs. Latour's life went on, outwardly, as if no change had occurred. She had been exceedingly pleased with Thetford. His high tone of feeling and principle had greatly interested her; and a sort of quiet, but manly hardihood, which showed itself in many things, had attracted her, as it is apt to attract the gentlest female hearts. He was, for example, a bold rider—an excellent whip—he had been known to knock a man down for a small impertinence—yet, with unfailing modesty, he made no unnecessary display of courage, and his polite reference to the feelings of others, suited well with

her own habits. He was intelligent, good-tempered, and accomplished. His knowledge was extensive, and rendered him, not pedantic, but amusing. He had a strong taste for literature, and read pleasantly—was skilled in music, and possessed a rich and well-trained voice. He had of late rendered himself particularly agreeable, by reading to her whilst she worked, or bringing his guitar to accompany her in duets, &c. She had come into a habit of expecting him daily, and found him a delightful companion. His manner towards herself betrayed continual interest, but she had never thought what might be the nature of the interest. In fact, she had learned to care a great deal for him, without imagining that she cared at all; and she missed him when he ceased to come, at first a little restlessly, and afterwards with some perplexity. Could she have offended him? No! their parting had been, as usual, gay and friendly. Perhaps he was ill? Not at all. Major Dory, who was a sort of Daily Intelligencer, assured her that he had met him riding out. Then she grew puzzled, first how to account for his absence, and then for her own interest in it. The moment the latter inquiry suggested itself, however, the former ceased. Mrs. Latour's was a strong and well-regulated mind. Shocked to find her happiness in any degree dependent upon another, whose indifference she had no sufficient reason to doubt, she set to work to repair her error. She had not a grain of sickly romance to combat. She never pictured herself as "struggling with her feelings," according to the established novel-phrase, but she quietly adopted the right means to regain her usual frame of calm contentment. She remembered that she had been happy before the coming of Thetford, and that she still enjoyed the same elements of happiness. The fault was in herself. She would correct that. She applied herself afresh, and with the desire to be interested, to all her occupations—mingled in society, visited the poor, whom she was accustomed to assist—in short, by active employment, and the untiring effort to find food for cheerful and healthful thought, she filled her mind with pleasant images, and continued to seem, and generally to be, serene in heart. Sometimes meeting with Thetford in company might a little disturb her; but she had much natural firmness, and she always answered his distant address with calm politeness, never seemed to perceive that his conduct was altered, or to care whether it was so or not—never even jestingly alluded to the cessation of his visits and soon became accustomed to see him without even concealed emotion. She had done nothing wrong at first, and now she was positively doing right. This reflection is sufficient to smooth away most difficulties even in this world. Perhaps, after all, she was not quite so happy as she had been before she had ever seen him—but that she did not ac-

knowledge to herself, and of course no one else ever dreamed of it.

Strange to say, Thetford, who was yet no coxcomb, fancied that this behavior confirmed in part the accusations he had heard. He knew that, if he could, he ought, in common courtesy, to have accounted to Mrs. Latour for his sudden desertion of her house. "She was no fool, and like any other lady—or gentleman for that matter—she would naturally feel that his visits had stopped too abruptly not to render some explanation requisite. But he could not tell her the truth—he would not tell her a falsehood. The matter stood in a very awkward posture, yet she seemed to expect no excuse. She simply treated the whole business with cool and perfect indifference. Was not this part and parcel of a system of deception? She was perhaps hurt and angry, and dissembled her feelings from pride." He was mistaken—she was neither hurt nor angry, for she had not taken a view of the subject capable of exciting either feeling. She had supposed, as in such cases she usually did, that some reason, probably not relating to herself, was the cause of the change. She was not apt to take offence; and, besides, at this time she was busied with her own heart and mind—not his. She was deeply pious, and would not have permitted to herself either anger or deception; but she was also of a nature delicate and self-respectful, and had no idea either of betraying interest in Mr. Thetford's movements, or of encouraging his return. Thetford could have borne any thing rather than this quiet unconcern. It argued so little resemblance between the state of her heart and that of his own!

Another month passed on, during which, as usual, they sometimes met by accident, but never by design. At these times, Thetford would take his station near her—not near enough for her to seem his attraction to the spot, but close enough for him to catch every word she uttered, whilst his eyes and thoughts seemed to be engaged with any thing or any body rather than with her.

On such an occasion, Emily Bentham was laughing at her affection for her little dog Nina, which was now again in health, and the reigning favorite.

"Every body laughs at your fondness for the little thing," said Emily.

"Every body is very much in the right," answered Mrs. Latour, smiling. "It is very ridiculous to pet her so extravagantly. But," she added, her rich voice falling into a tone most musical, most melancholy, "but it was my poor mother's dog, and it is dear to me because it is associated in my mind with her. And they who are more fortunate," she continued, raising to Emily's her beautiful eyes, full of tears, "they who have human creatures to love—kindred spared to them—should remember that I—that is, they may forgive my fondness for a dog even, when I have *nothing* else left."

Thetford was touched to the very "heart of feeling," and walked away at once.

Again Charlotte fancied her star in the sky, for gradually Thetford had accustomed himself to her society; and now, he sometimes called upon her. The public once more upon the strength of these appearances, reported him her conquest; but, of the two, Charlotte only heard the rumor. Thetford was intimate with nobody in —, and no one ventured to jest with him. His manner was now too gloomy and reserved to invite familiarity. He was indeed in wretched spirits; and, to the surprise of people generally, Charlotte now began to be as melancholy as he.

But why? Because she was forced to reflection. The evident unhappiness of Thetford affected her; and she became, for the first time, fully impressed with the serious consequences which might flow from her conduct. Not that she regretted the estrangement of Thetford from Mrs. Latour. That point, which she had striven to gain, and now fancied attained, was the sole consolation that remained to her amidst a world of apprehension. He was now more in her own company,—if time could be allowed her, perhaps his spirits would improve, and he might transfer his affections to herself. Of this she would hardly admit a doubt—yet, in the meantime, his depression of spirits kept her miserable, for she felt that she had caused it. She remembered too, with consternation, that it was possible he might yet be undeceived—that Emily Bentham and Mr. Reynolds knew all about the dress-maker, and might be questioned. Should either be interrogated by Thetford, all would be lost. He could feel for her contempt alone—she would be convicted of falsehood. Horrible! But what could be done? Nothing—nothing in the world! A lie cannot be guarded. There is always some weak point by which Truth may approach, and drag it into light. One hope remained. Thetford was ignorant that either Emily or Mr. Reynolds could give him information on the subject. It might not occur to him to question them, and indeed he was scarcely acquainted with Emily. And thank Heaven! Mr. Reynolds was absent! But he might return, and then—there was every thing to fear.

Turn whichever way she might, she encountered reasons for apprehension; and she was now as unhappy as Thetford; and alas, with worse cause, for she had done wrong, and he could reproach himself with nothing. She admired and loved him with all her heart, and chiefly for the good that was wanting to her own character. The change in her demeanor was not unperceived by Thetford, and though he could not guess its origin, it interested him for her. Some slight increase of attention on his part completed her delusion, and now all she asked from Destiny was time. And her dread lest this precious time might not be

granted, rendered her each day more nervous and unhappy.

Less accustomed than Mrs. Latour to curb his impulses, Thetford soon grew restless under his self-restraint. True, he was as resolute as ever not to commit himself, and therefore kept away from her house. True, he no longer sought her society, even elsewhere; but he now, at times, resigned himself to day-dreams which supposed her free from every earthly imperfection; and when, after long indulgence, these at last were sorrowfully banished by the recollection of what he had heard of her, the stinging remembrance of her apparent indifference to his caprice, by a strange contradiction, even whilst it strengthened his doubts of her sincerity, piqued him too deeply to permit him to forget her. During the day he vainly tried to occupy his mind with other matters; and at night, when the streets were deserted, he often found himself beneath her windows. Three months before, he would have laughed at such romantic folly. Now, he only felt himself to be extremely disconsolate.

One night, Mrs. Latour had sat up late reading. It was now the middle of May—the weather was warm, and the windows of her chamber were open to admit the air through the closed Venetian shutters. The servants had long been dismissed, and the book she was reading was sufficiently interesting to exclude the progress of the night from her memory. The clock struck twelve. Surprised to find it so late, she laid down the volume, and then she perceived that the air from the window streamed upon the candles, so that they burned unsteadily. She rose to let down the sash.

The moon was shining brightly, and attracted her eyes to the silent and lonely street, and she stood still for a few minutes looking down through the shutters. Suddenly upon the opposite footway—could it be Mr. Thetford at this hour? There was no mistaking his figure. "Returning, perhaps, from some little evening gathering," thought Mrs. Latour; and she was about to withdraw from the window, when, to her astonishment, Thetford crossed the street, and stood beneath it. The shadows fell darkly around him, and, had she not perceived his approach, might have concealed his presence. He stood motionless for a few moments, and then slowly walked away. Her heart beat, we confess, a little faster than usual; but she remembered that the proofs she had given her of indifference were more conclusive than this symptom of interest. She drew down the sash, and tried to forget the occurrence. Yet when, again and again, she saw the same thing happen, it was impossible not to form an idea which any other lady would have formed, and, under the circumstances, not to feel pleasure in the conclusion. "Yet she might be mistaken; for if she really were an object of interest to Mr. Thetford, there seemed to be no reason in the world why he

might not say so; and she remembered that so far from meditating such an avowal, he appeared, except in this instance of romantic folly, to avoid her with the utmost care." She considered these things, wisely adhered to probabilities, and endeavored to forget the whole affair—less successfully than at first, we must confess. It had been always one of Charlotte's strange hopes, that Mrs. Slaughter, engaged with so many victims, might fail to spread the history of Mrs. Latour's defects before the public. Vain hope! All is fish that comes to a gossip's net—it matters little whether it rest upon proof or mere assertion, and Charlotte was doomed to hear from a morning visitor, one day, when, fortunately for her, Thetford was not present, news of the scandal which she had so recklessly "cast upon the waters."

"Miss Burnley, when did you last see Mrs. Latour?"

"Not for a long time—really I forget when."

"Well—I was never so completely deceived in any body as in her. I always supposed her to be a pattern of perfection."

"What do you mean?"

"Why I mean nothing, for I *know* nothing. But the other day Mrs. Slaughter was telling me strange things."

"What things?" said Charlotte, apprehensively.

"Why, she says that, meek as she appears to be, Mrs. Latour has a horrible temper, and that every body would have found it out, long ago, if she were not the most deceitful woman in the world. She says, too, that she is the meanest creature that she ever knew—that last winter she found a poor dress-maker literally starving, Miss Charlotte, and took advantage of her distress to get her work done cheaply. But, Miss Charlotte, Mrs. Slaughter says *you* know all about it, that *you* were her authority for it, and that *you* can tell better than any body what sort of a person she is—so do tell me all you know, Miss Charlotte. You may be sure I shall never mention it again—never in the world."

"Indeed, Mrs. Wood, you astonish me!" exclaimed Charlotte, a good deal frightened.

"Well, from what Mrs. Slaughter said, I should have thought it would *not* astonish you."

"And to whom, besides yourself, my dear Mrs. Wood, did she say these things?"

"Oh! I declare, I hardly remember—there were several other persons at her house last evening—let me see—there were Major Dory, Mrs. Hewson, Mr. Milman, Miss Mary Cosey, Miss Elinor Daws, and little Tom Simcoe, Mr. Wood, and myself."

Good Heavens! What was Charlotte to do! Here was this shocking tale of slander completely in the hands of the chief tattlers in town, and she was given as authority for it; and Mrs. Slaughter, the stupid gossip whom she had merely intended to use as a tool, was using her name to give cur-

rency to these shocking stories—of a most innocent being too, as Charlotte's conscience failed not to remind her. She hesitated, but something must be done at once, and she resolved to throw back the burden upon Mrs. Slaughter.

"Indeed, Mrs. Wood," she said, "you have surprised me more than I can tell you. I never heard that Mrs. Latour *had* a bad temper, except from Mrs. Slaughter herself, and, naturally, I concluded that, if *such were indeed the case*, Mrs. Latour must have great art to conceal it. It was Mrs. Slaughter who told me of her temper—not I, Mrs. Slaughter."

"But you told *her* of the dress-maker, didn't you, Miss Charlotte? Now do open your heart, and tell me about that."

"Why I don't know any thing to tell you, Mrs. Wood. It would be hard to expect me to endorse every scandalous thing I hear."

"But you did hear a story—dear me! do pray—what was it now, Miss Charlotte?"

"Nothing that could interest you, Mrs. Wood, I am sure," said Charlotte coldly, and walking to the window, she tried to look out some object upon which to turn the conversation. "Mrs. Wood do come to the window, and tell me whose carriage this is. You know every-body's carriage in town I dare say. Is it old Mrs. Ranter's, do you think?"

"Oh! no, Miss Charlotte, Mrs. Ranter's carriage is as yellow as an orange, and this, you observe is a dark green. It's not Mrs. Ranter's. I rather think it is Mrs. Job Henderson's. Oh! yes—there is Mrs. Henderson in it."

The stratagem had succeeded—but only for the time—and shortly after, Mrs. Wood, completely out-generalled, took her leave. Immediately afterwards—before indeed she had proceeded the length of a street, it occurred to her to suspect—with astonishing shrewdness—that she had not been treated with confidence, and furthermore that she had been *put off*, which putting off, gossips invariably regard as the last possible mark of contempt. Irritated by this reflection, she made it her business to put about the story at every house she this day visited, with all the contradictions she had observed in the matter—setting forth, with wonderful clearness, what Mrs. Slaughter—a very credible woman—had stated, and with equally surprising acuteness, what hesitancy and irresponsible caution had marked the conduct of Miss Burnley, who, nevertheless, had been given up to her as authority. "There was something strange at the bottom of all this, her hearers might depend upon it." And here she shook her head, with an air of solemn mystery.

She had left Charlotte in a state of the greatest consternation. If Mrs. Slaughter could diffuse this slander in one night to such an extent, how much more widely might they all (able tattlers and willing as she knew) spread abroad and exaggerate

them. Should Emily Bentham hear them, amiable and sincere herself, and fond too of Mrs. Latour, how indignantly would they be contradicted, how closely would they be traced to their origin—how perfect might be the detection she might undergo! And Thetford! How could she meet his indignation!—what could she hope from his contempt! She wrung her hands and wept in agony. Had she listened to good Mr. Reynolds!—had she but preserved her own integrity of heart, whatever else might have happened, she could not have been degraded by conviction of a falsehood. Shocking as the word was, she felt that it applied to herself, and the danger, the miserable danger, was that others might soon know it also, and add to her condemnation the charge of malice! She was now in a state of nervous distress and apprehension, for which, had he known it, even Thetford might have pitied her.

An event about this time occurred, which increased her alarm and regret. One day as Thetford stood in the street enduring the affectation of an exquisite of —, who had the rare happiness to blend with his fine airs a good deal of humor, the respectable spouse of Mrs. Wood, as ill fortune would have it, happened to approach, and proud of being cast into company so distinguished, immediately attached himself thereto. He was "a stout gentleman" of perhaps thirty-five, a man of small understanding, officious, and a news-monger—quick and reckless of speech, yet of a fiery temper. He possessed the natural advantages of a fair but freckled face, weak blue eyes, and a heavy shock of straight and stubborn red hair. Thetford, though a very fine young man, was not above what is called an antipathy, and towards this particular gentleman he indulged one strong and intolerant. He saw him come up with a sort of indignation, and only by a powerful effort controlled his impatience of his presence.

"Your servant, gentlemen! What have you been doing with yourself of late, Mr. Thetford. Always at the service, I suppose, of Mrs. Latour! I fancy you have been at her house pretty often, as I see you so seldom elsewhere!"

"Sir, I have not had the pleasure lately."

"Ah! What! No! No indeed! Why I thought—but you have found out a thing or two, I suppose! You have heard the stories every body is telling of her, and, like every body else, you are surprised and disgusted?"

"Sir, I desire that when you speak of a lady in my presence, you will have the goodness to do so respectfully," said Thetford, with a face burning with anger.

"Respectfully! I do as others do—every body says she must be a shocking creature."

Scarcely had the words left Mr. Wood's unhappy lips, before they received the roughest impress which Thetford's hand could bestow.

No time was left to follow up this harsh address, for Mr. Wood darted forward and returned the blow with a heavy fist, and a good will for conquest, which was apparent in every line of his face.

But the contest was not destined long to remain undecided. The favors of Thetford fell thicker and heavier every moment. Adolphus Waddle, the exquisite, looked on, meanwhile, with an air that bespoke at once the calm of his own mind, and his slight but polite interest in the "little affair" of his friends. He would not have interfered, could he have plucked apart the combatants with a pair of tongs. Less self-possessed, a couple of gentlemen, who had perceived the affray from a little distance, rushed up to separate them, and whilst one of them, a strong and courageous personage, forced them asunder, the other hastily demanded of Adolphus what all this might mean.

"Mean? I fancy, sir, that Mr. Wood—the handsome person to the left of your friend, with the superabundance of golden hair—had taken up some ideas concerning that very pretty creature, Mrs. Latour, which appear exceedingly to have affected the sensibilities of Mr. Thetford—who was engaged, when you came up, in endeavoring to efface his unpleasant impressions. That I dare say was the amount of the transaction."

Mr. Wood, meanwhile, was struggling in the hands of the strong gentleman, a spectacle altogether disgusting to Adolphus—his face streaming with blood, and beginning to swell in various spots. Thetford after his capture stood quiet, but ready, so soon as he should be released, to renew the fight. The two new comers, however, with the bland breath of persuasion, and the more prevailing argument of a gentle force, bore away Mr. Wood from the field; in much worse condition than the warrior who retained its possession.

"You seem a little heated, Mr. Thetford," said Adolphus, coolly. "These little incidents are always fatiguing. Let us refresh ourselves, for I protest I am tired by sympathy alone. Shall we go to a restaurateur's, and recreate our minds? There is recreation for a fine imagination in fruit and ice, and even in extremely cold lemonade. One's intellect reposes in beauty and enjoyment."

Thetford followed him, but stipulated for a previous call at his rooms, for water and a towel.

"Certainly—if he could venture his complexion in the chilling bath, after so terrible a heating. Now this was what he *could* not risk. There was always danger attending such excesses of temerity. For his part, at night only, he passed a wet damask towel tightly over his face and hands, and to soothe the harshness even of that slight application of the fluid he condemned, he tried, invariably after, a soft perfumed powder, which quieted his exasperated skin."

The history of this battle came to the ears both of Charlotte and Mrs. Latour. The former re-

ceived the details with horror—the latter with astonishment and alarm, to find that on her own subject there had any thing requiring punishment been said. It was too late in the evening, when she heard the rumor, for her to institute inquiry into the facts, but she resolved early next day to ascertain them, if possible.

In the midst of Charlotte's wretched reflections, which were the more oppressive as Major Dory assured her "Mr. Wood was laid up—and really his recovery doubtful,"—in the midst of all her penitence—affright—distress—she was summoned to the drawing-room to see Thetford. He was, as usual, grave and composed, bore no marks of the recent fray, and made no allusion to it. She trembled excessively, and her voice faltered as she greeted him. He looked at her, surprised at symptoms so unusual, and she fancied his glance of inquiry keen and suspicious. That, however, was the phantom of her own startled conscience. He suspected nothing.

"I have just heard something, Miss Burnley," here he stopped to seek for a paper in his pocket-book.

"Oh! Heaven," thought Charlotte, "he has heard those dreadful rumors, and is come to charge me with them." She turned deadly pale, and trembled so much that Thetford observed it.

"I am afraid, Miss Burnley, that you are not well," he said kindly; and Charlotte knew from the tone that all as yet was safe. The relief was so great that she burst into tears.

"I am really distressed to see you thus," said Thetford, looking at her with increased surprise, "but I called to bring you agreeable intelligence; I will not stay long," he added, "for I am sure you are ill."

Charlotte forced herself to thank him—to assure him that he was right. She had been ill, but was better now. She begged him not to shorten his visit. What was the agreeable intelligence he had to communicate?

"Why I received, just now, a letter from our mutual friend Mr. Reynolds. The excellent old gentleman, whom really I esteem and admire extremely, writes that he will be with us on Tuesday evening. To-day is Saturday—is it?—well, in three days. I am quite impatient to see him," he added, thoughtfully.

This was the climax of distress for Charlotte. It was with the greatest difficulty that she concealed her feelings; and Thetford could not help perceiving that she was not as much rejoiced at the news of Mr. Reynolds' return, as he had expected she would be, or as her words would have seemed to imply. He imputed this, however, to illness, and recommending her with more interest than he had ever before expressed for her, to try sleep as a remedy for her evident nervousness, he took leave. He felt only compassion, but Char-

lotte, imagining that he betrayed a more tender sentiment, reflected how soon that sentiment might be exchanged for contempt, shut herself up in her chamber, and wept bitterly. For the first time, she was glad that he had left her. Her aunt was in the country, upon a visit to a sick friend, and she was therefore secure of loneliness, at least—she felt as if that brief duration of solitude were an interval between herself and fate.

Mr. Reynolds would come—Mr. Reynolds who seemed to possess a hundred eyes, and to see with each one, more than any body else could with two—Mr. Reynolds, whose observation was forever alive—who inquired into every thing, and who made it a point to *find out* every thing—to whom facts actually seemed to betake themselves for analysis—whose shrewdness was never at fault, and who seemed so full of interest for Mrs. Latour, whilst he never spared herself—this “little, keen, tormenting, worrying, grey rat,” was coming back, and now she was without hope. She was the more miserable that she could communicate her anguish to no one. The result of all this was, that the next day found her in high fever and delirium.

It chanced, that Mrs. Latour, in the course of this morning, traced to Charlotte the entertaining history of her own misdeeds; and that, unwilling to believe that it had emanated from a person whom she had never offended wittingly, she called at Mrs. Warner's to ascertain, if possible, what her agency in the matter had been. Elinor, the maid of Charlotte, appeared. “Mrs. Warner was absent, but had been sent for—Miss Charlotte being as ill as she could well be, and perfectly delirious. Nobody was with her—Miss Emily Bentham, who was to have staid with her, had been taken with influenza, and was confined to her bed—and other people said that the fever must be infectious, it began so suddenly, and so there she was—she was sure *she* did not know what to do about it.”

Mrs. Latour asked to be shown into Miss Burnley's room. Finding that the statement of Elinor was not overcharged, she quietly laid aside her bonnet and gloves, and sending for a physician, constituted herself nurse. She had a strong sense of duty, and the sufferer before her was no object of indignation to her now.

Mr. Reynolds returned. Scarcely had he taken the first meal in his own house, before Thetford was with him. They were alone, and Thetford's impatience broke forth.

“Mr. Reynolds,” he said, “I have a sort of confidence to make you. I fear you will consider it all very stupid, but—but to say the truth”—

“The truth seems unaccountably hard to say,” answered Mr. Reynolds, smiling, as Thetford hesitated.

“Why the truth is,” said Thetford, smiling too, “that, a month or two ago, I *was near* being ex-

cessively in love with Mrs. Latour, and that I resigned myself to the sentiment the more incautiously, because I fancied you esteemed her.”

“I am highly flattered at the inference you attribute me to draw,” said Mr. Reynolds, his clear grey eyes sparkling with amazement. “Your conclusion was just, however. To the extent of my knowledge of her, I exceedingly admired her.”

“Ah! that terrible drawback—to the extent of your knowledge—now I hoped you knew exactly about her character and qualities!”

She is a recent acquaintance of mine,” returned Mr. Reynolds, “and of course, with truth, I can only say what I *know*. But all that I do know of her, is most honorable to her, and promises, I think, increase of esteem, upon further acquaintance.”

“Should you think her's an artificial character?”

“Assuredly not!”

“That had been my idea,” said Thetford, sorrowfully.

“And something has changed it? Well—but I do not like that,” said Mr. Reynolds. “Let us come to facts, if you please. I can do nothing without the facts.”

“Do you think that she paints?”

“Pictures!—or her face?”

“Her face, of course.”

“I do not know, and therefore cannot depose. But I truly believe that she does *not*, for her color is continually varying.”

“Do you consider her insincere?”

“I have never perceived in her conversation or conduct one single symptom of want of truth. But *absolutely*, I affirm nothing.”

“Is she bad-tempered?”

“How can I possibly tell, my dear fellow! I have not the happiness to be her *fillé de chambre*, or her poor dependent—therefore I have not had the benefit of any little ardor of temper with which she may be gifted—in its freedom from disguise. But *appearances* convey to me a sort of assurance that she has a wonderfully sweet and equal temper.”

“But there is the torment—How am I to discover?”

“Man, by *facts*, as I at first told you. What are the facts?”

“I wish I only knew. Except about the dress-maker, I have heard nothing about facts.”

“And what about the dress-maker?” said Mr. Reynolds, starting.

“I am told that, last winter, she found such a person in great distress,” answered Thetford, in some agitation—“*starving* was the word that described her condition, I remember—that she busied herself to procure her work from the ladies, and money from the gentlemen.”

“She did attempt to procure her the work from women—I truly believe she never was indelicate enough to dream of asking money for her—and I am almost sure she would give largely rather than



attack any gentleman with charitable begging. She seems to me exceedingly refined."

"Well—such at any rate was the story—but her condition with the work-woman was, it is said, that her own work should be done cheaply."

"Aye!" said Mr. Reynolds, sharply, "aye, indeed! And from whom did you get that pretty story, sir?"

"I first heard it told—openly at a ball. Mrs. Slaughter brought this part of the charge—and the listener was Miss Charlotte Burnley."

"Great Heaven!" said Mr. Reynolds, extremely shocked.

"It was from Miss Burnley," pursued Thetford, "that I first heard of her painting—her insincerity—her bad temper."

Mr. Reynolds looked into his face—his own expressive even of horror.

"And what, sir, did you conceive to be the motive of those assertions?"

"I ascribed to her none worse than a commonplace love of talking—or some private pique which I could not understand."

"And what did *you*, when you heard this improbable stuff?"

"I called upon Miss Burnley, and represented to her that she made herself responsible for the assertions she had herself put forward, and quite as much so also for the story of the dress-maker, as she had admitted, in speaking to Mrs. Slaughter, that she was acquainted with the circumstances. I then besought her to contradict such portions of the accusation as, with truth, she could"—

"Stop, sir! Did she admit that she knew the circumstances regarding the dress-maker?"

"In speaking to Mrs. Slaughter, she certainly did—tacitly, but distinctly, by not denying it—admit it."

"And in speaking to you?"

"She evaded the whole subject, in a manner which confirmed it all."

"Pooh! a manner!"

"Yes sir," answered Thetford, firmly, "in a manner which confirmed all—for I then remarked that I regarded her manner as confirming the whole that I had heard."

"And did she not *then* deny it?" demanded Mr. Reynolds, sternly.

"Not at all."

"Sir," said the old man, after a moment's pause, during which his countenance spoke painfully, "to bring the truth before you will cost me much—I loved that girl as if she had been my daughter—she was the daughter of my best friend. But truth, justice—they are every body's right! They shall be fully given you. But I claim at least your promise to spare her disgrace. Let it be secret, sir, between us"—

"Impossible!" said Thetford, resolutely. "Other people are now bandying about these precious

tales. If you can disprove them, I shall again aspire to the hand of Mrs. Latour—all must then be confessed to her, for I shall be deeply regretful for having listened to charges so outrageous. And the slightest allusion to them in my presence will ensure to any lady a severe explanation, and to any gentleman the handsomest caning I can bestow upon him."

"I see," replied Mr. Reynolds, briefly. "You are right. I cannot blame you."

"I have been frank with you, my dear sir," said Thetford, trembling with impatience. "May I not hope for equal candor!—even for your aid to unravel this wretched web?"

"Come to me to-morrow—it is late to-night—and, in the meanwhile, take my word for it, that every word you have heard is utterly false."

In the morning, Thetford returned. Mr. Reynolds was ready to go out.

"Follow me," he said. "I know the dress-maker."

They proceeded in silence through the streets, and Thetford was grieved to perceive the gloom upon the old man's face. Arrived at the work-woman's, however, the little grey gentleman was sharp, acute, and self-controlled as ever.

"Mrs. Stubbs," said Mr. Reynolds, "how are you getting on? Business enough now, I suppose?"

"Oh! enough, and more than enough, sir; thanks to you and Mrs. Latour. I am above want now, thank heaven!"

"You take in work for Mrs. Latour, too, I suppose?"

"All her work, sir. She does good largely, when she begins, sir."

The two gentlemen exchanged looks.

"But she does not pay you, for every article separately," said Mr. Reynolds. "I suppose she lumps the whole year's work, and you will dock off something for the sake of so much custom?"

"I thought you'd known her better, sir," said the woman, looking up with a smile. "She pays me more for each separate article, as soon as it is finished, than any one else ever does—and besides, she puts my two children to school, at her own expense, and indeed I'm ashamed when I think how much she is always doing for me, while I can make her no sort of return for it."

"You seem to love her very much," said Mr. Reynolds.

"That I do, dearly!—I and mine! I've got enough sense and heart for that!"

"I wish every body had as much," said Mr. Reynolds. "Come, Thetford, our business here is ended. Let us go."

"What was the business, sir?" asked Mrs. Stubbs, surprised.

"Would you, now that you are getting on so well, if I send you a little job of cravats or so, in a short time, let that little hemming-girl in the

corner make them up for me!" said Mr. Reynolds, evading the question, by asking another.

"To be sure I will, sir," said Mrs. Stubbs. "The hemming-girl, as you call her," she added, as she followed them to the door, "is a 'prentice I took from Mrs. Latour, to teach my trade to. She is a poor child, whose father never sees a sober night, as a body may say—and her mother too badly off to talk about—poor as can be!"

"Give the child this money, Mrs. Stubbs," said Thetford, hastily. "Tell her to give it to her mother, not her father, mind. Mrs. Latour seems to lead us all to what is right."

"That she does, sir. I'll give it to the child—many thanks, sir; good morning!"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Reynolds, as they walked away, "you are satisfied, I presume, as to the truth of this portion of the story?"

"Perfectly."

"And now, since I must—to Charlotte!" The old man's brow contracted gloomily.

"That need not be," said Thetford. "Never mind—it will distress you, and signifies nothing to me. The rest is based upon the same foundation."

"Her want of truth!" exclaimed Mr. Reynolds, sorrowfully. "But it may save her from future wickedness," he continued with bitter emphasis. "She shall have the lesson in full. Come on, sir!"

But when they reached Mrs. Warner's, they were told that she was dangerously ill—that the fever was imagined to be infectious, that her aunt was still absent, though daily expected, and that every body was afraid to visit her.

"Is no one with her now?" asked Mr. Reynolds, anxiously. "This it is to have done nothing to deserve friends!"

"Oh! yes, sir," answered the servant. "Mrs. Latour is with her, and sat up with her all last night. I suppose there is no reason for her to be afraid—if she died to-night she would go straight to heaven. Mighty few people are any thing like her. She isn't afraid to do any thing that is right, sir."

Mr. Reynolds turned away to hide his emotion. He was one of those persons who are more affected by a generous action than by any other appeal to feeling. Thetford colored high, but that was all. He told the man that he "should call again to inquire for the ladies' health." It was true that poor Charlotte's varied and violent feelings had thrown her into a dangerous fever. Her brain was apparently affected. She was generally delirious, and all unconscious of Mrs. Latour's presence, expressed, with the most nervous terror, the state of her mind, raved of Thetford, and of her astonished hearer—sometimes declaring her attachment for the former, her jealousy of the latter, her anxiety to preserve the secret which divided them, her dread of its discovery, her alarm at the idea of meeting Mr. Reynolds, and of his stern and sure

detection of her fault. Then she lamented the slander of which she had been guilty, and bitterly regretted that she had degraded herself by falsehood. Light broke into the mind of Mrs. Latour, as she sat beside the bed, a lonely nurse, and listened to all these things, mingled and incoherently uttered as they were. She understood it all—but with pity and forgiveness. She saw that she had undergone much mental suffering, and was sorry even for this punishment of her error. She bathed the burning brow of Charlotte, and, when it seemed possible to blend such comfort with her frenzy, she would assure her in the sweetest tones of her sweet voice, that "all was over, and forgiven now." She continued the unfailing nurse and friend of the sufferer, even after the return of Mrs. Warner; for that lady was old, nervous, and infirm. Sometimes she would sit beside Charlotte, whilst Mrs. Latour, exhausted with watching, slept; but even this was often too much for her nerves. Mrs. Latour indulged the old lady's infirmities, and underwent in silence, great fatigue.

A close, however, to all this trouble was at hand. One morning, when, after a lonely night-watch, Mrs. Latour still sat, pale and weary, by the bedside, the patient awoke from a heavy slumber—the first that had visited her eyes for many hours. She fixed a gaze so uneasy and surprised upon her beautiful attendant, that she immediately perceived in it a return of consciousness. A faint light streamed into the room, through the scarcely divided shutters, and fell upon the delicate form of Mrs. Latour; and Charlotte, whose senses were now, for the first time since her illness, sufficiently collected to recognize individuals, beheld, and slowly recollected the reasons which rendered her presence so terrible to her. Shocked and startled, she uttered a faint exclamation. Mrs. Latour calmly bent over her, touched her pulse, and quietly said—

"Thank Heaven! you are better, Charlotte."

"Oh! Mrs. Latour, are you here! But why!—what has happened?"

"You may be thankful she is here, Miss Charlotte," quoth Elinor, who had just entered, and heard the first words her mistress uttered. "I'm sure if she had not been here, I do not know what you would have done, as ill as you have been, and nobody else willing to come near you, for fear of the fever. Your aunt even could not stay to nurse you, you went on so singular, in your fever, talking as light-headed as if you never had had a grain of sense in your life—it made your aunt quite nervous."

Tears burst from Charlotte's eyes, and flowed unchecked.

"Do not speak to her again, Elinor," said Mrs. Latour gently. "She is weak, and easily agitated."

"Is it true?" at last sobbed Charlotte.

"It is true that I have had the pleasure to be useful to you during your illness, but can we not think of that some other time? Do not exhaust yourself now, or my cares will all be fruitless."

"Oh! Mrs. Latour, if you knew all you would not be here! But you shall know!"

"I imagine I *do* know," answered Mrs. Latour, "and you see I *am* here. All is forgiven, Charlotte. When you are stronger, if you choose, we can talk of that, but now let us only think of your recovery."

What a relief for Charlotte, yet what misery! She wept long, but at last found speech to ask,

"And Mr. Thetford, and Mr. Reynolds—do they too know all?"

"I do not know—I have not seen either for a long time; I cannot guess how much or how little they know. But do not disturb yourself now. According to your own will, it may yet be!"

"Oh! Mrs. Latour, after all this goodness, can you doubt what my wishes will be?"

"What will they be, dear Charlotte?"

"To satisfy all—all, all," she replied, bitterly including Thetford in this *all*; "that you are the best and most generous of human creatures, and I the most false, the weakest, the most wretched"—and here she wept afresh.

"I trust myself wholly to you, Charlotte," said Mrs. Latour gently—"I will not attempt my own justification. Let me, thus, first of your friends, mark my reliance upon your truth, for the time to come. In all things, believe me, I will spare your feelings. The Past will save for you the Future. You will learn the pleasure, the security—but why point you to a moral which you already see so clearly!"

"Mrs. Latour! Mrs. Latour! this generosity overwhelms me. Half this gentleness, from the lips of Mr. Reynolds, would have guarded me from all I have done and suffered!"

It was the next evening, when Mr. Thetford called, as usual, to inquire for the ladies, that he put into the servant's hands a beautiful bouquet, and desired him to convey it to Mrs. Latour.

It was impossible that she could receive this silent but expressive testimony of renewed confidence and interest without a sentiment of pleasure, which was sufficiently apparent in her deep blush and downcast eyes. The latter apparently fixed upon the flowers; but Charlotte could read them as well as if they had been raised to her own.

Her pale cheek grew paler than before. Mrs. Latour, aware that neither the present nor its implication could bestow much delight upon Charlotte, took the bouquet into another room—but she carefully put it into water, for she did not wish those flowers to wither. She then returned to Charlotte; but the silence which followed this little incident, and the delicacy with which both ladies avoided the subject, sufficiently marked the inter-

est of both in it—the pain of one—the consciousness of the other.

Some weeks elapsed before Charlotte was sufficiently strong to descend into the drawing-room; but as soon as she was permitted to do so, she wrote to Mr. Reynolds, beseeching him to come to her, and to bring Mr. Thetford with him. Both gentlemen obeyed the summons. They were shocked at the change in her appearance, wrought by illness and distress. But when she confessed, with tears and penitence, the truth, concealing only her motive for the falsehood—which every body will forgive her for reserving—and when she lauded Mrs. Latour as freely as she condemned herself—telling of all her goodness and generosity—of all her own weakness and unworthiness—they were both deeply touched. Thetford assured her that he should thenceforward rely implicitly upon her candor; and Mr. Reynolds, drawing her to him affectionately, told her that he had been wrong himself—he would never scold her again.

Mr. Thetford having gathered from something dropped in this conversation that Mrs. Latour was again at home, now felt it but delicate to withdraw himself from a scene so tender. But here the historian is compelled to subtract from any merit which this circumstance may give him with the reader, by avowing that he straightway proceeded to her house. He found her, as usual, calm, happy and employed. The large windows of her drawing-room were open, for it was already late in May, and almost sunset, and the soft air of summer flowed freely into the apartment. The room itself had an air of silent but familiar greeting. There were the musical instruments he had so much affected, before his self-banishment from these happy precincts. There were the cabinet of paintings, the portfolio of prints, the paint-box, &c.—all in their old places. The curly white face of Nina was raised as he entered; but, like an intimate acquaintance, she forbore to bark. A bouquet, which he had sent to Mrs. Latour the preceding evening, stood upon the mantel-piece in a small white vase; and the lady of his love, as she arose to receive him, wore no repulsive frown. His heart beat more rapidly than usual; yet from slight indications like these, he gathered courage.

Mrs. Latour was alone, and her work-box open upon the table beside her. Favorable concurrence of circumstances! He could now, uninterruptedly, confess his whole misconduct, and, meanwhile, there was all her thread to tangle.

He drew up a chair, and took a spool of cotton from the table—then, by way of making a beginning, he blushed up to the eyebrows; and Mrs. Latour, not unacquainted with such symptoms, blushed a little too, less from polite sympathy, than from her foresight of a declaration. Mr. Thetford during his brief preliminary silence was not idle. Two spools of cotton, and a skein of

blue silk became, in his hands, mysteries never to be unravelled; but Mrs. Latour did not observe his industry, nor its results. Then Mr. Thetford, raising his eyes, perceived the charming colour which something or other had heightened on her cheek, took heart, and opened an apology of which nothing better can be said, than that, to Mrs. Latour, neither its beginning, middle, nor conclusion conveyed any particular idea, other than that of Mr. Thetford's astonishing confusion. At last, in spite of herself, she could not choose but smile, and then Mr. Thetford was more embarrassed than ever. He was for a moment silent.

"You smile, Mrs. Latour," he said at last, "and I do not wonder at it. I am a sad simpleton to-day, but it is because I have been in the wrong. I ought not to have listened to those odious—Miss Burnley tells me you know all—I ought to have repelled them with contempt, at first, I confess, and I am come to make you a hearty apology for it—but in extenuation of my misdeeds I may be permitted to say"—

Now precisely because he was permitted to say the rest, and because he ventured under permission, to talk on for several hours together—which was being too prolix for the taste of the reader—from these very facts, I resolve not to repeat what he said, or what Mrs. Latour replied. The answer made could not, however, have been extremely unforgiving, since Mr. Thetford lingered at her house until almost dinner time, and in the evening came again, with his stanhope and dashing bays, to beg her participation of his drive. It is also to be presumed that they continued upon tolerable terms, inasmuch as during May and June, these evening drives were frequently repeated, and inasmuch as Mr. Thetford was, at all other times, either in her company, or devising means so to be, or studying ways to make himself, being therein, agreeable. That he succeeded in the last attempt, we likewise have some proof. In the month of October thereafter next ensuing, we received a letter from a familiar correspondent in —, and we leave it to the sagacity of our reader, after his perusal of the following paragraph from it, to decide whether our friend was a gentleman or a lady:

"Mrs. Latour is married at last to Mr. Thetford. Did you expect it? Are you not surprised? Well! married she is, and they are gone to spend a fortnight at his father's grand estate somewhere or other. The bridesmaids were Emily Bentham, and Mr. Thetford's sister, Miss Mary—*she* is no beauty, but she dresses immensely. You know the Thetford's are as rich as cream, and Mrs. Latour's Mr. Thetford, richer than any of them. I hope they will be happy, for I always loved Mrs. Latour,—she was always so kind to every body, and had such a sweet taste in dress."

It is impossible not to approve of affection founded on esteem.

Charlotte Burnley recovered from her illness an altered woman. Thenceforward she was noted for the strength of her principles, and her love of truth. Time bore away with it any lingering attachment for Thetford which could give her pain; and upon the death of her aunt, which happened a year after the marriage of Mrs. Latour, Mr. Reynolds, who had no near relations, and who, having made his own fortune, had conceived the idea that he had a right to dispose of it, adopted Charlotte, and made her mistress of his house, which he thereupon fitted up with considerable elegance. The old man became devoted to her; and when, a year or two afterwards, a gentleman, of whom he entirely approved, applied for his consent to his marriage with Miss Burnley, he would only accord that sanction, upon the condition that they should never leave him whilst he lived. The needful promise being given, the marriage was solemnized amidst much festivity; and the happy pair, at this time, reside under the roof and guardianship of good Mr. Reynolds.

T. E. L.

THE MOCK-BIRD AND THE SPARROW.

BY PAUL GRANALD.

A Mock-bird sat upon a tree,
Singing most melodiously;
But not a single tone
Of all his rich and varied notes,
(The warbling of a thousand throats.)
Could claim he, as his own;
For ev'ry bird that flies the air,
Might, sure, have heard its music there.
One time, in accents loud and clear,
He hails the haughty Chanticleer,
And thinks himself most learn'd and knowing
When he sets the world a-crowding.
But soon he'd change, in vengeful spite,
And warn him of the coming Kite,
Or tell him, quick, to run and stoop,
To 'scape the Falcon's darting swoop.
This done, the shifting, changing fellow,
Would call in tones, soft, low and mellow,
And bring some love-sick bird a'bear
To meet his am'rous feather'd dear;
And when his wayward end he gains,
He greets him with a rival's strains!

A Sparrow hears this din and clatter,
And wings his way to see the matter,
And why this wild and fickle chant:
The Mock-bird meets him with a taunt:—

"Most beauteous Bird, I bow to thee,
Thou of the gorgeous tinted feather;
Upon my soul, I seldom see
One dress'd so well in this bad weather;
You'll see my wife, you must not fail her,
And tell us, Bird—say, who's your tailor?
You sing no doubt, your voice is fine
And far excels each tone of mine;

To hear it, faith, I'll act beseecher,
I could not wish a better teacher;
Ring out! my little fellow, ring,
Why bless me! Bird, why don't you sing?"

The Sparrow cock'd a knowing eye,
And made him this most tart reply—
"You steal from all, and call it wit,
But I prefer my simple twit."

MORAL.

My tale a moral hath, I do not doubt,
Let him who steals the most, try make it out.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER.

[Continued.]

In the short breathing space allowed between the termination of one cruise and the commencement of another, I was induced to visit a distant friend. Traversing the narrow but fertile tract of Western Maryland, I found myself on the evening of the fourth day, seated beside the driver of a rickety stage coach, which was dragged at a snail's pace up the Alleghany. Anxious to reach the summit before sunset, the road seemed to me interminable. Even the phlegmatic driver caught at last a spark of my enthusiasm; and while he humanely withheld the lash, cheered his jaded team to renewed exertion. Heedless of the beetling cliff on one side, and the yawning precipice on the other, I thought only of the crowning point, whence could be viewed that scene of which I had heard so frequently and so much.

It has been remarked that high-wrought expectations are almost invariably disappointed,—and that such disappointment is usually in proportion to the eagerness of the anticipation. Such may be the case where the artificial efforts of man are concerned; but where is the mind to conceive the sublimity of the works of God?

From the summit I gazed in silence. The first sensation was one of indescribable awe. The first idea, that a mighty sea, arrested in its throes, lay before me

"Wave upon wave! as if a boundless ocean,
By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
Heard in its wildest moment of commotion,
And stood transfixed at the command of heaven."

Although the sun was several diameters above our horizon, he had long set to those in the valleys beneath; and the shadows of the mountains were fast deepening into gloom, while their summits were basking in light. The immediate base of the high spur upon which we stood, was concealed by a girdle of mist, gathered many hundred feet below us,—while the same humid vapor occasionally filled the chasms, or were wreathed around the crags, and swept down the slopes of distant mountains.

I would as soon attempt, with unhallowed lips, to inculcate the sublime truths of the Gospel, as, with ungifted pen, undertake to describe that magnificent and unrivalled scene. Standing on the very crest of the mountain, as the eye gathered in objects distant and more distant still, the sensation of awe at first experienced, increased, until the mind was overwhelmed with a sense of utter insignificance.

I have seen, and yet hope to scale, the Peak of Teneriffe. The summit of Mont Blanc comes within the scope of my contemplated wanderings; and with the help of God, I trust to look into, if I cannot explore, the craters of Vesuvius and Ætna: but I never expect to behold a scene more grand and impressive than this, which I have long panted to view, and now sigh that I must relinquish.

Usually great fatigue induces sleep so profound, that the senses are steeped in forgetfulness, and the mind becomes as inert as the body. The excitement consequent upon the scene I had beheld, kept me awake long after I had retired to rest; and the following singular dream will show that the imaginative faculties were kept in full play, long after the will had ceased to control them:

I dreamed that I again stood upon the summit of the mountain, with two of my fellow-passengers—an aged man, and his young grand-child. That the deep silence was broken by the child saying—"Grandfather, what are you crying for?"

"I think, my child, of the day of judgment, and the doom that may await us all!"

Suddenly the wind was hushed, and a voice from the still air above was heard, saying,

"It is come! Lo! the ocean of Time bringeth its generations to the footstool of the Redeemer!"

The sound of rushing waters succeeded; the mountains, save the one upon which we stood, sunk from the sight; and a dark and troubled ocean rolled beneath us. In consternation, I turned to my companions, but instead of the old man, with his thin, grey hair streaming in the wind, I beheld the irradiate form of the Saviour. I fell prostrate to the earth. The child, awed but not intimidated—for innocence knows not fear—meekly knelt, and, with its tiny hands clasped together as in prayer, gazed upon that heavenly face which seemed to be fully revealed to her, while to my aching vision it was shrouded by a veil, light as an infant's breath, and more dazzling than if woven of the rays of the diamond.

And now, the voice was heard to say, "Come forth!" And immediately the ocean heaved and swelled, until its turbid waters nearly washed our feet—when it suddenly receded,—and rolling back into the distant void, left an immense plain covered with the generations of men. They were divided into three immense bodies: first, the tribes and people before the flood, and then the nations before and after the advent of the Messiah.

In the van stood the father of men; his lofty port chastened with an air which showed that if he had sinned, he had also suffered much. Beside him, clinging for support, as she shrunk from the piercing rays of the Godhead, was the unhappy mother of the human race.

Mute and conscience-stricken, the multitude, headed by their common parents, slowly advanced; when the child in imploring accents exclaimed, "Holy One! have mercy."

And the Holy One replied, "Seat thyself before me—thou shalt be endued with the knowledge of the Most High; and by thee, the youngest and the last, shall the destinies of thy race be determined."

The child obeyed, and Adam and Eve, in obedience to its signal, passed up the mount—and the Holy One said, "It is good! they have sinned and have repented. Throughout all time their spirits have writhed with the knowledge of the misery they have entailed upon their offspring: strict justice would condemn, but mercy spares them."

Then approached Cain the first born, with anguish on his brow, but no true repentance in his heart;—and, at a shudder from the child, he instinctively turned, and brushing against the meek-eyed Abel, rushed down the steep, the multitude shrinking from the touch of the fratricide. The simple-minded Abel, and many like him, passed up—but many more, and far more rapidly increasing in number, were those rejected by the child.

Then came the generations before the coming of the Saviour. The Assyrians, Egyptians and Jews; the Arabians, the Medes, and the Persians; the Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans, with countless others were there. And Noah advanced and took the upward path, followed, alas! by few. Anon, came Abraham, the friend of God, with the once more beautiful Sarah,—and Melchisedec, the priest of the unbloody sacrifice,—and the laughter-loving Isaac; the modest Rebecca; the almost too politic Jacob, and the chaste and filial Joseph.

The sadness which had been gathering over the face of the child passed away, and she welcomed their approach with joy. But again that sweet face was overcast; for now advanced the sceptred line of Pharaoh—he of the hardened heart, the most conspicuous—followed by the swarthy idolaters of Egypt. As the child, by a gesture, proclaimed their doom, the Holy One said—"It is just, but let the heaviest wo fall on the rulers who have abused, and the teachers who have misled the people."

Then came Moses, the man beloved of God, and Aaron the chosen high priest, and David the royal penitent—with the judges, and kings, and prophets, and all the stiff-necked tribes of Israel. And, as the first named passed, the Holy One said, "Thy sin of doubt has been expiated by exile and repentance, receive thy reward."

Alas! of the chosen people of God, how few were permitted to ascend that mount!

Presently came Semiramis, the human tigress, and the effeminate Mede, and the haughty Assyrian who destroyed, and the warlike Persian who rebuilt the temple of God—and Homer, and Plato the sublime, and Socrates the wise, and Aristides the just, and Alexander the warrior, and Brutus the republican were there. All received their doom from that little child. And now came the generations since the birth of the Redeemer!

In the vanguard was the Baptist, the standard-bearer of Christianity,—then, followed by St. Peter the first chosen, came St. Paul the eloquent and enthusiastic, the angelic Mary supported by the beloved disciple, and Mary Magdalene, and all the apostles and evangelists and followers of the Lamb. Side by side also came the crucified thieves. But he, whose revilings had embittered the last moments of his Redeemer, fell off and joined the sons of perdition—the conspiring Pharisees, and Herod who had persecuted, and Pilate who had unjustly condemned, and Judas who had betrayed the Son of man.

Then passed up shouting loud hosannas, the glorious body of martyrs—headed by St. Stephen, and the virgins, and whole hosts of saints;—while the dark Tiberias, and blood-thirsty Nero, and all the ensanguined line of Cæsars, and countless hordes of barbarians, and many of the descendants of Charlemagne, and the treacherous John and remorseless Richard, and lustful Harry, and crafty Elizabeth of England, and all of the tribes and nations of the earth who had died at enmity with their God, (and oh, what an untold host there was!) were turned in despair towards the dark void. And now the voice was heard, saying,

"Let their doom be accomplished!" and the seething waters of the ocean rolled over and hid them from the sight.

Presently, over that ocean the clouds gathered, and the thunder loudly pealed, and the red lightning played across in incessant flashes. Now, the ocean itself grew black and thickened, and the lightning struck it—and it burst forth in one general conflagration. The mountain upon which we stood, rocked and reeled, and then seemed to be uprooted from its base, and to float unscathed upon the burning waters.

Here I was awaked by my room-mate shaking violently one of the bed-posts, and bidding me, for God's sake, rise, for that the woods were all on fire below us. The bright light which shone through the windows confirmed his intelligence. Dressing in haste, we proceeded to the yard in front; where we found the driver hitching his team, and calling upon his passengers to hurry, that he might pass the fire before it had crossed the road. The suggestion to send a messenger ahead to ascertain if the fire had not already crossed, he

scouted with the characteristic impertinence of his class; and, almost at full speed, we dashed down the rapid descent.

With murmurs and deep misgivings, we saw ourselves whirled by the last place where, for many miles, the stage could be turned. Ahead, and directly in our path, we heard the roaring of the blaze, and the sound of the falling timber. The air was filled with myriads of sparks, and the burning cinders fell thick as the flakes of a snow-storm, around us.

When we came to the upper line of fire, it had reached but not crossed the road. The heat was intense and almost scorching, and the roaring noise and blinding light made the horses frantic. They reared and plunged and strove to free themselves from the harness; but the heavy crash of a falling tree behind, made them wild with terror; and, with a peculiar noise like an unearthly shriek, they rushed headlong at full speed. I threw my arms around the driver to support him, while, with his body bent almost over the footboard, he bore his whole strength upon the reins. The screams and shouts within the stage, were soon drowned by the roar as of a mighty cataract; and in a moment we found ourselves between two walls of fire, the flames meeting in fantastic curls in the air above us.

Fortunately the belt was a narrow one; but before we had cleared it, the reins, crisped by the heat, one after another, snapped asunder—and the horses unrestrained, sped furiously along for a mile or more. Suddenly, at a turn, the stage upset with a severe shock; and the horses breaking loose, were found some hours afterwards in a creek, cooling their scorched bodies. It was thought that they would never again be fit for service. The inside passengers received no material injury, but neither the driver nor myself could immediately proceed. We were hospitably received in a farmhouse near by, where we remained for some days under the soothing application of creams to our blistered hands and faces.

From Wheeling I descended the Ohio, whose limpid waters, gliding with a strong but not impetuous current between high and verdant banks, have won for it the name of beautiful.

Our steamboat, although large, was crowded, and I was incessantly struck with the difference between the soothing aspect of nature without, and the provision for artificial wants, the petty schemes, the clamor and dissatisfaction within.

While occupied with such thoughts, I unconsciously approached two ladies, from whom a gentleman was just withdrawing—for the purpose, as I soon found, of procuring some article below. Scarce had he descended, when the elder lady remarked to the younger in a tone bespeaking a lower rank than her dress would indicate—"Emeline, what has been the use of taking you to

Washington, if you go on acting in this way? Why don't you make Mr. Gordon keep his distance?"

"Now aunt, don't you be meddling," replied the younger petulantly; "Mr. Ames may not follow us as he promised, and you know Mr. Gordon keeps the most fashionable store in Louisville."

"And is it possible that after mixing in all the fine company this session, you can think of marrying a shopkeeper?"

"You just let me alone, aunt—I know what I am about."

At this moment Mr. Gordon reappeared, and received a graceful nod and encouraging smile from the younger, while the elder scanned him with a cold and repulsive eye. Female sharpers, thought I, as I turned away in disgust.

"I say stranger," called out a man to me as I approached the stern, "ever been in these parts before?"

"No," said I, "this is the first time."

"Well, aint this going it slick? but wait till you get to the Mississippi, that'll wake you up, I can tell you."

"Yes," I replied, "I am told that it is much bolder and wider; but then the water is not so clear and beautiful as this."

"How you talk, stranger! What's beauty got to do with it? Why the Mississippi is like a great backbone, going from one end clean to the other; but this," pointing to the river, "aint no more than one of the small ribs."

Perceiving that the man was an original, I took a seat and entered into conversation with him. Pleased with an auditor, he became communicative; and I listened with interest, while, in the peculiar phraseology of the West, he related some of his adventures. We sat far into the night; and as our huge leviathan swept along, sometimes almost grazing the banks, I fancied that I could occasionally hear from within the gloom of the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky on our left, that terrific warwhoop of which he spoke. I have been enabled to write down nearly all of what he first related, because perhaps, simply from its being the first, it made the deepest impression.

Hardin, such was the narrator's name, was a sergeant in what I think he termed the raised volunteers of Ohio, during the late war. He had been sent with twelve men to escort a wagon, laden with supplies for one of the smaller posts, about twenty-eight miles distant. It was considered possible, but not probable that the Indians had penetrated within the advanced posts. Besides the detachment of soldiers, his party consisted of two friendly Indians for scouts; the driver, an athletic swarthy half breed, named Butler, and the wife and young child of a soldier belonging to the post to which they were bound.

They left the fort about three P. M., and accomplished ten miles by dark, when they encamped,

expecting to reach the post early on the morrow. They again started at sunrise; but in consequence of a heavy rain during the night, travelled slowly. By noon, however, they had made twelve miles, and stopped to refresh themselves and horses. Their rude dinner was just spread before them, when the scouts came in and reported that there were no marks of Indians in the woods. Cheered by the intelligence, they prepared to make a hearty meal, in the confident expectation of reaching their place of destination at an early hour. Hardin was leaning over, helping the woman, when he heard a whiz by his ear, followed in quick succession by a sharp report and a scream from the child, which sprung wounded from its mother's arms.

"The wagon men—make for the wagon," shouted Hardin. "But where are the scouts?"

"Here they are sneaking off," called out one.

"Shoot them down, the traitors;" and several muskets were discharged. One of the scouts fell—the other, evidently wounded, limping as he fled, escaped.

While they sought cover behind the wagon, the woman remained gazing, horror-stricken, upon her child as it lay bleeding. Suddenly she seized a knife which laid upon the grass beside the untasted food, and with furious speed, heedless of their call, rushed towards the quarter whence the fatal ball had sped. As she passed a tree, a short distance from the other side of the road, and in full view from their position, an Indian stepped out and brained her with his tomahawk; but before he could retreat to cover, a soldier levelled his musket and fired; and the savage, bounding upwards several feet, fell to the earth a corpse.

Butler had been, throughout the journey, a silent and dull companion; but at the first alarm, he had run to the wagon, and commenced searching for his rifle. He found it just as the Indian fell; when, with a loud and exulting laugh, he exclaimed, "Well done soldier;" then jumping down beside Hardin, he said to him, "Mr. Sergeant, this will not be a safe place for you long—these Indian devils haven't shown their usual cunning, or they would have begun the attack from more points than one; take to the trees if you wish to preserve a single life."

"Sergeant," here cried several of the soldiers, "the Indians are running across the road."

"To the trees, each man a tree for your lives," shouted Hardin; and the whole party rushed into the woods.

After the death of the warrior, save a few ineffectual shots at some of the Indians as they successively ran across the road, the time was passed in silent preparation. Each soldier behind the tree he had selected, fixed his bayonet, pecked his flint, and drew his cartouch box more in front. By the advice of Butler, who seemed more familiar with the Indian mode of warfare, the sergeant let

him take the lead, with five men on each side gradually spreading out in the form of a wedge, while the sergeant himself brought up the rear with the two remaining soldiers, faced the opposite way to guard against surprise. Their arrangements completed, as the whole party anxiously watched the Indians flitting from the shelter of one tree to that of another, they were startled by the cry of the child, which had raised itself upon its little hands and called for its mother. They saw it struggle for a few feet, then fall upon its face and die.

"The devils! the incarnate devils!" exclaimed the half breed—"Oh that they would but show themselves."

Very soon after, and quick as light, he brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired; and an Indian, who had just peered from behind a tree, fell beside it. His fall drew a shout from the soldiers, which was answered by a fierce whoop and a general volley from the Indians. With the exception of one or two slight flesh wounds, the discharge was harmless; but it served to convince the whites that their foes more than trebled their number.

The action now became general, and the woods rang with the sharp crack of the rifle, and the louder but less deadly report of the musket. The Indians spreading as they advanced, soon outflanked the whites, and then gradually closing in, almost completely encircled them. Already three of the soldiers had fallen, and two others were so badly wounded as to be unable to use their weapons. The only hope left was in retreat, and the survivors rushed to the place where the horses were secured. One of the horses lay bleeding, wounded perhaps by a random shot. Casting them loose the whites strove to mount, while the Indians rushed forward to prevent them. The sergeant succeeded in mounting one of the horses with a soldier behind him. Butler had gained the back of another, when an Indian sprung forward, and, seizing the headstall, threw his tomahawk. It struck Butler on the side of the temple, peeling it to the bone. In an instant, he jumped down and clutched his opponent. For some moments, they struggled desperately; but, freeing his right arm, Butler drew a knife and plunged it into the savage. As he turned to mount again, he was pierced by a bullet from behind, when, seeming to abandon all hopes of escape, he staggered forward, brandishing the bloody knife, and endeavored to close with the nearest Indian. The wily savage, stepping aside, felled him to the ground with the butt of his rifle.

With his eyes fixed upon the dreadful scene, from which he was endeavoring his utmost to escape, the wild warwhoop, raised on the fall of the half-breed, seemed to Hardin premonitory of his own. There was a desperate struggle around the remaining horses, and the sergeant heard the crack of several rifles as he urged the horse upon which he was mounted, to his utmost speed. In a few

moments he felt the hold of the soldier behind begin to relax; and shortly after, he fell with a groan to the earth. A few seconds more and a sharp, tingling pain told him that he was wounded in the leg, and by his convulsive bounds he was satisfied that his horse was also desperately wounded. Bending low to the mane, with a sagacity sharpened by the fear of death, he contrived to place as many large trees as possible between his pursuers and himself. He rode thus for miles; and long after the pursuit must have ceased, the vindictive warwhoop seemed to ring in his ears.

His poor horse carried him to the last, but fell within a mile of the post. Bandaging his leg with a handkerchief, the sergeant attempted to proceed on foot; but, faint and exhausted with the loss of blood, he could not. From a feeling which all will understand, he retraced his steps, determined that if die he must, it should be beside the faithful steed. With his head upon the neck of the dying animal, he swooned away, and was found by scouts from the garrison sent out in consequence of the noise of the firing.

Nearly the whole garrison at the post turned out in pursuit of the enemy,—but the Indians had disappeared with all their booty. With the mutilated bodies of his late companions however, the sergeant was rejoiced to see the treacherous scout brought in—"and stranger," said he, while his face glowed with savage delight, "I was the man who tied the noose for him."

Clank, clank, clank—splash, splash, splash—alas for the practical and unpoetic age in which we live! A man in the depths of the hold below, turns a cock, throws a few sticks of wood upon the fire, and the strange eccentric is moved by the steam, whose supply it afterwards regulates. As the valves open and close, the piston-rod, with the regularity of the pendulum, moves up and down, turning the paddle-shaft which whirls, in unceasing revolutions, the immense wheels that propel us. No longer spreading a sail to the breeze, or drifting idly with the current, the arks and the broad horns have disappeared—the wild and melodious notes of the boatman's bugle are unheard,—and in their stead, the soothing solitude of nature is disturbed by the monotonous clank of a workshop.

Surely the most beautiful object in nature is the ocean heaving and swelling in its mysterious undulation; its calm and placid surface checkered with light and shade, reflecting the sky above, and the changing aspect of the flying clouds!

And the most beautiful perfection of art—is it not a ship buoyant and graceful, under a cloud of canvass buffeting the elements; and, against wind, or tide, or current, pressing onward to her port of destination?

While yet the world was young, the nomadic tribes that wandered along the coasts must have gazed wistfully on the radiant surface of the rip-

pling sea; but when the tempest came, and the angry surf lashed the opposing shore, and the dashing spray was borne far inland by the blast, appalled and terrified, they must have fled precipitately from the scene.

But every evil has its antidote; and the storm, wide-spread and devastating, uprooted gigantic trees, which, floating on the surface of the once more tranquil ocean, suggested the means of transportation. The art of navigation, in the beautiful mythology of the ancients ascribed to Venus and Minerva, owes its first invention to Oousous, the Phœnician, who, on the trunk of a tree, denuded of its branches, and half excavated by fire, boldly pushed from the shore, and encountered the untried perils of the deep.

To the canoe succeeded the raft; and thence, in regular succession, the galley manned with oars, and the ship propelled by sails. From skirting along the coasts, men, inured by degrees to the dangers of a new element, extended their intercourse from mainland to island; and at length, with the newly-invented compass for their guide, they boldly stood from the land, and wandered over the fathomless ocean in quest of other worlds.

One of those worlds has required the blessing of civilization conferred upon it, by the application of an agent which bids fair to effect as great a revolution in maritime affairs, as the invention of gunpowder nearly five hundred years ago, did in the art of war. Steam is indeed a wonderful agent; and perchance before many years, a native of this new world, bolder than the Phœnician, may launch forth,—with its single aid combat the opposing winds, and rocking in the storm, career successfully over the billows of the wide Atlantic. And what country can profit like our own?

Its coasts, indented with frequent bays and inlets of the ocean, and nearly its every valley watered by navigable and majestic rivers, this country, now rapidly advancing, is destined, ere long, to attain the first rank in the great family of nations. As I stood upon the summit of the Alleghany, and beheld a graceful sweep of verdant hills and plains, boundless as the view, and recollected that they stretched onward and onward, until the one extreme was locked in the rude embrace of thick-ribbed ice, while the other was washed by the phosphorescent ripple of the tropic, and turning East and West, beheld on each side an ocean for a boundary, I could not help exclaiming; Oh my country, if your energies be but properly directed, to what a glorious consummation may you not attain!

Cincinnati is a thriving, and promises to become an extensive and populous town; but its wharves, its streets, its every aspect, proclaims the sordid spirit of trade. I long for the simplicity of nature—not that I am misanthropic; for though

—“my spirit be of penance mould,
I yet can laugh with young and old.”

I love to be where

“The sweet roses breathe their fragrance around,
And the wild birds awaken the groves with their sound;
I rejoice in each sunbeam that gladdens the vales;
I rejoice in each odor that sweetens the gales;
In the bloom of the spring—in the summer’s gay voice,
With a spirit as gay, I rejoice, I rejoice!”

The ties which bind me to my kind are few—for the purest and most enduring were sundered in early life, and my heart is even denied the consolation of retrospective endearments. Perhaps I shall one day fall in love. Alas for the day which shall cast on troubled waters, the treasures of my soul! When I meet with one who can

“Of Nature’s gifts with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose,”

and whose pure soul seems

“given
To be appropriate to her face,
And show on earth a glimpse of heav’n,”

I shall doubtless bow down before her. It may be, that, denied the sympathy which they crave, my feelings will shrink from the social light with a timidity proportioned to their present yearning, *Dieu me conduisse!*

This morning, we dashed into the Mississippi, whose turbid and swollen waters roll far and wide beyond their usual boundaries. It is a scene wild and magnificent, but appalling from the dangers which beset it. The river is filled with broken rafts, drift logs, and sunken or floating trees. The danger of running upon a snag or a sawyer is great, and ever impending. The current is so strong, that frequently caught by a whirl or an eddy, our huge boat, like a stray leaf on the counter-current of a rivulet, is turned round and round, until, striking against a tree, it is sent again into the mid-current. The word torrent will perhaps convey a more correct idea of its irresistible rapidity. Sometimes we are carried for miles among the trees—from whose verdant tops, the birds who have remained undisturbed by the rush and the roar beneath, fly at our approach, as if aware that their only enemy is man.

My friend and his father have received me with the open-handed hospitality for which the South and South-West are proverbial. Last night, the second since my arrival, they made up a grand hunting match, in which I, unthinking mortal, joined. By sunrise this morning, after a hurried breakfast, we were off; but unused to the rifle, I carried my own fowling-piece. We soon separated, all but a young brother of my friends’, who kept with me. Little accustomed to the woods, by mid-day, I felt much fatigued, and lagged slowly along; while my little guide, seemingly as fresh as when we started, was eager in pursuit of game. In a short time, between my weariness and his

anxiety to proceed, we lost each other. After ineffectually trying to find him, I threw myself at the foot of a tree, beside which gurgled a small stream. The early hour at which I had risen, and the great fatigue I had since undergone, combined with the soothing sound of the water as it rippled by, caused me to fall asleep.

What awoke me I know not, but the first object I saw was the disc of the sun just descending behind the tops of the trees; as, nearly blinded by its rays, I turned my eyes away, I beheld a stag with enormous antlers standing at the edge of the brook, a short gun-shot from me. He had evidently been drinking, but disturbed perhaps by my slight movement on waking, his head was thrown back in the attitude of listening. I remained perfectly still, and he again began to drink. With the utmost caution I reached my gun, and taking deliberate aim fired and severely wounded him. He made one bound across the run, when to my amazement he turned the next moment, and rushed furiously towards me. I had barely time to spring into the tree when he brought up with a violent blow against it. He then walked round and round the tree, anxious to get at me, and glared upon me with more ferocity than I thought the animal capable of. After blockading me in this singular manner for fifteen or twenty minutes, he turned to go, when I coughed aloud, and with rekindled fury he again dashed at the tree. His wound was certainly severe, and I hoped would prove a vital one, for he bled profusely. At last he slowly walked away, regardless of every attempt I made to call him back. Immediately descending the tree, I reloaded my gun, which had fallen beside it, and followed in pursuit. I was unsuccessful, and in addition to my disappointment, discovered that in my eagerness, I had lost the bearings I had taken.

Although the night promised to be a mild one, the prospect of spending it in the woods was far from pleasant, and I hallooed long and loud for my companions. Echo alone replied—not the echo of the sage writer, which to the call “where are they?” answered “where;” but the only kind of echo I have ever heard, which in such a case would have replied, “are they” and now, in fainter notes, returned my own wild halloo.

The sun had now set, and night approached more like the gathering of mist than the withdrawal of light. I struggled on, almost losing a sense of fatigue in anxiety, when, through the thickening gloom, I perceived that the trees grew thinner, and quickened my pace in the hope that it might prove the clearing of the plantation. I was provoked to find myself on the edge of a small canebrake. Recollecting presently that I had heard this canebrake spoken of as lying in a certain direction, I concluded that my best course would be immediately through it. I had scarce proceeded one-fourth of the distance, when I found it so fa-

tiguig, forcing my way through the high canes, that I had decided on throwing myself down and spending the night there, when I was startled by the rattle of a rattlesnake. The sound was so sudden and unexpected, that I could not tell from what quarter it came; and afraid to step any way, gathered the canes as thick as I could around me, and stood in breathless expectation. In a few moments I heard him glide away, and springing off in the opposite direction, I regained the wood, and soon afterwards heard the welcome shouts of my friends in search of me.

I spent a month very pleasantly, when the near expiration of my leave of absence rendered it necessary that I should repair to the seaboard. I have reached it in time to join the squadron under Commodore Porter, destined to act against the pirates who infest the coasts of Cuba and the adjacent islands. The squadron consists of the John Adams and Hornet, sloops-of-war; the Sea Gull (steam brig), and the schooners Greyhound, Beagle, Fox, Terret and Wild-Cat. These schooners carry each a long gun and two cannonades; the crew consists of forty men all told, and they are about the size of the small wood-boats which navigate the Chesapeake.

The spirit of vengeance animates the whole country for the fate of the gallant and lamented Allen. This high-toned, intelligent and inestimable officer, universally respected, and dearly beloved by all who knew him, fell, as only the brave can fall, while, upright and reckless of exposure, he cheered his men to victory. With the force under his command, he attacked the pirates in Seguapa bay; and after the capture of one vessel, was standing in the boat, encouraging his crew as they bore down upon another, when he received the fatal wound. With victory almost in his grasp, he died too soon for his country, but not too soon for enduring fame.

As, a short time after, he lay upon the deck of his vessel, an officer, maddened at the sight of his dying chief, seized a cutlass, and was about to plunge it into the bosom of one of the pirates, lashed to the boom, when his hand was arrested by the faint but distinct exclamation, "Remember, Mr. Henley, he is a prisoner!" They were his last words.

Thus perished the dutiful son and the kind brother; who, to support his sisters and his aged mother, lived a bachelor, and denied himself all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life. Not in his first action, when one after another his two seniors fell; and as they were borne below, he sprung upon a gun, exclaiming—"Boys, here's another William H. for you!" and with three cheers renewed the fight; not when in Manilla he so coolly and skilfully prepared to oppose an overwhelming force; and not, when at Claverhouse, he fell with the cheer upon his lip, and the shout

of victory ringing in his ear, did he so much claim our admiration, as when with his parting breath he stayed the hand of blood with the exclamation—"Remember, he is a prisoner!"

Peace to his manes—for his was indeed "a bold spirit in a loyal breast."

Shade of my noble friend!—for thus in life thou didst permit me to call thee—a few years since, and I was but a stripling under thy almost paternal care, and advised by thee, with little of the toil, I gained much of the fruits of experience. A few months, perchance a few weeks hence, I trust to grapple with thy murderers,—and upon my unflushed sword, before High Heaven, I swear to fall or to avenge thee.

MUSINGS.

I.

Pata nascitur.

To grasp the shadows of imagination,
To fix the hues of evanescent thought,
With delicate touch and just delineation;
The images to trace, transfer, assort,
On the mind's retina, all-glowing, caught;
To stamp on Speech the soul of Poesy,
A talent asks intuitive, unbought,
Which all the stores of art can ne'er supply:
This cannot be acquired, this cometh from on high.

II.

In medio tutissimus ibis.

'Gainst health, o'erwrought exertion less offends,
Than the putrescence of inert repose,
As cataracts fling out purer air than fens.
Yet the calm stream, that forth, deep-volumed, goes,
That stagnates never, seldom overflows,
Tho' eddying oft in some propitious bay,
(Lured by the foliage that, high o'er it, throws
Its shade which wooingly invites delay,)
Well counsels us to choose the intermediate way.

III.

Ingratitude.

Ill-fated Poland! tho' thy breast was erst,
Christendom's shield 'gainst powers of Heathenese,
Base has been thy requital. Chains accurst,
Which Europe, that she wears them not, may bless
Sarmatian valor, now thy limbs compress,
By fell ingratitude imposed. Twice riven,
Those chains still compass thee: did thy distress
Appeal in vain to those for whom thou'dst striven?
Where was your succor, Earth? O! where your lightnings,
Heaven?

IV.

Paucity of elements, multitude of combinations.

'Twas truly said that nought below is new;
Of endless combinations capable,
The original elements of thought are few:
As prizes, these to early aages fell,
Who studied Nature's volume wisely and well.
Ours be the humbler task to readjust
The treasured truths which on their pages dwell;
To catch a grace from Wisdom's sculptured bust,
And brush from ancient Lore, the cobweb and the dust.

V.

The elements of words are not thrice ten;
 Their combinations yet how manifold!
 To Art pictorial, scarce seven colors lend
 Their hues prismatic; yet with pencil bold
 The gifted artist will those colors mould
 To countless forms of beauty, grandeur, power.
 Those sciences which numerical powers unfold,
 On which strong Demonstration builds her tower;
 Of simple units, are the conquest and the dower.

VI.

Extremes touch.

Of weal or wo, the opposite extremes,
 Alike man's kindlier sympathies congeal:
 The loftiest mount clad in eternal beams,
 The gloomiest recess of the lowliest vale,
 The same cold, chilling atmosphere exhale.
 Hearts filled with one continuous flow of joys,
 Or woe! Misfortune's crushing blows to feel,
 Soon lose their healthy tone and equipoise,
 And only grieve for self, for self alone rejoice.

VII.

Example.

Job was sore tempted to "curse God and die,"
 And Bonaparte devoted countless bands
 On the red altar of his "destiny;"
 His speech, sole vehicle of stern commands,
 Of life regardless, if achieved his plans,
 A Chimboraza towering on his throne,
 The corse-piled structure of his ruthless hands,
 He stood, midst skies which medial climes disown,
 Wrapp'd in his robe of snows unparallel'd, alone!

VIII.

The Peasant and the Prince.

When monarchs fall, 'tis as an avalanche,
 Thundering adown some Alpine mountain's side;
 When peasants die, 'tis from arborous branch
 Light snow-flakes loosen'd by the breezy tide,
 Which, melting, thro' earth's pores in silence glide.
 Ten thousand such might strive to form in vain,
 One avalanche's vast unwieldy pride;
 Yet Nature made them of the self-same strain!
 Must these obedience yield, and those controulless reign?

IX.

Can these things be by Nature's ordination?
 Were millions born but mutely to obey?
 By right divine, do Kings hold kingly station?
 Forbid it Marathon, Thermopylæ!
 Forbid it Heroes, Patriots, Sages! ye
 Who, in all time, in closet or on field,
 Have toil'd or bled that man might yet be free!
 In such a cause, the sword who would not wield?
 And whose the coward heart, still throbbing, that would
 yield?

X.

Charity begins at home.

I would not hinder pure Beneficence;
 But keep it, rather, by dissuasive force,
 From foul infusions, savoring of pretence.
 The spring, deep-welling from its mountain source,
 Clear, unpolluted by the torrent hoarse
 That rushes, turbid, down the clamorous hills,
 Murmuring, pursues its unadulterate course,
 And, swelled by tributes from congenial rills,
 With bright refreshing green the neighboring valley fills.

XI.

Thus Charity her blessings should dispense,
 In grateful streams around her fountain head;

Or if abundance, overflowing thence,
 (The vicious naked clothed, and hungry fed,
 The intermediate space with plenty spread.)
 Then might she rain, in copious showers descend,
 On distant lands to true religion dead;
 Of Heathenese, then, the evangelizing friend,
 Idolatrous Moslem mosque and Hindoo temple, rend.

NORTHERN RAMBLES.

There are few so aged, still fewer so young, and
 not one so occupied in the duties and affairs of life,
 that they should not devote a portion of this beautiful
 month to rambles in the woods. If the aged
 have lost their youth, they will recover a blessed
 portion of its joyful enthusiasm; if the weary
 mother lose not her burden of care, she will receive
 new vigor and animation, and that freshness
 of purpose and hope that she most of all needs, to
 enable her to sustain it. "Moping melancholy"
 may delightfully indulge her gentle humors there,
 and, what is still more delightful, get cured of her
 morbid propensities.

Merry it is in the good, green wood
 Where the mavis and merle are singing;

and its influence over the mind is irresistible—at
 least one feels so when in the act of throwing off
 the shawl, and sitting down surrounded with the
 beautiful spoils of a fresh jaunt.

It is said our little Mayflower does not flourish
 south of Massachusetts,—as if, in gratitude for the
 honor of being associated, by its name, with the
 recollection of our pilgrim fathers, it would garnish
 no other land but that which was an asylum to
 them, and is the blessed home of their descendants.
 It flowered six weeks since (1st May); but truth
 constrains the admission that the *youngsters* who
 would go "a Maying," very prudently provided
 themselves with rubbers and tippets before en-
 counter with the rough south-easter, on which their
 little favorites was so lavishly "wasting its sweet-
 ness." Such is our climate; and through all of
 May, the vase of Mayflowers on the mantle is most
 incongruously associated in promoting our well-
 being, with a blazing wood-fire on the hearth be-
 neath.

But the breezes are softening; the choral emi-
 grants have returned joyously to their haunts,—
 the bobolink to his alder—the martin to his house:
 and who does not exclaim with the glorious, nature-
 loving bard—"it were an injury and silliness
 against nature, not to go out and see her riches,
 and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and
 earth!" He who spoke as never man did, referred
 most touchingly to the birds and the flowers; and
 one—himself under the influence of no ordinary
 inspiration—has observed, that "Moses and the
 prophets looked upon the heavens and the earth
 with a more poetic eye, than the poets of antiquity

or the harpers of our own times." But if any impassioned lover of nature prefer not to excuse his enthusiasm by the example of these, he may, without fear of sacrilege, refer to the poet, who, with an intellect, verily but "a little lower than the angels," descended from his fellowship with them,

"Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues,"

in the very sanctum sanctorum of the Divine presence, to descant upon

"Flowers—worthy of paradise, which nature boon
Pours forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morn'ning sun first warmly smites
The open fields, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrows the noontide bowers."

As, in reading the *Iliad*, it is difficult to believe that "the blind old man of Scio" could ever see; in perusing the writings of Milton, it is hard to believe that he was ever blind. Who that has followed the Grecian poet through his fields of slaughter and rivers of blood till exhausted with excitement and horror, but has thought how often the dearer English bard would have led him from the battle-ground to some sequestered vale in a beautiful bend of the Scamander, where the brayings of the far-off trumpet should be lost in the melody of the shepherd's lute, and the quiet scenes of pastoral life and domestic peace, be, to the weary spirit, like the very lap of Elysium? But we are constrained to forgive him; for, while feeling, painfully, the need of the refreshment and repose so delightfully vouchsafed in the "divine poem" of our own English bard—(thanks to Carlyle for helping one to feel that he is ours, spite of the slight division which politics and the Atlantic have interposed);—and ready to denounce the poet who, writing from the bosom of the world's garden, gives us no more of beautiful nature than an accidental glimpse of a sacred laurel or a consecrated beech;—he leads us into the sanctuary of the domestic affections, like one who has ministered at their altar, bearing the keys of its holiest and deepest recesses,—and beautiful are the revelations that he makes. It is a mystery, that one existing under the debasing influences of a vile mythology, and, as it seems, quite unaffected by the softening and purifying influences of external nature, could conceive of hearts so pure, and delineate characters so perfect as those of Hector and Andromache. A certain critic asserts that "Homer makes no effort in describing the Trojan character," and that "Achilles is the hero of the poem, and the grand object of the poem is to ennoble and exalt him." But if so, while the poet "noddled" over the character of Hector, the man awoke, and his true heart throbs in every bounding pulse of his "second hero." He felt that

"Achilles was a lion—not a man;"

and gave to Hector the *humanizing* and perfecting

adornments of the gentle virtues. Hence it is that Hector (consequently the Trojans) commands the sympathies of every reader,—the tears of every schoolboy. The parting with Andromache pictures those virtues, and Helen's lament rehearses them, with touches of extreme pathos:

"Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find,
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind;
When others cursed the authoress of their wo,
Thy pity checked my sorrows in their flow;
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents softened all my pain.
For thee I mourn—
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone."

Such sentiments of pity and forgiveness, seem the breathings of the very genius of Christianity. And this from a heathen poet, in the description of a heathen warrior! But the chivalrous avengers of their own wrongs in our own days, probably reflect that she was a *woman*.

But our June ramble was among flowers—not poets,—though we might pause even in the gardens of paradise, to regret that females, by common consent, are prohibited the reading of the *Iliad* in its original language. Haply our regrets may be checked by the thought that Milton and Shakespeare were Englishmen.

The leaves of the Mayflower have, this spring, owing to the mildness of the last winter, uncommon freshness and beauty. Being the product of the previous year, they have usually a dryness, and coarseness of texture which are not quite in keeping with the extreme delicacy of the blossoms they disclose, and appear not very unlike an aged foster-mother with a rosy grandchild in her bosom.

The sweet-briar, or eglantine, is distinguishable from the common wild-rose, not more by its height and peculiar elegance of form, than by the fragrance of its foliage, which when wet with dew or a recent shower, throws out a perfume as strong and scarcely less delicious than that of the honeysuckle. It is the most beautiful specimen of spontaneous production that our Maine forests afford. Sweet rose—what tame praise! Thy imperial sisters cherished and caressed in the elysian gardens on the shores of the Bosphorus, or unfolding their blushing petals and glowing hearts to the wooing songs of the nightingales in the bowers of Persia, or smiling beneath the sun of Andalusia, or perfuming the gardens of the Thuilleries,—not one of them has more perfect gracefulness of form, richness of odor, and more perfect beauty than thyself—whether springing from the clefts of the rocks on the rugged breast of the Himmelayahs, almost in the region of perpetual snows, or nursed by the north wind and the storms in the forest-grounds of Maine—the foster-child of Nature. It betrays its forest-birth, flourish where it may; and but little taste is exhibited in propping and tying and restraining the graceful sweep of its branches, as it

is seen in some of the princely gardens in the neighborhood of Boston. It is like caging the Canary—like fettering to the fashions and habiliments and conventional forms of fashionable society, a cottage maid. It is torturing nature by restraint, and putting her into a straight-jacket, as if she were mad. Who does not love her in her wildness—frolicsome, elastic, free, nay rampant even, if you please,—like a romping, rosy child, graceful in every variety of mood!

The love of beauty is inherent in our nature; the various contingencies of education determine the taste, to that form or variety of beauty in which it shall supremely delight. As its various developments and appearances in the world around us, are the earliest and most freely presented to the senses, generally,—they do the most generally excite admiration and delight,—and nothing but the most perfect inattention or absolute opposition on the part of parents, can prevent their refining and cheering influences upon the mind of every child.

If Madame de Staël had passed the days of her childhood among the Scotch Highlands, or at the foot of Mount Holyoke in our own Connecticut valley, she could never have uttered that sacrilegious speech, that "a view of the Lake of Geneva gave her as little pleasure as that of a street-gutter in the city of Paris!" If she could, may Heaven forgive her—for the enthusiasm of her nature must have had an incorrigible inclination to obliquity!

Who does not rejoice that our earliest sense of enjoyment and awakened enthusiasm, is associated in the memory—not with brick walls, gilded carriages, and the bow-windows of a toyshop, but with forests and flowers, birds and the beautiful sky! It is possible that a person thus educated, and accustomed to derive his sublimest pleasures of imagination and taste from these sources, may be unable, *consequently*, to appreciate and enjoy very fully, the works of art. It is very possible that statuary may appear to him, not an imperfect imitation of life, but a perfect resemblance of death; the form, features, attitude, all perfect,—but motionless, colorless, lifeless. Architecture may appear like a feeble and puerile attempt of man to copy the sublime forest-temples, the glorious handi-work of God; and the mind habitually and unconsciously dispose in unfavorable contrast, the highest efforts of genius, with the living, moving, breathing creations of inimitable nature. But if it is so, the mind has acquired elevation, expansion, and an exquisite susceptibility of happiness, poetic enthusiasm, and a tendency to humble devotion, which constrains it to unite, in sweetest harmony, with the romantic shepherd and sweet psalmist of Israel, in the sublime apostrophe,—
"When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Maine, June 10, 1842.

ELIZA.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

From the German of Schiller.

Upon his walls the tyrant stood
And looked down with exulting mood
On Samos—that obeyed his sway:
"All that thou seest is mine," he cried
To Egypt's monarch at his side,
"Am I not blessed by fortune, pray?"

"The gods on thee, indeed, have smiled:
They who were once thine equals styled,
Do homage to thy sceptre's might;
Yet one still lives to avenge their wrong,
I dare not call thee blessed, so long
As wakes the foe, prepared to smite."

Ere yet the monarch's words were passed,
There came a messenger in haste,
And stood before the tyrant's face.
"My lord," he cries, "let altars rise
Crowned with the fumes of sacrifice;
With laurel-wreaths thy temples grace!"

"Thy foe, the spear hath pierced him through:
Sent by brave Polydore, I flew
Swiftly the tidings glad to bring;"
Then drew from out a gloomy vase
A well-known head, on which they gaze
All gory yet, with shuddering.

Startled, the king drew back a space,
Then spake, awe pictured in his face;
"Oh, trust not fortune's wiles too far!
Think, still upon the treacherous wave—
(How soon the tempest's breath may rave!)
Thy fleet is scattered wide, beware!"

And hardly had he breathed the word,
When loud, a joyous cry was heard
To swell exulting from the shore;
With distant treasures richly fraught,
The sail-clad forest-raft is brought
And moored with all its precious store.

Astounded, cries the royal guest,
"Of mortals thou, at least, art blest,
Yet, ah, the fickle goddess, fear!
Of Crete, the formidable hosts
With peril threat thy sea-girt coasts,
Already; nay, the shore they near."

And ere the words had passed his lips,
Pour forth their living-tide the ships,
And thousand voices "Victory!" cry,
"The foe's no more," they shout e'erjoyed,
"A tempest hath his fleet destroyed—
The war is o'er, the danger by!"

When thus the king with deep surprise:
"No gift the hand of Heaven denies,
Yet for thy safety do I dread;
The envy of the gods, I fear;
For happiness unmixed, is ne'er
Upon a mortal's pathway shed.

"My hopes were crowned too with success,
My arms, the smile of Heaven did bless,
And as I wished, so all befel;
Yet ah, my one beloved heir!
Him saw I fall; fate would not spare;
My debt, to fortune paid I well!"

"Then wouldst thou be from harm secure,
Urgent, the invisible conjure
That ill be mingled with thy store;
Happy I never saw him end,
On whom the gods their favors spend
With hands still heaped and running o'er.

"And if the gods thy prayer refuse,
Then list to my advice and choose
Thyself the ill thy safety craves;
And what amongst thy treasure's boast,
Of all the rest thou prizest most,
Take that, and cast it to the waves."

The tyrant's spirit, fear constrains;
"Of all," he cries, "my realm contains
Most precious do I deem this ring;
Unto the furies doom I this,
A satisfaction for my bliss;"
He said, and straight obeyed the king.

Scarce had the dawn begun to glance—
Behold, with joyous countenance,
A fisher at the gate appear:
"My lord," he cried, "this fish I caught
Sole in my net, and early brought
A present for my prince's cheer."

The cook, as wont, the fish divides,
Amazed, then comes, with hastening strides,
And calls aloud, like one astound,
"See, lord, the ring which thou didst wear,
Found in the fish's maw, I bear,
Of truth thy fortune knows no bound!"

The shuddering guest here turned away;
"Farewell! no longer may I stay,
No further thou and I be friends;
Thy ruin sure is planned on high,
I must away, or with thee die;"
He said, and straight his ship ascends.

BLINDNESS AND THE BLIND.

No. II.

Passing from the consideration of the mental peculiarities of the blind, which were the subject of our last number, to an investigation of the distinguishing features of their moral nature—we first observe that whenever cesity prevents a person afflicted with it, from perceiving directly an object, it precludes him also from feeling deeply any of the sensations of pleasure or pain which we generally think connected with its presence. Many of our ideas of modesty are founded upon a desire to avoid an unpleasant chain of ideas, which *the view* of certain objects, and not the objects themselves, or the consciousness of their presence, is apt to produce; for, let these objects be ever so near, and let their presence be ever so well known, provided they are robbed out of sight, the chain of unpleasant ideas above mentioned, does not take place, and our feelings of modesty do not suffer. By applying this reasoning to the case of the blind, we will readily perceive that their natural or in-

nate ideas of modesty cannot coincide with ours; and accordingly we find, in uneducated blind persons, little of "instinctive" modesty, but much of a certain timidity, which partakes more of a dread to sin against established usages, the principles of which they cannot understand, than of real modesty, and which increases their embarrassment very much in certain circumstances. Many of our ideas of politeness also, owe their origin less to the dictates of reason, than to arbitrary rules and customs: and, if we reflect that we acquire good manners chiefly by imitating during our infancy the acts which *we see* others perform, we will not be surprised to find blind persons, even those of good families, stiff and embarrassed in promiscuous and fashionable society.

The most characteristic feature in the disposition of blind persons, is a certain abhorrence of changes, and a steadfast adherence to old habits and customs. An acquaintance with this fact is of great importance to him who intends to benefit the blind. It shows him some of the greatest difficulties which he will have to encounter—teaches him the great value of whatever good habits he may be able to infuse into the minds of the young blind—warns him not to waste his time and his energy upon adults, by showing him the true reason why almost every effort to reclaim *adult* blind persons from idleness and vice, has proved an entire failure. Encouraged by the success of the schools, which, after the fierce struggles of 1813 and 1814, were established in different parts of Europe for the benefit of those who had lost their sight in the service of their country, many philanthropic attempts have been made, both in Europe and in the United States, to ameliorate, by education, the situation of adult blind persons; the result has always been unfavorable, owing to this disinclination of the blind to change their habits and mode of living, even when they feel that the change would materially advance their interest.

Blind persons are more free and more severe in their judgment of other persons' character and actions, than seeing persons. As outward splendor, the signs of riches and rank cannot dazzle them, moral and intellectual worth alone forms the scale by which they estimate the value of an individual. A sweet and sonorous voice is, for the blind, the symbol of personal beauty.

The blind, as a class, for many noble individual exceptions can be pointed out, betray but little true sensibility. Whether it is owing to their infancy having been so fondly cherished that they have become accustomed to all the outward attributes of affection, without feeling in themselves, or appreciating in others, those deep emotions out of which arise the most noble and disinterested affections; or, whether it is because they cannot become acquainted with the pain and anguish which their fellow-beings may suffer, except by his com-

plaints, we are unable to say; all that we know is, that this want of sensibility unfortunately exists; and that, if not counteracted by judicious education, it but too often terminates in peevish selfishness. The sympathy which seeing persons feel for the blind, usually for those of a tender age, makes them willing to yield any point in which their own gratification is concerned; and the blind, seeing their most unreasonable demands upon the time, the patience and the generosity of seeing persons, complied with without hesitation, learn in time to consider their own wishes as of more importance than those of any other human being. There is, however, a redeeming fact connected with this subject, which, justice to the blind, will not permit us to pass over unnoticed: it is that pure affection and true friendship are as commonly met with between two blind individuals, as it is scarce between the blind and the seeing. May this not be owing to the fact that one of the prerequisites of friendship is perfect equality between the parties?

The sexual propensity does not appear to be modified by blindness. Blind persons, it is true, are not exposed to the temptations to which sight exposes others, and their greater habit of self-denial assists them to resist any improper desires; but this is compensated by their being brought much more often into actual contact with persons of the different sex, and by the greater activity of their imagination.

The blind have been accused of a tendency to atheism and infidelity. It has been said that as they are unable to perceive many of the fairest works of the Creator, it may not be evident to them that nothing but an almighty power can have produced the universe. It has also been said that the existence of infinite goodness may be called in question by him who feels that *he* is doomed to labor under a great privation during the whole span of life. We are happy to be able to state that those who advanced these charges, must have had but very limited means of observation. "Do not the fragrance of flowers, the sweet taste of fruits, the warbling of birds, my capacity to enjoy all these and many other blessings, remind me of the power and goodness of my Creator?" was the indignant reply of a blind youth to whom we communicated these doubts. It may safely be asserted that if the blind are liable to error in that respect, the danger for them is in the opposite direction; aware of the existence of many things which they cannot perceive by means of their senses, they are more apt to become too credulous than skeptical; and this credulity, fomented by an imagination always active during the many hours of idleness to which they are doomed, is apt to render them superstitious and romantic.

"It is but doing justice to the blind to say, that with all their privations and discouragements, a

more industrious class of persons can nowhere be found. This interesting fact is much overlooked by indulgent parents, and by the community generally." It is this industry, on the part of his blind pupils, which lightens the labor of the teacher, and cheers him on in his efforts. It is to this industry also, that the rapid progress of blind children is owing. While seeing children can hardly await the hour which will release them from the thralldom of the schoolroom, the blind generally prefer the hours of instruction to those of relaxation and play. They are willing to listen and be instructed as long as their teacher is able or willing to instruct.

But few blind persons were born so; most of those who are generally thought to have been born blind, lost their eyesight during the first fortnight of their existence. The diseases to which persons of abandoned character become liable, are a most prolific source of blindness. These diseases communicate themselves to the eyes of their unfortunate offspring, and irrecoverably destroy vision a few days after birth. Carelessness and ignorance on the part of the nurse, often produces the same result. We have known the eyes of infants to be suffered to come into contact with irritating ointments which had been applied to the sore breast of the mother, and a fatal ophthalmia to ensue. It is also reported by some physicians, that many cases of amaurosis supposed congenital, are the result of a sudden and premature exposure of the new-born infant to a strong light; an assertion which seems by no means improbable, at least in all cases of imperfect amaurosis supposed congenital.*

A very large proportion of all the cases of blindness, however, arises from accidents. This melancholy fact offers to every man a strong incentive for activity in the good work of ameliorating the condition of the sightless, for every one must feel that he, or those most dear to him, may be one day personally interested in the success of this work.

The number of the blind has always been much underrated. The wise and benevolent provisions, which in most States have been made for the unfortunate, prevent the indigent blind from obtruding upon the public gaze, and hence their number has hitherto been supposed to be very limited. In some parts of Europe, however, where great pains have been taken to ascertain their number with accuracy, astonishing results have been obtained. Thus, for example; it is stated on the authority of the public census, that in Holland, their number to the whole population is as one to 119; on the

* May we be allowed to mention here, an observation, which, as far as we know, has not been made by writers on surgery—namely, that most if not all the cases of congenital amaurosis are accompanied by a preternatural convexity of the cornea, while those of congenital cataract are not. Would not a knowledge of this fact prove useful in the diagnosis of black cataract?

lower Rhine, as one to 239; in Zurich, as one to 747; in Denmark and Norway, as 1 : 1025, etc. In Vienna, 42 blind children, between 6 and 15 years of age, were found among 37,552 paupers.

The number of blind in the United States cannot yet be considered as satisfactorily ascertained; for, wherever a strict inquiry has been instituted, it has been found that the census—the authority upon which most persons rely—does not give even a faint approximation to their actual number. The census of 1830, for example, returned but 46 blind persons for New-York city; yet on the first of October, 1831, there were 50 blind persons in the Almshouse alone, and 26 others (probably not half the actual number) were known to the officers of the "New-York Institution for the instruction of the blind," to be residents in the city; nor is the census of 1840 more accurate. The number of persons known to us to reside in some of the counties of Virginia, is more than double that reported in the census. In one county where the assistant marshal assured us, one year ago, that there was not one blind person under 18 years of age, we can now point out four. In one borough, where we were told that there was not one, we found two. These inaccuracies will not surprise any one who knows the great reluctance with which the lower classes will confess to a stranger, the misfortune of their children; many of them, looking upon the blindness of their offspring as a punishment of the Deity, and as a disgrace to themselves,—and nearly all being unwilling to admit, even to themselves, that their child is *irrecoverably* blind, and ought to be classed amongst the blind children. "It is only weak eyes, and if we had the means to send him to Dr. — he would soon see again," is the common reply to the inquiry whether their child is blind. If we add to this, that the original schedule, on the faithfulness of which the accuracy of the census must depend, were filled up by a great number of different individuals, in many of the States amounting to hundreds, who were, for the most part, selected for political considerations, without any regard to any particular fitness for a task which requires not only clerical skill, but habits of mathematical accuracy, and a natural love of statistical exactness, it would certainly be very remarkable if the returns should prove in many instances perfectly correct.

The proportion of blind among the white and colored population in the different districts of the United States, as calculated from the census of 1840, may be seen in the following table :

	Whites.	Colored.
Maine, - - -	1 to 2780	1 to 135
New-Hampshire, -	1 : 1856	1 : 179
Vermont, - - -	1 : 2883	1 : 365
Massachusetts, -	1 : 2366	1 : 394
Connecticut, - -	1 : 2100	1 : 627
Rhode Island, -	1 : 1675	1 : 3243

	Whites.	Colored.
N. New-York, -	1 : 2651	1 : 233
S. New-York, -	1 : 2892	1 : 1032
E. Pennsylvania, -	1 : 3155	1 : 542
W. Pennsylvania, -	1 : 3050	1 : 383
New-Jersey, -	1 : 2790	1 : 835
Maryland, - -	1 : 1925	1 : 1665
Delaware, - -	1 : 3904	1 : 1084
E. Virginia, -	1 : 1442	1 : 1049
W. Virginia, -	1 : 2185	1 : 1250
N. Carolina, -	1 : 2174	1 : 1608
S. Carolina, -	1 : 1948	1 : 2149
Georgia, - -	1 : 2997	1 : 1878
W. Louisiana, -	1 : 6611	1 : 7061
E. Louisiana, -	1 : 3739	1 : 4909
Kentucky, - -	1 : 2501	1 : 1344
Ohio, - - -	1 : 4037	1 : 525
Indiana, - -	1 : 5027	1 : 377
Illinois, - -	1 : 5491	1 : 392
Missouri, - -	1 : 3949	1 : 1424
Michigan, - -	1 : 8462	1 : 176
E. Tennessee, -	1 : 2163	1 : 1305
M. Tennessee, -	1 : 2530	1 : 1754
W. Tennessee, -	1 : 3240	1 : 2857
N. Mississippi, -	1 : 5256	1 : 3300
S. Mississippi, -	1 : 5317	1 : 2677
N. Alabama, - -	1 : 2872	1 : 1823
S. Alabama, - -	1 : 3028	1 : 3062
Arkansas, - -	1 : 2968	1 : 2550
Florida, - - -	1 : 3104	1 : 2653
Wisconsin, - -	1 : 3416	0 : 0
Iowa, - - -	1 : 14308	1 : 62
District of Columbia,	1 : 5109	1 : 1450
United States, -	1 : 2824	1 : 1518

This table is interesting in many points of view. It shows, 1st., that the reports of some districts, such as Michigan and Iowa, cannot possibly be thought correct, except upon the supposition that families to which blind persons belong, have been deterred from emigrating into a new country; and this supposition is somewhat rudely shaken by a glance at Florida, Missouri and Arkansas. 2d. That the proportion of colored blind persons is much larger in the Northern than in the Southern States. 3d. It shows a remarkable uniformity in the reports of some of the districts; for example, in the Western district of Virginia compared with that of North Carolina. This coincidence of ratios however does not prove decisively that the census for these districts is entirely correct, for it does not preclude the possibility of these returns being equally wrong owing to a uniform cause of error; we are inclined to believe this to be the case, because, in nearly every instance in which we have investigated the returns for single towns or counties, and have found them incorrect, we ascertained that the blind persons who had not been included in the number reported were under 18 years of age. Owing to some of the reasons already explained, these had been overlooked, whilst

the adult blind—often the “lions” of the neighborhood—had been included without difficulty. We believe, therefore, that, if the government had directed the census to discriminate between blind children and blind adults—and without such a discrimination the census is nearly useless for practical purposes—the column of adults would, in many districts, be found nearly correct, while that of children would be almost blank. We are strengthened in this belief by the notorious fact, that in the returns for deaf-mutes the columns for those under the age of 15 show hardly one-half the actual number. Judging from the number of blind persons known to us to exist in the counties of Virginia, where we have had good opportunities to investigate this subject, we believe that the proportion of white blind persons to the white population, is about one to 1200, a ratio which corresponds very nearly with the proportion which we obtain if we subtract from 14,189,108, the number representing the whole white population of the United States 7,749,409, the number of white persons reported as under 20 years of age, and then divide the remainder 6,439,699 by 5024—the number of white blind persons reported. This ratio would make the whole number of white blind persons in the United States, upwards of 13,000.

The difficulties which beset the path of the instructor of the blind, are great. Much care and perseverance are required to instruct them, and the teacher must expect that difficulties will unexpectedly start up and tax his patience and ingenuity. These difficulties, however, are generally overrated, probably because we assign to sight an importance over the other senses, which it does not possess. To the eye, it is true, we are indebted for most of our own perceptions; but it is by means of the ear that we make our own the vast amount of experience and observations, which others have accumulated. The eye is the great medium through which we communicate with the inanimate and dumb creation, but the ear alone enables us to communicate with our fellow-men. Blindness does not affect the intellect in any other way than by depriving it of those external stimuli, and those external aids, which cause the development and activity of its various organs in the majority of mankind. If the same stimuli can be applied to the mind, through the medium of the other senses, and if the artificial aids, used in common education, can be supplied to the blind by other artificial means, the effect upon the intellect will be the same. Some of the perceptive faculties, indeed, can never be developed; for the variety of shade, the countless combinations of colors, and all the ideas consequent to them, must ever be wanting. But, on the other hand, we have seen that there is compensation in the superior activity and nicety of the senses of touch and hearing, that there is more than compensation in the habit and conse-

quent power of concentrating and directing the action of the mental faculties, and that there is also positive advantage in the greater activity and tenacity of the memory. The passion for handling also, and its results in the amount of information acquired, are not duly appreciated. Let us give a fair interpretation to a few plain facts, and we shall be surprised at its strength. While we walk through a public exhibition of the curious specimens of science and art, and are met at every corner with the announcement in large letters, “You are requested not to touch the articles,” or are still more peremptorily forbidden by glass-dogs and wire-gauze, we feel ourselves placed under restraint—we are gratified so far, but are still conscious of the beating of a strong propensity that has been tied up. While the lust of the eye is apparently rioting in abundant gratification, the *lust of the hand* often teases and annoys the spirit so much, that the spectacle becomes tiresome. By discipline, the passion may be silenced in mature age; or, at least, it may become resigned to restraint: but mark its workings when it is allowed full freedom. In a cabinet of curiosities, observe that Chinese lady’s slipper—the sight is no doubt something, and if accompanied with any information about Chinese workmanship, or about the cramping of the feet of the women, it may interest us; yet watch, at the same time, the promptings of a desire still unsatisfied—you take it up, thrust your hand into it, until the point of your fingers bulge out the toe—you bend it for the purpose of trying its flexibility—you feel the smoothness of the inner surface, in sympathy with the feelings of the wearer—examine the seams, and go through all the forms by which you would inspect a pair of new shoes. It will be quite obvious that the handling has led you over a much larger space and compass of *thought*, than the mere sight. What utter nothingness is there in the sight of an ancient sword; the delight comes of sheathing and unsheathing it with our own hands, and of going two or three times through the manoeuvres of fencing and stabbing with it. This is indeed a luxury: the very recollection of it refreshes the spirits. When a companion, standing beside us, has a curiosity in his hands whose wonders he is relating aloud, the cry is “let me see it, let me see it,” from those looking on all the time at the full stretch of vision; but the cry means, let me handle it: as the children express it, “let me see it in my own hand.” Helvetius was so forcibly struck with the superiority which the hand affords to man, that he was inclined to define the human race as animals with two hands, believing that their preëminence over the brute creation is mainly attributable to this circumstance. Aristotle and Galen call it the instrument of instruments. Buffon assigned so much importance to the touch, that he believed the cause why one person has more intellect than

another, is his having a more prompt and ready use of his hands from early infancy. Though we may be unwilling to subscribe to this exaggerated praise, yet, in observing the perfection of touch in an educated blind person, we cannot but admire that matchless wisdom which has provided us with instruments so admirably adapted to supply our physical wants, and even to act with great certainty and success as a substitute for sight. With the blind particularly, the hands perform the most important offices. Their eyes are, as it were, transferred to the tips of their fingers; and the principle on which their instruction must be conducted, is to adapt the apparatus, used in their instruction, to this new kind of sight. It is by using their fingers and their ears, instead of eyes, that so many blind persons have succeeded in penetrating the mental obscurity which surrounded them—have led an active, useful, and contented life—have acquired the respect and esteem of all who knew them,—and even have inscribed, in an indelible manner, their names upon the pages of history.

*Va. Institute for the Blind, }
Salemton, 1842.*

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

"I've seen an end of all perfection."—*Bible.*

I've looked upon the sky serene, with its unsullied hue,
I've looked on this ethereal vault, and loved its heavenly blue;
But soon, ah! soon, o'er this bright scene, a gath'ring gloom
is spread,
And my sad heart, but now so gay, is filled with solemn dread.

I've seen the sun, proud king of day, careering in his might,
Smiling upon all nature fair, and beaming with delight;
But soon his gilded chariot-wheels sink slowly down the
West,
And a bright train of fleeting clouds attend him to his rest.

I've gazed upon the lofty oak—I loved its majesty—
The ivy twined about its trunk, in graceful modesty—
But ere and withered are its leaves, its branches have de-
cayed!
The mighty monarch of the wood, low in the dust is laid.

I've gazed upon the mountain bird, I've watched its airy
flight—
I've heard the rushing of its wing, I've seen its eye of
light—
The fowler shot! alas! 'tis dead—a cold and lifeless thing;
And is it thus ye fell, proud bird, bird of the lofty wing?

I've seen the gallant warrior press amidst the battle's rage,
Thirsting for glory and renown—a name on history's page!—
He charges on,—the vict'ry's his, the clarion swells the
lay,—
Alas! alas! he falls! he falls! as die the notes away.

And oh! I've seen Earth's fairest flower, the loveliest of
the dell,
With a mind of spotless white, pure as the lily's bell—

I've seen this bright one pass away, as fading hues of even,
To her home of light, beyond the skies, her resting-place in
Heaven.

And is it thus, ye fade Old Earth; thus, thus, thy glories
fly?

The fairest thing upon thy face, created thus to die?

Turn, weary one; let not thy thought, to this poor world be
given;

Nor let it ever be forgot,—thy better home 's in Heaven.

MARTHA W. FRAZER.

Holly Springs, Miss.

THE IDEAL.

"Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old."

Byron.

Mournfully my spirit turns
To the dreams of olden time,
And oft my heart within me burns
When I hear some old-world rhyme;
For, ever, has poetry been to me
The Atlantis of time's wide sea;
I've steered, full often, my weary bark
To that green isle on the waters dark,
But never my foot might press its shore,
And I turn to actual life once more,
Mournfully, oh, mournfully!

Mournfully doth my bosom pine
For the fantasies of youth,
And I would that fancy now could shine
With a light like that of truth;
I would lift my wordly-laden thought,
To the realms with so much beauty fraught,
I would catch again the glorious gleam,
That filled my soul with its heavenly beam,
Ere my earthly hopes and earthly fears
Brought my feelings back to this vale of tears,
Mournfully, oh, mournfully!

Mournfully do my tear-drops fall
On the poet's pictured page,
And fain would I the dreams recall
That gladdened life's golden age;
But I bartered those treasures, long, long ago,
For happiness such as few can know,
Nor would I recall the feverish past,
With its wild unrest and its pang at last;
Yet the voice of song has a magic still,
And its gentle tones can my spirit thrill,
Mournfully, oh, mournfully!

THE ROSE'S MORAL.

The gentle rose-bud, op'ning fair,
Begins to show its lovely hue,
And sweetens the surrounding air
Refresh'd, by morning's early dew.
Thus, in the op'ning of our days,
Religion should our youth adorn,
And Virtue and her lovely ways
With heavenly dews refresh our morn.

The rose, full-blown, its fragrance sheds,
And sends its odors far around;
Adorns the nicest garden beds,
Or beautifies the desert ground.

And thus, in manhood's early prime,
Should *Virtue's* garb adorn us still;
Religion should employ our time,
And thoughts of Heaven our bosoms fill.

The lovely rose begins to fade,
It loses all its former grace;
The earth is with its leaves o'erspread,
And lonely seems that dreary place.
Thus, when the prime of life is o'er
And chilling age is creeping on,
We pass life's weather-beaten shore,
And go to those before us gone.

The withered rose has lost its die,
But still its sweet perfumes remain;
Its scattered leaves neglected lie,
But yet a fragrance they retain.
And thus may we, when ruthless death
Has, with his sharp scythe, laid us low,
In joyous transports yield our breath,
And up to realms of glory go!

S****.

Randolph Macon College, 1842.

THE PATRIOTISM OF SAINT PAUL.

Perhaps the noblest *model-man*, whose virtues have blest the world, and whose devotion to human welfare should excite the world's emulation, was the apostle Paul. It would be well for us to follow him as far as possible in the path in which he followed One infinitely greater than himself.

He was a noble model when contemplated in the character of a reformer. As you read his writings, observe the magnanimity which characterized his demeanor towards the varied world with which, in his high capacity, he had to do: in his speeches before rulers and enemies, there is nothing of arrogance or brow-beating,—nothing of wanton attack or disrespect; he is every where true to himself and to the cause he advocates; he is stern in his argument and overwhelming in his appeals, but every where he is superior to the meanness of contempt. If you despise his theme, you are constrained to acknowledge in the advocate, a frank and an honest man.

When we consider this chief of apostles as a scholar, it is not likely that any other model will be named as superior to the merit he possessed, and the admiration he has won. His purity and condensation of thought, clothed in equally pure and pertinent language, is perhaps beyond the successful imitation of modern minds. But the profoundness of his sentiments renders his style neither bold nor uninteresting. He is full of vivacity and beauty. He lays the universe under contribution to his taste, and gives us, in the course of his argument, a copiousness of illustration which aids the judgment no less than it charms the heart. He gives us the product and proofs of extensive reading, derived from sacred writings then extant, and

from contemporary literature; the giant minds of antiquity were his familiar companions, and their eloquent wisdom was redolent on his lips, as is proved by frequent quotations interspersed in his works. No where else shall we find such specimens of logical reasoning, pathetic appeals, and crushing eloquence as sprang from the well-furnished armory of Paul's intellect, and the glowing passions of his ardent heart.

He participated in high and superhuman agencies, 'tis true, but that was not all. He was a scholar. He had studied long and faithfully at Gamaliel's feet. He had imbibed the fulness of that spirit of intelligence which hovered, like a mantle of glory, over his native land.

You see how that spirit clung to him, after his conversion, through sunshine and through storm, when innumerable cares and sufferings, of which we can have no adequate conception, pressed their mountain-weight of agony upon him in toil, exile and dungeon-chains. Despite all these, when he sent to have his cloak brought to shield his body from biting frosts, he gave special charge that his books and parchments should also be brought to nourish his mighty and all-grasping mind. O there was the scholar who could not only exhort his junior partners in the ministry to give themselves to reading and reflection, but himself set an example which God has made it our duty to emulate, and the praise of human-kind to revere.

It would seem almost superfluous to speak of Paul as a Christian. Wherever he is spoken of at all, he is noted in this character. And he deserves all the regard that is paid him. After his conversion, he tells us that he "conferred not with flesh and blood." He retired to Arabia Petrea, where he received a revelation of the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. Then he went every where, preaching Christ crucified. He labored with his own hands, to prove that he was influenced by no selfish motives. Contributions were taken for his support, and he took up contributions to aid his fellow-laborers. "He was instant in season and out of season." He filled his own country with the influences of the Gospel; so that by the mighty revolution which he wrought, through the power of God, he was accused of turning the moral world upside down.

Then he crossed the *Ægean* sea; and, at Philippi, planted the first church in Europe. It was his hand that kindled there the little flame which was destined to augment its brilliancy with its power, and, amid revolution and carnage, to pour its purifying light and redeeming energy westward round the globe.

All this he had done before he set out on his fifth recorded journey to Jerusalem. It was then he spake the deep meaning language recorded in Acts 21: 13. It was then that he is to be viewed in a new and sublime aspect. He had declared his in-

tion of revisiting the city which had been the scene of his former persecution, and which remained the residence of his most bitter foes. His christian friends, merging for the moment their Redeemer's interest in their feelings of friendship for this hoary-headed apostle, besought him not to go. They gathered in groups around him, and their hearts bled while some of their number authoritatively prophesied that they would see his face no more. Then Agabus, an accredited prophet, took Paul's girdle and bound himself, saying, "thus shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man who owns this girdle." He had just before knelt on that sea-shore and prayed with them. The billows of the dark Mediterranean rolled at their feet. The ship lay anchored in sight. Paul turned to go from them over those dark waters to that cruel city, probably to die. Who wonders that they wept? Who wonders that they fell on his neck and besought him not to go thence to be murdered?

But consider Paul's emotions. There stood his bosom-friends. They had soothed him in his sorrows, aided him in his poverty, and prayed for him in his distress. He had instructed them in their ignorance, guided them in their convictions, and welcomed them into the Kingdom of Christ. How tender must have been the feelings of any man towards that weeping company of primitive Christians, under such circumstances, and at such a time. But remember, it was not a man of *common* sensibilities, who stood there the object of so much regard. It was Paul, the aged. In his boyhood, he had been initiated into all the refining influences of a refined philosophy. In his early manhood he had matured his mind with the delicate impressions of an elegant and liberal education. The ennobling influences of philosophy, science and the beautiful arts, were familiar to him. It was in the land of wisdom, loveliness and glory that he lived, studied and drunk in from beautiful landscapes, from statues and paintings, from architecture, eloquence, and poetry, a spirit which made him keenly sensitive to every element of beauty and tenderness. This is an item by no means to be cast out of the account. Education, while it aggrandizes the whole man in point of mental excellence, at the same time and in the same proportion, renders the finest spirits susceptible of pain. The ignorant man may pass over many scenes both of pleasure and disgust with entire indifference, while the man of cultivated taste and feeling will be moved most sensibly. The same acute sensibilities which lay a cultivated mind feelingly open to ethereal beauty and transcendent worth, render their possessor most fearfully exposed to the pangs of sorrow and the ills of life:

"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Trill the deepest notes of woe."

A well-balanced mind, sternly disciplined by sci-

ence, beautified by the elegant arts, and sanctified by Grace—the highest and holiest of all endowments—finds a fountain of sublimity and tenderness welling up within, which nourishes the noblest feelings and the acutest sense. All of these Paul possessed to an uncommon degree. His eloquence, his pungency of expression, his nobleness of character, were built on them. Without these endowments he would have been a nullity. With them, where he now stands on that sea-shore, surrounded by those weeping friends and children of his prayers, he feels for the moment like a most wretched man. Now, perhaps, you feel the deep meaning of those passionate words, "What mean ye to weep and to break *my* heart!" His soul was tremblingly alive to the scene around him. He *felt* beyond the power of language to express. His feelings grew into tears and gushed from fountains, often stirred but never so *emptied* before. See that grey-headed apostle, his garments hanging loosely from his aged limbs, his eyes full of tears,—see him surrounded by the young, the beautiful, the middle-aged, all his dearest friends dissolved in grief, and hear that voice trembling with emotion, exclaim, "What mean ye to weep so in my sight? Let me depart to my martyrdom without this sorest of griefs; Oh why will ye break my heart!"

And why did he persist in going? Why did he leave the dearest friends and the holiest associations for immediate persecutions and prospective death? The answer is given by himself. It was for the name of the Lord Jesus, that he was willing, not only to be bound, but to die. He saw that the interest of that cause he once had so persecuted, depended on the perilous act. His choice was taken. For a moment he had yielded to the sensibilities of his nature, but when he thought of what was at issue, he forgot every earthly consideration.

Perhaps, in no other place, even in Paul's history, is the element of moral heroism so distinctly manifested, as in the language uttered by the apostle on this occasion.

Let us attend to a few particulars: Christianity was given not only for personal salvation, but it is the foundation of all just laws and the means of perpetuating all national worth. This blessed treasure for man and for nations, was, at this fearful crisis, entrusted to the care and faithfulness of St. Paul. It was made his duty to illustrate and enforce its precepts by all honorable means, and at the sacrifice of every thing but truth and justice.

The duty was clear. Paul was the last man who would neglect it. Consider the danger of discharging Paul's duty, the means he employed, and the result of his faithfulness.

I. His bitterest foes were his own countrymen. Those who lauded him most when he persecuted the trembling advocates of Christianity, were the fiercest to revile, persecute and murder him when

he espoused the very cause he had opposed. Probably religious prejudice is the most hellish of all hate, and it was poured in full volume on Paul's devoted head by the incensed Jews. There was a negative scorn and contempt which met him on all hands from the rabble, and an uncompromising positive hate was hurled at him by the rulers and persecuting priests. All classes were aroused to exterminate the growing sect in general, and to crush their distinguished advocate in particular. The philosophers dreaded him, for he was equal to the mightiest, and could silence them with their own weapons. No man of reflection could conceive of a deer chased and gnashed on by a hundred blood-hounds, as placed in a more perilous condition, than was Paul in the discharge of his duty. Almost every path was waylaid, cities were guarded, assassins were hired and vows taken to insure his death. But an Almighty arm guarded him yet a little while longer. He went to Jerusalem, for the fifth and last time, to proclaim Christ, the hope of the world. He was accused before Felix, and was thence handed over to the pompous court of Agrippa. The eloquence which went to the heart of that prince, and thrilled there like a spirit's voice, saved the intrepid apostle from immediate death. A fragment of his speech is left us as a specimen of noble advocacy for eternal truth.

Though he made his judges quail at his voice, and convinced their reason by his arguments, yet their malice would not set him free. With other prisoners, he was sent bound on board ship to Rome. Fastings, storms and shipwreck awaited him. At length he was cast ashore on the rocky island of Malta, where he proved his harmless character by shaking a fiery viper from his hand.

After a dreary sojourn of three months, he proceeded in another ship to Rome, where he was put to death for the sake of that truth which he loved more than life. Well might he remind the Corinthian brethren of his abundant sufferings, as he has so graphically done in 2nd Cor. Chap. 11.

II. Consider the means Paul used to accomplish his great purpose.

He reasoned. It is interesting to the thoughtful and minute observer of Paul's writings, to notice how vividly he discriminates between man as an animal and man as a rational being. He adverts to man's baser propensities, not as the objects of execration, but as the instruments of usefulness, when properly educated and subdued. When he has pointed out their uses and abuses, he reminds you that however much they may minister to your weal or woe, the gratification of mere animal passion will be limited to this life. But he more frequently directs our attention to higher and better powers. He points out reason in man, and reverently appeals to that as evidence and confirmation of what he says. Wherever he went, he reasoned

of faith, of righteousness, of a resurrection, and of a judgment to come. He adapted his argumentation to the capacities of his hearers. He took their own premises; and, by luminous and legitimate deductions, fastened convictions on mind, which mind could not evade. See him in the early part of his ministry, disarming cavillers and conquering opposition. See him afterwards at Athens, that centre of wisdom and philosophic glory,—see him on Mars' Hill, the central forum of the civilized world, with the wisest sages of the age, full of the bitterest prejudices, for his hearers,—see him subdue their haughtiness by his superior reasoning, and pour a flood of light upon their minds, which made converts of the mightiest foes. And at a still later period, when manacled and unsupported by the presence of friends, he appeared in the courts of haughty princes, “a scoff, a jest, a by-word through the world,”—when, before Felix, he defended himself, and before Agrippa, delivered the most eloquent of his speeches extant; how mighty were the movings of reason in him, and how mighty were the effects his reasonings produced! We love to think of him on such an occasion. The hour arrives for his trial. His tribunal assemble. Their prepossessions are all against the prisoner. The mob at their heels pant for his blood. A slight tumult announces the arrival of the victim. He is placed in their midst. Every countenance scowls, and every eye flashes vengeance on him. But look at the prisoner. He is calm and collected, save when some perjured wretch testifies against him; and then his bosom gently swells, and his eye moistens at the cruel perseverance of those whose good he seeks and whom he has never harmed. A signal is given for the prisoner to make his defence. He arises in mild obedience to the command. His brow is wrinkled with care, and his limbs tremble with age and toil. The occasion reminds him of the interests at stake, and he attempts once more to speak. His voice trembles with emotion. His foes hurl defiance at his weakness. But he knuckles with his theme. His eye begins to burn with youthful splendor; his countenance brightens; his voice swells out in mellow and more thrilling tones. His soul wakes up to its wonted vigor; he rises superior to hate and wrong and puny bickerings; he lays hold of ethereal reason; he deals sound arguments; he flashes conviction upon all minds; he overwhelms all opposition with resistless force; persecution cowers before his piercing glance; kings grow pale at his eloquence; obdurate sinners quail at the spirit that flashes through him, and cry out “men and brethren what shall we do?”

Such was the apostle Paul. Such was his manner of procedure every where. He did not equivocate, he did not vilify, he did not hate, revile, nor slander even his bitterest foe. He reasoned, he demonstrated, he prayed, he loved, he travelled by land and by sea; by night and by day he went

with Godlike hardihood over the wide regions of the civilized world, doing this. Mountain and valley, palace and hovel, city and desert, sunshine and storm, friends and foes, all persons, all places, all times, found this greatest of apostles and greatest of men in the same work of reasoning on religion and eternal life.

III. We come now to consider the last division of this subject—viz. : *the results of this resolution and conduct of St. Paul.*

His friends fell on his neck, and, with tears, besought him to stay with them. But he was told that duty required his presence elsewhere. That was enough. He considered that the ultimate interests of the human race depended much on the step he took. The vacillating brethren of Jerusalem needed to be confirmed in the faith. The churches throughout Asia needed the last remnant of his support. The incipient churches of Africa and Europe, needed the guidance of his teaching and the evidence of his example. He was wont to detect in principles, the elements of immortality. He saw in the Gospel the germinal seeds of eternal life. He had proved its legitimate tendency on his own intellect and heart. He saw in it the renovating and saving power given to raise man to Heaven, and that without it, man must sink and sink forever. He felt that Christianity, in its proper use, lay at the foundation of all righteous law, government, science, and religion. In a word, in the same proportion as mankind governed their physical, intellectual and moral powers, by the simple but sublime principles committed to his charge, they would be happy and blest; and, in the same proportion as they neglected or perverted them, they would be wretched. And what was belief in Paul's mind eighteen hundred years ago, is it not history now! Go back on the wing of thought to the auspicious night, when the Star of Bethlehem first shed its beams on the hills of Palestine, and thence soar from the Dead Sea westward, over Asia, Africa, and Europe, to this New World, and mark the rise, progress and destruction of myriads of nations, down to the present hour,—and tell me, if the useful arts have not flourished, science advanced, and religion prospered; if good laws have not been perpetuated, and nations been happy, in proportion to their observance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ! When the intellect is renovated, and the whole rational man is raised up to a communion and a co-existence with the blessed God, when earth is made a gateway to Heaven, when time is made a rapture by the foretaste of a safe eternity, when all this is won, and won only by the Gospel, we see most vividly what is due to the toil, groans and blood of Jesus Christ, his Apostles, and the Christian Fathers. How many thousands experienced the most glorious results from the *immediate* effect of that one act of Paul! How many millions have since been moved by his ex-

ample and confirmed by the lessons he taught! Who can tell but that Luther and his coadjutors drank from this single act, the spirit of that heroism which disenthralled the world! Who can tell how much we are indebted to this single act for the measure of stability, intelligence, and happiness which preponderate in our day! The ships that are bearing the heralds of salvation to distant nations, the millions of presses scattering religion and learning every where, the joys of our fire-side and the hopes of our heart,—who can tell how much they all have resulted from that one act of the apostle Paul! Put his patriotism over against common heroes, and we shall the more distinctly perceive the contrast.

The three hundred Spartans who were slain at the time of their heroic defence of Thermopylæ, lie buried where they fell. The Grecian nation built a monument over their dust, bearing this inscription—"Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws."

Paul was beheaded at Rome. Could we stand by his tomb, we should stand by the ashes of a martyr to duty, the ashes of the greatest moral hero the world ever saw.

Whatever Paul may have accomplished, he did no more than, from the condition of his being, he was obligated to do.

Paul had talents; so have we in a graduated measure; and we are as much obligated to glorify God in their use, as was Paul. He has finished his course, he has fought the good fight, and he has gone to receive his reward in glory. We are following him to eternity. Are we, like him, devoted to the interests of our race, and the glory of our God!

ELM.

Richmond, July 4, 1842.

FATHER-LAND.

I.

My father-land, my father-land!
I've stood on many a foreign strand;
I've seen their cities grand and fair,
And palaces and wonders rare;
But still my thoughts to thee have ever turn'd,
And still my heart with love for thee hath burn'd.

II.

I've sat on Rome's proud capitol,
And trac'd the rich, illumin'd scroll,
Which history spread before my eyes;
And, at her beck, I saw arise
The city of the Consuls, sending forth
Its dreaded mandates over all the earth.

III.

The Cæsars' gilded Rome too came;
And heroes of a deathless name
Pass'd by, leading their triumphs on,
Rich with the spoils of empires won:
And in the Forum at my feet, I saw
The Senate giving to the world its law.

IV.

I turn'd—the modern Rome there lay,
Spreading its pomps to the clear day;
Where genius, time, and wealth and art,
Have each bestowed its ample part,
To deck the gorgeous banner high unfurl'd:
The banner before which kneels, in awe,—a world.

V.

Still, 'mid these pageants of old time,
Amid the glare of power sublime,
'Mid history's proud and boastful story,
'Mid modern art's effulgent glory,
My father-land, to thee my thoughts still turn'd,
And still my heart to thee, in fondness burn'd.

VI.

I've travers'd England's gladsome isle,
Where churlish envy's self must smile;
I've seen, O France! thy cities gay,
Where life's a short, but blithesome day;
O Naples! felt thy charms, and Stamboul! thine;
And seen the Grecian sun on Athens shine;

VII.

I've stood upon the Danube's shore,
And seen proud Austria's eagle soar;
Its tireless wing, its steady eye,
Raising the admiration high:
But all, all, deepen'd still my fealty,—
My own dear father-land, for thine and thee.

VIII.

My father-land, my father-land,
On Asia's plains, on Afric's sand,
I've thought of thee;—who could forget?
When in all lands by query met—
"The slander'd home of freedom—tell, O tell,
The blessed home of freedom,—fares it well?"

IX.

Far, far, among the snowy hills
Of the rough Swiss; among the rills
Which from the Appenines descend;
Where thy gay slopes, O Hesse! bend,
And sink in graceful curves to meet the Rhine,
My Country! over all, men's hearts are thine.

X.

Could I forget thee, father-land?
When at thy name, the stranger's hand
And stranger's heart were open'd wide,
And forth there came a gushing tide
Of kindnesses pour'd out, for sake of thee,
The world's bright polar star,—home of the free!

XI.

My Country! choicest gifts are thine,
Which Europe's brightest gems outshine;
Each of thy children richer far,
Than crowned heads from prince to czar;
The cause of Human Right is in thy hand;
May Heaven prosper thee, dear father-land!

Pensacola, 1842.

J.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

A friend of ours asked a young lady this question, a few days since. Read her prompt, yet beautiful reply: "To me," she said, "it seems the visible presence of all that is 'holiest in human dreams, the one blessing no earthly bond can replace or atone for. To a woman, it is 'practical religion, compensating for the unnumbered trials 'which surround and shadow her common lot."

SONNET,

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

On the Statue of an Angel, by Bienaimé, of Rome, in the possession of J. S. COPLEY GREEN, Esq.

Oh, who can look on that celestial face,
And kindred for it claim with aught on earth?
If ever here more lovely form had birth—
No—never that supernal purity—that grace
So eloquent of unimpassioned love!
That, by a simple movement, thus imparts
Its own harmonious peace, the while our hearts
Rise, as by instinct, to the world above.
And yet we look on cold, unconscious stone.
But what is *that* which thus our spirits own
As Truth and Life? 'Tis not material Art—
But e'en the Sculptor's soul to sense unseal'd.
Oh, never may he doubt—its witness so reveal'd—
There lives within him an immortal part.

Massachusetts.

OUR YOUNGER POETS.

BY G. LIVINGSTON TALLMADGE.

There is no species of reading more interesting or useful than correct and impartial biographical notices of persons who have rendered themselves eminent in the political, moral, or literary world. Our thoughts naturally turn from the *work* to its *author*; and when the former has won our admiration, nothing is more common than for us to inquire into the history of the latter. Leaving others more learned in ethics and politics to note the career of their respective champions, it is our present purpose to turn the public eye to some of the rising stars of literature. With this view, therefore, it is our design to present from time to time brief sketches of such of our younger poets as may be known to us personally or by reputation, and whose writings we believe to have given evidence of more than ordinary promise. In doing this, we shall not attempt to present a critical analysis of their productions, nor to give more than an outline of their personal history. Indeed, our information is regard to most of those of whom we shall speak, does not enable us to detail the incidents of their lives, were such a course desirable or proper.

I.

CHARLES W. EVEREST.

The Rev. C. W. Everest, whose writings, both in prose and verse, have, for the last few years, attracted the attention of the reading public, is a son of the late Sherman Everest, Esq. of Simsbury, Connecticut—an influential member of the bar in Hartford county. Before the subject of this sketch had passed the years of childhood, his father died, and the family removed to Whitesboro', in the State of New-York. On arriving at a suitable

age, he was apprenticed to the printing-business in Utica; it was while in the performance of his daily duties in the printing-office that he first gave wings to his fancy, and learned the "art and mystery" of holding communion with the stars, and gathering lessons of wisdom from the running brook, the fading flower, and the falling leaf. While in Utica, and we believe before he attained his majority, he edited and published a literary periodical entitled "*The Records of Genius*." Having gone through with his preparatory studies, he, in 1834, entered Washington College in Hartford, Conn., at which institution he was graduated with distinguished honor at the Annual Commencement, August 2d, 1838. On this occasion, he delivered one of his best poems—"Belshazzar"—which was afterwards published; it received the warmest tributes of praise from the periodical press. After he was graduated, he spent one or two seasons in North Carolina, during which time the periodicals, both of the South and North, were not unfrequently enriched by the productions of his pen. Soon after his return to the North, he was ordained as a preacher of the Episcopal order, and is now engaged in the labors of his holy calling at Meriden, Conn. On the 31st of May last, Mr. Everest was married at Fayetteville, North Carolina, to Miss Sarah Louisa Mallett.

His poem entitled "*Babylon*" has been justly admired; but the "*Vision of Death*," we regard as the most imaginative and spirited of his writings. The latter was delivered at the "Junior Exhibition" of Washington College, in 1837—and has since been published in pamphlet form, and widely circulated. It evinces a strong and vivid imagination, and is characterized by a richness of imagery—of smoothness of versification, which has seldom been surpassed by the most distinguished of our native bards. We cannot better conclude this notice than by giving an extract or two from this poem. In boasting of the supremacy of his dominion, Death exultingly exclaims:

"I will speed to the soldier at rest on the plain,
And the bugle at morning will call him in vain;
He shall sleep in my arms with no shroud but his mail,
Nor wake when the war-cry swells loud on the gale!
When the cloud of the battle is dark in the air,
And the foemen encounter, then look for me there!
The proud, vaunting warrior shall bow at my will,
I will say to the war-horse—'lie down and be still!'"

The poem concludes with the following:

"There were 'heaps upon heaps' of the mangled and slain,
The tyrant had boasted, nor boasted in vain!
'Twas a horrible scene,—not a breath, not a groan—
And Death, the proud victor, was stalking alone!
He was wearied with slaughter—infirm was his tread,
And he sat him to rest on a heap of his dead!"

"'Fear not,' said the spirit, 'his kingdom is o'er,
He shall speak to the awe-stricken nations no more;
Though dominion o'er earth to his sceptre was given,
Yet death shall not enter the portals of heaven!'"

II.

PAYNE KENYON KILBOURNE.

To the attentive readers of the periodical literature of our country, this is not an unfamiliar name. For the last six or eight years, the productions of Mr. Kilbourne have appeared in the pages of the Southern Literary Messenger, the Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, the Dollar Magazine, Philadelphia Saturday Courier, and others of our most popular magazines and newspapers. Without aspiring to the character of a poet, he has written much which deservedly ranks in the first order of poetry, both on account of its moral beauty and the exactness and melody of its numbers. Nor is he wanting in the finer susceptibilities of our nature. Many of his poems bear the best evidence of a cultivated heart as well as intellect, and may be read, not only with interest, but with profit; and, so far as our observation extends, it may, with truth, be said of him, that he has written

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Mr. Kilbourne is a native of Litchfield, Connecticut. Like Montgomery, Morris, Woodworth, Clarke, and many other master-spirits of the lyre, he, too, commenced his poetical career in a printing-office, and like them was early compelled to struggle with adverse circumstances. If we are rightly informed, he commenced his apprenticeship with Mr. Nathan Whiting, of New-Haven, about the year 1831, and remained with him until he became of age. In 1837-'38, we knew him as the editor and publisher of "*The New-Haven*," a weekly literary journal. As an evidence of the repute in which this periodical was held by the literati while under his control, it may be mentioned that Noah Webster, L. L. D., Professor Gibbs of Yale College, Mrs. Sigourney, and Rev. J. H. Clinch, were among the original contributors to its columns. In 1840-'41, he was editor of a daily and weekly political paper in Wilmington, Delaware, devoted to the interests of General Harrison.

A review of the writings of Mr. Kilbourne will not be expected here. Much which he has written has not been recognized as his by the great reading public, though extensively copied by the newspaper press of the country. Comparatively few of his articles have gone before the world with his name attached to them. They have appeared over various signatures, though generally that of "HARP OF THE VALE." Many of his poetical satires have borne the quaint signature of "PEREGRINE PEPPERPOD, Esq." One of his longest and best poems—"The Skeptic"—was published in the Messenger of November, 1840. "*The Spirit of Poetry*," "*The Beauty of Bantam*," "*The Maniac Maid*," are all excellent in their way.

As a specimen of his "*Political Portraits*," we introduce the following, which, for biting sarcasm, mingled with affected gravity, we have seldom seen equalled:

"THE TRAITOR.

1.

"Go, ring the tocsin, blow the trumpet-blast,
And send the tidings forth on every gale:
Sit down in sackcloth and proclaim a fast,
And let all sounds blend in a note of wail!
Pull down your churches, curse your priests and deacons,
Their pray'rs may be unheard, their preaching vain;
And douse your light-house lamps and burn your beacons,—
Why should ye tempt the treacherous seas again?"

2.

"Go, tell the heavens to doff their gay attire,
Hang out their weeds, and put their mourning on;—
Go, tell old Gabriel to hang up his lyre,
A star from out his galaxy has gone!
We are no prophet—so we will not mock
At the stern fiat that may follow him;
We think creation will survive the shock
If those who're left can keep the balance trim!"

3.

"We *hope* its enginery will keep in motion,
And soon move on harmonious as before—
The skies look blue again, and earth and ocean
Put on the summer-ropes they had of yore.
We *guess*—despite the irrevocable change—
The stars will look as bright, the moon as big,
The jehu-comets take as wide a range
As if our hero had remained a whig!"

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

SEMIRAMIS.

The social relation of woman has been different, in different periods of the world's history. Man, competent to a more active life, and impatient of domestic restriction—endued with a larger frame, stronger thews and less tenderness—wrapt in conceit and proudly contemplating himself as the Lord of Creation, early assigned a life of inglorious drudgery to his weaker companion. Practice, in time, became precedent; and civilization sanctioned the continuance of what a barbarous age begun. As the world advanced to a loftier civilization, the character of woman's servitude was changed, if not ameliorated: from being the slave of labor, she became the slave of his pleasures; but, nevertheless, not his companion. Another epoch—and she has become the companion of his lighter hours—his confidant and adviser in trifles—the comfort of his sick chamber, and the ornament of his drawing-room. This day is that epoch in her history. Thus, woman, because she is endowed with a lighter and more fragile form, was originally condemned to an inferior position; and, because she has been constrained to walk in that humbler path, she is thought peculiarly adapted to it, in mind, as well as in body.

It is a heresy that is every day yielding to a wiser doctrine: and as the shackles, which custom has established as the proper burdens for the oppression of her mind, are stricken from it, she is

daily exhibiting more and more its true powers, and her fitness for a higher station. Despite the obstacles her sex has had to encounter in the prejudices and pride of the other sex—and in vicious systems of education,—the world, throughout its voluminous history, to this day, affords examples of women, who have exhibited, in whatever department of life they chanced to have acted—an energy, and a force of intellect, with every qualification that is necessary to make greatness and secure success, and who would honorably compare with the most illustrious of the self-styled and self-constituted "*Lords of Creation.*" To make those instances more frequent, it is only necessary that we should cease to limit their growth, to a standard of our own fixing.

We would not be thought to advocate the right of women to unsex themselves, and obliterate the line which is wisely drawn, separating the duties and privileges of the sexes. We would only *show* the line—not change it—much less erase it. We would have man believe—improved as the condition of woman is, that she is adapted and entitled to a condition still better—that from being the companion of his hours of relaxation and his counsellor in matters of indifference—she should be the companion of his graver moments—his counsellor in the serious and vitally important interests and pursuits of life—pursuits and interests in which her happiness is quite as deeply involved as his—that, instead of being the comfort of his home, she might be his comfort every where; instead of being his prop and solace in sickness only, she might support and sustain him in his hours of health also: in a word, that they two, should be *one*—*one* every where and at all times—*one* as God has pronounced them to be—that each should recline upon and sustain the other in *every* scene of life—that "the rainbow of man's life" should span the arch of his world as well as of his home.

These considerations as to the intellectual capacity of females, and their title by virtue thereof, to a more honorable position in society, were forcibly suggested to our mind by a contemplation of the character of the first female sovereign—a woman who sprung at a single leap from the comparative humble walks of life, into sovereignty; and wielded the sceptre of empire with the ease that she would handle the distaff—who identified her name with that of the country she governed, and who has ineffably imprinted her story upon the records of the world.

Semiramis, queen of Assyria, lived about two hundred years after the deluge. She was the wife of one of the chief officers of Ninus, and accompanied her husband in the expedition undertaken by that monarch, against the Bactrians. He conquered a great number of the cities of Bactriana, and finally beleaguered Bactria, its capital. His army consisted of one million seven hundred thousand

sand foot; two hundred thousand horse, and sixteen thousand chariots, armed with scythes.

All his efforts to make himself master of this city—apparently impregnable, were abortive. It was reserved for the genius of Semiramis to accomplish what this immense host, commanded by an able and experienced king, had failed to do. She directed the attack upon the citadel; and Bactria was taken. Springing up in a moment, without experience, an able general, she realizes the fable of Minerva cleft from the brain of Jupiter—a full-grown, mailed warrior.

So indistinctly are events seen through the long distance that intervenes between the present hour and the early ages of the world, that there can be but little confidence placed in the best authenticated facts. When too, it is considered that with some few exceptions, their histories are merely the transcripts of traditions—the pilgrim-scholar, in his researches in antiquity, at every step, feels he is wandering in a land of shadows and illusions; and that the misty forms which he takes for substances, when more nearly approached, are airy nothings; or else realities, whose vapor-garments had given them a delusive size and fictitious appearance.

We will not therefore pretend to avouch the truth of what is here told; but will faithfully say of Semiramis, what her several historians have written, and leave to the discriminating reader to winnow the truth from the chaff.

She was born at Ascalon, a city of Syria, and was the daughter of the Goddess Derceto, and a young Assyrian priest. Her mother, ashamed of her amour, destroyed the father, exposed the child in a desert, and threw herself into a lake, where she was transformed into a fish. Semiramis was nurtured by doves for the space of one year; at the end of which time, a shepherd discovering her, carried her to his home and educated her as one of his own children. She grew up a woman of the most exquisite charms. The only inheritance which she received from her parents was uncommon beauty, which they both possessed in a most eminent degree. As events afterwards turned up—was the richest legacy ever bequeathed to an orphan.

Having attracted the notice of Ninus, king of Assyria, by her signal services before the walls of Actria, he became passionately enamored of her, asked her of her husband Menones, and offered him her place, his own daughter. Tenderly attached to his wife, he refused the exchange: and when Ninus added threats to his persuasions, in despair he slew himself, preferring death to life without Semiramis. Whether she conspired with the king against her husband or not, is not known: whether she approved, or condemned, or even regretted his silence, is not known—but this much is certain, that she speedily consoled herself for the loss of Menones by marrying, in a most unbecoming haste,

Ninus; and history does not record that she ever gave him reason to believe, that the sun went down on her wrath against the man who widowed her. It was a forgiveness that would have reflected little credit on her in any age; but least of all in an age when the forgiveness of one's enemies was regarded a crime.

Having become a partner of Assyria's throne, by her blandishments and beauty, she continued her power over the heart of the king. At her request, he ordered her to be proclaimed sole monarch of the empire for five days. In the meantime, she attached many of the chief officers of the government to her: and then employed those five days in securing to herself the crown for life. She either had Ninus put to death forthwith: or else he was imprisoned for several years, and then executed. Thus Semiramis became sole monarch of one of the most powerful realms of that day. Some discredit the story of her murdering the king, and assert that shortly after his return to Nineveh from his expedition into Bactriana, he died, and that in his last moments he voluntarily bequeathed to her, the government of Assyria: and that she, in honor of his memory, erected a magnificent monument, which survived, by reason of its durability, the destruction of the splendid Metropolis which took its name from him.

Be this as it may; whether she obtained a throne by treason against, and the murder of her husband-king, or not—whether she instigated the harshness that drove Menones to self-destruction or not—however the sceptre was obtained, it was wielded to the glory of her subjects in war; and in peace, to the happiness and prosperity of her country, and to her own imperishable renown. Her reign is the brightest page in Assyria's history.

No one ever entertained a more insatiate ambition. Glory was the great incentive to, and end of, all her actions: and happily for her subjects, the pursuit of it was not altogether incompatible with their best interests. Unrestricted in her powers, (as were all the monarchs of that early age,) there was no temptation to increase what there was no room to enlarge. As therefore she could not aggrandize the power of the throne, and as the people knew of no right to curtail it, her reign was exempt from contests with her subjects for disputed privileges. But one rupture between them is recorded, and that was the famous rebellion of Babylon. While arranging her toilette in the morning, news was brought her that that city had rebelled. She promptly repaired to the scene of disorder, and never left it, till the sedition was quelled. As a compliment to her vigor and energy, a statue was erected commemorative of this scene, which represented her with her hair in an undress state as she appeared in public on the morning of the revolt. In this instance, she not only suppressed a dangerous revolution, but inspired the Assyrians with a

deeper respect for her authority, and a higher veneration for her genius, which forever prevented a repetition of mutiny. She here displayed those qualities which are the guaranties of success in every undertaking—energy and promptness—the attributes of great minds,—without which, genius can accomplish nothing. Genius and experience point the road to success: energy and promptness are the agents that conduct to it. Hannibal, by supineness, lost the opportunity of destroying Rome; and Marc Antony, that of conquering the world.

Energy and promptness are characteristics which eminently distinguish women. Their feelings being intense, they pursue, with resolution, every object of interest. Heroines of the camp have ever shown it in their struggles for conquest—heroines of the court in their political intrigues, and heroines of the drawing-room in their struggles for hearts.

Having permanently established herself on the throne, and secured the affections and respect of her subjects, she determined upon an expedition into Ethiopia, and resolved to conduct it herself. She did so: and enlarged the immense dominions left her by her husband, by her successful war upon that country.

Her last military achievement was the crossing of the Indus. This she accomplished only after a severe and bloody engagement, which resulted in her putting the Indian army to flight, in the destruction of upwards of a thousand of their boats, and in the capture of an hundred thousand of the enemy. It was by resorting to a stratagem that this artful general effected the rout of her enemies. The king of India brought into the field a great number of elephants, whose strength and sagacity made it impossible, if they came to a close engagement, for any army that did not use them, to oppose him—Semiramis, aware of the superiority of her foes in this respect, disguised her camels, of which she had a great many, and imposed them upon the Indians as elephants. To find themselves outnumbered in their peculiar instruments of warfare, struck terror through their ranks, and the Indus was crossed—an achievement which no general of antiquity accomplished, before or afterwards, until Alexander of Macedon followed her example. Alexander was the second and last of the ancients that had the skill and intrepidity to carry the war beyond the banks of the Indus; Semiramis was the first. When she was approaching the territory that she vainly hoped to subdue, its king sent ambassadors to inquire who she was, that dared to make war on one who never offended her! "I will be the bearer of my answer," she replied with promptness, and then hastened to carry her message.

Having penetrated into the interior of the empire, the Indian king drew up his forces to give her battle. An engagement ensued, which was long and bravely fought. Semiramis in person cheered her soldiers to the conflict—mingled in the

thickest of the fight—arrested the retreat—urged them to a fresh and desperate charge. But skill and courage could not avail. The disguised camels were beaten to the earth by the elephants, and the rout was complete. She never deserted the field till she was twice severely wounded. When compelled to retire, before superior force, she displayed the same magnanimity in defeat that she had done in victory. When retreat became inevitable, and the hopes of Indian conquest were abandoned, she applied all the powers of her mind, to alleviate the horrors of a route through a hostile and victorious territory. The shores of the Indus were reached: and out of an army of three hundred thousand foot, fifty thousand horse, and a number of camels and chariots with their riders and drivers armed for war, only about one hundred thousand soldiers crossed the river. The bridge of boats which was built to cross into India, she prudently reserved for her return. Immense numbers of those who had escaped the carnage of battle, were destroyed as they crowded to the bridge.

Thus terminated this celebrated expedition. Had it been successful, she would have gained greater power—but scarcely would have earned greater fame. Accident may, and sometimes does, decide the issue of a war—but nothing but preëminent skill could have enabled her to effect the retreat she made.

But it is not in the camp or the battle-field, that we must look for the most splendid and enduring exhibitions of her greatness. Fired by the lust of conquest and military glory, she could nevertheless sheathe the sword—smooth the rugged frown of war, and turn a face smiling with peace and benevolence upon the world.

If to enlarge the Assyrian territory, she made her country bleed at every pore: if she played the game of war, whose stakes were human lives, and bartered millions for the breath of fame, by increasing the comforts and security of her subjects, and adorning her cities with useful and splendid edifices, she set an example worthy to be followed by all future monarchs; and demonstrated in her own person, that the truest glory of a prince is the happiness of his people.

She determined to make Babylon a lasting and splendid monument of her greatness. It was founded by Belus, better known by the name of Nimrod, who was the father of her king-husband, Ninus. The son greatly adorned and improved what the father began: but it was Semiramis who made Babylon the miracle of cities. Of course additions and improvements were made by succeeding monarchs—and therefore it is impossible to define (as the history of those times is so imperfect) the line that separates the works of this princess, from those of her successors: but all historians agree, that it was she who planned, and chiefly executed, its greatness—as may well be

believed, when it is remembered that at one time, she had two millions of laborers employed on its public edifices. Its quays, its hundred brazen gates, its palaces, bridge and hanging gardens ; its temple of Belus, covering a space whose circumference measured a half of a mile, and whose height was an eighth of a mile : the size and regularity of its squares—these are the embellishments, that made it the most magnificent capital, with the exception of Nineveh, that the world ever saw. Its walls eighty seven feet in thickness, three hundred and fifty feet in height, and sixty miles in circumference, surmounted with towers, and bounded by an immense ditch, constituted its fortification.

Babylon was the ornament of Assyria, and might have been erected to gratify her pride : but there were other great national works which she began and perfected, that show her character in a more interesting point of view ; for, they seemed to have been designed more for the good of her subjects and posterity, than to pamper an appetite for splendor. It is true, they may have originated in the motive, that too often prompts us to our best actions—a love of the approbation of mankind : but it is rather uncharitable to her memory to attribute them to such an one : and rather unwise, when it is considered that the pursuits of peace to a mind like her's are far less inviting than the pomp, and excitement and glory of war ; and that man then was the same fool that he is now, bowing with deeper reverence to the hero who leads millions to death than he may be great, than to him who labors to make those millions happy, by cultivating the arts of peace, and by diffusing among them, its permanent and substantial blessings. We allude to those magnificent works, whose immensity is a subject of curiosity and astonishment, even at this day.

In the building of Babylon upon the scale of grandeur which Semiramis planned, it became necessary to divert the branch of the Euphrates that intersected it. To accomplish this, two canals were cut above the city, which turned the waters of the Euphrates into the Tigris. Artificial banks of great height and thickness were erected, which, commencing at the canals, extended along its shores, until it had passed through the city. It was necessary in making these banks and canals, to arrest the course of the river. This was done by conducting it to an immense artificial lake west of the town, where the waters were retained until they could be restored with convenience to their natural channel. The reservoir was one hundred and sixty miles in circumference, and thirty five, or, (according to some accounts, seventy-five feet in depth : one of the most stupendous undertakings that was ever completed. As the Euphrates, like the Nile, was subject to periodical risings, to prevent more effectually the inundation of Babylon, the lake was afterwards used as a receptacle of the

superabundant water. Even when there was no danger threatening the city, when the Euphrates was swollen, it was partially conducted to the lake, whence the accumulated waters were scattered, in seasons of drought, throughout different portions of the country. Canals were constructed in various parts of Assyria, for the same purpose. Thus did she fertilize whole districts which, but for her enterprise and wisdom, would have remained sandy deserts.

As nothing which could benefit her people was too great for her to attempt, so likewise their minutest interests were carefully regarded. To facilitate travelling, she constructed roads through her kingdom, in the graduation of which, mountains were levelled, and valleys filled up. These improvements she not only ordered ; but to see that their execution was perfect, visited them in person. Her eye penetrated every portion of Assyria, and its magical prosperity attested the superintending care of the master-spirit that presided over its destiny.

Such was Semiramis. She spake ; and rivers changed their course : the parched desert fattened beneath fertilizing streams : and the wilderness blossomed as the rose. She ordered—and lo ! at her creative command, a city sprung into existence as by the work of enchantment, the magnificence of which not only exceeded the magnificence of all others of that day (with the exception of Nineveh)—but has eclipsed all others of all future times, and mocks at rivalry. Mountains were humbled and valleys exalted—nature bowed before the supremacy of her genius. Assyria swelled beyond her limits ; and conquered nations ministered to her glory and enlarged her empire. In war, she was terrible—in peace lovely. Minerva hurled the thunderbolts of Jupiter—she the thunderbolts of war. Minerva presented to the world, the olive-branch : Semiramis made peace beautiful. The goddess bore in her right hand the sacred emblem of peace, and in her left the shield of the soldier : the garland that decked the brow of the mortal, was woven of the olive-branch and the laurel.

On her return from her disastrous expedition into India, she found that her son Ninyas, with one of her principal officers, was plotting to remove her from the throne ; and calling to mind the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, which had informed her that she should not die until her son conspired against her ; and believing that her end was now approaching, she quietly resigned the throne, and retired from the view of the world to meet death with calmness and dignity. No angry resentment against her son or his colleagues disturbed her last hours of royalty, or accompanied her into her seclusion ; but, obedient to what she deemed the decrees of fate, she retired from the throne, with the same majesty, with which she filled it. And, perhaps, when we reflect upon the tenacity with which we

cling to power, and more especially to a condition which, by long enjoyment, habit has rendered almost essential to existence,—“nothing became her while on the throne, so much as the leaving it.” It is in adversity that true greatness exhibits itself most conspicuously. Every butterfly can disport itself in the summer breeze, and spread its painted wings to the sun: the Eagle lives in the storm, and triumphs in the whirlwind. The pliant soul, made for earth, and partaking of its meanness, like the willow or the vine, prostrates itself before the blast: the sturdy oak defies the storm and proudly challenges it to battle—and if fall it must, it is as majestic in its ruins as it was haughty in its glory.

Semiramis carried into her retirement, however, the sweet anticipation that divine honors would be paid to her memory; and proudly anticipated the hour when she, who in life had been admired as a queen, should enjoy the reversion that awaited her after death, of being adored as a divinity. The oracle prophesied truly: for after her death, divine honors were paid to her in the form of a dove. She died at the age of sixty-two, having reigned, according to some historians, twenty-five years; and to others, forty-two.

To inquire into the effect which her reign produced on her contemporaries and on posterity, would be a matter of curious speculation;—but, from the complexity of events and the intricacy with which consequences arising from various causes, are interwoven, one with another; it would be a difficult, doubtful and unpleasing task. This much, however, we may remark; that the *most trifling* incidents are oftentimes most powerful and abiding in their influence upon the future, and that the smallest one may sometimes change the history of a country or an age: and that it is highly probable—may certain,—that the genius of this queen has woven into the net-work of events, threads, that long after she was dead, gave it a coloring—that is coloring it now. As an example to prove the truth of these general observations—let us take the building of the temple of Belus. Erected as a tribute of respect to the memory of Nimrod, its great height fitted it for astronomical observations. For such, it was used—and the Babylonians became the most expert astronomers of the day. Knowledge, like air, is unconfined, and will expand. The discoveries in this science, by the Babylonians, spread themselves among the neighboring nations; and through the latter, over the civilized world. When applied to navigation, the more enlightened nations scattered their colonies, and dispersed their commerce to the uttermost limits of the sea.

What effect those colonies and that commerce had, we will not examine; but if this one act—the building of the temple of Belus—so trivial in comparison with many of her life—produced the effects partially described, what must be the conse-

quences of her career upon the world! The influence of an action is like a circle on a sheet of water; at first circumscribed and plainly discernible, but forever enlarging as it recedes from the centre, it is at length lost in the immensity of the lake: or, opposed by other circles, or blending in their stronger course, their traces defy the scrutiny of the most skilful eye—but still, though lost to vision, and turned from their original direction, we know they exist and have their onward course to the distant shores.

Of the private character of Semiramis, little is known. Suspicion has tainted her name; and we have no reason for believing that it has done her injustice. The woman who could show such a destitution of affection for a husband, who loved as Menones loved, as to fly to the arms of his murderer, may well be supposed to be sufficiently void of principle and pride, to commit any breach of decorum that inclination suggested. If she were innocent, her heartless indiscretion in marrying Ninus made her vulnerable to the shafts of censure, and excuses the suspicion of greater crimes: if she were guilty, she is but another example of the highest powers of the mind, and some of the loftiest virtues, being united in the same individual with the worst vices. The possession of the former cannot prevent us from execrating the latter: nor can the splendor of her fame as a sovereign, obscure her infamy as a woman: for

—“one sad lovel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time:
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.”

From the fate of her name—now the subject of eulogy, and now of execration—the instructive moral may be drawn, that a desirable celebrity can only be obtained when goodness adorns greatness: and that honorable obscurity is to be preferred to infamous notoriety.

Revenge, the peculiar weakness of great minds, was a stranger to her breast. When he who had conspired with her son to dethrone her, was a prisoner in her power, she released him: and instead of nurturing animosity against her son, she established him on the throne of his ancestors. Forgiveness of one's enemies is a virtue, but little practised by any: it is a luxury that royalty but very seldom indulges in. Of her private character, this is all that can be said in its praise. It has descended to posterity, almost like that of the Corsair—

“Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.”

As a queen, she will be for ever venerated. Greater than her predecessors, she raised up Assyria from almost a desert to be a miracle of nations, and bequeathed it as such, to posterity. It passed from their effeminate hands a shattered, crumbling

empire. It is scarcely extravagant to quote the following lines as applicable to her.

"The whirl-blast comes, the desert sands rise up
And shape themselves: from earth to heaven they stand,
As though they were the pillars of a temple
Built by Omnipotence in its own honor!
But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
Is fled: the mighty columns were but sand
And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins."
Baltimore, Md.

W. M. A.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART VII.

Period embraced from 1568, to 1636.

On the 22d of August, 1568, Peter de Monte, Prior of Capua, was declared Grand-Master of the Order. This brave monk was indebted for his election, much more to the intrigues of his friends, Maldonat and La Motte, than to the general wish of the electors. His opponent, Antonio de Toledo, who had been recommended by La Vallette, observed that he was well satisfied with the result, as the choice could not have fallen on a more worthy man.

De Monte, having nothing to fear from the Sultan, whose power had been so much weakened by his reverses at Malta, employed himself in finishing those important works which his predecessor had commenced. The fortifications were repaired and enlarged, the squadron increased, and the building of the new city carried on with so much vigor, that the Grand-Master, though he reigned less than four years, had the pleasure to see it finished, and to remove the convent within its walls.*

To keep the Barbary pirates in check, De Monte sent three galleys to cruise in the Levant, under the joint command of St. Aubyn, De Coiro, and Roquelaure. After being out several months, this little squadron returned to Malta, bringing with it many valuable prizes. One ship, captured on the coast of Egypt, was laden with treasure for the Seraglio, and had on board several officers of distinction in the Turkish empire. Unfortunately, the Maltese were in the midst of their festivities, caused by these arrivals, when information was received of an engagement having taken place off Girgenti, in Sicily, between their admiral, the chevalier St. Clement, and the famous corsair, Occhiali, which resulted in the total defeat of their friends, and the loss of their ships. This being the first serious reverse which the Order had met with for many years, where the force of their enemies was not decidedly superior, the Grand-Master called a council of war to inquire how this misfortune occurred. After an excited debate, the monks declared that the disgrace brought on their character by this sad defeat, was wholly owing to the cowardice of the admiral, whom they condemned to death should he ever come back to the island. St. Clement should have profited by this decision; and he might, by his continued absence,

* From 1571 to the present time, La Vallette has been the capital of the island.

have saved his life. He however returned, was tried, condemned, and executed. Even with the death of the admiral, the Maltese honor was not fully satisfied, for his corpse was refused a burial, and left on the beach to be washed away by the retiring sea.

One of the most desperate engagements which ever took place between the United Christian and Turkish fleets, occurred in the Gulf of Lepanto during the fall of 1571. Justiniani, who commanded the Maltese division, received the highest encomiums from Don John of Austria, the Commander-in-Chief, for the gallant manner in which he carried his ships into action. It is recorded of this monk, that although surrounded by his enemies, wounded in several places, and with most of his companions slain, he would not surrender, but continued bravely to fight, until some Venetians approached, and by creating a diversion in his favor, rescued him from his perilous situation. The Turks lost in this direful conflict, one hundred and forty galleys, and fifteen thousand men. Twenty thousand Christian slaves found in their ships were loosed from their chains, and allowed to return to their homes.*

Peter de Monte died on the 27th January, 1572, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

On the following day the council was convened; it appointed John l'Evesque de la Cassiere, Grand-Marshal of the Order, to fill the vacant throne. This Frenchman had signalized himself in various fights, and his appointment is to be ascribed more to the services he had rendered the convent, than to his natural fitness for the office. La Cassiere, two years after his election, owing to his irascible temper, and to the turbulent disposition of his Knights, found himself involved in serious difficulties both at home and abroad. From the first institution of the Order of St. John to its close, the monks conceived they had some inalienable rights; and any infringement of them, whether by a foreign power or their own ruler, was sure to cause a revolt. The Grand-Priory of Castile becoming vacant, the Grand-Master, at the instigation of Gregory XIV., and to oblige the King of Spain, named an Austrian Archduke for the vacancy. The Castilian Knights believing that from long established usage, a member of their own body should have been nominated, resented this innovation with so much spirit, that the Pope was called upon to arrange the misunderstanding, which threatened a dissolution of the Order. Gregory, who had brought the Grand-Master into his present difficulty, naturally gave him his support; and the seditious monks, as the Pope was pleased to term them, were ordered to appear in public, dressed in white, and with wax tapers burning in their hands, to ask La Cassiere's forgiveness. The Castilians consented to pass through this mortifying ceremony, and were accordingly pardoned.

In 1578, we find that a crime was perpetrated by six Portuguese Knights of a most revolting nature. For some cause now unknown, they were the mortal enemies of one of their countrymen, the

* Cervantes, the well known author of Don Quixotte, was serving in this battle on board of a Roman galley, and lost an arm by a blow from a cimeter, which he considered, as he says, "a trifling price to pay for the honor of partaking in the first great action in which the naval supremacy of the Ottoman, was successfully disputed by Christian arms."

Chevalier Cortez; entering his apartment at midnight, they cruelly assassinated him. A long time did not elapse before they were discovered and tried. They were sentenced to be sewn in sacks, and tossed alive into the sea; their punishment, it would seem, had a salutary effect; for, throughout the whole annals of the Order, we find no mention made of any crime of a similar character.

Bishop Gargalla, about this period, attempted to take the government of the hospital out of the hands of the Knights, with whom it had been for centuries, and to place it under the charge of his priests. This measure gave rise to so deadly a feud between the monks and their opponents, that as often as they met in the streets, they drew their weapons, and a fight ensued. The Pope, to allay this hostile feeling, sent an envoy to the island; but as neither party would heed his advice, he quickly returned to Rome, taking the Bishop with him.

Hardly had peace been restored by the Prelate's departure, before La Cassiere found himself involved in a new difficulty of much greater moment, as far as it regarded his personal happiness and safety. The Spanish Knights, who were the most influential members of the Order, impatient under the thought of being ruled by a Frenchman, wished to effect his removal, and to fill his place with one of their own friends. In this purpose they were joined by many monks of the Italian and German languages, who, supposing they had been insulted or slighted by the Grand-Master, were anxious to compass his downfall. The disaffected at first attempted to accomplish their object by policy; they sent a deputation to La Cassiere to ask him to resign. Failing in this, their anger knew no bounds; and throwing off all disguise, they assembled in a tumultuous manner, and drew up against their aged ruler the following groundless charges: That from his advanced age, he was incapacitated for attending to the duties of his office; for, when the council met, however important the business to be transacted, he was observed to be dozing; and when awake, his thoughts were more given to the intrigues of abandoned women, than to those more important subjects which ought to receive his attention: That he neglected the members of the convent, squandered their revenues, and kept his few friends around him more by bribery and corruption, than by any esteem which they entertained for him as their sovereign head.

Romegas, the Prior of Toulouse, a commander of great experience and courage, but wholly devoid of principle, was induced from ambitious motives, to become the leader in this revolt. Going to the palace with a body of troops, he presented the charges in person, and had the Grand-Master carried through the streets in a chair, exposed to the insults and ridicule of the people, and then confined in the fortress of St. Angelo.

Two days only had La Cassiere been in confinement, when Chabrilan, the Maltese admiral, arrived—and offered, with the force under his command, to reinstate him on his throne. But this was declined, as were also the proffered services of the French king; who, hearing of the rebellion, sent a letter to the Grand-Master, informing him that he had only to name the number of soldiers he might wish, and the same should be placed at his disposal. Romegas, at the request of his friends, having assumed the command of the convent, sent a deputation to Rome, to get the Pope

to justify his proceedings, and confirm him in his situation. Gregory XIV., ever prudent in council, declined acting in this affair, until he should hear from Malta, and the statements of the envoys be verified. Some few Knights, who had opposed these high-handed measures of the rebels as far as their limited means would allow, met together, and sent three of their number to the Papal See, to beg that the Grand-Master might be released from his confinement, and his persecutors punished. This appeal was listened to with attention by the Pope, whose sympathies were by this time excited, and a nuncio sent to Malta to take the command, while both the actual Grand-Master and the Usurper were ordered to appear at Rome, and answer to the various charges against them. This summons obeyed, La Cassiere entered the holy city with a large retinue, and was received with princely honors; while Romegas, attended by only a few companions, was treated as a rebel, and subjected to all the indignities which the Roman government could cast upon him. This reception had such an effect on his haughty spirit, that he soon fell into a fever, and fortunately escaped in death, that punishment which doubtless awaited him. The monks, on the loss of their leader, craved pardon of La Cassiere for their rebellious conduct. De Saquenville, who had been the chief fomentor of all these domestic dissensions in the convent, on his appearance to ask forgiveness, was thus addressed by the Cardinal de Montalto: "Down on your knees, you rebel; and know, that it is owing to the singular goodness of your worthy Grand-Master, that you have not had your head cut off at the public place of execution."

La Cassiere lived only long enough to see himself reinstated by the Pope in his authority. After an illness of a few hours, caused by mortification, care and trouble, he expired at Rome, in January, 1581, at the advanced age of seventy-eight. His heart was placed in the chapel of St. Lewis, and his body taken to Malta to be interred in St. John's church—an edifice which he had erected, and which still remains a distinguished monument of his generosity, rule, and piety.

Gregory XIV., disgusted at the insubordination which had been shown by the Knights, and desirous of preventing any like occurrence for the future, sent Visconti to Malta to inform the council that one of the three officers whom he had named, must be chosen as their ruler. The monks, considering this an unjustifiable interference on the part of the Pope in their right of elections, at first firmly protested; but, after a lapse of nearly a year, the Roman Pontiff being immovable, they had to succumb, and Hugh de Loubenz de Verdalle of the language of Provence was duly elected as their prince and governor. This commander resided at Rome as Maltese ambassador prior to the elevation of Gregory XIV. to the papal chair; and it was to a friendship then formed, that he was indebted, not only for his election, but also for the investiture of a new dignity of Turcopolerio, which ever after remained with the Order.

During the first ten years of Verdalle's reign, we have found no incident recorded of sufficient importance to be worthy of remembrance. In 1592 the plague was introduced into the island by a ship from Alexandria, and committed the most dreadful ravages. It was a singular circumstance, that though thousands of the poorer inhabitants

perished; yet among the Knights, not a death occurred. This year is famed for the introduction of the Jesuits at Malta, and for the erection of a capuchin convent.

Though Verdalle was respected in the commencement of his reign; yet, in its termination, he was as unfortunate as his predecessor. Owing his appointment to the influence of the Roman See, he paid the most abject submission to all orders received from that power, whether calculated to injure, or advance the interests of the Order. It was this conduct which involved him in continual disputes with the Knights, and at last compelled him to repair to Rome and claim the Pope's protection. Gregory received him most graciously; and, as a mark of his esteem, gave him a cardinal's hat. The Grand-Master, however, on his return to Malta, found the Knights more rebellious than when he left; and such were his disappointment and mortification, that he was soon seized with a fever which terminated his life on the 4th May, 1595. He left, as a memento of his reign, a castle which he built at Boschetto, and which is still known by his name.

Of Martin Gomez, an Arragonian commander, who was raised to the supreme authority on the decease of Verdalle, we can find but little recorded. Coming into office by common consent, he was enabled to perform his public duties in so impartial a manner, as to secure the esteem and support of all around him.

Rodolphus II., King of Hungary, applying to the Order for aid to enable him to expel the Turks from his dominions, Gomez was induced to enact a law, by which all the Knights who engaged in this service, were permitted to enjoy their revenues in the same manner as if they were cruising in the galleys, or serving at Malta. Many of the younger monks, regarding this as a favorable opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the art of war, entered the Hungarian army, and signalized themselves in various battles.

Rodolphus, pleased with the military spirit shown by the Knights, and grateful for the assistance they had rendered, brought to an amicable conclusion, a difficulty which had long existed between the Order and himself. By this adjustment the revenues of the convent were increased, and its right to rule over the priory of Bohemia firmly established.

Gomez, dying on the 5th of February, 1601, was succeeded by Alof de Vignacourt, a Frenchman of an ancient family, and distinguished alike for his moral worth and daring courage. One of the first acts performed by him, was to check the insolence of the Inquisitor Veralli, who, by meddling in the affairs of the convent, had rendered himself so odious to many of its members, that they assembled around his palace, and threatened to throw him into the sea, should he give them any further grounds of complaint. Though Veralli was strongly supported by Pope Clement VIII., De Vignacourt would not abandon his purpose, but so effectually thwarted the Inquisitor's measures, that he soon lost his influence with the Maltese, and shortly after left the island for Rome, carrying his minions with him, and leaving the Order for a time in peace.

The Grand-Master, aware that most of the disturbances which had occurred in the convent for many years, had their origin in the idleness of the Knights, determined to keep them actively employed abroad. Getting his galleys in readiness,

he sent his admiral, with a roving commission, to cruise on the coast of Barbary. The Maltese commander sailed directly for Mahommeta, a place of some importance in the district of Lusa, and brought his ships to anchor as near the shore as the water would permit. Putting himself at the head of all his soldiers, he landed under a heavy fire, and proceeded to storm the fortress which was strongly garrisoned with Turkish troops and many Arabs who had fled there from the town for protection. For a long time it was doubtful how this fight would terminate; but the gates being at last forced open, the Christians effected an entrance, and the Infidels surrendered. The monks, laden with plunder, retired to their galleys, and sailed for the coast of Greece, where they landed and sacked the towns of Patras and Lepanto. The actions of the Knights in these descents, were marked with meanness and cruelty. The admiral, finding he had no more room on board for prisoners or plunder, returned to Malta. On his arrival, he was publicly thanked by his sovereign for the injury he had done the Mahomedans and for the honor he had brought on his reign.

Although eighty-five years had passed away, and with them all the mailed monks of St. John, who had been driven from Rhodes, still the Knights were mindful of their ancestors' expulsion from the island, and asked of the Grand-Master an opportunity to gratify their revenge. This request was doubtless prompted by a Rhodian nobleman, who had stated, that although the Order could not hope to recover Rhodes, still there were some fortresses in the vicinity, which were formerly under their standard, and which might be assaulted with every chance of success. Late in the spring of 1608, six of the largest galleys, well armed, and filled with fighting men, left the harbor of Valletta on an expedition against the island of Lango. Timely information of this movement had been given to the Sultan, which enabled him to have the fortifications of the place repaired, and throw in them a large body of chosen troops for their defence. After a pleasant passage of sixteen days, the Maltese vessels arrived. The monks landed under cover of their guns, and made an immediate attack, having received, as they approached the castle wall, but a momentary check from a company of Janizaries, who made a sally upon them. The Infidels fought with their usual courage, engaging with the assailants hand to hand; the Christians were victorious only when most of their enemies had been slain. Dearly was the conquest of Lango purchased; for, it was at the sacrifice of many a brave monk's life. One French Knight, who lived only long enough to hear his friends were victorious, declared his willingness to die, now that he knew the flag of the Order would once more wave over a fortress which had been too long polluted by Mahomedan rule.

In 1610, three Maltese commanders, Fresnet, Gaucourt, and Mauros, took their galleys up the bay of Lajarzo, on the coast of Natolia, and razed the town which was situated at its head, after having plundered it of every thing which was valuable. Some months afterwards, these same monks landed at Corinth, which was doomed to share a similar fate.

Many grievous complaints having been sent to the Turkish Divan, by those who had lost their relatives, or been robbed of their wealth in these va-

rious attacks, the Sultan fitted out a fleet of sixty vessels, and sent his admiral to make a descent on Malta. Mustapha, who commanded the Ottoman galleys, on his arrival off the island, wisely kept out of gun-shot range from the castle; landing on the Western coast, with five thousand men, he destroyed the crops, and plundered the villages which were deserted by their inhabitants on his approach.

While the Turkish admiral remained cruising in the Mediterranean, the squadron of the Order was unemployed, the Knights not daring to risk an engagement with a force which was so much larger than their own. As the convent increased in age, it lost its power. In its first era, the monks scorned a life of ease, when enemies were abroad with whom they could fight. They looked not then to numbers; it was victory, or death. But in the course of ages, the character of the Knights had materially changed: they sought not honor, if it were accompanied by danger; they were not content with the necessities of life, they wanted luxuries; and these brought with them their usual attendants, corruption, idleness, and sloth. Other causes also, which no human foresight or prudence could prevent, operated after the Order had attained to the zenith of its power, to mar its prosperity, and lead to its dissolution. So long as the crowned heads of Europe found it necessary for the protection of their coasts and commerce, to have an advanced guard in the Levant, they extended their protection to the convent; and, by liberal grants of money, artillery, and troops, enabled it to maintain its dignity, and prepared it to meet any emergency. When, however, the Ottoman power was on the wane, and Christian monarchs found they could cope single-handed with the Infidel, they withdrew their succors from an institution to which, in the days of its strength and glory, their ancestors were greatly indebted for the safety and welfare of their kingdoms.

But to return to the reign of De Vignacourt. This worthy Prince, who ruled with a paternal care, employed himself in supplying the wants of his subjects. One work suggested by him in 1616, remains to this day a splendid monument of his benevolence, penetration, and goodness. Owing to the little rain which had fallen for several years, the cisterns in Valletta were empty; and the poor inhabitants suffered severely for the want of water, which they could procure only from springs at a great distance from their dwellings. To remedy this evil, De Vignacourt laid the foundation of an aqueduct at Citta Vecchia; and building it on solid arches, either above or below ground, according to the face of the country, he carried it to his capital, over an extent of nearly nine miles, and connected it by pipes to every house. Were this magnificent and praiseworthy work of the Order alone to remain, it would amply attest the grandeur of the Institution, and the enlarged and liberal mind of its projector.

The Grand-Master, wishing to give some employment to his squadron, willingly acceded to a proposition made by the Pope, to unite his forces with the Catholic powers in their contemplated attack on Lusa. This expedition was unsuccessful; the Christians were routed, and the Maltese admiral returned to Malta, bringing with him the sad tidings of his defeat, and of the loss of many distinguished commanders. The spirit of the Knights not being at all broken by this reverse, they quickly

refitted their galleys and sailed on another cruise, the result of which was far more gratifying to their ambition, and honorable to their arms. St. Pierre, who commanded this expedition, signalized himself by storming and taking the castle of Toronea, and by retiring in safety to his ships with his plunder and slaves, in the face of a Turkish army which was approaching for the relief of its garrison.

As De Vignacourt was advancing in years, and his reign drawing to a close, some difficulties arose in the Order, which seriously troubled him, and disturbed the peace of the convent. The Knights, who, at this period, composed the German language, were of high birth, well educated, austere in their habits, and strict observers of the laws and customs which had been in force among their ancestors for several centuries. The monks of other countries were far more lax in their discipline; they willingly admitted the natural sons of distinguished men to join their languages, though it was in direct violation of their statutes. To this innovation, however politic, the Germans would never consent; and an attempt to introduce in their body Charles de Brie, a natural son of the Duke of Lorraine, gave rise to a general revolt, which was not suppressed, till the rule they had contended for was adopted; that no person should be admitted among them, who could not prove he was of noble parentage, and born in lawful wedlock.

It was a singular and melancholy coincidence, that the death of De Vignacourt should have been caused by exposure to the summer heats while hunting, the same fate having befallen his illustrious predecessor, La Vallette, some fifty years before.

Louis Mendez de Vasconcellos succeeded De Vignacourt; but being upwards of eighty at the time of his election, and dying on the 7th of March, 1623, when he had scarcely reigned six months, he had no opportunity to distinguish himself, and has left nothing behind him but his name.

Anthony de Paulle, the next Grand-Master, had hardly been invested with the chief dignity, ere he was called upon to sit in judgment on Juan de Fonseca, a novice of the language of Portugal, who was accused of robbery and murder; and also on the Prior of Capua, for embezzling the public funds. Both of the accused were found guilty of the crimes charged against them. Fonseca suffered ignominiously by the hands of the executioner, on the square in front of the palace; and Faulcon was stripped of his habit, and condemned to confinement during his natural life. This sentence was rigidly enforced.

Though De Paulle was far advanced in years, still the Knights who had opposed his election, would not permit him to remain in peace. They charged him with corruption and lewdness, and he was obliged to send Hilliar de Polastron, a man of singular piety, as his ambassador to Rome, to prove that their accusations were false, and to request that the authors of them might be punished as the magnitude of their crime deserved.

Pope Urban VIII., was not at all displeased with this appeal, as it enabled him to interfere in the affairs of the convent. He sustained De Paulle, and improved the opportunity to seize on various offices held by those against whom the complaint had been made, and fill them with his relatives and friends, to the exclusion of others who were justly entitled to them. The Italians, who suffered most

by this interference, became so enraged at the conduct of the Roman pontiff, that they refused to serve in the galleys, and divesting themselves of their robes and crosses, disclaimed all connection with the Order, and returned to their homes and their kindred. The Pope took no other notice of the withdrawal of these monks, than, in an official edict, to denounce them as rebellious subjects. He filled their places with Roman nobles who, on receiving their appointments, pledged themselves to remain subject to his authority, and to advocate his views. These Knights, on their arrival at Malta, presented the papal brief for their admission as members of the Italian language. De Paulle was disposed to acknowledge its validity, but the Maltese council so strongly opposed his views, that he was compelled to appeal again to the Pope, and beg him not to force on the convent, such a number of strangers, all of whom were poor, and who could not derive a support from the small revenues attached to the different posts, he had designed them to occupy.

When the Grand-Master perceived that the Roman pontiff would neither give heed to his wishes, nor even deign to give his envoy an answer, he entreated the Christian powers to advocate his cause, and prevent any further encroachments on the rights and immunities of an institution over which, by divine favor, he had been called to preside. Receiving only cold refusals from every court to which he appealed, De Paulle and his council were not only obliged to submit in silence, but suffered other infringements by their papal chief, which, having no support from abroad, they had not the power to prevent. Urban VIII., not feeling more friendly to the Knights from the opposition they had given to his decrees, did all in his power to trouble and annoy them. In effecting this object, all historians are agreed, that he succeeded to his utmost wish. The act of his, which of all others proved most obnoxious, was that by which he ordained that whenever a council was convened, the Grand Inquisition, as his representative, should be called to preside. Contravening, as this did, a custom which had existed for nearly seven hundred years, destroying a privilege which had been enjoyed by all the princes who, during this long period had reigned over the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, it was most grievously felt, and left the members nothing to hope from the friendship, or favor of the Roman Bishop, so long as he lived and presided as the spiritual head of their convent. De Paulle, who had passed the usual age allotted to man, made no resistance to this attack on his prerogative; saying, that it was but of little moment to him, whether he presided at the debates of the council, or was present only as a listener; and, that all he desired, was permission to die in peace. Far different, however, was it with the younger monks; they, animated with a becoming spirit, firmly refused to be governed by a stranger, whom they considered an enemy to their institution, and a spy on their actions. Owing to the powerful opposition with which this act of the Bishop was met in the convent, many months elapsed before a council was called; and it was only then convened, when those who had rendered themselves particularly obnoxious to the Pope, had been sent to cruise against some Barbary Corsairs, which had appeared in the Grecian Archipelago, and captured many Christian ships.

The squadron of the Order, during the first twelve years of De Paulle's reign, was singularly unfortunate. In an attack on Santa Maura, it met with a sad reverse. In various single conflicts also, which were fought with desperation, the Maltese were vanquished, and the survivors carried into a long, and grievous captivity.

As most of the Maltese historians have fallen into a popular error in stating, that no persons who were natives of the island had ever become celebrated in their professions, we shall make mention of a few who flourished about the period of which we are now writing, and were singularly distinguished for their piety, wisdom, and charity. Even were the statements true, every allowance should be made for the Maltese, who being universally poor, with no fostering hand extended to them, no public nor private schools, nor printing-presses by which they could obtain general information,—had no means of making themselves known, but by the force of their natural genius. They were, moreover, obliged to serve for years in menial offices, to procure a little money to enable them to visit Rome, and enter themselves as theological students in the papal college, which, in those days, was the only road to preferment. The islanders have no reason to be ashamed of the literary reputation of their ancestors, but rather cause to rejoice that so many among them obtained a well-merited celebrity in the learned world, and rose to the highest dignities in the church, struggling, as they were obliged to do, from their birth, against such powerful obstacles, as we have named,—obstacles, which could have been overcome only by the strongest minds, united with the most intense application.

The first exception we shall name to the assertion of the historians, pursuing a chronological order, was Padre Raffaello, who, for his singular learning and piety, was elected twenty-four times in succession, a public expounder of the Catholic Religion; and, after having faithfully performed this duty, was made a spiritual overseer of all the churches in Sicily. In such high estimation was this reverend father held by the Grand-Master, De Verdalle, that he recalled him from his labors abroad, to superintend the building of a convent in his native isle. Having devoted himself to this work for four years, he left again for Sicily, where he was universally respected by the people, and where he remained till his death, in 1628.

As we have mentioned in its proper place, when the Order was expelled from Rhodes, many of its inhabitants who feared to remain under the Turkish rule, voluntarily abandoned their homes, and their fortunes, and followed the Knights in their exile.

Several of these Greek families afterwards became residents at Malta, and, for the attachment which they showed to the convent, in its last struggle with Solymán, were taken under its protection, allowed to worship in their own churches, and exempted from every tax. Among the descendants of these people, born on the island, and who therefore as Maltese, come within the scope of our remarks, was the Commendatore Giovanni Mariti, a man who not only signalized himself in arms against the Arabs, but was also extensively known for his literary works. One of these, in the Latin language, in geography, and astronomy, placed him in an enviable rank with the most learned men of his age. At the time of his decease, he presided over the

German language, and was, in council, allowed to take his seat on the same bench with the Grand Prior of the principal church, and other great dignitaries of the Order.

Contemporary with Mariti, and bound to him in the closest ties of friendship, was Thomas Gargallo, the Bishop of Malta, a man distinguished for his learning, piety and general benevolence. Among the various laws enacted by this prelate, and still in force among the Maltese, are those which refer to the celebration of the festa of St. Gregorio, and to certain forms of worship to be observed in Catholic churches, on holy days.

When the Knights took possession of Malta, they found the islanders professing the Catholic religion, though governed by Arab customs, the most of which had doubtless descended to them from their ancient masters, or been introduced from Barbary, in their intercourse with its inhabitants. The monks of St. John being so constantly engaged at this early period, in the erection of palaces suitable for their residence, and in building fortifications for their defence, could give but little attention to the wants of their subjects, or to the usages by which they were governed. To Gargallo, the honor is due of having first given to these matters, the consideration which they deserved; and such was his unlimited popularity, that he had only to designate the customs he wished to have abolished, or modified; to secure from his compatriots an immediate compliance with his wishes.

Although Gargallo was wealthy from his own paternal estate, and in the receipt of a large annual income from his office, still he gave so freely for the endowment of churches, seminaries, and various charities, that at the time of his death, in 1614, his whole property was declared to consist of two chairs, a wooden table, and the pine board on which he slept.*

From the well known fact, that Malta is, for its extent, the most populous place in the world, there being upwards of eleven hundred souls to every square mile, it cannot be denied that the Maltese have justly acquired a reputation for being a most prolific race. A census having been taken in 1633 by the Grand Master's order, we find the population of Malta, and Gozo, to have been nearly fifty-two thousand, giving the enormous natural increase on these barren rocks, in the short space of seventy-five years, of thirty-six thousand persons. In

* Did our limits permit, it was our wish to have said more of this worthy man, and also to have made particular mention of some fifteen or twenty other Maltese, who lived from 1580, to 1640, all of whom acquired a reputation, which should entitle them to a place on the page of their Island's history. For the facts above narrated, we are indebted to the "*Biblioteca Maltese*," a work of some merit, and to which we would refer all those who are desirous of becoming better acquainted with the character and talents of Maltese writers. We are aware of our injustice in thus passing over the names of Platamone, Vella, Abela, Bosio, Mamo, Sayd, Surdo, Pace, Cagliares, Magri, Ciambeny, Schembri, Azopardi, Guavera, and Respoli, as they were men, whom, in the age at which they lived, any crowned head might have been proud to have recognized as his subjects. To say that the Maltese are descended from a people who have no claims to a literary character, is to betray an inexcusable ignorance of the various works of these distinguished men.

this number, neither the Knights, Ecclesiastics, or those who were attached to the Inquisition, were included.

In ancient times, whenever the Turks, Algerines, or Arabs, were in want of rowers for their galleys, slaves for their harems, or prisoners for ransom, these islands were always invaded; and, notwithstanding these continual drains on their population, a sufficient number of degraded beings was ever found to satisfy the wants of the Infidels, and encourage them in making their unlawful descents on these defenceless people.*

The last few months of De Paule's rule, were rendered memorable by the signal successes of his admiral, De Valdi, who, falling in with four Moorish vessels off the coast of Lepanto, gave them battle, and, after a stout resistance, succeeded in making them all, his prizes. These vessels with their crews, cargoes, and six hundred negro passengers, who were on their way to Constantinople, were safely brought to Malta.

The Venetians feeling themselves insulted by the conduct of De Valdi, in thus attacking, in their waters, the vessels of a nation with whom they were at peace, strongly remonstrated against his proceedings, as did the Republic of Lucca, for the same reason; and threatened to confiscate the property of the Order in their respective countries, were not this cause of their complaint, satisfactorily arranged. De Paule offered, through his envoy at these courts, to release the subjects of the Sultan, and restore their property; but added, that nothing should tempt him to liberate his Barbary prisoners, who, being a profligate race, and enemies of the Christian world, were entitled to no commiseration; and should therefore be sold as slaves. There being no prospect of amicably adjusting this affair, the Pope was called upon to interfere, and but for his mediation, these powers would have been involved in war.

On the 16th of July, 1636, De Paule died of a fever, after a lingering illness of three months, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and sixteenth of his reign.

* As soon as the Maltese came under the rule of the Order, and had their homes protected, their increase was so extraordinary, as would not now be credited, unless they were as fruitful at this day as they were two centuries ago. According to authentic documents now existing, we find the population of Malta, and Gozo, in 1530, amounted to 17,000. In 1632, to 51,750. In 1791, to 90,000. In 1796, to 114,000. In 1803, to 94,000. In 1813, to 102,000. In 1828, to 119,000; and in 1838, when the last census was taken, to 120,989. The great diminution in the number of inhabitants, between the years 1798, and 1803, was caused by the revolution; and the small increase which is visible between the two last censuses, is owing to the Cholera, which broke out in 1837, and swept off several thousand persons. It is supposed that thirty thousand died, during the revolution of 1798, the plague of 1813, and Cholera, of 1837. Had it not have been for these visitations (horrible as they were,) how general might now have been the exclamation among the poor, "Perish the day in which I was born."

Malta, February 20, 1842.

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NO. 9.

Judge John Robertson
RIEGO, OR, THE SPANISH MARTYR.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

That man must be dead to every elevated thought and every generous sentiment, who does not feel indignation and sorrow in considering the TRAGIC CLOSE OF THE GREAT DRAMA OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION; the rise of which excited so much interest, and inspired so much hope.—*Westminster Review*.

INTRODUCTION.

The theme attempted in this drama, is the Revolution in Spain—that of 1820—and more particularly the fate of its ill-starred champion, RIEGO. No event, probably, ever more deeply excited the public sympathy. "Notwithstanding its disgraceful termination," as has been well observed by a powerful writer, "the Spanish Revolution, from the magnitude of the interests involved in its success or failure, and from the nature of the experiment, must be regarded as one of the most tremendous catastrophes which are to be found recorded in the history of our time."

The author's object has been to present some of the most interesting incidents and prominent actors, in that glorious, though unfortunate struggle. He will not say that he has followed history in every particular, with scrupulous exactness. But the principal scenes and traits of character,—the various fortune of the Revolutionary contest—the stormy debates in the Cortes—the artful villany of Saez—the treachery of Abisbal, Ballasteros, and Morillo—the falsehood, cruelty and pusillanimity of Ferdinand VII—the energy and persevering constancy of Mina—the patriotic devotion and execrable assassination of the Great Chief of the Revolution—and the tenderness and distress of his wife—will be found sufficiently sustained by authentic narratives, or cotemporary opinion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RIEGO, *Military Chief of the Revolutionary party called the Liberals.*

MINA, }
QUIROGA, } *Officers, attached to the same party.*
BAYOS, }

ARGUELLES, *Civil Chief of the same.*

RITA, }
FERRER, } *Ultra Liberals: Members of the Cortes.*

DIAZ, a youth: son of Porlier who was slain in a previous civil war.

FERDINAND VII., *King of Spain.*

VINUESA, *his Confessor.*

SAEZ, also *Confessor to the King, and Prime Minister.*

ALAGON, *Commander of the Life-Guard.*

CHAMORRO, *King's buffoon.*

ABISBAL, }
BALLASTEROS, } *Officers; originally attached to the Libe-*
MORILLO, } *rala, but who deserted to the Serviles, or*
King's party.

A NUNCIO, *from Rome.*

UGARTE, a *familiar of the Inquisition.*

ROMUALDO, a *monk turned soldier.*

DONA THERESA, *Wife of Riego.*

DONA LUCIE, *Widow of Porlier.*

INEZ, *attendant on Doña Theresa.*

Soldiers, Courtiers, Ladies, Monks, Attendants.

SCENE: Madrid.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Outside of ALAGON's Apartment. A Sentinel asleep.

Enter UGARTE.

UGARTE. A trusty soldier! [*Softly.*] Romualdo! Arise!

Romualdo. [*Rising and seizing his musket.*] Ha! who goes there? Stand! Speak! Ugarte? How

Durst steal upon me thus, without the watchword?

UGARTE. Peace! Will you tell the Duke you slept on post; That so, ere set of sun, your comrades have

A living mark whereat to try their skill.

Rom. Had I tried mine on you, my musket scarce

Had broke his slumbers. But what errand needs

This drowsy time of day to speed it on?

UGARTE. One for the Duke: tell him so much.

Rom. What! Now?

No! no! By Santiago, sooner would

I tease the wounded bull without my scarf.

UGARTE. But here's the scarf shall turn his rage aside—

From Father Saez. [*Showing a paper.*]

Rom. All one as from the king.

Come:—But, brother, no hint of what you've seen.

UGARTE. Fear not: Are we not friends?

Rom. Aye! Friends of old:

Ere I for soldier's cap did change my cowl,

And laid my missal by, to take up this. [*Raising his musket.*]

UGARTE. And such must we be ever, or be each

His own worst enemy. Lead on.

Rom. This way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Library in Riego's house. DIAZ reading.

DIAZ. [*Shutting the book.*] Her guest! her husband's friend! Just Heaven! to think

Of that! Entering his hospitable door,

To filch away the treasure of his soul!

To blast his peace! Perfidious, brutal wretch!

[*Reads.*] "What doom," said she, "my friends, his crime deserves,

" 'Tis yours to say: from me thus stained, tho' sinless,

" Honor exacts the penalty of guilt.

" No frail one of my sex who would survive

" Her chastity, shall ever plead the example

" Of Lucretia! So saying, in her heart,

" She plunged a knife before concealed, and lifeless,

" Fell at their feet. The husband and the father

" Sobbed aloud."—O most piteous scene! Much injured!

Noble Lucretia! [*Reads interruptedly.*] "Brutus—drawing forth

" The bloody—dagger."—"By this blood—so pure"—

[*Enter RIEGO, unperceived by DIAZ.*]

"With fire and sword."—Well said, brave Brutus!

[*Rising, perceives Riego.*]

Ah!

Thy pardon—Señor—I—I—knew not—thou—

Riego. Hold, Diaz: rather need I thine, abruptly

Breaking the magic spell fancy had woven

Around thee. Some romantic legend, doubtless?—

Or stirring drama?

[*Diaz hands the book.*] Ah! what theme can Rome's

Grave annalist have touched, that thus hath wrought

Upon thee?

Diaz.

Señor—one of thrilling power:

The foul misdeeds of Tarquin—the chaste Lucretia's Wrongs :—

Riego. Wrongs indeed ; enough to call the blush To manhood's cheek, and rouse a slave to vengeance.

Diaz. No slave was Brutus :—nor the fool he seemed.

Riego. Had he been both—the slave he was not, and The fool he feigned—the shock had changed his nature ; Within the darkened chamber of his brain Poured a strange light, and thawed the icy current Of his heart.

Diaz. Those men of ancient Rome did sure, Methinks, excel the world in worth.

Riego. A race More lofty, bold and stern ne'er graced the earth. In manly dignity they stood erect, Scorning to stoop for gold, or bow to power. The simple grandeur of a virtuous heart Alone, with them, was true nobility. In humble merit's hand, roughened by toil, They placed the sceptre of command, and hurled Ambition from the seat he durst usurp. Thirsting for glory even beyond the tomb, They met, as did the violated wife Of Collatinus, death and evils worse Than death, rather than bear a tainted name. But a still nobler impulse, urged them on ;— The love of Rome.—Rome was the mother they Revered ; nay more, the deity they worshipped. For Rome, they won the spoils of victory, tempted The angry flood, or plunged in gulfs of fire. Hence she fulfilled her noble destiny ; And they earned names renowned throughout the earth For godlike virtues and heroic deeds. But tell me, Diaz, whence did they imbibe Their purest tenets ? Whence their sagest laws ? Was't not from Greece ?

Diaz. True, Señor ; but methinks The pupils did surpass their teachers.

Riego. Say, What Roman of them all more wise than Solon ? Purer than Socrates or Plato ? Juster Than Aristides ? Or e'er gave his country A costlier proof of love, than did the Spartan— Fearless, self-doomed Leonidas ?

Diaz. None ; none : Well might the dying Plato thank the Gods That he was born a Greek, and Greece be proud Of sons had honored Rome herself. Still Rome Stands foremost in my thought. Old Rome ! There's magic in the very name. O ! 'tis A sound so grand, so musical ! my ear Delights to hear, my tongue to utter it.

Riego. Enthusiastic boy ! It hath a charm For thee, because it tells of all that's pure In virtue, glorious in renown. Thou bring'st Me back the day, when, like thyself, I deemed Rome without peer or parallel ; and time No change hath wrought. Greece, lovely Greece ! and Rome,

Majestic power ! still rise before me, rivals, Not equals, in the race of glory. Linked In friendly bands, the Grecian league appears Like clustering vines, shooting their tendrils forth On every side, to prop their fragile forms : Rome, the gigantic oak self-poised, which scorns The whirlwind's wrath, and wars with Time himself. Resembling, one, a mighty river formed Of many streams, lingering to enchant the eye And fertilize the earth ; the other, ocean, In whose unfathomed depths, the mightiest rivers Are gulfed, and lost. A diadem, seems Greece,

Of jewels rare and brilliant ; Rome, one gem ; That gem, a diamond of unclouded light. The banded states, a constellation, whose Mild fires invite the philosophic eye To count its glittering host, gaze on its beauty, And follow its unerring motions, each Bright star cleaving its separate pathway through The skies ; yet all as one, by chain invisible, Bound in fraternal union, and together Wheeling through boundless space : but, in her zenith, Undazzled none e'er viewed that Ancient Power, The Guide and Ruler of the earth ; her type, The Eternal Orb, in Godlike majesty, Who soars mid starry worlds his brightness hides, Nor suffers eye, save that of God alone, To scan his lustre.

Diaz. Señor, in my mind, As in thy picture, Rome outshone her rival.

Riego. A brighter, not a purer glory beamed Around her brow. The sterner traits of virtue, She displayed ; Greece, its loveliest features. No ! In moral beauty, ne'er was Greece surpassed ; But Rome, in grandeur, overtopped the world.

Diaz. Had Brutus faltered in his stern resolve, O think, what had Rome been !

Riego. What had she been ? No valiant hand to seize on Freedom's torch And light her thro' the gloom ?—no soul to feel, No spirit to revenge her wrongs ?—what had She been ? Behold her now ! Like Spain, the slave Of monks ! But nobly he redeemed his pledge ; Stript from the tyrant-race the regal robe, And levelling in the dust their guilty thrones, Taught Freemen to abjure the sway of Kings.

Diaz. Spain has her Tarquin too !

Riego. Worse, worse : a wretch In power, himself the slave of appetites More vile than cursed Rome's brutal tyrant.

Diaz. Spain Has sons as brave as Brutus : would that one Like Brutus might be roused to right her wrongs !

Riego. And every unsophisticated heart Echoes that prayer ! True, true ; Spain has her Tarquin— A monster nourished at her breast, who laps Her vital blood : and she may point to sons As brave as Rome could boast, who strove to break In twain his iron sceptre. Much the tale Of their unhappy fate would grieve thy heart.

Diaz. Too well I know around that fate there hangs Some horrid mystery ; still my bosom yearns To learn the story of their fame and sufferings.

Riego. 'Tis but thy due, and soon it shall be thine In all its truth : all, that malicious foes Conceal, or friends, in pity, would withhold.

Diaz. Soon, Señor ! thanks ; and treble thanks, if soon Were now.

Riego. Grave cares demand my thoughts : to-morrow, We may again our theme resume.

Diaz. Remember !— To-morrow, Señor.

Riego. Ah !—I will not fail.

[Exit Diaz.]

How in his breast spontaneous springs the germ Of every virtue !—Aye !—did riper years Temper his ardent zeal, and brace his arm, No champion Spain need ask fitter to prop The cause for which her Porlier paid his blood, And pawned his precious boy.

[Opens his port folio.] That cause doth keep No pace with my impatience : Miana's absence Bodes some untoward check.

Enter DONA THERESA.

Now this is kind.

Dona Theresa. Would thou
Could'st say 'tis cheering. Thou art sad, Riego:
Thy cloudy looks tell of some anxious thought.

Riego. A fleeting shade, thy smile shall soon dispel.

Dona The. And why, when all around is sunshine, rest
Such shadows on thy brow? For me, I own
This laughing earth were still the paradise
'Twas meant, were't not that man, false to himself,
And cruel to his kind, doth leave its fruits
And drowns profusely blushing round, to wither
On the stem.

Riego. Nay! Turning the untasted sweets
To poison; and with fiendish spleen, along
The paths of peace, strewing unwonted thorns.
Must it not pain our hearts that man should mar
God's bounty thus—to make himself a wretch!

Dona The. Let guilt endure the penance; were it wise
In those who loathe the crime, to yield their peace,
Reject the bliss Heaven offers, and, self-doomed,
Suffer for others' sins? O! blame me not
That I would know the griefs which vainly seek
To shew my anxious eye. Love prompts my suit,
Nor brooks to think Riego's wife hath lost
Riego's confidence.

Riego. She hath
It all; and all his love: increased, methinks,
With every fleeting hour since first she gave
Him her's.

Dona The. Rememberest thou that hour, Riego?

Riego. Thou doubt'st it not!—More freshly than the last.

Dona The. In El Retiro's wildest haunt, we sat
Alone; scarce conscious that around us night
Had thrown her friendly veil. The Star of Faith,
With fixed eye, o'er Buytrago's height,
Looked down upon us; looked and smiled—

Riego. To view
A sight more beautiful than his glittering peak:—
Affection's gem, pure as the mine from whence
It sprung; more brilliant than the ray that lit
It up; sparkling thy cheek, till brushed by my
Rude lip away.

Dona The. Not rude, but murmuring
Soft vows of constancy, enduring as
The hills which rose above:—Forget'st thou that?

Riego. Sooner those hills shall dip their snowy plumes
In Manzanares' rill, or his scant rill
O'erleap their towering heads. Still, as in that
Fond hour, throb not our hearts in unison?

Dona The. So mine will think; then wond'ring asks,
why kept

A stranger to the pangs that rend thy bosom?

Riego. If in that bosom, painful thoughts take root,
Confess, Theresa, 'twere no proof of love
Thence to transplant them into thine.

Dona The. When first
The germ appears, a wife with gentle hand
Might pluck it forth, and in its stead, engraft
The blooming bud of peace. Oh! Why, Riego—
Why, from thy faithful wife, conceal aught that
Disturbs thee? Say, should care oppress thee, who
May better soothe thy ruffled spirit? Should
Danger assail, who hath a juster claim
To share it? Ah! If thy Theresa seem
O'er earnest—

Riego. Why then—'twere a grateful proof
Of what indeed needs none. But think! Grave thoughts
Befit the time;—our country smoking
With her children's blood;—our friends beset by spies,
Knowing no safety but in mutual faith.

Think well of this:—then say, when honor here
Hath placed her lock, would my Theresa—

Dona The. Wrong
Her not: she'd have thee guard that sanctuary
Even against love's master-key.

Riego. Thou dost
Forgive me then?

Dona The. Love, honor thee the more,
If that might be, for thy unyielding truth.

Riego. Could I prove false to friendship, thou should'st be
The first to spurn my broken faith;—for, from
Thy lips I take lessons of constancy;
And in thy heart dwell virtues passing all
Enamored fancy pictures in thy sex.

Dona The. Sweet, sweet is praise from thee, tho' all
too high

Dost rate my poor deserts. O, can I swerve
From duty's path, led hand in hand by love;
The blest reward in view, to win thy smile,
Or pillow on this breast the griefs that torture
Thine? [*They embrace—a noise.*] Hark!

Enter SERVANT; who hands a letter to RIEGO.

Riego. [*Aside.*] Mine! Returned!

[*Reads the letter.*] My cloak good Pedro.

[*To Dona Theresa.*] A valued friend—but now arrived—who
should

Not want a speedy greeting, takes me from thee.

Dona The. 'Tis late; but thou'lt not stay!

Riego. [*Going.*] I'll soon rejoin thee.

Dona The. [*Retiring another way.*] Say, very soon.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Palace with a frame for embroidery.
SAEZ on a Couch in a recess.*

SAEZ. [*Dreaming.*] Thrice glorious prize! Sounds it
not bravely? Victor!

Victor the Fourth! 'Tis mine—[*Awakes*]—Gone—Vanish-
ed!—Crown

And Mitre! Sword and Keys! [*Comes forth.*] How Fancy
can

Beguild our sleep, and with bright images

Entrance the soul! Bishop!—'Twas thus it ran—

Then Cardinal;—and so from high to highest.

But now, amid a gorgeous host I sat,

And felt the scarlet honor gently press

My brow. With looks submissive, the conclave eyed

Their future pontiff. Awe and mingled hope,

By turns, possessed my heart, nor yet its ecstasy

Subdued:—And then, within my very grasp

The triple tiar shone: 'twas but to stretch

My hand and say "tis mine!" Tush! Tush! A dream.

[*Vesper Bell.*] The Duke is tardy: lost in soft siesta,

Or revelling in voluptuous joys, he too

Forgets the hour.—Old seers have taught in dreams

Heaven whispers to the soul its coming doom:—

Or is't that Fancy, while dull Reason sleeps,

With meteor ray, points out the path which leads

To Fortune?—Power! High attribute of God!

Why may not mortals covet thee, unblamed,

To grasp at once a glorious destiny?

To soar while others crawl: to bless, or blast

At will; our smile, a sunbeam, and our frown,

The drear eclipse making all nature sad:

To be the gaze, the envy of the world;

The one amid the million!—So! This dream

Should busy many a waking thought:—It shall!—

And proudest monarchs yet may bow to Saez.

Enter ALAGON.

Alag. God keep good Saez!

Saez. And many, many years
His arm protect the trusted sentinel
Whose ceaseless vigilance so well repays
His sovereign's grace!

Alag. That honored trust he shares
With Saez, and holds with him neglect all one
With treachery.

Saez. 'Twere double treachery: treachery
To ourselves, as to our gracious King, to sleep
While envious adversaries, from his lips,
Would dash the cup he deigns to share with us.

Alag. And deem'st thou spirits so daring dwell on earth?

Saez. Aye! Such as erst in Heaven arose, and soon
Had made it Hell; but, that untiring Mercy
Found them one, deep, deep in the abyas below,
Where still with kindred fiends they howl their woes.

Alag. Thus foiled, thus doomed, the wretches durst rebel
'Gainst Ferdinand's peace. Thy wakeful eye, good Father,
And this tried blade must fail, ere treason dare
Approach his lofty throne.

Saez. How oft is grandeur
Ruin's especial mark. Swift o'er the plain
Whirls the hurricane blast, leaving, unscathed
The pigmy shrub, to battle with the oak:
The forest king contemns his ruffian foe,
And waves his head secure of victory;—
When lo! the insidious shaft, felt ere descried,
Hath pierced his heart and scattered to the winds
His giant limbs.

Alag. Still, from the mighty hand
Which guides the devious yet unerring bolt
In safety o'er the heads of favored mortals,
Ferdinand hath nought to fear. Whence then his peril?

Saez. Whence comes it not? from reptiles crawling near
His path; vile insects buzzing round his couch.
In countless shapes dangers besiege the throne;
And with the throne, the church. What loyal heart
Marks unconcerned, the spirit of the age?
Damnableness; rebellious creeds;
Spread far and wide, for which, in better days,
Faggot and fire had been the appropriate doom.
Books by our ordinances denounced, abound
In every hovel. The low-born multitude,
Maddened with the taste of fruit to them forbidden,
Plucked from the tree of knowledge, now project
Reforms of state, and prate about their rights;—
Their rights forsooth, and wrongs, whose highest privilege,
Best graven with cudgels on their memories, is
Obedience, aye un murmuring obedience,
To those Heaven sends to rule them. Nought divine
Nor human now—the Pope's supremacy—
The monarch's birthright—Heaven's revealed decrees—
Challenges respect. Vile Blasphemy, usurps
The pulpit-seat, to curse The Power that gave
Her power to curse. Treason invades the palace;
And, lo! Sedition, armed with oaken staff,
Now flaunts abroad, waving, o'er motley troop,
Her ragged flag of variegated hue,
Unveils her hideous features, and proclaims
Her hellish schemes.

Alag. By Santiago! now
'Twould please me much to view these monsters: when
And where may we behold them?

Saez. Now!—in Madrid!

Alag. Sure, visions that did haunt thy couch, still cheat
Thy waking thoughts: or slumbers Alagon,
While thy keen eye and ear perceive what 'scapes
His blunter sense?

Saez. Hear me, good Alagon:

To-morrow, as thou know'st, the King doth deck
The blessed virgin in her promised robe:
That done, to appease the peevish dolts who prize
A brittle toy, he will again repeat
His thrice-repeated pledge to keep the charter.
The factious chiefs will doubtless be abroad
Among their rabble crew to sow the wind
Of discontent.—

Alag. Themselves to reap the whirlwind,
Whose wrath shall scatter them as chaff. By Heaven!
'Twere sport for boys to chase the unsavory craftsmen
Like frightened leverets back to their homes.

Saez. They should be valiant, who, with jests profane,
Dare scoff the priesthood and insult the King;
Making his sacred vow a theme of mockery.

Alag. Let him but speak the word, the barking curs
Shall quickly cease to yelp; like very spaniels,
Lie crouching at his feet, and whine for pardon.

Saez. No time more apt, no hand more fit to scourge
The obstreperous pack: but threat'ning word or look
The King forbids, lest some rude tumult rise
To shock his ears, and mar the holy rite.

Alag. His will's our law.

Saez. Heed then, his strict command:
'Tis at our Lady's chapel most the crowd
Will congregate; thither, at early hour,
Thy loyal guard conduct, and so dispose,
That through their ranks thy sovereign and his suite
May safely pass, keeping the mob at distance.

Should it grow rude, for once bear patiently
Its insults, and unmoved, its fury meet.
Howe'er the tempest rage without, let not
Its surly blast invade the sacred precincts,
Ruffling the holy calm that suits the hour
When Ferdinand the Beloved doth bow him down
Before our Lady's shrine: Hail, blessed Mary!

Alag. But say, his vow fulfilled, may we not then
Chastise the audacious rebels?

Saez. Therein let Freyre
And Father Vinuesa be thy guides.
Their's the high trust, by foreign aid, once more
To rest the throne upon its ancient base:
That aid at hand, the grateful task be thine
To crush the factious leaders of revolt—
Aye, and to-morrow's sun, tho' soaring swift
O'er Guadarama's azure wall, to view,
From the mid heaven, a lovelier scene than e'er
His eye beheld, may stay his flying car
To help thy pious work, as once for Joshua;
And e'er he sink to rest, on thy success
Bestow his gratulating smile.

Alag. There's joy,
There's glory in the thought! In such a cause,
And cheered by Saez's blessing, who could fail?

Saez. The Power that prompts thy hope, will nerve thine
arm,

To shield its favorite son, and to confound
His foes: 'tis Heaven's own cause; Saez need say no more.

Enter KING FERDINAND. The NUNCIO, CHAMORRO, Ladies, Courtiers, Monks.

King Ferdinand. [Pointing to the embroidered robe.] How
like ye this?

1st Lady. See there, Carlota! what

A beauteous bud!

2nd Lady. O! charming. [to Courtier] Is't not sweet?

1st Courtier. If Faith—the very odour of the rose!

2nd Court. A master-piece!

3rd Court. Perfection! That's the word.

4th Court. The last touch ever seems the brightest.

5th Court. True:

His Majesty almost excels himself.

1st Lady. Wherein, Carlota, think'st the crowning beauty?

2nd Lady. I—scarce can choose—the truth to Nature?—

1st Cour. Nature!

Nature ne'er painted buds so fair as those.

1st Lady. Now, I should say,—the brightness of the tints.

2nd Lady. Aye, right! The warmth, the freshness of the coloring!

Chamorro. Wrong! Wrong!

K. Ferd. We'll hear the Duke.

Alas. Bid me amid

Creation's wonders choose the greatest.—

Several Courtiers & Ladies. Fine!

Alas. —But still where all is grand, grandest of all,

Me thinks, that vast exuberance of mind.—

Sev'l. Cour. & La. Hear! hear the noble Duke.

Alas. —That princely genius—

Sev'l. Cour. & La. Hear him!

Alas. —That royal Fancy—which did first

Coeceive the illustrious thought.

Sev'l. Cour. & La. Sublime! Sublime!

K. Ferd. A well-turned compliment, in sooth: what says Good Saez?

Saez. Grand the conception truly, but

It equals not the work itself—

Sev'l. Cour. & La. Hear Saez!

Saez. —The master-strokes—the magic touch.—

Hear! Hear!

Saez. —The superhuman art—the Godlike power—

Which could from this—[*The Needle*]—from these—[*The Threads*]—from nothing as

It were, create a universe of beauties!

Sev'l. Cour. & La. Splendid! Magnificent!

K. Ferd. High praise, we own.

1st Cour. So just withal: so true.

Cha. All, all at fault.

K. Ferd. Chamorro wants both eye to see, and tongue To praise our pious work.

Cha. True, mighty King.

K. Ferd. How! True, say'st thou?

Cha. Aye; dazzled by its lustre,

And dumb with admiration!

K. Ferd. Rare Chamorro! [*Laughs.*]

Now beat Don Dummy if ye can. [*To Nun.*] Good Father,

Thy holy prayers have borne us thro' our toils,

And given us hope the Virgin will accept

Our simple offering.

Nun. Doubtless, son. 'Tis thou

Alone, most blest of earthly monarchs,

Hath wrought a gift so precious in her eye.

K. Ferd. Thou say'st it, Father; else should we distrust The flattering thought.

Nun. How view this wondrous work,

And doubt the impressure of a hand divine—

The hand of her for whom thou toil'st? Hail, Mary!

K. Ferd. Father! her charming inspiration, first

At Valençay, did prompt the happy thought,

Solacing there our else most tedious sojourn:

And since, amid our consecrated task,

Refreshing more than food, or drink, or sleep,

Till now its joyful consummation we

Behold. To-morrow—Ha! To-morrow? Can it be?

And shall we yet be spared to see that day,

So long, so brightly pictured to our hopes?

To-morrow! One short day;—not half that space,—

Spending away in task of love; and lo!

It dawns upon us! Why! 'Tis here! 'Tis ours!

'Tis ours!

Nun. Indulge not, son, too far these raptures,

Which holy as they are, yet agitate

Thy soul and waste thy health. Now that thy thought

Is turned toward Heaven, seek we the chapel: there, Our mingled prayers may to thy mind restore Its wonted calm.

K. Ferd. We yield us Father, to Thy faithful guidance. [*To Courtiers, Ladies, &c.*] Here, to-morrow, meet

We once again: and then—our dearest wish

Fulfilled—Spain's wide domains contain no heart

Happier than bounds within her monarch's breast.

I follow, Father. To-morrow! To-morrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Riego and Diaz are discovered deeply engaged on the subject of their previous dialogue. Brief sketches are given by the former, of men in ancient and modern times illustrious for efforts in the cause of Liberty. The successive conquests of Spain by the Romans, Goths and Moors, are glanced at, and her final deliverance:

Riego. One giant struggle, lo! our country broke Her chain. The Moor was driven from her land, And his ill-omened crescent, which had risen, Smear'd with her blood, now sunk, drenched in his own.

He next speaks of

Milton and Locke, Britons with Roman souls, who taught, that man, Not God, makes Kings, and may, by right divine, Unmake: bold Hampden, who in arms defied A tyrant's rage, and checked him in his power: Russell and Sidney, twin-born sons of liberty, In life united, and in death twin heirs Of immortality. * * *

* * * Turn we

To Switzer's hills. Intrepid Tell, behold!

By Gesler forced, on his own son, to try

His archery. Swift on its errand flew

The barbed reed, bearing in triumph off

The ruddy prize, poised on his Albert's head:

The son was saved; the sire—his only crime

A dauntless soul and an unflinching arm—

In fetters bound.

Diaz. Had I been Tell—

Riego. Say, Diaz,

What would'st have done?

Diaz. Have sent the arrow strait

To Gesler's heart; if heart he had who would

Have made a father slay his child.

Riego. Beyond

That arrow's flight, aloof the monster stood

To enjoy his frantic sport. But brief the joy

Of guilt. Vengeance, by justice armed, pursued

His steps. Once more, the fearless hunter walked

Abroad, free as the chamois of his hills:

The tiger crossed his path;—one flash from Tell's

Indignant eye,—more sudden than the avalanche

The feathery shaft o'ertook the savage in

His flight, and far around the glad hills echoed

His dying yell.

The occasion is embraced of adverting to characters and events of still more recent date:

— Kosciusko— the noble Pole:
His comrade, La Fayette, the pride of France:

Friend of the oppressed ; firm foe of tyranny
In king or mob : together, they renounced
Wealth, rank, and ease, in distant climes
To plant the Tree of Liberty ; and found beyond
The Atlantic wave, a Cause to fire their zeal,
A LEADER to conduct their steps to glory.

Diaz. Hearing that leader's name, my lips were taught
In infancy to lisp "Greatest and Best"—
And now I feel its truth.

Riego. Why name that name,
Unknown to Heraldry, tho' on Fame's scroll
Impressed in characters of light ; which echoes
In terror from the palace-dome, but carries
Joy to the cotter's roof ? His brow severe
Of native dignity, no jewelled crown
E'er tarnished ; but instead, the civic oak,
Mingled with laurel boughs, his temples bound ;
Fits emblem of a nation's gratitude.
Freedom's unsceptred son, his Country's Saviour,
Now dwells in bliss ; his glory freshening in
The stream of time ; and still while that stream flows
Shall his loved memory be hymned in praise.

Diaz. Blessed be the country gave him birth !

Riego. Blessed she is in every precious gift :
Her own aspiring Bird, careering mid
The stars, apt symbol of her towering destiny.
But yesterday the new-fledged Eaglet broke
The grasp that held him grovelling on the earth :—
A mother's grasp ; who false to Nature, sought
Her offspring's blood to fill her shrinking veins,
And would have plucked his brightest plumes to deck
Her waning age. Now high he soars above
The lightning's reach, or on the bosom of
The burnished cloud with outstretched pinion floats,
Free as the Heaven he breathes.

A glance next of the Spanish patriots :

Ill-starred Lacy !

And—shall I name him ?—Portier !—

Diaz. God !—yes ; yes ;
Speak of my noble sire.

Riego. Ere long, that task
Of mingled grief and pleasure shall be mine :
To contemplate with thee his many virtues,
His valiant deeds, that made Spain's brutal king
Quail in his hunt of blood. O ! would that memory
Might dwell on these, forgetful of the scene
Which closed his bright career, when, like brave Lacy,
By Ferdinand betrayed to chains and death !

Diaz. Yet Ferdinand lives ! O ! stain to nature ! lives,
While Portier's son—aye ! Stripling tho' he be—
Might strike the murderer down !

This dialogue is interrupted by the entrance of
DONA THERESA, and DONA LUCIE, the mother of
DIAZ. DONA LUCIE and DIAZ retire ; and a short
colloquy, which ensues between RIEGO and DONA
THERESA, is broken off by the arrival of MINA,
ARGUELLES, QUIROGA and BANOS : as they ap-
proach, disguised, DONA THERESA, retiring, warns
RIEGO to beware :

Doña Tha. * * All are not monks who wear a cowl ;
Nor every monk the saint he seems.

Mina. [Throwing off his disguise.] Señora !
'Tis just thy doubts should be dispelled, or else
Confirmed.

Riego and Doña Tha. Ah ! Mina !

Riego. Arguelles too ! Quiroga !

Banos ! Welcome, my friends !

Doña Tha. Ah ! Señors ! much

I need your pardon.

Mina. Nay ! Thou know'st us not.

Arguelles. And then our stealthy step—this odious garb—
Might well denote some dark assassins, some
Remorseless monks !

Riego. She could not knowingly

Have wronged ye.

Doña Tha. [To them.] O ! harbor not the thought.
As soon could I have doubted him—myself !

Riego. To them would I entrust my life—my honor—
Aye, or thine.

Mina. Hold, Riego ! friendship's chain
Is not so rusted that it needs new polishing.

Arguelles. A ten years' exile did not dull a link
That bound us each to each, and heart to heart.

Doña Tha. Be't ever bright and firm ! To that I'll fix
The anchor of my soul, and all my doubts
And fears give to the winds. [Exit Doña Theresa.]

The machinations of Saez ; the designs of the
Royal party ; the plans and prospects of the Libe-
rals, are discussed, and Riego urged to place him-
self at the head of the latter :

Arguelles. * * * * In the rash Duke,
Saez finds a tool and fit confederate,
Ready to aid the hellish plot, and fasten
Once more round Spain's fair neck, her tyrant's fangs.

Riego. Sooner shall that fell tyrant's head lie crushed
Beneath her feet.

Mina. No less thy friends' resolve.

Quiroga. 'Tis to a deed of glory we invite thee.

Arguelles. His eye already speaks : He'll not refuse.

Mina. No Spaniard durst.

Riego. Nor could Riego waver—
But—friends worthier that glorious post—

Mina. Near thee,

We'll share thy toils, participate thy glory ;
Riego's faithful soldiers :—if thou wilt—
His friends—his brethren.

Quiroga. 'Tis thy country calls.

Riego. Ne'er shall she call in vain.

Mina. [Seizing his hand.] There spoke her own
True son.

Riego. Whose title none shall doubt while Spaniards
Like these, shall own him as a brother.

Arguelles. Proof
More stern, her need demands of all, and time
Doth kindly speed us to the brink of trial.
The hour we meet draws near.

Riego. The time ? The place ?

Arguelles. In El Retiro, hard by Philip's statue ;—
There, when the clock marks ten, our friends expect thee.

Mina. Haste we the joyous pledge to give, that soon
They shall embrace their chief.

Arguelles, Quiroga and Banos. Farewell ! Adieu ! Adieu !

Mina. Remember ! The hour gains fast upon us.

Riego. But fraught with hope for Spain, our hearts outstrip
Its flight. Adieu, my friends.

[Exit Mina, Arguelles, Quiroga and Banos.]

Once more upon
Unhappy Spain, raised by her demon son,
The tempest falls, red with his brethren's blood.
My soul would with herself commune. Distrust
Or rashness may alike bring ruin on.
O ! God ! In this perplexing hour but teach
Riego how he best may serve his country :
Her lot of weal or woe be his ; Oh ! Give him

To steer her safely thro' the storm :—or else—
If sink she must—to perish with her !

[Exit Riego.]

The scene changes to the Palace. KING FERDINAND and the courtiers are seen putting the last finish to the robe :

K. Ferd. Haste now ;—the fringe ; the fringe !
2nd Lady. What color would

Your majesty approve ?

K. Ferd. Aye :—let us think :

Black :—What say ye ?

2nd Lady. In sooth a happy thought :

The Virgin is a mourner.

Sev'l. La. & Cour. True : It should

Be black.

Cha. Chamorro likes it not.

K. Ferd. I'Faith,

It is a dismal hue : White were far livelier.

Sev'l. La. & Cour. O ! clearly ! Clearly ! O ! Decidedly !

1st Cour. In honor of our Lady, do we not

Call white the virgin color ?

2nd Cour. The happiest day

Of life, we are attired in white.

Cha. And geese,

More happy, every day. O, happy geese !

K. Ferd. Chamorro's hard to please. Now after all,
Blue strikes our fancy.

1st Cour. Ah ! I do protest,

I thought of blue.

1st Monk. The very hue of heaven !

K. Ferd. Right ! For 'tis that of sweet Carlota's eyes.
And there is Heaven in them. [Aside.] How charmingly
She blushes !

Sev'l. Cour. & Ladies. Blue !—Blue's best ! By all
means, blue !

1st Cour. A bright thought !

2nd Cour. Brilliant ! Wonderfully brilliant !

K. Ferd. What says Chamorro ?

Cha. All at fault.

1st Cour. O ! wise

Chamorro !

K. Ferd. Will it please your Sapience make
A better choice ?

Cha. Freely : for your wise counsellors

Forget, as doth the King, the color ye

Love best ; I call't the very queen of colors.

2nd Cour. The fool means red.

Cha. That's true, [Pointing to 2nd Cour.] the

fool means red :

Chamorro means—Ha ! All at fault.

K. Ferd. Say ! speak

At once—what mean'st thou ?

Cha. [Showing gold.] Lo ! Behold !

K. Ferd. Now, by our

Lady ! Chamorro's wiser than ye all.

A fringe of gold !—Quick !—Haste !

[Ladies and Courtiers assist officiously.]

Saez. [To Nuncio.] Mark that ! A fringe

Of gold ! What think'st thou now of that strange dream ?

Nun. A true foreshadowing of thy sovereign's glory.

K. Ferd. A dream, say ye !—of us ?

Nun. A wondrous dream !

K. Ferd. Speak, Saez.

Saez. Your majesty shall hear :—Last night

A lovely vision blessed my eyes, prefiguring

All the bright glories of the coming morn.

As in a polished mirror I beheld

The pompous cavalcade ; the church ; the throng ;

And chief—by man adored, by angels loved—

Spain's pious King like Solomon arrayed,
On reverential knee decking the Virgin
With her gorgeous robe. That passed : a sudden glow
Of heavenly light illumed my chamber. Lo !
Beside my couch descends the Queen of the Angels.
As rose the virgin mother of mankind
To Adam's view, fresh from her Maker's hand,
In shape as faultless as her heart was pure ;
So, knowing no sin, and all unconscious hence
Of shame, before her humble votary, stood
The blessed Mary. * * *

A glory,

Mellow as the rays which crown the setting sun,
Circled her brow. Beamed her sweet face with smiles
More mildly bright than Luna, when, mid-way
Her course, she lights the azure dome, and guides
The lesser orbs through cloudless skies. Her form
More perfect than did e'er enamored bard
Conceive, its symmetry displayed through robes
Of rich embroidery bordered with gold—

K. Ferd. O ! Wondrous ! Wondrous ! Such the very robe
Our hand but now prepares. Behold !

Saez. It was

No other : for, waving her snowy hand,

Thus her sweet accents fell upon my ear :

Behold the gift of Ferdinand the Beloved !

Our Son shall hear his vows, his foes confound,

And bless him with a long and prosperous reign.

K. Ferd. Thy charming dream inspirits us afresh.

Nun. Doubt not 'twill be fulfilled.

K. Ferd. The time draws near

To test its truth. See, Saez, if all be right.

[Exit SAEZ, accompanied by NUNCIO.]

Think ye 'twill do ? [Pointing to the robe.]

Sev'l. La. & Cour. O, splendid ! Lovely work !

1st Cour. Eight wonders may the world now boast.

Cha. And seven geese besides. [Counts Courtiers.]

2nd Cour. [Pointing towards robe.] And that the first.

Cha. Fie ! How ! His Majesty the first—of geese !

2nd Cour. 'Tis faultless as its maker.

Cha. Wondrous King !

Who makes a wonder—and most wondrous knave

That finds it out ! Nine wonders now in all !

[Noise without.]

K. Ferd. Hear ye the mighty hum ? What can be meant ?

1st Cour. To greet your Majesty—Hark ! Hark ! Long live
The King ! 'Tis thus they cry—

[Reënter NUNCIO.]

Your Majesty

Should see a sight to make ye proud—a host

That yearn to greet their pious King. Ne'er did

These eyes behold so vast a throng. But here

Is one can tell us all.

[Reënter SAEZ.]

K. Ferd. Ah, Saez ! Thy looks tell joyous tidings.

Say ! Speak !

Saez. Too joyous nigh for utterance ;—

The rebels—

K. Ferd. Ha ! the rebels ? Say ! What of them ?

SAEZ recounts the treacherous massacre of some
of the Liberals invited to hear the charter pro-
claimed, and the flight of the rest. The King
orders him to urge on the slaughter, but he meets
a messenger and speedily returns with an account
of the rapid advance of the Liberals ' whose flight
was but a feint.' THE ACT ends with the murder
of Vinuesa, by the mob, and the capture of the
King by Riego, who generously saves his royal

captive, not without peril to himself, from the exasperated soldiery :

K. Ferd. They come ! They come !
Saex ! Father ! In ye, next Heaven, is all
 Our trust.

[*Enter RIEGO, FERRER, RUIS, and Soldiers.*

CHAMORRO, the Courtiers, Monks and Ladies, escape—crying Treason ! What ho ! The guards ! The King's guards ! Treason !]

Saex. O ! Fatal caution that e'er sent them hence !

Riego. Guard well the passes ! [*To Ferrer.*] Now secure your prisoner !

[*Riego advances towards the King, followed by Ferrer and soldiers. Ruis and his party remaining behind.*]

Ruis. Death to the tyrant !

1st Sol. [*Of Ruis' party.*] Death ! Death ! To the tyrant !

Sev'l Sold's. [*Same party.*] Down ! Down ! Down with him !

Ruis. [*Advancing.*] Nay ! Be that glory mine !

K. Ferd. O save us ! Good Riego ! Spare our life !

Ferrer. He spared not valiant Lacy, in his power.

Ruis. No ! Nor Riego's friend—the high-souled Portier.

1st Sold. True ! Life for life !

Sev'l Sold's. [*Advancing.*] Life for life ! Down with him !

Riego. [*Throwing himself before the King.*] Hold ! Hold !

Touch not his life ! This breast shall be

His shield.

Ferr. Sole proof against our swords :—but ne'er
 Before, sheltered that generous breast a foe
 To Freedom !

Ruis. [*Advancing menacingly towards Riego.*] Were my
 father's breast sole pass

To Ferdinand's heart—I'd pierce it through.

Riego. [*Parrying the blow, aimed at the King, strikes the sword from Ruis' hand and takes it up.*] Thy fault

Finds some excuse in noble daring and

A well-meant zeal.—Spain yet may need thy aid ;—

And if Riego e'er prove false to her—[*Gives him the sword.*]
 Miss not your mark again.

Ferr. Brave general, thou
 Can'st ne'er be false to Spain : But honor oft
 Doth mar an honest cause.

Ruis. Could treachery
 Do more ? Had Mina led, his sword ere now
 Had drained the monster's veins.

1st Sold. Spain will have justice !

Sev'l Sold's. Death ! Death to bloody Ferdinand. Jus-
 tice ! Justice !

For Spain !

Riego. Who here may speak for Spain ? Who rail
 'Gainst tyranny, and yet so well enact
 The tyrant's part—their will sole arbiter
 Of death or life ? Who talk of justice, yet
 Would, in her sacred seat, instate mad vengeance ?
 No, Spaniards ! No ! Vile murderer ; tyrant as
 He is, let us not emulate his crimes.
 Warriors meet warriors on the battle-field,
 Nor stain their wreaths with blood of unarmed prisoners.
 Our country, doubt it not, shall have full justice :
 Not in this Hall, where wild caprice
 Would still assert her rule. Before her Cortes, let
 The traitor-king answer her stern impeachment.
 Soldiers ! Brave sons of Spain ! To justice we
 Appeal to vindicate our right : let us
 Be just, and prove our title to the boon.
 O ! let no wanton bloodshed soil our hands,
 Nor turn to frowns, the smiles of Heaven, now gilding
 Our noble cause. On ! To the Hall of the Cortes !

[*Exeunt.*

[END OF ACT II.]

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet graves,
 Where weary ones have gone ;
 It watcheth with angelic gaze,
 Where the dead are left alone.
 And not a sound of busy life,
 To the still graveyard comes ;
 But peacefully, the sleepers lie—
 Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly,
 It throweth shadows round ;
 And every grave-stone hath a trace,
 In darkness, on the ground.
 It looketh on the tiny mound,
 Where a little child is laid ;
 And it lighteth up the marble pile,
 Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray,
 On the simple and the stern ;
 And it sheweth with a solemn light,
 The sorrows we must learn ;
 It telleth of divided ties,
 On which its beam hath shone ;
 It whispereth of heavy hearts,
 Which 'brokenly, live on.'

It gleameth, where devoted ones,
 Are sleeping side by side ;
 It falleth, where the maiden rests,
 Who in her beauty died.
 There is no grave in all the earth,
 That moonlight hath not seen ;
 It gazeth cold and passionless,
 Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well ! that changeless ray,
 A deeper thought should throw,
 When mortal love pours forth the tide
 Of unavailing woe ;
 It teacheth us, no shade of grief,
 Can touch the starry sky ;
 That all our sorrow liveth here—
 The glory is on high !

J. T. L.

Fredericksburg, Va.

GENEALOGY OF IDEAS.

Few things are more curious in Letters than to trace a Thought home to its Age and birthplace ; to watch where it has passed, and go, upon its backward vestiges, to its origin ; marking who, after it first saw the light, took care of it, while it lay at suck, a speechless little thing ; who, afterwards, dry-nursed it, and with much dandling, through the several stages of pap and other spoon-meat, (and without some aid of swathing-bands,) taught it to sit up, to crawl about, and, finally (with a due help of leading-strings), to go alone, as thoughts should do : in what language were its first lisplings ; where it was, by-and-by, put to school, to be made a good boy ; and (by a proper course of fustigation), forced to imbibe enough of its master's ignorance, to make it become something which it was not : how

it was then launched into the world, as one grown to man's estate; what figure it made there, the company it kept, with what other ideas it married, the progeny of notions that ensued: if vigorous enough for further transmission, how a race was formed, direct and collateral, sometimes merely perpetuating themselves in their native seats, sometimes migrating into other lands, and planting whole colonies of opinions or tastes, in regions where such were strictly exotic—just as Greek, Roman, Hebrew and French ideas have been transplanted, to mock, for century after century, with their strange growth, a sky totally foreign to them.

This distant and often casual transmission of Thoughts, and the perpetuity which they receive, now from their own merit, now from that of their original tongue, and now from mere fashion, may be the better illustrated out of the following passage, because the citation itself will afford, at the same time, an instance of that affiliation, that descent of each thought from some elder one, to trace examples of which, is our present purpose.

—“Words are things, and a small drop of Ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may prove a lasting link
Of Ages! To what straits old Time reduces
Fruit man, when Paper, even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his!
And when his bones are dust, his name a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone, found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit!”—*Don Juan*.

Now, how far is not the following, from St. Pierre, the hint from which these happily expressed verses have been drawn?

“*Quelque plaisir que j'ai eu, dans mes voyages, à voir une statue ou un monument de l'antiquité, j'en ai encore davantage à lire une inscription bien écrite. Il me semble alors qu'une voix humaine sorte de la pierre, se fasse entendre à travers les siècles, et, s'adressant à l'homme, au milieu des déserts, lui dise qu'il n'est pas seul, et que d'autres hommes, dans ces mêmes lieux, ont senti, pensé et souffert comme lui: que si cette inscription est de quelque nation ancienne, qui ne subsiste plus, elle étend notre âme dans les champs de l'infini, et lui donne le sentiment de son immortalité, en lui montrant qu'une pensée a survécu à la ruine même d'un empire.*”

Adelung, Klapproth, Malte-Brun and Balbi, setting up a new science upon a stolen foundation, (for Leibnitz is clearly the first architect of the thought,) have explored, with a very wide learning, the affiliation and the intermixture of languages, tracing, in the vestiges left upon these, events that have no other record. Their Ethnography, as they

call it, is a clever enough science, and they themselves pretty enough authors, but for their erudition—a thing now utterly exploded, and a pure waste of pains, since the great problem of being learned at second hand, and of producing books before you have read any, has been so successfully solved. They deal, however, at best, with only the mechanical, the material, the external part of Thought and its history, leaving all its finer essence—that for which it is worth while to speak—the bright, the vigorous, the noble conception—the Idea,—unexamined and untraced, in its shiftings from country to country, in its transmission from Age to Age.

As, in mere Etymology we can detect proofs of ancient conquests, or colonizations, or of commercial intercourse, which, at some period, remote or near, have transfused one tongue into another—so of literature: by it, conquests wider and more permanent than any that Arms can effect—transfers more numerous than colonization ever conveyed,—interchanges richer than even those which Trade can waft—have been brought about. A single poet has subjugated the entire world of thought, with a dominion over Mind itself, the most absolute and far the most lasting that ever was established. His is the true Universal Monarchy, and he the literary lord, whose sway Time seems only to confirm, instead of overturning.

It is certain, as to all material property, that as soon as objects were created of which it was agreeable to dispossess others, stealing commenced. In like manner of Ideas: as soon as any were produced that were worth owning, the purloining of them began. Such is the obvious, and yet almost unrecognized fact masked under the Greek fable: Hermes, the inventor of Letters, was, at the same time, the great patron of Filching. Nay, the Muses themselves were daughters of Memory, not Originality. This is but a civil way of stating the fact, that Authors depend little on their Invention, and make vast use of their Recollection.

Who first, in Literature, broke the Seventh Commandment, we do not learn—probably because we do not know who was the first Poet. That 'twas not Homer, we are sufficiently assured, although certain antique witnesses do attaint him of having stolen both his great poems from some Memphian original. A pleasant idea, truly, this Egyptian theft, and worthy to pair with Wolf's German conception, that the greatest of poems was composed, like an Encyclopædia, by an association of *v. c.*—*viri celeberrimi*—and that the very name of the divinest of all geniuses is but one of those *aliases* which poets and pick-pockets put on, in order that what they have *cribbaged* may not be traced to them!

The great steal not in this way; nor can the great be so stolen. It were as easy to filch the sun or the moon out of the sky, as thus, in the face

of the day of public admiration, snatch an illustrious composition. The consummate writer, like the great conqueror, is no dealer in ready-made empires; but compacts, out of the smaller possessions of others, his own mighty monarchy. Nothing was ever more powerfully stamped than the Iliad, with the spirit of a particular nation. It is Greek in every line. The radiance of Grecian genius—a genius made up of Taste and of Heroism—shines through every part of it, informs every thought, and glows in every image. In short, if Homer stole—as no doubt he did—it was not from Egyptians. For, that these had nothing among them worth filching is apparent: they possessed no great poems, at least; for we hear of none, and great poems are not things which lurk, unadverted to, in a nation's literature.

Homer himself mentions with admiration, bards who had flourished before him; Orpheus, Tiresias, Thamyris, Phemius and Demodocus. Of some of these, he speaks, as celebrating heroic subjects; of more than one, as relating the events of the Trojan war. Nay, he describes Achilles himself as solacing his resentment, by singing to his harp

"The lofty deeds of heroes and of Kings:"

So that heroic poetry was at least as old as the siege of the Dardan city itself. But further—many of his own tales of elder times, betray a yet earlier poetical origin. Such are the various exploits of Hercules, of Perseus, of Jason, of Belerephon, the chase of the Calydonian boar, the first and second Theban expeditions, the combat of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and many others, which he obviously drew from poetic legends, of ruder dialect, which were soon lost, in the perfection to which he suddenly advanced his language. The like has happened, in other instances. Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch, by the sudden change of the Tuscan tongue, which their genius effected, threw the previous Italian writers into almost complete oblivion; and our own vernacular underwent, in the day of Spenser, Jonson and Shakspeare, so complete a revolution, that almost every thing before them disappeared, except Chaucer, whose rare leaves are never turned, except by etymologists, or the archaic curiosity of wights who open him to wonder how very ill people spelt in those days.

Thus far of this crime, in the instance of that rare, that divine writer (as he eminently deserves to be called) who, if the prodigality with which Nature had lavished genius upon him, implied any exemption from the poetic necessity of stealing, must have been an honest bard, if honest bard can be. How far this is possible, however, let the following ingenuous confession of the learned Burton—himself no mean adept—establish. Few were ever better qualified than he to speak of such practices, if there is any sort of truth in the old notion that "Thieves are the best thief-takers."

"As Apothecaries, we (authors) make new mixtures every day—pour out of one vessel into another: and as the old Romans robb'd all other cities in the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome; we skim off the cream of other men's wits—pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots."—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

And again, in another place, he thus speaks of the morals which prevail among the votaries of the Muse:

"That which I have is stolen from others, *dicique mihi mea pagina*, "*Fur es*." If that severe doom of Synesius be true—"it is a greater offence to steal dead men's labors, than their clothes"—what shall become of most writers? I hold up my hand at the bar, among others, and am guilty of felony in this kind: *habes confidentem reum*: "I am content to be pressed with the rest."

It is true that, after examining the Criminal Legislation of all countries, we have not been able to discover any express exception in favor of authors, as to Theft: while other vagrants, less learned, but not less necessitous—gypsies, horse-thieves and the like—are certainly included. But the spirit and the practice of all statutes have clearly, we think, regarded Larceny as everywhere permitted to all the craft of the quill. We are not entirely prepared, certainly, to maintain that Authorship and Thieving are so strictly inseparable that every thief is an author, as every author is a thief. But this latter proposition, we stand prepared to avouch, with our body, against all comers; or (as the phrase of chivalry was) *contre tous ciens et riens*—against all who come, or don't come. Stealing, we insist, is one of the great, unequivocal signs of Intellectual Progress.

Observe how, with the advancement of all Intelligence, it goes hand in hand. The more Knowledge, the more Theft—a fact which all the results of the prevailing system of Popular Education make too clear for any eyes to miss, but such as are too philosophic for seeing. Take the Rapscallionry, and teach it: what will you invariably find? That you have fitted its members for adroit Counterfeiting, (to which alone they apply their proficiency in the Literary Arts)—to Swindling, (the main use they make of their improvement in Manners)—and to House-breaking, (the chief purpose to which they put their acquaintance with the Mechanic Powers.) So this is the very essence of what, now-a-days, we so complacently call "the March of Mind"—a little knowledge and a great deal of stealing; the former, very ill-understood; the latter, most perfectly. Such, indeed, is the impulse which learning imparts towards Dishonesty, that a monstrous little of the former is often found to produce a prodigious disproportion of the latter.

All this, then, being irrefragably established, it follows, that, if one writes, he comes under grave suspicion of being—under the Civil, if not the

Poetic standard—no honestier than he should be. Though he write ever so badly, it follows not that he is observant of the literary *meum* and *tuum*, through superior virtue. The surest, the only certain element of Originality is, clearly, Ignorance. If men make not too free with the thoughts which really belong to others, it is rarely for any better reason than because they have not grown acquainted with them.

He who writes, therefore, steals, as well as he can: and as beggars, when they can filch from no richer wardrobe, purloin each others' tatters; so mean authors rob one another, and go undetected, partly because their works pass unscanned, and partly because they from whom they borrow, are unread. So that, after all, the essential difference between the genius and the scribbler is not as to the fact of stealing, nor even as to the quantity stolen, but entirely as to the value of what they steal.

Having at command, in this matter, a demonstration the most absolute, we push it to its last logical conclusions, thus: if, then, to be even an indifferent author, one must not be too scrupulous of his neighbor's goods, you must, in order to be a good author, plunder largely: and as, in the bumblers business of Prose, there can be little hope of excellence, if you have not levied contributions on all the knowledge and taste within your reach, so, *a fortiori*, to produce Poetry, the very acmé of all good writing, you must stop the Mail Coach of Learning, as it goes along, and rifle every passenger: you must rob, like a child of Ishmael, by the caravan: you must hoist the piratical flag, and lie in wait for the Plate fleet of Thought; or land, like a Buccaneer, and ravage the wealth of whole countries, wherever exposed to depredation.

Having thus settled the ethical part of the matter, proceed we now to the historical, and thence to deal with the individual culprits.

The learned crime of which we have taken cognizance, is technically entitled PLAGIARISM: a word derived, (say the philologists,) from the Latin *plagiarius*, a Kidnapper; which comes à *plagis*, from the *stripes*, the *rods*, to which those were, by the Flavian law, condemned, who enticed away people's children, and sold them into bondage. The term afterwards passed from the Civil into the Critical Code, by a very natural transfer or extension of the offence, from the abduction of physical offspring, to the abstraction of the still nobler and dearer progeny of one's brain.

The delict then, (as the lawyers call it,) was of Roman origin. Among their predecessors and masters in literature, the Greeks,—who had scarcely any body to steal from, except themselves,—the thing was hardly accounted culpable. Not (as the principles which we have already established demonstrate) that the Greeks were too honest, or not clever enough to copy; but that a nation, con-

demned to confine itself to domestic imitation, is forced to practice the thing in a very guarded and limited manner: for the essence of the crime, and that which makes it one, is, in Letters, as it was among the wise Spartans, not in the stealing, but in the doing it so clumsily, as to be found out.

To diversify the heaviness of our mere prose, we will here give an example of what, according to our canons, constitutes literary theft of a punishable sort. When one steals, one should shuffle the object stolen into the body of his work, and not clap it into the very opening of a highly ornate performance, as Tom Campbell has done, in the illustration with which he begins his "Pleasures of Hope."

"At summer eve, when heaven's ærial bow
Spans, with light arch, the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summits mingle with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscapes smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way:
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
Appears more bright than all the past has been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there."

Now this (as our readers are probably aware already) is but expanded from a pretty passage in Dyer's "Grongar Hill," a short poem, a favorite poem; and from which, therefore, none but the veriest literary jail-bird, who steals the policeman's pocket handkerchief, as he is taking him to prison, would have thought of helping himself.

"So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through Hope's delusive glass.
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown and rough appear;
Still we tread the same course way,
The present 's still a cloudy day."

Take, now, an instance of such stealing as is not statutable: the source remote, the language foreign, and the idea itself decked, by the last purloiner, in an imagery so exotic, and yet so striking, that it was not easy to recognize its origin. Æschylus—faithfully enough translated by Potter—has the following, in one of his choruses.

"Fond as a boy to chase
The winged bird light-fitting round;
And, bent on his pernicious play,
Draws desolation on its state."—*Agamemnon*.

Observe, now, with what address Pope, in his "Characters of Women," works up this distant hint, applying it to quite a new subject.

"Pleasure the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, but never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy, at most,
To covet flying, and regret, when lost."

Mark, finally, how beautifully Lord Byron, by

a change of accessories, gives to the same idea an air of perfect freshness :

"As, rising on its purple wing,
The insect queen of Eastern Spring
O'er emerald meadows of Cashmere
Invites the young pursuer near ;
And leads him on, from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour ;
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye :
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hues as bright and wing as wild ;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid :
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play and man's caprice :
The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Has lost its charm, by being caught ;
For every touch that woo'd its stay
Hath brush'd its brightest tints away,
Till charm and hue and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing and bleeding breast,
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
Can this, with faded pinion, soar
From rose to tulip, as before ?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bow ?
No : gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die ;
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame."—*Giaour*.

To resume, now, our historical deduction of this matter : Intellectual capital appears to be as capable of being amassed, among a nation, as material wealth ; but by no means to follow the same laws. At certain periods of Thought, the influx of Ideas from abroad seems but to stimulate a nation's inventiveness. Thus it happened with Greece, at her first acquaintance with the sciences cultivated in Egypt ; and thus with Italy, when the fall of Constantinople made her the sudden refuge of such Learning as survived, in the Eastern Empire, the decay of every thing else that was glorious. But, at other periods, every addition of foreign treasure is seen only to impoverish the national mind ; as Spain decayed, in all that makes a land really rich, just in proportion as the mines of America were poured into her bosom.

In the vigorous stage of a people's genius, when its language and its thought are suddenly expanding themselves, it may transfer to itself the productions of a more advanced literature, without forfeiting its own independent creative power. But that era once past, the resort to foreign models enfeebles, even while it has the air of assisting, its capacity for producing any thing really its own.

There have, however, been nations that seem condemned to little else than an imitative literature. Such was Italy under the Romans, Eng-

land under Charles II, Germany through a large part of her intellectual existence. In general, the Age of Genius is, in all nations, closely followed by one of mere Imitation. We, however, in this country, have escaped this usual order of literary progress ; and, leaping over the stage of Originality, have tumbled beyond it into the flattest, the most tasteless, the most servile copying of the bad models of the worst age of English letters—an age that has almost ceased to produce a well-written book : for where is there one, since the "Vicar of Wakefield ?"

But there have been plagiarists of men's actions, as well as of their writings. Thus Vespucci stole from Columbus the discovery of the New World ; thus Col. Dick Johnson has borne off the popular renown of slaying Tecumseh, who fell it is not known by what hand : and thus Commodore Elliot had almost succeeded in dividing the reputation of a battle, where, it is said, he skulked. Encouraging instances these, for the aspirants to Fame !

Fabricius has, in his *Centuria Plagiariorum*, held a kind of great literary assize, where one hundred authors at once are arraigned and convicted of this sort of pillage. Saldenus, in his now scarce and very amusing treatise "*de libris eorumque usu et abusu*" puts posthumously to death not a few more. Moreri, and after him Bayle, inform upon a large body, guilty of the crime which scholars once were accustomed to entitle *alieno bove arari*—"ploughing with other people's cattle." More latterly, D'Israeli the elder, after long living by theft, has turned "King's evidence" against some rogues a good deal honestier than he.

These, however, were chiefly instances of a particular piece of property, a single commodity, rifled out of the mass of an author's only kind of movables, his ideas. There are not wanting cases crueller still, where, by a bold burglary or an ingenious piece of shop-lifting, whole works have been carried off at once. Thus, du Plessis Mornay took to himself the credit of Hubert de Lenguet's renowned treatise, the *Vindicia contra tyrannos* ; a tract, the foundation almost of the modern doctrine of Popular Freedom, and which, in its own day, produced the widest effects. Thus, that regal saint, Charles the I., went to the scaffold, with a testamentary imposture behind him—the *Icon Basilike*, or "Royal Image," a book as clearly written by bishop Gauden, as any ever was by its author. In like manner, Gen. Charles Lee, Boyd, and several others, unwilling that the world should not be gratified with a detection of the author of "Junius's Letters," humanely consented to pass for him. Others, somewhat in the same way, are made the putative fathers of all stray witticisms. Such was clearly, in his own day (if, indeed, such a person ever existed) Jo Miller, the common ancestor of all later English jests, as George Buchanan of Scotch ones, Piron of French, and a certain

"Scholasticus" or "Mr. Such-and-one" of all the bulls of the Greeks and Romans. At present, it is Sam Rodgers who makes all puns without an owner, and Talleyrand who perpetrates all the causticity that is committed among the Gauls.

Then we have the opposite practice of others who, like gypsies, lay their progeny at richer men's doors—the pseudonymous writers; who, in order to have their works well-received, borrow, for their title-pages, the name of some celebrated author, on whom they fix, without remorse,

Th' imputed trash, and nonsense not his own.

Hence, of old, whole cart-loads of mystical jargon, fabricated in the name of one who probably never wrote any thing—that mythological founder of Egyptian philosophy, Hermes Trismegistus. Hence, vast forgeries of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and almost every body that could be supposed to have written strange things. Hence, prophetic books of Bacia, of the Sybil, of Abaris the Scythian, and even, a little later, by a still director sacrilege, supposititious Gospels. Hence, the Fables in the name of Æsop, the Epistles called those of Phalaris and his friends, and that life of Homer, formerly attributed to Herodotus, though now utterly exploded by all the learned. We need here no more than to refer to certain yet more celebrated impostures—the frauds of Anius of Viterbo, of Bower the historian of the Popes, of Psalmanazar and his Formosan Grammar, of Lauder against Milton (in which Dr. Johnson himself was not a little mixed), of Mac Pherson and his Ossianic Epics, the curious youthful frauds of Chatterton, and the impudent inventions of master Ireland.

But our plan is, first a slice of bread, and then a bit of cheese. We fear that, if we are too methodical, nobody will vouchsafe us perusal—though, certainly, we feel encouraged, when we consider how literary an Age we live in, and that the lower the qualities of authorship fall, the more eagerly men appear to read. Tediousness deters no one; for, Mr. James's novels are still the delight of all the gentler sex. Ignorance discredits no body's productions; for, our Travels into foreign parts are caught up, by people still more uninformed than an American traveller. A melodious unmeaningness of pretty poetic phrases enraptures every body, and wins a great fame for Mrs. Hemans and her imitators. The fustian of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is snatched up, in multiplied editions, even faster than Steam can print it. Lady Blessington is read, probably for her bad morals; for it is difficult to imagine that she should be read merely for her silliness. Does not the puppyism of Mr. Wilkes pass, with entire crowds, for the very sublime of genius and gentility! There are people who have the courage to sit out a play of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and to "persevere to the bitter end" of one of Wordsworth's epics. Nay, even Maga-

zines and Congressional speeches are printed, by the monthly ton; and surely they would not be, if nobody read—or at least pretended to read—them. Courage, then, my Muse! Thou, at least, hast, by reading many others, merited that some should do thee a like charity. So proceed, once more, into a little digressive diversification, and lard the lean of thy prose with a few slices of other people's poetry, as it is now time to do.

Tom Campbell, before he took to something stronger than the waters of Castaly, indited some very clever verse: the diction, to be sure, something richer than the thought: but still, as times go, he was quite a pretty poet. Originally, his stock of meaning was not very large; so that, in his later productions—"Theodore," "Geraldine" and all that—it ran out. But the "Pleasures," and "Gertrude," are quite pleasing, academic sort of performances; some of his lyric pieces, quite animated; and "O'Connor's Child" vividly poetic. That he is not eminently original, we have already made appear, by the citation of one very gross theft. Here is a second:

"But hark! through the fast-flashing lightnings of war,
What steed to the desert flies, frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glen Ullen! Whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate:
A steed comes, at morning—no rider is there;
But the bridle is red with the sign of despair!"

Lochiel's Warning.

Compare this with an old Scotch ballad, found (as well as we recollect) in Percy's collection:

"Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee:
But toom cam' the saddle, a' bluidie to see,
And hame cam' the steed; but hame never cam' he!

Down cam' his gray father, sobbin' sae sair;
Down cam' his auld mither, tearin' her hair;
Down cam' his sweet wife, wi' bonnie bairns three,
Ane at her bosom, and twa at her knee.

There stood the fleet steed, a' foam' and hot;
There shriek'd his sweet wife, and sunk on the spot;
There stood his auld parents, weepin' sae free;
So hame cam' his steed, but hame never cam' he!"

Our readers will not be at a loss to decide which of these is best, as well as most original.

We do not wish absolutely to persecute Tom Campbell: but having "Lochiel" before us, we are constrained to remember the following striking passage, out of Milton's "Reasons for Church Government:"

"Yea, that mysterious book of Revelation, which the great evangelist was bid to eat, as it had been some eye-brightening electuary of knowledge and foresight; though it were sweet in his mouth and in the learning, it was bitter in his belly, bitter in the denouncing. Nor was this hid from the wise poet Sophocles; who, in that place of his tragedy where Tyresias is called to resolve King Œdipus in a matter which he knew would be grievous,

brings him in bemoaning his lot, that he knew more than other men. For surely, to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands. Much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment; which is his chief intended business to all mankind, did they not resist and oppose their own happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it is not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall conceal."

Now, can there be any mistake in considering this the origin of the verses in "Lochiel" that are in every body's mouth, where the seer says to the warrior,

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover, what God would reveal!"

The place in Sophocles to which Milton alludes is at the 317th verse of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*.

Tyrrineas. φευ, φευ. φρονειν δε δευρο, 'Ιδα μὴ τίλη
ἀντίφρονουρι.

Let us now see if we cannot trace a sufficiently celebrated, and certainly very happily adapted American tale, Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."

Its more immediate source is clearly the legend of "Peter Klaus," in Grimm's "German Popular Stories." This is, in its turn, derived from the old Christian traditions given by Gregory of Tours and others. From them it probably passed into the Koran, where (under guise of the history of the "Seven Sleepers") it may be found in Sale's translation, ch. 18. See, also, d'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque*, p. 267, vol. 1, of the edition of the Hague, 1777, at the title *Ashab Kahaf*. Of all these, the common source is certainly the Greek fable about Epimenides and his afternoon's nap of 57 years. It is thus told by Diogenes Laertius, from whom (omitting the needless Greek) we will closely translate, as follows: (See section 109, Book I.)

"He, at a certain time, being sent, by his father, into the country, to drive back a sheep, turned aside, at mid-day, to rest from his journey in a cave, and slept 57 years complete. At his awaking, he began to look about for his sheep, thinking he had slept for but a little while; but, not finding it, he went back to the farm. There, seeing every thing altered in its aspect, and the fields themselves in the possession of another owner, he returned, astonished and doubting, to the town. Arriving there, at his own door, he found himself asked 'who he was,' as he attempted to enter. At last, recognized with difficulty, by his younger brother (now grown an old man), he learns from him the whole truth."

The whole invention—which is probably a good deal posterior to the time of Epimenides—has probably been enlarged from the current reports, men-

tioned by Herodotus, of the strange disappearance and return of a Græco-Italian philosopher, to whose name we are not at present able to refer. If the tradition had then existed as to Epimenides, he would not have failed to repeat it.

Our next cluster of quotations shall be illustrative of the natural thought, offering scope for so many striking contrasts—the mixture, in man, of the divine and beastly. Of this, the fine passage in Hamlet affords the main hints.

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in thought! how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust! Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

Burton (writing not long after) has almost the same strain: "Man, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God; wonder of Nature, as Zoroastes calls him; *audacis naturâ miraculum*; the marvel of marvels, as Plato; the abridgement and epitome of the world, as Pliny; microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all creatures in it—created in God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers at first belonging to it," &c. &c.

Him, Sterne has evidently copied (to call it by the gentlest name) as follows: "Who made man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven, in a moment!—that great, that excellent, that most noble creature of the world,—the miracle of the world, as Zoroaster, in his book 'περί φρονέας' called him—the Shekinah of the divine presence, as Chrysostom—the image of God, as Moses—the ray of Divinity, as Plato—the marvel of marvels, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on, at this pitiful, pimping, pettifogging rate."

Compare, now, Shakespeare and Burton with these reflections of Pascal, in his *Pensées*:

"Quelchimère, donc, est l'homme! quel chaos de confusion! quelle contradiction!—soi-disant juge de tout, et cependant un ver foible de la terre! le dépôt et le conservateur de toute vérité, et cependant un amas d'incertitudes et de faussetés: enfin, la gloire et la honte de l'univers!"

This, Pope has made no very inexact translation of, in the ensuing passage:

"Chaos of thought and passion all confused,
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!"

Young West (Gray's friend) has evidently paraphrased this again:

"How weak is man, to Reason's judging eye!
Born in one moment, in the next we die."

Part mortal clay, and part æthereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire,
In vain our schemes of happiness we raise :
Pain is our lot, and Patience is our praise."

Burns, in his "Bard's Epitaph," has turned these general images of human infirmity into a particular portrait of himself and the contest, in his own being, of the lofty with the low :

"Is there a whim-inspired fool,
O'er fast for thought, o'er hot for rule,
O'er blate to seek, o'er proud to snool,
Let him draw near,
And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,
And drop a tear !"

Finally, we come to the following poetical compilation of all these, in Lord Byron :

"How beautiful is all this visible earth,
How glorious, in its action and itself !
But we, who boast ourselves its sovereigns, we
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixt essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they own not to themselves,
And trust not to each other !"—*Manfred*.

One or two more illustrations of Lord Byron's sources; and we shall, for the present, bid our readers—if readers we are fortunate enough to find—farewell.

The playful "Versicles"—as Byron entitles them—addressed to Murray, upon some of his late publications, are certainly derived, as to the idea, from two epigrams of Boileau's compendious criticism on two tragedies of Corneille, which appeared in close succession, and were equally unworthy of his genius.

On the "Agésilas" of Monsr. de Corneille.

"J'cie vu l'Agésilas :

Hélas !

On the "Attila" of Monsr. de Corneille.

Après l'Agésilas,

Hélas !

Après l'Attila,

Holà !

I have seen the "Christabel :"

Very well !

I read the "Missionary :"

Pretty—very !

I have looked through "Ilderim :"

Ahem !

I read a sheet of "Margaret of Anjou :"

Can you ?

I turned a page of Scott's "Waterloo :"

Pooh—pooh !

I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone doe :"

Hillo !

Speaking of poets, in "Don Juan," Byron has said,

—"But they are such liars,
And take all colours, like the hands of dyers."

Thus he has placed himself, directly, in the famous perplexity of the Greek Logicians about Epimenides; who, being himself a Cretan, asserted, in one of his verses, that Cretans could not speak

the truth. The dilemma may be displayed, syllogistically, as follows :

My Lord Byron avers that poets are liars :

Now, his lordship was a great poet :

Therefore his lordship was a great liar.

Lord Byron therefore told the truth ;

So that great poets tell the truth :

And consequently Lord B. lied.

If, then, Poets speak the truth ;

Lord Byron, a poet was veracious ;

And poets (including Lord B. lie horribly.

Cervantes presents several borrowed puzzles of this sort to Sancho, while he is holding, in his dry-land island, a reign never paralleled, except by that of E. W. J.

Washington City, July 20, '42.

LINES.

Written after reading the "Palsied Heart."

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

—"Our touch may turn

Some balance, fearfully, and darkly hung,
Or put out some bright spark, whose ray should burn
To point the way a thousand rocks among—
Or break some subtle chain, which none discern,
Tho' binding down the terrible, the strong,
The o'ersweeping passions—which to loose on life,
Is to set free the elements of strife !—*Mrs. Hemans*.

I.

'Tis past—'tis past—they will come no more,
My hopes, and my fears are forever o'er !
All feelings of joy, and grief, lie dead,
And my tears like Niobe's, have all been shed.
My thoughts are calm—my heart is cold—
I love thee not, as in days of old !

II.

'Tis past—'tis past—thou'st had my love ;
I have worshipp'd thee long, all else, above—
I have struggled, and striv'n thy praise to gain,
But each effort to please thee hath been in vain,—
And now—every hope—every fear is o'er—
Thou art selfish, and stern, I can love no more !

III.

'Tis past—'tis past ! thou hast caus'd me pain,
Thy unkind exacting hath sear'd my brain—
Thou hast spurn'd, and disdain'd, when most I strove
To soothe thee by acts of attentive love ;—
And now—thy compliance comes all too late—
The readings are dark on the book of fate !

IV.

'Tis past—'tis past ! thy tenderest tone
Falls on an ear, and a heart of stone !—
The icy mount of Eternal snow
Is not more cold than my lip and brow,—
Even the memories of early wedded life,
Stir no pulse in the Palsied Heart of the Wife !

The palsied heart, the palsied heart ! O what shall e'er restore

The beauty, and the bloom that once it so serenely wore ?
Whose touch in pity shall dissolve the fearful icy spell,
Which, so mysteriously, hath seal'd the soul's deep fountain-well ?

Death, death ! thou strong one ! when all else, hath been,
O vainly done,

For the unforgiving sense of wrong, Thou art mighty to atone !

The palsied heart! a solemn, soft, and reconciling power,
Hath stolen o'er it, as her life draws to its closing hour!
The quench'd love-lamp burns free again—the crush'd
flower blooms once more,
And the music of the Spirit Lyre, is tender as of yore!
O precious, precious unto him, (made with the parting
breath.)
Were those deep words, which well might prove how strong
was Love in Death!
July, 1842.

TO A TERRAPIN.

Ha! where you gaun, you crouchie carlie?
You're walkin forth, this mornin, early;
But, haud a wee, my "royal Charlie;"
Now by your back,
Wi' my braid hand, a pris'ner fairly,
I do you tak'.

Heh! but you're shamed! Your legs protruded,
'Maist in your shell, you hae a' hooded;
And that lang neck, which just now you did
Set forth sae bold,
Is a' concealed; even light's excluded
Frae your strong hold.

You queer, auld, vari'gated creature!
Na where I see a single feature
O' head or tail! Yet artist Nature
Has touched you well—
What human art could imitate her
Skill on your shell!

Now, for my knife. While in your cleister,
You're feel'n me scrape, and hear'n this noise stis,
You aiblins dread, that, like some roister
Wha's gaun to sup,
Your shell, I'll ope, like that of oyster,
And eat you up.

Hoot mon! I'm nane o' that rude sort
O' devils, that, for horrid sport,
A cozie house like yours would hurt
Wi' airn or fire,
And force you open up your fort,
Or else expire.

But, wi' your leave, just on your shell,
Some characters I'd carve, to tell,
Lang hence, to scholars that can spell,
Or cipher rather,
The year it was that it befell
We did forgather.

Let them wha choose, on barks o' trees,
Their letters carve, hopin to please,
Which ilka common passer sees
And does na care;
I, on your breast, am gravin these
For spirits rare.

For this I heard ance frae a sage:—
'Maist like Methuselah in age,
You dinna soon gang aff the stage;
But, 'mang the brakes,
A hundred years your wars you wage
Against the snakes.

Me too, o' this, he did acquaint:—
Your life in roamin is na spent;—

To see earth's wonderments, the feint
A wish you hae;
But near your hame, blest and content,
You luv to stay.

Then, when some sixty years hae fled,
Still, by yoursel, these walks you'll tread;—
I dinna wish to mak' you shed
For me the tear—
But 'neath the turf will I be laid,
And you'll be here.

Then haply, by these shaws and braes,
Some wight will find you, as he strays,
These marks to read, and thoughts they'll raise
O' days lang syne—
These bonny, pensive, simmer days
That now are mine.

What though your back be auld and scared,
And a' your gloss hae disappeared?
O' him you need na be afraid;
He winna harm you;
Just for my sake, you'll be revered;
This name will charm you.

You'll be a sort o' link between us,
In kith-like sympathy to chain us—
For what but luv o' Nature's gen'us
Could draw us hither?—
And a warm friendship you will gain us
Like that o' brither.

Now, fare you weel. I, wi' my staff,
Will saunter on, the air to quaff;
Wi' you, I leave mine epitaph;
And when I've started,
Right glad you'll be, while crowlin aff,
That we hae parted.

Marshall College, Pa.

V.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 6, '42.

T. W. WHITE, ESQ.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR,—As the following Sonnet, the original manuscript of which has been confided to the transcriber, has never appeared in the collected editions of the noble Bard's poems, it may possess interest enough for your readers to justify its publication in your Journal; and, with a view to that object, it is placed at your disposal.

It may derive additional interest from the fact, that so great effort of imagination is required to perceive in it the germ of his Lordship's celebrated Satire, "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers."

K.

THE CRITIC:—A SONNET.

Robed in the garb of Justice, Genius, Taste—
Untrodden fields,—wild fancy's flowery waste,
Fame's star-crowned heights, the Muses' laurelled shore,—
Unawed, a well-puffed critic seeks to explore.—
See how he strides along and merit weighs!
With silence kills, and deals immortal praise!
Geese turn to Swans at his transforming word;
Renown, with him, becomes a carrion bird!
In one crude mass he mingles dross with gold,
Sells chaff for wheat and crowds his motley fold
With bards and wits, with minnies, swindlers, scamps.
On his own brow the brand which Folly stamps
Long shall he bear,—for, Justice, Genius, Taste,
Discard his critic claims, ashamed, disgraced!

BYRON.

STANZAS.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

'Tis the Evening's tranquil time—
Now from burdening labor free,
Dear one, in a distant clime,
Turns my longing soul to thee.

Think not, while I toiling stray,
Thou'rt forgotten, lady mine;
Memory through the livelong day
Wends, a pilgrim to thy shrine!

But 'tis when the peaceful Night
Softly spreads her brooding wing,
Loveliest visions greet my sight,
Fondest thoughts of thee will spring!

Then the Past is all my own,
As I sit and muse apart—
While thy voice's silvery tone
Speaks in kindness to my heart.

For beside thy lover then
Thou dost lovingly recline—
And thy trusting heart again
Beats confidingly on mine!

Gladness lights thy pensive eye—
Pleasure wreathes with smiles thy lip—
And the hours unheeded fly
Mid our joyous fellowship!

Thus sweet Fancy brings me dearer
Joys than those which deck the day—
Till I turn to clasp thee nearer—
Then my vision melts away!

Now 'tis Evening's tranquil time—
Shadows wrap the mountain's brow:
Dearest, in a distant clime,
Would I were beside thee now!

Connecticut, August, 1841.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER.

[Continued.]

We assembled in Norfolk, where I was detailed for one of the smaller vessels. After a protracted delay, we set sail with a bleak but favorable wind.

Pent within the narrow precincts of a vessel as small as she was buoyant and fragile, the "Greenhorns," one by one, fell sick, as we tossed and pitched and rolled about; while the ships, almost unmoved by the swell, seemed, like philosophers on the stage of life, to regard our restlessness with compassion.

The thermometer soon indicated that we had passed the Gulf stream; the breeze freshened; the swell of the sea increased, and our boat, for she is no more, washed by the crest of every wave which topples over her low bulwarks, is thoroughly wet and uncomfortable. During the night it was very squally; sail after sail was successively taken in, and at length we were left with only a single stay-sail set, while the lightning flashed around us, and we watched in deep anxiety, the approach of a terrific

whirlwind on the water. The outer-current only reached us, but it was sufficient nearly to upset us. The stateliest ship, once enoircled by that mighty wind, would have been whirled and torn into shreds and fragments.

The next morning presented a sight wild even to sublimity. The sun struggling through a bank of clouds, shorn of his splendor by the opposing mist, cast his angry glance across the troubled ocean, and revealed our scattered fleet, like affrighted wild fowl, scudding before the gale. One of them, when last seen, was driving furiously along under balance-reefed foresail: her first Lieutenant, with the nonchalance of a Broadway loiterer, holding an umbrella over his head, while he directed the steersman how to avoid the waves, which, like huge monsters rising from the deep, looked down black and threatening, and then, as if disposed for further gamboling, would roll the seething foam along its sides, and rushing ahead, and gathering into one mighty mass, seemed to await our coming.

By the second day the gale abated—but the sea is still, though gradually moderating. We have separated from the fleet, and are running eight knots per hour. Occasionally a rain squall passes over, but we feel that we are approaching the more genial climate of the tropics. The air is becoming less humid and more exhilarating, and although the clouds be dense, they are less ragged and threatening. The night was beautiful; the moon burst through the clouds and tipped their crests and edges with a silvery light. The sea, sublime but restless, heaved its troubled waves; and our vessel rolled gracefully, even while she rose and plunged at times with startling velocity.

Two mornings after, the sun rose upon a placid scene: the light breeze just ruffled the surface of the water; along which, the "white caps" sparkling in the light, chased each other; and near us, with her tall spars vibrating like inverted pendula, was an English brig-of-war, with her ensign at the peak. We beat to quarters and hoisted our own colours in return, when, to our astonishment a few moments after, the brig fired a shot ahead of us.

"Return it, Mr. D.," said the Captain to the first Lieutenant, who had sprung to the long gun, "and aim directly at her hull."

The gun was discharged, and the shot passed through the mainsail immediately over the head of the officer of the deck. Almost before the report had ceased, the voice of our Captain was heard—"Bear up and steer directly for her! Away boarders, away! Stand by to lay her aboard, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the quick response of the first Lieutenant; and forty men, reckless of life and ready for adventure, sprung forward, pistol and cutlass in hand.

The brig taken unawares, with her guns secured and only a morning watch on deck, was compelled

to bear up also, until she could summon her crew to their quarters,—and the singular sight was presented of an exceedingly small schooner chasing a heavy armed brig-of-war.

While our vessel eagerly pressed forward, the wary commander of the brig continued his flight, but hastened preparations to punish his puny assailant. During this short interval, the Englishman repeatedly demanded our name and character,—but our commander refused to reply until informed what vessel had dared to insult the flag he wore. Most probably beginning to be aware of his mistake, the English Captain at length announced that the vessel he commanded was H. B. M. brig Buzzard, and that the shot had been fired in the supposition that we were pirates—which, in fact, we much resembled. An explanation now took place; and on parting, we received an acceptable present of fruit.

Soon after, we reached our rendezvous, the harbor of St. Thomas, where one by one our vessels successively arrived. Our feelings were here harrowed with the recital of an act of piracy committed almost in the very mouth of the harbor a few weeks previous. Mr. Schmidt, the owner of an extensive plantation in Santa Cruz, was returning from Copenhagen with his young bride, the daughter of a respectable clergyman. He had chartered the cabin of the ship *Zembla*, for his wife, her servant and himself, and they were the only passengers. After a pleasant passage, the ship hove to, off St. Thomas', to send some despatches on shore to the Governor-General. The island of Santa Cruz, in full view, lay basking in the sunlight; and, amid the shady groves and luxuriant canes with which its sloping sides are covered. Mr. Schmidt, with the aid of the spy-glass, pointed out to his blooming partner one of the most beautiful of the many country-seats as their future residence. Her curiosity gratified, she had turned her eyes to his, beaming with all the confidence of young affection, when they were interrupted. A large decked boat, seemingly one of those used for fishing on the coast, passed the stern, and luffing short round, laid alongside the ship, and about thirty desperate ruffians, armed to the teeth, sprang aboard.

The crew, few in number, unarmed and taken by surprise, were immediately cut down. The Captain, who had run below for his pistols, was stabbed from behind, as he ascended the companion way. Mr. Schmidt was one of the first seized; and his wife, clinging closely to him, was slightly wounded by the long knives which were plunged through his body. The servant-maid, chased by the ruffians, in her fright jumped overboard and was drowned,—and the insensible Mrs. Schmidt was brutally violated beside her expiring husband.

So intent were the pirates upon gratifying their rapacity and lust, that the helm was abandoned,

and for a short time they paid little attention to the management of the ship.

"Mr. Schumacker," said the Quarter-Master to the officer of the deck of a small Danish brig-of-war, just visible in the offing, "that ship to the Northward is acting very queer."

"How so, Jansen!" said the Lieutenant.

"Why a little while ago," replied Jansen, "she was lying to, with her maintopsail to the mast, but she has drifted round, and is now running before the wind, with her fore and cross-jackyards braced up."

"That is indeed strange," said the Lieutenant—"hand me the glass."

He looked steadily through it for a few moments; then calling a Midshipman, said—"Report to the Captain, sir, that there is a very suspicious sail to leeward."

Before the Captain made his appearance, the ship had again hauled by the wind, and was standing along the land: but, when her previous movements were reported to him, and the fishing-boat was for the first time seen drifting from her, he ordered all sail to be made in chase. As soon as his intention was discovered, the ship packed on all sail, evidently with the purpose of doubling the West end of the island.

If the wind held steady, the chances were about equal. The brig, although a fast sailer, and to windward, was yet so far off, that to reach the same point, she would have to make the hypotenuse, while the course of the ship formed the base of the triangle. The chase continued for some time with little change of bearing; but as the ship neared the Western extremity of the island, eddies of wind would whirl around the point, and take her sails aback. The pirates were therefore compelled to haul more from the land, which brought the courses to a nearer converging point.

The alarm had now spread along the coast; and with an enemy's shore on one side, and an active and fast closing enemy on the other, the fate of the ruffians seemed inevitable.

The wind was blowing almost directly on the land; still the pirates persevered with a hardihood worthy of a better cause. As the first shot from the brig came crashing through her side, the ship flew up into the wind; and the next moment, braced sharp on the other tack, was standing to the Eastward. By this manoeuvre the brig was brought on the starboard quarter, and the pirates began to flatter themselves with the hope of escape; when, as they again approached the mouth of the harbor, they perceived several vessels, well manned, coming out to intercept them.

The pirates now hauled more to the Southward, bringing the brig on the starboard beam, and the other vessels on the larboard quarter; but as shot after shot from the brig tore up the planking or carried away a spar, it became more and more evi-

dent that the ship could not escape. At last, as the maintopmast fell over the side, the pirate abandoned by hope, put his helm up; and to the astonishment of thousands congregated on the roofs of houses and the adjacent hills, steered before the wind, directly for the anchorage.

A short time, and the desperate purpose was revealed. A thin light smoke first arose,—then it grew denser and blacker; presently a red flame burst forth, which, wreathing around the rigging and enveloping the spars and ship in one sheet of fire, rapidly approached the anchorage.

All was consternation among the shipping; and while the vessels that had started in pursuit fled precipitately from the burning mass, the brig manned her boats and attempted to board her. But men who had lighted their own funeral pyre, were not to be thus subdued: and the boats fell back discomfited.

The batteries now opened their fire, and cinders and burning fragments were scattered in every direction; still the ship held her onward course, and was almost within the harbor, when, most probably from the burning of the tiller-ropes, she broached to and grounded just at the entrance.

While the spectators gazed in wonder, and watched the figures of the wretched men, as, retreating step by step, they reached at last the taffrail, the whole mass sprung suddenly into the air, a loud and deafening report succeeded, and the water and immediate shore were covered with brands, packages, and scorched and mutilated bodies. On board of the fishing-boat was found an apprentice boy, who had leaped from the cabin windows of the ship, and catching hold of the boat as it drifted by, gained her deck, and concealed himself.

Our fleet here separated; the smaller vessels to cruise among the islands, while the ships, by a circuitous route, repaired to Key-West, preparatory to fitting out the boat expeditions.

Among others, I was a volunteer for this service; and at the expiration of a short time, found myself at that place, detailed for one of the barges.

Our flotilla consisted of four barges, under the command of Lieutenant W. Each barge contained, on an average, sixteen men, two officers and a Coxswain. Burning for adventure, and happily ignorant of the trials that awaited us, we started on a pleasant day, and with sail and oar plied eighty miles across to the island of Cuba. We reached it in safety, and hearing that the pirates had selected and fortified a place exceedingly difficult of access, our commander determined to attack them. That our approach might be as secret as possible, we concealed our boats in a narrow inlet during the day,—but at early dusk, the oars were manned, and the order given to proceed.

A little after midnight, a breeze sprung up; and, laying in the oars, with the exception of an officer

and a steersman to each boat, every one slept as best he could, upon the three feet by ten inches of space allotted to him.

Our watchful commander sought no repose; and when those who had slept awoke, they found all sail taken in, and the boats lying quiet and motionless near the mouth of a river, waiting for sufficient light to enter. It was the "Sagua le Grand," the noted resort, the great strong hold of the pirates.

As, tint by tint the light increased, the time was passed in silent preparation. Presently, from boat to boat, the order came "close in," and we gathered around that of our commander.

"My lads," said he, "this is no child's play we have undertaken: whatever may be the force of the enemy, I am determined to attack him. Will you stand by me?"

A loud murmur of assent was the reply.

"Is your powder dry? Are your flints good, and your cutlasses well sharpened?"

He was told they were.

"Then muffle your rowlocks and follow me,—but don't make the slightest splash with your oars; and wait until I give the word,—then let your cry be *no quarter!* and he who first boards the enemy, shall be highly recompensed."

At a signal, we then fell into position; and, our commander leading the way, as the unclouded sun, in a blaze of light, peered above the horizon, we rounded the point, and rowed steadily but stealthily forward.

The river was broad at the entrance; but save in the channel, which was difficult to find, and still more difficult to thread, it was very shallow. The headmost boat, sounding as she went, carefully proceeded; and regulating our motions by hers, we followed in the strictest silence. Not a word was allowed to be spoken; and, concealed by the tangled brushwood, which now, beneath the overhanging trees, lined the banks of the narrowing stream, an enemy, at even a short distance, must have mistaken the very slight noise we made, for the gambols of the water-fowl, which were disturbed at our approach.

After a space of time, brief in itself, but which seemed to us of interminable duration, we came to a wide lagoon—on the other side of which, about half a mile distant, the pirates, as vigilant as we were cautious, were drawn up to receive us. Careened on the shelving beach lay a merchant brig, the crew of which they had barbarously murdered. Along the shore were strewed bales and packages: some huts and tents stood within the verge of a grove of lofty trees. On a projecting point, to the extreme right, was a battery of several pieces of artillery; and, on the other side of the brig, but a little further out, an armed schooner lay moored with her broadside toward us. Both the schooner and the battery were crowded with men.

As soon as we had pulled out into the lagoon,

we formed our boats in a line abreast, and each man girded on his cutlass, and stuck a pistol in his belt.

"Mr. J.," said our commander to the next in rank; "as the battery seems most formidable, I will undertake it. With two of the boats you will engage the schooner. Lose no time with the muskets, but lay her aboard on different points as quick as you can, and put your trust in cold steel. Now men, give way and no quarter."

The oars buckled to the word, the boats bounded with a spring; and soon, amid a rattling hail of grape and canister, which made the water foam around us, the men cheered and shouted, as, with rapid and furious stroke, we bore down upon the enemy. I was attached to the division directed against the schooner; and, as we neared her, the scene became more and more exciting. Beside the boom of the cannon, the lake and the shores around rang with the incessant peal of the musketry,—and the whistling of the iron and lead around us, was dreadful. But, as an oar would drop, and form after form sunk from its place, the louder became the shout, the more vindictive the fury of our men.

Ourselves upon the bow, the other boat farther astern, almost simultaneously, we laid the pirate aboard. To grapple the side, to spring on the bulwark, and to leap upon the deck amid muskets, pikes and brandished knives, was the work of an instant.

With courage equal to our own, the pirates, who for an instant recoiled, rushed forward to repel us, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued.—The musketry had now ceased, and a pistol shot was but occasionally heard,—but the clash of steel was incessant, and the silent but deadly thrust became more frequent. The shout of an officer as he cut down the swarthy pirate with whom he was engaged, was responded to by a wild cry of exultation from the men; and animated as by one spirit, they bounded forward with a cheer.

A better cause and far more numerous force could not have withstood our charge. The pirates gave way slowly at first; but when an officer called out "push home men, and no quarter!" and the words "no quarter! no quarter!" were fiercely repeated, they turned, and springing to the side, leaped overboard, and endeavored to escape by swimming. Many of our men plunged after them, sword in hand; others jumped to the boats, and pursuing, cut them down as they overtook them, while another portion, from the deck of the captured vessel, deliberately shot them as they struggled in the water.

On the part of those wretches, not a cry was raised, not a supplication uttered. When too hotly pursued, turning to grapple where they could, silently they received the death wound, and in silence they sunk, their throats gurgling the water which was deeply crimsoned with their blood.

Turning from the sickening sight, my eyes rested for a moment upon the limy and death-encumbered deck, when a shout on the shore reminded me of the battery. Our boats had grounded some distance from the beach; but our men leaped out, and hastily formed, advanced boldly to the attack. They were warmly received, and the contest was still undecided when we carried the schooner: but when those in the battery saw their fellow-pirates leap overboard, they too took to flight. They were relentlessly pursued; and the scene that had been enacted in the water, was repeated on the land.

But few escaped; and destroying what we could not preserve, we gathered their booty and bore away our prize in triumph.

We were afterwards despatched to scour the whole coast of Cuba, and the adjacent keys and islets. Of the exposure and privation incident to the performance of this duty, no conception can be formed. Unsheltered from the fervent rays of a tropical sun by day, or from the heavy dews at night, we toiled and slept, alike exposed to their pestilential influence. Subsisting on a stinted allowance of water and of salted food, which increased the natural thirst, our lips were as much parched by inward heat, as our hands and faces were blistered by the scorching sun. The scarf skin peeled off, and we were alike tormented and disfigured by hideous pustules, gross to the eye, and peculiarly sensitive to the touch. The heat of the day compelled us to throw aside all but the lightest garments; the dampness of the night, with the innumerable swarms of insects, made us assume the thickest and most impenetrable. But in vain. The closest texture and the thickest folds could not protect us from the latter; and while the constant buzz and frequent sting of the mosquito harassed, the sharp prick of the sand-fly goaded us to madness. It is wonderful how we stood it,—and but for the high state of mental excitement, the most powerful constitution must have succumbed. Whether chasing a vessel far to seaward, or dragging our boats up some narrow creek by the jutting roots and overhanging branches of the mangrove, or pushing them as we waded across a wide but shallow lagoon, the toil was unceasing, the exposure baneful, and the privation scarce enduring.

Under the most depressing circumstances, the mind will at times recruit itself by some effort at diversion. The boat to which I was attached, had been separated from the fleet by successive heavy squalls during the night; and the next morning we found ourselves within a mile of a very suspicious looking sloop, and nothing in sight to sustain us. The gallant Lieutenant who commanded us, determined not to wait for the attack.

After a hurried preparation therefore, we gave way for the sloop—the crew of which seemed through the haze, to keep their threatening long gun trained upon us.

I threw off my boots, and knowing that our men were sufficiently courageous for even a more desperate encounter,—but that almost every thing depended on celerity, I called to my commander who stood in the stern, and proposed that they should cast aside their jackets and the clumsy shoes they wore.

"It matters not what they wear, sir, provided they are right here," he replied, slapping his breast, as I thought, with a gasconading air.

Please God, thought I, if I live, I will strip you of your theatricals.

Our suspicions proved unfounded, and there was no fight,—but the second night after, an opportunity to retaliate was presented, of which I gladly availed myself.

We had rejoined the fleet, and were cruising along the coast of the main island in search of piratical establishments. About sunset we came in sight of a place which bore an appearance so suspicious, that the steam brig anchored with the remainder of the boats, while we were sent to examine it. As we neared the shore, we found our progress barred by a dangerous reef. We pulled some distance along the surf to find the channel. The empurpled cloud, which, like a gorgeous mantle, had enveloped the descending sun, seemed to grow heavy as it assumed a leaden hue; and as the air thickened, and the shore grew indistinct, the surf waved more audibly, and the crests as they broke and tumbled their foam down the watery slope, cast a garish light upon the wild and beautiful scene.

I had hold of the helm steering the boat along just within the line of foam, and my commander eagerly looked out for the channel, when I perceived, right abreast, a narrow space where the rush and the upward leap of the water were less tumultuous. Quick as thought I slapped the helm down, and the boat dashed among the breakers. In an instant, amid a deafening roar, we felt the boat borne upward—then, with its bows frightfully depressed, it rushed down a steep descent,—was again arrested by a roller which bore it upward and backward, and it was then whirled forward with incredible velocity.

"My God, sir, what have you done!" and then perceiving that we had passed in safety, he added—"Why didn't you give warning, sir?"

"Because I didn't think it necessary, sir, since I knew that all was right *here*," laying my hand upon my heart as I spoke. The Lieutenant bit his lip, but said nothing.

On shore we found a deserted hut, but bearing the marks of recent habitation. Beneath a pile of ashes, several brands smouldered on the hearth. In one corner, a straw pallet, rolled up and corded, lay upon a truckle bedstead; a rickety table stood near it; and in another corner, was a keg partly filled with rice. But there were other things.

There was a sea chest, several camp-stools, a ship's binnacle; and, under an adjoining shed, a quantity of sails and rigging,—all too plainly indicating the lawless profession of its late inmates.

After a long and ineffectual but somewhat exciting search through the woods, we took up our quarters for the night in the deserted hut: for there was little probability of again finding the passage through the reef by moonlight.

In the morning we set fire to the hut; and rowing through the surf which sparkled in the sunlight, rejoined our companions,

The next day we discovered a suspicious sail in shore, and the boats were despatched to overhaul her. We soon discovered that she was also armed; and as we approached, her motions became less and less equivocal. As soon as we came within range of her cannon, she hoisted a red ensign and opened her fire. It was the "*Bandera de Sangre*," ("The Bloody Flag,") commanded by the most active, and at the same time the most desperate and remorseless of the ruffians. But his men were less brave or more considerate than himself; and after a few ineffectual discharges, some in boats and some by swimming, precipitately fled. They were followed to the shore; and our men, in the eagerness of pursuit, were severally dispersed. The high matted grass, the thick brushwood, and the spongy, yielding soil, much retarded their progress; and the pirates, better acquainted with the locality, mostly escaped.

When our party gathered around a watchfire at night, a marine by the name of M'Lean was missing. It was supposed at once that he had been killed by the fugitives, and many were the lamentations for his fate. But our shrewd and excellent commander, Lieutenant R. Voorhees, who had remarked and appreciated the coolness and intrepidity of M'Lean, said that he felt assured we would yet hear from him. The night passed away however; and the sentries posted around, listened in vain for his desired footstep.

In the morning, a detachment of twenty men was sent to search in every direction for him. Warned by the supposed fate of our companion, whose body we expected every moment to find, instead of each one pursuing a separate course, we were about to divide in four or five squads, when one of the men discovered a cow-path, on which the tracks of men were plainly discernible. We followed it at a quick pace, and that pace was soon accelerated by the report of a musket. In a few moments we came to an open space, in which we beheld two men engaged in a desperate struggle.

It happened that more successful than ourselves, M'Lean had captured and disarmed a pirate. Returning he lost his way; and, long after night set in, exhausted with fatigue, he came to a halt and permitted his prisoner to lie down and sleep, while he stood sentry over him. He dared not lie down

himself—for he knew that he would instantly fall asleep, when his prisoner would unquestionably murder him.

At one time, he leaned against a small tree for a moment's rest. In that moment, sleep overcame him, and he dreamed that he was wandering with a familiar friend through well-remembered scenes. Suddenly, the scene became wild and changed, and the form of his friend assumed the features of his prisoner. Again, by another transformation, the form became that of a huge serpent, which, retaining its human expression, seemed coiled, ready to spring upon him. His steps were arrested, and his blood curdled at the sight. Unable to move, he saw it rear its head, and heard it hiss and spit its venom. With one desperate effort, he strove to overcome the feeling which paralyzed his limbs and held him spell-bound. He awoke and caught the riveted gaze of the pirate, who had half risen from the ground.

M'Lean long hesitated whether, to preserve himself, he should not destroy his prisoner. Once he raised his weapon; and the pirate who, with half closed lids, narrowly watched his proceedings, quivered and shrunk with dread. A sigh, the sigh of relief, escaped him, as the marine lowered his musket, and said

"I can't do it—I'll take the chances first."

In this manner, wearied and anxious, sometimes dozing as he stood, with his head drooped upon his breast, and again waking with a start, as an occasional gust would agitate the leaves around, or a rain-drop pattered beside him, he passed the long and dreary night. At earliest dawn, he again set out with his prisoner; but scarce able to drag himself along, he staggered with feebleness, suffering more than all from an excruciating thirst, to the agonies of which watchfulness so much contributes. At last, he could stand it no longer, and seeing a bird flit by and light a short distance from him, he fired and killed it, intending to slake his thirst with its blood. But the instant he fired, the prisoner snatched the bayonet from his belt and made a plunge at him. Receiving a slight wound, he grasped the weapon at the point and struggled for his life.

It was at this critical moment that our party came in sight; nor had we an instant to lose. Shouting aloud, each one rushed forward at full speed, but the combatants were too intently occupied to hear or heed us. The marine fought manfully—but it was of no avail. By a quick movement of his active opponent, he was whirled over, and fell violently to the ground. Half stunned by the fall, he relaxed his hold, and his antagonist brandishing the bayonet aloft, exclaimed—"Damn you, I'll let you know who is pirate now!" and was about to pin him to the earth, when his arm was arrested by Midshipman Booth, who had outrun us.

A similar detachment landed on Cayo Romano,

an extensive and well wooded island. In pursuit of a body of pirates, Midshipman H. separated from his companions, and was made prisoner. He was immediately bound and hurried forward, far into the interior. For a long time, and with great rapidity, they pursued their devious course, until, by the profound stillness, they judged that the pursuit had ceased, or taken another direction. With a sense of security, their evil passions came in play; and muttered threats, and ferocious glances at the prisoner, told that robbery and murder were uppermost in their thoughts.

At last, they came to a halt; and forming a circle, with the prisoner in the centre, they held a consultation respecting him. Without a dissenting voice, his death was determined on,—but there was a difference as to the mode. Shooting was not even proposed, for the report might betray them, and moreover they determined that his death should be a prolonged as well as a silent one.

With a cruelty of purpose unsurpassed by the savages of our own frontier, they discussed the various modes of torture. The advocates of the knife, were for mutilation and incisions in the least vital parts, through which the current of life might be slowly drained. But the halter was determined on; and a suitable tree being selected, the prisoner was stripped of his clothes, and placed beneath a projecting branch. A rope, produced by one of the number, was thrown over the limb, and a noose, spliced in one end, was adjusted to the neck of their victim. The other end was then hauled upon until he was nearly strangled—his weight barely supported upon his toes, which alone touched the ground. With his hands lashed down, and his mouth securely gagged, he could neither resist nor call for help.

When so exhausted that he could scarcely speak, they removed the bandage, and proceeded to question him. To all their interrogatories respecting the force and probable stay of his companions upon the island, he refused to reply. Unmoved by their menaces—frequently rendered more expressive by the tightening of the cord—their promises of release could not shake the firm integrity of his soul. Hopeless of extracting any information from him, they were about to leave him to his fate, when, in the bitterness of despair, he cursed them, and bade them remember him when they fell into the hands of his friends—"for," he added, "they have found your boats, and you cannot escape."

This intelligence alarmed them. They had as they thought, securely concealed their boats, and expected that after a few days their pursuers would quit the island, when they could make their escape to Cuba. They turned back, and lowering his feet to the ground, sharply questioned the prisoner: but he gave so accurate a description of the place of concealment, that they could no longer doubt. They then proposed to release him, provided that

he would pledge his word that the boats should not be removed or destroyed. This he told them he could not do—for the officer who commanded, was of a rank superior to his own. In vain they tried to persuade him that the officer would regard the pledge, when told that it was the only mode by which his life could be saved. He was inexorable; and again tightening the cord, with bitter imprecations, they left him.

Upon the extremities of his swollen feet, with every joint stretched to the utmost, he spent the night in excruciating agony. At dawn of day, however, his captors returned; and, after a second fruitless attempt to intimidate or persuade, they released him, on the sole condition that he should bear a message to his commanding officer. The message consisted of a declaration that they were simply fishermen,—with the earnest prayer, that, as they had not taken the life of one who had sought to destroy them, their boats, upon which they depended for subsistence, might be spared.

As soon as capable of proceeding, he was escorted back within a safe distance; and reached his companions, who were on the point of setting out, with the determination of scouring the whole island in search of him.

As he was indebted for his life, not to the mercy, but the fears of the pirates, their prayer was of course disregarded. The day before, the pursuit had been eager—but it was now vindictive,—and like wild beasts, the wretches were chased along the cliffs, through the swamps, and within the deepest recesses of the forest. Some however, more fortunate, or more fleet, escaped,—for the scarcity of provisions compelled our party to leave before they were all exterminated.

While cruising off Cape Antonio, a circumstance occurred, which shows how rare is the possession of a keen perception of character, a sound judgment and unswerving resolution, and proves how much more correct are the deductions of a well-balanced mind, than the crude and hasty inferences of the multitude.

One of our detachments had landed in search of a piratical resort, and a short distance in the interior, found a pulperia, a sort of country store, where liquor was principally sold. The commanding officer of the detachment, was soon satisfied that the owner was what he professed to be,—but of the assumed owner of an adjoining quinta, he thought differently. He was found seated beneath a tree, cleaning a musket. Although the owner of the pulperia called him his brother, and nearly every one else thought him guiltless and inoffensive, there was that in his furtive eye and restless manner which excited the suspicion of the commanding officer, and he sent him prisoner to Havana.

Of all the evil tendencies of our nature, the disposition to cavil at authority is the most universal.

The gibes and sneers at the expense of that officer became bitter and more frequent, when, on our arrival at Havana, we were told, in reply to our inquiries respecting the prisoner, that he had been “hung in compliment to the Americans!”

By a friend, the officer was advised of the report, and of the excitement it had created in the squadron. In deep anxiety, although conscious of having acted for the best, he applied at once to the proper authorities for information. The official account proved him correct.

The prisoner, professing to be a segar maker by trade, obtained, with the materials for their manufacture, permission to send them to a friend outside, to be sold for his support in prison. It happened that as the first bundle was passed out, the officer of the guard, (it was the Moro castle,) who had stopped for a few moments in the gateway, asked for one. The bearer, without daring to refuse, betrayed, as the officer thought, so much reluctance, that he selected from the middle the very smallest and most indifferent one. Lighting it by the stump of his own, he found, to his surprise, that it would not draw. Opening it at length, to discover the cause, he found within, instead of tobacco, a written note, giving an account of the dispersion of a noted gang of pirates, and of the capture of the writer.

It was on that note, confirmed by the confession of the wretch himself, that he was condemned and executed.

The consequences of exposure, and great privation of food and rest, began now to be developed; and one by one, the drooping eye and throbbing pulse, warned of approaching sickness. Placing the sick on board the larger vessels, with the barges little more than half-manned, we started for Key West.

A severe gale overtook us, and the oldest seamen fairly trembled as we rode upon the pinnacle or wallowed in the trough of the terrific sea. The wind and current were adverse; and instead of the prolonged and easy swell of the mid-ocean, the gulf whirled its waves about, like some huge Briareus tossing his hundred arms in the wildest and most furious contortions. Sometimes riding down the sheer precipice of a broken wave, we seemed to each other, upon our bed of foam, as insignificant and far more helpless than the gulls which screamed around us.

Our first and greatest danger was of collision. In the open sea, we would have been tossed in the like direction and our relative distance would not have been materially lessened or increased. But here, the waves were so tumultuous, at one time influenced by the wind, at another, controlled by the current, that some of the boats were soon scarce visible in the distance, while others were in the most dangerous proximity. So far from being enabled to spread a sail, the sweeping force of the

wind compelled the men to lie down in the bottoms of the boats to steady them.

Our own boat and another, seemed soon to come within the influence of attraction. In vain we tried the helm; in vain with an oar, we attempted to give them a contrary direction. With dreadful accuracy, the eye discovered that the distance which separated us at the summit of a wave, was lessened at its base. Presently we were so near, that it was evident the next heave would bring us together. There was perfect silence in each boat; and the low tones of our officer as he bade the larboard oars to be got out, sounded as distinct and clear as if uttered through the trumpet in the silence of a placid mid-watch. It were in vain to deny that every cheek blanched, as the next moment we found ourselves on the slope of a receding wave, rushing madly towards each other. At the instant of closing, our oars caught beneath the bottom of the other boat—and the succeeding wave swelling upward beneath us, we were careened gunnel under; the oars snapped like so many dry twigs, and a portion of our side fell in with a crash, as, pitched in contrary directions, we were swept far apart. It was evident that the destruction of both boats had only been prevented by the entanglement of the oars.

With us, the danger now assumed another and more inevitable aspect. Although the side of our boat had broken in above the surface, yet the crest of every wave broke over it, and the water rushed in with alarming rapidity. Besides, the whole frame had been severely strained, and the boat leaked fast. With the exception of the man at the helm, every one, officer and all, commenced bailing with his hat. The leak alone we could have managed—but we would no sooner congratulate ourselves that we had diminished the quantity of water, than some passing wave (we were now almost water-logged) would mock our labor, by casting in more than we had thrown out.

We toiled thus for hours,—but so hopeless seemed our efforts, that at last the crew threw down their hats, and refused to bail any more. Again and again the officer commanded and entreated. They were deaf alike to his threats and persuasions, and in dogged sullenness awaited the result.

Provoked to desperation by their folly, the officer sprung forward, and, drawing the plug from the bottom of the boat, exclaimed—

“If we *must* die, then, the sooner the better!”

By a strange anomaly in the human character, the very certainty of that death to which they were before resigned, caused a reaction in the feelings of the crew—who, hastily restoring the plug, began to bail again with renewed vigor.

By constant labor and unrelenting vigilance, and more than all, or rather *solely* by the mercy of an overruling Providence, we weathered the storm,

and arrived safe but exhausted at our place of destination.

Very soon after the congregation of our squadron at Key West, the yellow fever, in its most virulent form, broke out among us. Our hastily erected and scantily furnished hospitals were soon crowded with the sick, the dying, and the newly dead. Frequently the eyes of one just seized, would turn in dismay from the sight of the corpse of some companion or friend, which blocked the doorway on its passage to the grave. Within the portal, turn his eyes wherever he might, and the most ghastly or most disgusting sights awaited them. In vain he endeavored to close his ears against the deep-drawn sighs, the retching sounds, and the maniac laugh of the wretched beings around him.

He alone who has laid on a rude pallet, in the ward of a hospital crowded with the victims of a malignant disease, and beheld on one side the blood-shot eye, the flushed brow, and the restless movements of fever at its height,—and on the other, the torpid stillness, the pallid hue and fast-glazing vision which tells that the fever has done its work—he alone can realize the horrors of such a state!

Of that dreadful period, so painful to think of, it would be laceration to the feelings to attempt a recital. Who can dwell upon the languishing illness, the scant attendance, the parching thirst, the gurgling sounds of suffocation, the convulsive spasms, and the death-rattle of companions and friends? For me I cannot,—but while I deplore their fate, most fervently do I cherish the remembrance of their worth. Men have died for an opinion, and have been termed martyrs! Those brave men, who, by their gallantry in battle, and their endurance in privation, gained the applause, may surely, in their untimely deaths, claim the sympathies of their country.

From two circumstances, an idea may be formed of the dreadful mortality which thinned us. Of the crew of one of the barges, consisting of two officers and sixteen men, there were, at the expiration of three weeks, but five survivors! Of the whole body of officers of the Navy, one-eighth perished in that sickly season! May they, and their more humble, but equally gallant comrades, rest in peace!

The next year we were employed in the same manner, and little occurred to vary the monotony of fatigue, or to cheer the tedious hours of endurance. Of the events of this period, my journal presents nothing to transcribe, except the loss of the schooner *Ferret*.

She was sailing along the land, thirty or forty miles distant from Matanzas, when, by a sudden squall, she was upset. A number of the crew, entangled by the ropes and sails, or incapable of swimming, were immediately drowned. The remainder, with the officers, clambered to the rail on the upper side, to which each one clung with the

tenacity of endangered life. As soon as the sense of immediate danger was removed, we looked wistfully to seaward, and along the land in each direction, in the hope of being rescued before night set in. Far to the West, distinct in the broad light of the descending sun, a felucca was again spreading sail, which, wiser than ourselves, she had folded to the passing gust.

She was too distant to distinguish either the wreck or the wretches who crawled upon it, and we possessed no means of attracting her attention. She was standing in for the land, and as she receded from the sight, the least sanguine despaired, and the boldest became despondent. But the fear of a protracted death, was exchanged for the horrid apprehension of one more dreadful and more impending.

A young lad, once robust and cheerful, but now feeble and dispirited from a long and wasting sickness, unable longer to retain his hold, rolled over into the sea.

The black fins of a number of sharks, before unseen, now cleaved the surface in various directions; and suddenly disappearing, a slight crimson suffusion of the water told the next moment that the work of carnage had begun.

Their appetites whetted with the taste of blood, as the light faded away, the dusky bodies of these ravenous fish could be distinguished gliding along the surface of the dark and slumbering ocean. Their impatience increasing with the advance of night, they circled nearer and nearer; and as we drew ourselves up to the shortest span, we could distinctly hear their deep and ominous breathing.

Notwithstanding the cheering exhortations of our excellent commander, one by one through the night, the feeblest or the least courageous, fell off.

Towards morning a breeze sprung up, bringing with it a gentle swell. As riding on the undulation, the wreck at times sunk with the receding swell, and became for an instant submerged, the survivors could only by clamorous shouts deter the greedy monsters from rushing in upon them.

Thus passed the night. With the light of day, the sharks became more wary in their approach, but were neither less numerous nor less vigilant. With the first streak of light in the Eastern board, almost unconscious of the foes who surrounded us, we watched, in deep anxiety, the progress of the slow rising sun. We watched in vain; for although several vessels had hove in sight, they were so far off, and were steering such courses, as to deny all hope of assistance from them.

Our commander then determined on a measure which he had reserved for the last extremity. The small skiff yet hung—or rather in the inverted position of the vessel, partly laid upon the stern davits. This boat he determined to despatch to the shore, from whence, should she fortunately reach it, to obtain assistance.

A Lieutenant, a Midshipman and two men, volunteered for the desperate undertaking. The chances were in favor of remaining by the wreck. The keen wind was evidently freshening; and a boat considered almost too frail for the ripple of a river, could not be expected to ride in safety upon the fast increasing swell. But it was necessary that some should go, and as all would without hesitation have obeyed a command, the distinction was justly claimed by the most benevolent, or the most adventurous. The skiff was prepared and manned, and pushing off from the wreck, was cheered on its mission by the faint huzzas and heartfelt "God speed" of those who remain behind.

In transcribing this part of my journal, my eyes overflow with the bare remembrance of the sensations then experienced. As I write, my hands seem to feel the "capable impressure" of the grasp of a long departed friend, which bespoke at once his confidence and his fear,—and from the inmost depths of my soul, wells up the emotion with which I prayed that I might perish rather than return unsuccessful.

The skiff was so light, so frail, and so difficult of trim, that we were every moment in danger of upsetting. The swell increased rapidly; and as we sunk into the trough of the sea and shut out the horizon, the succeeding wave overshadowed, and its crest seemed to curl in anger above us. Thinly clad and wet to the skin, moreover faint from want of food and rest, as we rode upon the tops of the waves, we suffered bitterly from the coldness of the wind. In the hollow of the sea, we were sheltered one moment, only to suffer more keenly the next. Our oars were of little service, save to steady us in the dreadful pitchings and careenings to which we were every instant subjected. Two managed the oars, one steered, and one incessantly bailed. There could be no transfer of labor, for it was death to attempt a change of position. Although the current set along the land, the wind and the heave of the sea drove us indirectly towards it.

After six hours incessant-fatigue, cold, cramped and wearied to exhaustion, we reached the near vicinity of the shore, and running along it for a short distance (in increased danger, for we were broadside to the sea,) we made the mouth of a small harbor—into which, as our frames thrilled with gratitude, we pulled with all our might.

As the peace and the joys of Heaven are to the wrangling and sorrows of this world, was the placid stillness of that sheltered nook to the fierce wind and troubled sea without. The transition was as sudden as it was delightful; and with uncovered head and upturned gaze, each paid his tribute of thankfulness. We next thought of our companions.

There was a small schooner at anchor, which looked as if she might be indiscriminately used for

traffic, or for piracy. There were several fishing boats hauled up on the beach, and a number of fishermen were employed drying and mending their nets. A short distance from the shore, about a dozen huts were scattered along the banks of a stream which emptied into the little bay. It was a place heretofore unknown to us, and we had every reason to apprehend it to be one of those haunts from whence the pirates issued so suddenly to commit their depredations. Conscious that in such an event immediate death awaited us if our true character were known, we prepared our story, and boldly landed on the beach. We were immediately surrounded by as swarthy and cut-throat a looking gang as I ever saw, who unceremoniously hurried us into a palperia, to question us.

The first glance round the room into which we were ushered, confirmed our worst suspicions. Beside kegs and bottles of various liquor, and drinking glasses and segars, there were fabrics of European manufacture, and wearing apparel of every grade of society, from the ship-boy to the fashionable lady, hung on pegs, or lay in tumbled heaps upon the shelves. There were bonnets and shawls and hats, parasols and fans, boots, swords, pistols, handkerchiefs and watches. The plunder of many a vessel, the murder of many a fellow-creature, had contributed to the variety of that assortment.

The officer who commanded us had directed that we should watch him, and if he gave a certain signal, we were to return the answers previously concerted: if he did not give it, we were free to assume our proper characters. Immediately on entering the room the expected signal was given.

Our commander commenced by telling them who we were and whence we came, when at the shrewd suggestion of one of the gang, we were taken apart and questioned separately. In the assumed name and nation of the vessel to which we professed to belong; in her destination, her rig, the number of her crew, and the name of her commander, we all agreed. But we had forgotten to concert the number and description of her guns, and they were differently represented as many, with large, and as few, with smaller calibre. This discrepancy betrayed us.

The fury which gleamed from the eyes of these wretches when our true character was discovered, bade us prepare for the worst. While they earnestly talked together, we silently re-assembled; and standing with our backs to the wall, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. The fear of detection had induced us to cut the buttons from our coats, and remove every vestige of the uniform. But when they again approached us, their fell purpose visible in their countenances, our brave little commander boldly declared that we were part of the crew of an American vessel-of-war:

that we had been sent on duty, and that if they dared to molest us, they would be signally punished. He proceeded to tell them, that the bearing and direction of their harbor was now known, and that we had an overwhelming force in Matanzas, ready to pounce upon them on the slightest provocation. Had his tone been truculent and submissive; had he attempted to sue for, or to ransom our lives, we would have been murdered on the spot. But his boldness startled, and his threats disconcerted them. There was so much probability in what he said; we had so frequently taken signal vengeance on their lawless bands, that while they thirsted for our blood, a few moments reflection convinced them that they dared not shed it. But they determined on what was almost as bad. On the pretext that we were Colombian privateersmen, they imprisoned us in one of the huts, around which they stationed an efficient guard. It was dreadful to think that although our own lives were perhaps eventually secure, our friends were perishing, while we could not make one further effort for their preservation. In vain from the windows we offered the highest reward for a messenger to Matanzas. Seemingly or really, they disbelieved our assertions, and ridiculed our promises. In despair, we gave up the attempt; and sick at heart, hungry, thirsty and exhausted, sunk upon the mud floor of the cabin.

We had not laid long however, and before our high nervous excitement had sufficiently subsided to allow us to sleep, when we were aroused by the trampling of horses without. We eagerly looked out and beheld a Spaniard mounted on one horse and leading another, on which sat a young and rather handsome female. He was a merchant from the interior, come to purchase from the spoilers. They were passing by our hut, before which a number of people had collected, and stopped to inquire the reason. To him, our commander addressed himself; and by every appeal to his interest and his feelings, endeavored to prevail upon him to send a note to Matanzas. But he too, as obdurate as those around, jeered and derided us. Our commander then turned to the woman, and in the most thrilling tones, and with the most gushing eloquence to which I ever listened, portrayed the condition of our shipmates on the wreck, and besought her by the love she bore to her husband, her brother or her child, to pity, and to save them.

She was a woman! and, thanks be to God, she was a mother too! Her humid eye, her throbbing breast, proclaimed his success. She wept, she entreated; and she prevailed! Divine influence of woman! never more needed,—when, in the cause of humanity, was it ever denied! Once interested, the woman, true to the impulse of her sex, pursued no half-way measures. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife, what he had scornfully denied to us, the merchant not only agreed to our proposal, but

procured our liberation; and a grateful repast of coffee, bread and fish, was spread before us.

But our meal was interrupted and our appetites failed, when it was reported that no one could be procured either to proceed alone, or to act as guide to the town. But what difficulty can surpass the ingenuity—and for love or charity, what sacrifice be too great for even the gentlest of the other sex? The wife suggested what never would have occurred to her unfeeling husband; and which, when first mentioned, threw him into a perfect rage. Notwithstanding his violence, she listened patiently, until his oaths, and with them his passion, were fairly spent: then, with gentle voice, and winning manner, and all those fond endearments which are alike the charms and the weapons of the sex, one by one, she overcame his scruples, and he consented to accompany our commander forthwith to the town. To do the brute justice, the last and greatest difficulty was leaving his wife unprotected behind him. But ardent in a good cause, she yielded to none of her sex's weakness. She said that she had ever heard that the Americans were brave, and she placed herself under our protection. We swore to die rather than a hair of her head should be injured. With all the qualities of moral excellence—simple, unpretending and uneducated, the virtues of that woman would adorn a throne on earth,—as they will surely win for her a crown in Heaven.

Our commander lost not an instant, but set out, and left us behind as protectors of the wife, and as hostages for the safety and the remuneration of the husband. He travelled all night through intricate bye-roads and narrow mule-tracks, overgrown with brushwood. Scarce able to keep his saddle, he urged his guide to the utmost speed. He reached Matanzas just before day; and leaving his guide at the Consul's for the reward, he proceeded to the water, and procured a boat. He pulled directly for the steam brig, and climbing her side, was just able to say "the Ferret has capsize to leeward, and they are perishing on the wreck," when he fell fainting in the gangway. The brig immediately fired up, and he recovered in time to steer her in the necessary direction.

They rescued all who remained; but the number was sadly thinned since the skiff had left the wreck the day before.

Sailors are strange mortals, and oftentimes seem to love their jest better than their friends. The first Lieutenant of the schooner, a perfect skeleton in figure, was taken delirious from the wreck. As soon as he recovered his consciousness, but while yet too weak to turn in his berth, a wag said to him—"M., I'm told that the sharks frequently smelt your legs, but wouldn't bite."

Towards the last, the sharks became so ravenous, that, from time to time, they seized the most ex-

posed, who screamed in agony as they were dragged beneath the surface.

The noble commander of the *Ferret* was lamed for life: the first Lieutenant, the spirit of bravery, and the soul of truth, lingered for many years upon the verge of the grave.

OUR POETS.

NO. II.

I conjure you all that have the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of Poesy.

[*Sir Philip Sidney.*]

No one, who has ever visited the city of Boston, could fail to be struck with the quiet beauty of the village of Cambridge, in its immediate vicinity, with the spires of Harvard keeping watch and ward over its classic precincts—and immediately beyond it, the Auburn Cemetery, the most beautiful of all the "Cities of the Dead." The natural beauty of the spot, is heightened too, by the historic recollections connected with it; for here were the head quarters of Washington, the very room in which he slept, is pointed out to the curious traveller; the Elm-tree, under which he assumed the command of the army, still waves its green branches to the breeze, and flourishes in a vigorous old age; in front is the green common where he was wont to review the troops, who first fought the good fight of freedom. And it would seem, as though the associations connected with the spot, have had their influence in framing the minds of its inhabitants, for in that little village and its vicinity, may be found some of the proudest names in our literary history; some whose names, like those of Prescott and Bancroft, are identified with their country's history; and some who have wandered into the wider fields of poesy and song. Within the limits of Cambridge, you may find Jared Sparks, the biographer of Washington, who has sought to transmit to posterity the full and faithful picture of Washington, as the man, the soldier, the statesman, and the patriot, and whose broad and ample brow betokens his ability for the task. There too may be seen the beaming countenance of the benevolent Story, the very Nestor of the *Law*; though we of the South relish not his opinions on the Constitution. There too, Longfellow weaves his winning melodies; and our own gifted Allston, whose presence among them (in their own words) "is thought a benediction," equally skilful with the pencil or the pen, plans pictures or romances; while a bright galaxy of minor stars gleam and glitter around them. And among these, may be found, those who should "call no man master," who do not yield even to Longfellow himself, gifted as he is, in their

power of enlisting the sympathies, and touching the heart. As examples, we will cite the names of Oliver, Wendell, Holmes, and Richard H. Dana.

Of the poems of Lowell, we cannot speak, never having read them, but he has many enthusiastic admirers, and quite as many bitter vilifiers; whence we should conclude that he must certainly possess merit, whatever may be his faults; for it is always the fate of mediocrity, to be "damned with faint praise," and not to create any violent sensations, of either one kind, or another.

Some few of the minor poems of Dr. Holmes, (for he is a professor of the healing art, and only wooes the Muses at intervals of leisure) have become known to Southern readers, through the medium of the newspapers; his noble lyric on "Old Ironsides," having been copied into a great number of them; and several other pieces also, having been from time to time republished; yet, still, from these, a very erroneous estimate of his powers would be formed, since he excels in the gay as well as in the grave, possessing a flow of spirits and exuberance of wit, which render him equally delightful as a writer and a companion; in this judgment, we cannot be biassed by prejudice, since we have not the fortune to be ranked among his friends.

In this favored spot, surrounded by all these happy influences, a friend and companion of Allston, and other kindred spirits, resides Richard H. Dana, one of the most gifted and original of our native poets, whose reputation, though high at the North, has not yet reached far South of the Potomac. And indeed from the very nature of things with us, our authors cannot expect to obtain as general a reputation, as those of other countries may acquire, as the very extent of our territory, the extreme distance from one point 'to another' of the Union, connected with the striking diversities of thought, taste, feelings and habits in the different sections, effectually preclude the possibility of an author's obtaining, (at least for some time) more than a local reputation. To these causes we must add another, the prejudices entertained by certain portions of the Union against certain other portions; such, for instance, as long existed between the North and South, until mutual knowledge taught them mutual respect. Formerly the Southerner looked upon the Yankee as a man whose heart was as cold and frosty as his hills; and he returned the compliment by regarding the citizens of the South as haughty nabobs, and lawless desperadoes; it is true, that of late years, the increased facilities of travel have done much to uproot these idle prejudices, and to produce a more proper estimate of the respective merits of the North and South, yet the scars of the ancient wound still remain, and a still longer period must elapse before their literature becomes as familiar to us as our own.

There is one peculiarity in the history of our

literature, which we doubt not has struck many with surprise; it is this: with a few exceptions, the poetry of America has been derived principally from the sterile and rock-bound States of the extreme North; while the sunny South, within whose bosom lie hidden so many germs of poesy, whose sons possess the spontaneous gift of eloquence, twin sister of poetry, whose very climate should be an inspiration, has suffered her harp to hang upon the willows, owning no master, and only pouring forth fitful strains of melody, when swept by some passing hand. Let us not be understood to say, that we have no poetry; on the contrary, the little we have is of a high order; Simms is extensively known as a poet as well as a novelist; a single piece of R. H. Wilde has established his reputation; and, among the fugitive poetry contributed to magazines and papers, pieces are sometimes met with evincing a high degree of poetic merit; we have likewise at present, a singing bird from the North naturalized among us, who, although her natural notes are sweet, prefers, like the mocking bird, giving us those of others; more especially the Italian, yet these are too few and far between, to justify us in the assertion that we have a literature of our own. But, no one who has ever listened to, or read the speeches of Southern statesmen, and marked the glow of feeling, play of fancy, and luxuriance of imagery therein displayed, can imagine that it proceeds either from want of talent or of cultivation. It rather arises from this: the Southern people are in a minority in the national councils; they possess a peculiar domestic institution, on the maintenance of which their happiness and safety depend, which has been assailed by fanatics at the North—enemies, at once crawling, yet venomous—contemptible, yet dangerous—who, for a little personal notoriety, would shake this mighty Union to the centre. The interests of the North and South, too, differ in another respect: that of the former is Manufacturing, of the latter Agricultural; and, as it is customary for the majority to pass laws to the detriment of the minority, the latter are compelled to use perpetual vigilance to prevent advantages being taken. And from these two causes, the study of politics, becomes, with the citizens of the South, a matter of vital importance, absorbing the leisure and talent that otherwise would be directed to the more inviting paths of literature. Such is the state of things at the South, which, if it form some of the ablest statesmen who have figured in Congress, likewise produces a quantity of village demagogues,—Frogs, who seek in vain to puff themselves up to the dimensions of the Ox. And, as poetry requires that the writer should turn from his scrutiny of the world without, to that within; should, in the words of Sir P. Sidney, "Look into his heart and write." The Southern Muse has hitherto indulged in long naps with but short intervals of waking. In the

North however, where the great mass of the community are not interested in politics, (except on peculiar occasions;) where in fact, there is no necessity that they should be, having no such peculiar causes of vigilance as the South, the educated portion of the community naturally turn their attention towards literature; and the facilities of publication being very great, they become authors almost before they are aware of it. The best specimens of American poetry consist of collections of pieces originally published in the daily prints. Such was the case with Bryant, Willis, and most of our other poets; this circumstance should lead us to treat with more courtesy newspaper poetry, which has become a byword for insipidity and bombast; even if much of it be trash, the gentle reader should remember, that the sin of rhyme is not always a voluntary sin; at times it becomes almost a demoniacal possession, tearing and torturing its moonstruck victim, until he buries his disquietudes and hopes in that mighty grave of reputations, the daily newspaper.

Such is the case with a great multitude of scribblers, whose effusions sink into the quiet pool of oblivion, by their own weight, without leaving a ripple on the surface; yet these efforts should not be discouraged, since genius thus also tests its powers; and "gems of purest ray serene" are discovered and brought to light. We read that those of old, who were possessed by devils, wandered about crying aloud to all whom they chanced to meet; and Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, who, perforce, detains the unwilling wedding-guest by the button-hole, while telling his marvellous story, is but a type of authors, who do not publish, but inflict upon their friends the perusal of undecipherable MSS. Let then all those who feel the inspiration, or fancy they do, publish by all means, and the judgment of the public will show them whether they be right or wrong; for there is something in true poetry which always finds its way into the heart; if it do not, be assured that it is a counterfeit and no genuine article.

In a former paper,* we paid a feeble tribute to the merits of Professor Longfellow; we now propose dedicating the remainder of this article to a brief notice of the "Buccaneer" of Dana, a poem of strange and startling power, full of thrilling interest, and chaining the attention of the reader with a kind of painful fascination. Peculiar in its plan, object and versification, it bears, throughout, the stamp of an original and powerful mind. The author is no tame copyist after English models; the poem, with all its beauties and all its faults, is strictly *his own*; and this, of itself, is no small merit at the present day of servile mannerism, and feeble imitation; there is good policy in it too, since no imitator ever did or can equal his original. And yet, with a certain class of critics, any deviation

from established models is looked upon as high treason, the daring flights of genius are condemned as totally out of rule, and they seek to clip its wings and restrain its flight, within the limits of their own comprehensions. Every Homer has had his Zoilus reversing the prayer of the Pharisee, and "thanking God that he was not *unlike* other men."

If we glance over the records of literature, we will find, that the bitterest enemies of genius have been those whose assumed duty it was, to foster and protect it; Keats had his Gifford; Pope his Dennis, and Byron his Jeffrey; the duty of the critic, when performed in a proper spirit, is a high and a noble one; but at times, it becomes a fearful instrument of literary tyranny.

We have ventured these remarks, because we are about to bring to the notice of our readers, a poem, which will not stand the test of orthodox criticism, since the author, with true independence, has enlisted under the banner of no established "School," and is a disciple neither of the Classic School, nor the Romantic School, nor the Byronic School, nor the Lake School; but has conveyed his own ideas in his own way, guided solely by his own taste and genius. Mr. Dana's claims as a literary man, are of a high order; he has written much and always well,—much prose as well as much poetry. For some time, he was Editor of the *N. American Review*, which did not suffer under his guidance; the "Idle Man"—a series of sketches in 2 vols.—was likewise published by him, and commanded much attention at the time; he has also published two vols. containing prose and poetry, which we have never been able to procure; these contain, among other things, the poem we propose to review, which we have seen in a separate publication.

His reputation at the North is very high. All we desire to do, in the present paper, is to introduce the *Buccaneer* to the acquaintance of Southern readers, that they may treat him "according to his deserts;" although we trust, for the reputation of Southern courtesy, that he may "escape whipping."

The *Buccaneer* is a poem of a very peculiar kind; in it, the author deals exclusively with the darker and sterner traits of our nature,—with guilt, remorse and despair. He paints with a fearful power and a master's hand, the effects of conscience on the soul of a guilty and hardened villain. There is no attempt to gloss over crime, by a flowery tissue of sentiment; it is drawn in all its naked and hideous deformity, and although supernatural machinery is introduced, yet it is plain to see the allegory embodied under it.

But, we will allow the poem to speak for itself, with a few occasional remarks, on the more striking parts of it; of course the unity of the poem must be destroyed, by culling detached passages. Those who wish to enter into all its merits, must

* February number.

go up to the fountain head. We can but give a foretaste of what may be expected. The poem opens with a picture of quiet natural beauty, in describing the Island of the Buccaneer.

"The Island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound save Ocean's roar;
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black-duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapp'd in the bay the Pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

"But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion's gentle; all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime, this Isle was won."

We must be permitted to pause here for a moment, to remark the artistic skill with which the quiet and beauty of the natural scenery, is made to contrast with the dark deeds of the men who tenant it; the very loveliness of the spot heightening our abhorrence for the demons who desecrate it with their unhallowed revels. Here is evinced also the skill of the writer, who conveys an entire picture, in two short stanzas, and so musically too, that the dash of the waves on the sandy beach is almost audible to the ear. But we must proceed to the sketch of the Buccaneer himself, on whom centres the whole interest of the poem; and, in drawing him, the author has shown equal power and daring; disdaining all the usual methods of exciting interest, he divests him from the first, of all qualities that could command sympathy or esteem:

"Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,"

he is represented as a mean, desperate, ruthless ruffian, with but one sole merit—that of brute courage—which sustains him against mere physical danger, but gives way before the secret whisperings of conscience, and the phantoms engendered by his own guilty soul. Byron's Corsair, with whom alone he might be compared, is a being of a totally different order, whom wrongs real or imaginary have driven to desperation; and, therefore Medora, with her woman's devotedness and spotless purity, clings to his side and enlists our better feelings in his behalf. But the Buccaneer is of a different stamp; a low, bloody villain, without a gleam of feeling, or of principle, and apparently

devoid of any of the better traits of humanity; one who seems to say with the Satan of Milton, "Evil, be thou my good," loving but two things on earth, blood and gold. To some, the portrait may appear unnatural: they may think that no such monster ever could exist; but let them turn to the history of the Pirates of the West-Indies, and they will find that men may sometimes sink to a level with demons.

It shows, however, great self-reliance in an author, to divest himself of the usual accessories, and rely exclusively upon his own powers in exciting an interest in the reader; and, in the present case, the attempt has been crowned with success, and the genius of the author has triumphed over the difficulties of the subject.

But to proceed: this is the portrait—

"Twelve years are gone since Matthew Lee
Held in this Isle unquestioned away,
A dark, low, brawny man was he,
His law—'It is my way.'
Beneath his thickest brows, a sharp light broke
From small gray eyes;—his laugh a triumph spoke.

"Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
He little recked of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil;
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were;
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear."

Such is Matt Lee, the Buccaneer, first introduced as committing a murder on a shipwrecked seaman; and, when one of his neighbors hints his suspicions, by saying "There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's edge," he replies with a cold sneer and scurrilous jest, showing the utter brutality of the man.

Space does not permit us to dwell on the various passages of Lee's adventurous life, as narrated in the poem. We can merely give an outline of the main catastrophe:

Growing weary of piracy and murder, Lee attempts to increase his gains by means of traffic; and, taking his former comrades, he fits out a ship with his spoils and cargo, but, a storm arising, is almost lost; he is compelled to lighten his ship by throwing overboard his cargo. The storm at sea is powerfully described, as also is the conduct and bearing of Lee during its continuance, in his recklessness defying both man and God.

"Ocean has swallowed for its food
Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee;
Matt, could its waters wash out blood,
It had been well for thee.
Crime fits for crime, and no repentant tear
Hast thou for sin?—then wait thine hour of fear."

The wrecked ship is driven into a Spanish port; and, while undergoing repairs, he engages to carry to England a Spanish lady with her wealth, but lately widowed. Spain was redeemed, but

"Too late for thee, thou fair young bride;
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,

That thou didst kiss in love and pride.
He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmured sound;
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

"He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear.
And wait amidst her sorrows till the day,
His voice of love should call her thence away.

"Lee feigned him grieved, and bow'd him low,
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her woe,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her Lord.

"Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee now,
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.
He is not near, to hush thee or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave."

Such is the charge entrusted to his care, a widowed woman whose heart is "worn with uncheered grief," relying upon him, confiding in his honor; and, what does he! what thoughts are in his soul!

"The moon comes up—the night goes on,
Why in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark thoughtful man alone?
Thy pledge, man! hold it fast!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And grows an oath, 'it is too still to night.'"

Is not the picture perfect? the dark sullen man holding counsel in the still watches of the night, with his own guilty thoughts, and shrinking from the perpetration of his meditated crime, because of the quiet of the night, although no eyes but those of his own confederates could behold the deed, on that wild waste of waters. Words more true to nature, Shakespeare never spoke.

"He cannot look on her mild eye,
Her patient words his spirit quell,
Within that evil heart, there lie
The hopes and fears of hell.

His speech is short, he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek, what fear ye now?

"The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the unseen one ever near,
Walking his ocean-path.

From out the silent void there comes a cry—
Vengeance is mine, lost man; thy doom is nigh."

Finally, however, the evil nature of the man conquers; the murder is powerfully described. The domestics are first slain, and then

"—with speed o' th' lightning flash,
A loose robed form with streaming hair,
Shoots by—a leap—a quick short splash—
'Tis gone!—there 's nothing there.
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright crested waves, how proudly on ye ride?"

And thus the Spanish lady has foiled the Buccaneer. Did our space allow, we would gladly extract the whole scene, which harrows the soul with its stern simplicity and power. The conduct of Lee, too, drowning his horror at the catastrophe in fierce bravado, but unable to conceal from his companions, the pangs that torture him, is well conceived; and now comes the incident on which the latter part of the poem and the most startling, is made to rest.

"Cries Lee, 'we must not be betrayed.
Tis but to add another corpse!
Strange words tis said an ass once brayed.
I'll never trust a horse!
We'll throw him on the waves alive, he'll swim.
For once a horse shall ride, we all ride him.'"

"Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame—
That horse is on the tide!
As the waves leave or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now,—and now tis near and high."

The horse finally drifts away, after floating long after them, his cry ringing in their ears.

The Buccaneer and his crew return to the island, where Matt "now lords it o'er the isle," drowning his remorse in drink and debauchery. Hitherto his career of crime has been successful; he has acquired wealth, and the crimes he has committed sit easy on his hardened soul; but now, the catastrophe approaches; the "small still voice" so long silent, now is to be heard, and the "wages of sin" to be paid to the utmost. And how can this hardened felon be made sensible of his crimes? he has no finer feelings which scorpion-like, turn the sting upon themselves! there is but one way, and that the author has availed himself of: it is by spectral visitation. In this, it bears some slight analogy to the "Ancient Mariner," but the resemblance is very slight; for what comparison is there between him who "shot the Albatross," and the Pirate Lee, whose hands were reeking with human blood! and how far different, too, the punishment that awaited them.

We know that there exists a prejudice just at present against ghost stories. Monk Lewis and others caused the public to "sup on horrors" so often, that the supernatural machinery of novels and poems, has come to be regarded as somewhat similar to the thunder and lightning of a theatre; but yet it may sometimes be used judiciously and effectively.

There is a latent vein of superstition lurking in almost every mind, many being influenced by the feeling while ashamed to own it even to themselves. We have seen instances within our own observation, of individuals possessing strong minds and clear judgments on most matters, who were firm believers in ghosts, goblins, etc.; and who could not be laughed, coaxed, persuaded, or argued out of their belief. This feeling seems to have its root

deep in human nature; and although it is strongest among savages, to whom each phase of nature is a wonder, yet science herself sometimes fails to expel the unwelcome intruder from the minds of her votaries. If Samuel Johnson, with his powerful intellect, was the slave of superstition, need we wonder that those of less capacity should yield to the same belief?

Science is a sad disenchanter, and ghost and goblin, prodigy and portent have vanished before its light; the beautiful creed of the ancients, peopling the woods and fountains with the airy forms of Dryads and Naiads, and filling space with myriads of invisible watchers over the human race, has subsided into a dim belief on the part of a few in ghosts and goblins, who only make "night hideous" on particular occasions for a few favored individuals. Germany appears to be the last haunt of Demonology. Among the mountains of the Hartz, and the castled ruins of the Rhine, "Wild Hunters," fairies and spirits still hold their midnight conclaves and still retain a place in the affections of the people. The poets and romancers of England have not failed to avail themselves of so potent an auxiliary; for who, that has ever pored over the magic page of Shakspeare, has not participated in the frolics of Puck, traversed with the dainty Ariel the limits of space, and assisted in the revels of Oberon and Titania? Yet these present only the more attractive side of this belief; these "gay creatures of the element" whose existence is joy, and whose presence is a blessing, form but a small portion of the fancied inhabitants of the spirit-land.

The poets have chiefly sought to people the void of space with beings of equal malignity and power; and have invoked them as ministers of pain and fear, embodying to the vision of the guilty wretch, the images of pain and terror which haunt his inmost soul. Most of them, too, are connected with the operations of conscience, the utterings of that "small still voice," whose slightest whisper can shake the soul of the strong man, as the whirlwind shakes the reed. Witness the array of phantoms conjured up by the dreaming Richard! the murdered Banquo glaring upon Macbeth at his own festal board. Or, to turn from fable to fact, the warning shade that visited the stern Brutus in his tent, what was it, but the offspring of a busy fancy and a troubled heart?

But no where have we seen this principle so fully laid down, as in that masterpiece of the great Grecian, where Orestes first becomes conscious of the presence of the Furies; while attempting to justify the deed by which he had avenged his parent, strange feelings creep over him; he lifts his eyes and there, *invisible to all but him*, there stand "Figures dripping with loathly blood; the angry hell-hounds of his mother;" he flies and they pursue him, until at length a Deity frees him from them.

Thus is the punishment of the Buccaneer sha-

dowed forth. In the pale spectre which haunts, and finally leads him to his doom, we trace the recollection of past guilt and the dread of future retribution, which ever dog the footsteps of crime. But our space warns us to condense our remarks as much as possible.

The Buccaneer has returned to the Isle, and is celebrating the anniversary of their guilt with those

"Who laugh'd to see the white horse swim."

The revel was at its height—

"The words they spoke, we may not speak.

The tales they told, we may not tell.

Mere mortal man, forbear to seek

The secrets of that hell!

Their shouts grow loud. 'Tis near mid hour of night.

What means upon the water that red light?

"Not bigger than a star it seems,

And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon:

And now it shoots in hairy streams.

Its light!—"Twill reach us soon!

A ship! and all on fire!—hull, yards, and mast!

Her sheets are sheets of flame!—she's nearing fast!

"And what comes up above that wave,

So ghastly white?—a spectral head!—

A horse's head! (May heaven save

Those looking on the dead,—

The waking dead, there on the sea he stands—

The spectre-horse!—he moves; he gains the sands!

"Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides

Are streaming with a cold blue light.

Heaven keep the wits of him who rides

The spectre-horse to-night!

His path is shining like a swift ship's wake:

He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray break.

"The revel now is high within;

It breaks upon the midnight air.

They little think 'midst mirth and din,

What spirit waits them there.

As if the sky became a voice, there spread

A sound to appal the living, wake the dead.

"The spirit-steed sent up the neigh,

It seemed the living trump of hell,

Sounding to call the damn'd away,

To join the host that fell.

It rang along the vaulted sky; the shore

Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges roar!

"It rang in ears that knew the sound;

And hot flushed cheeks are blanch'd with fear.

And why does Lee look wildly round?

Thinks he the drown'd horse is near!

He drops the cup, his limbs are stiff with fright.

Nay sit thee still, it is thy banquet night."

The struggles of the unhappy wretch, compelled by a power within, to mount the spectre-steed, while his soul sickens with agony, is powerfully described, as is also the night he spends upon the verge of the sea, with the blazing ship before his eyes, and the spectre-steed beneath him; but our limits will not allow us to extract it. Morning comes at length:

"The spectre-steed now slowly pales;

Now changes like the moon-lit cloud.

That cold, thin light now slowly fails,
That wrapt them like a shroud.
Bob ship and horse are fading into air,—
Lost, mazed, alone, see Lee is standing there!"

For a time, Lee is stunned and subdued by his visitation; he returns home, and finds that his comrades have fled the isle, never to return; and that he alone is left to suffer punishment, and meet the doom; his heart sinks within him. Men shun him.

"Terror and madness drive him back to men;
His hate of man to solitude again."

For a time, he is free from supernatural visitation, and the natural hardihood of the man returns; again he rules and scoffs the crowd; but the year is coming round, and on the anniversary, the spectre-horse bears him off again; his spirit now is crushed.

"Who's yonder on that long black ledge,
Which makes so far into the sea?
See! there he sits and pulls the sedge—
Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? a year and little more,
And thou didst lord it bravely round the shore."

"It brought a tear to many an eye,
That once, his eye had made to quail.
'Lee, go with us; our sloop rides nigh;
Come help us hoist her sail.'
He shook. 'You know the spirit horse I ride;
He'll let me on the sea, with none beside.'"

The last act approaches, as the year closes. Lee is seated in his room waiting his doom:

"Not long he'll wait—where now are gone
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
Beautiful while the west sun shone,
And bathed them in his flood
Of airy glory?—sudden darkness fell;
And down they sank, peak, tower, and citadel."

"The darkness, like a dome of stone,
Ceils up the Heavens, tis hush as death—
All but the Ocean's dull low moan.
How hard Lee draws his breath!
He shudders as he feels the working power.
Arouse thee, Lee! up man! it is thine hour!—

"Tis close at hand: for there once more,
The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
And shafted fire she show'd before;
Twice thus she hither came:—
But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A wasting light; then settling down she goes."

"And where she sank, up slowly came
The spectre-horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! his pale sides flame—
He'll shortly meet thee, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor:
He's moving on. Lee meets him at the door."

"He's on the beach; but stops not there.
He's on the sea! 'Lee quit the horse!—
Lee struggles hard—tis mad despair!—
Tis vain! the spirit corse
Holds him by fearful spell;—he cannot leap;
Within that horrid light he rides the deep."

"It lights the sea around their track—
The curling comb and dark steel wave:

There, yet sits Lee the spectre's back—
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin."

"The earth has wash'd away its stain.
The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again
From the far South and North.
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
O, whither on its waters rideth Lee?"

Columbia, S. Carolina.

E. D.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY,

SKETCHES OF INDIANS, AND LIFE BEYOND THE BORDER.

By a Captain of U. States Dragoons.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fort Leavenworth was re-occupied by our battalion; a "fort" by courtesy, or rather by order: it was in reality but a straggling cantonment, but on an admirable site. The Missouri, in an abrupt bend, rushes with wondrous swiftness against a rock-bound shore; from this the ground rises with a bold sweep to a hundred feet or more, then sloping gently into a shallow vale, it rises equally again: and thus are formed a number of hills, which are to the North connected by a surface but slightly bent, to which the vale insensibly ascends; every line of every surface is curved with symmetry and beauty. On these hill-tops, shaded by forest-trees, stands Fort Leavenworth. On the one hand is to be seen the mighty river winding in the distance, skirted by blue cliffs; on the other, rolling prairies, dotted with groves, and bounded on the West by a bold ridge; this enclosing in an elliptical sweep a beautiful amphitheatre, terminates five miles Southward in a knob, leaving between it and the river a view of the prairie lost in a dim and vague outline. How feeble are words! how inadequate to give a general idea, much more to paint this rare scenery, where grandeur is softened by beauty, and the beautiful enhanced and dignified by a magnificent outline.

Blessed with a harmonious and congenial though a small society, the days, the months, flew by. Our duties performed, and studious improvement not neglected, the pleasures of female society gave the greater zest to diversions and exercises. Often the whole of us, in a party, would canter for miles through prairie and grove, and spend the day on the shady banks of a pretty stream; there, where the world had never made its mark—forgetful of its very existence—we gave our whole hearts to sylvan sports, to feast and merriment, to happiness. A week seldom passed without dancing parties, to which rare beauty and fine music lent their attractions. Sentinels on a distant frontier, ever ready to throw ourselves in the face of savage enemies,

though severed from the world with its selfish jarring interests, its contentions and tortuous intrigues, its eternal struggle for dollars, we continued, amid our books and social pleasures, with hunting and the chase, to pass happy years. We always enjoyed the contemplation of Nature in her untamed beauty, fresh as from the hands of the Creator. The greatest danger of our situation was that lethargy and rust of mind, so naturally induced where no exciting motive, no *necessity* urges on to the labor of exertion. It is not in human nature, in such passive circumstances, long to escape their impression. But some of us strove hard to improve those faculties which an unhappy world would not always, as then, suffer to slumber.

But we were not without our visitors from the world, who sufficiently refreshed our conceptions of its existence and nature, nor, from the regions of our far West; the then accomplished officers of the Indian department, from agencies between us and the Rocky Mountains, and some members of the Fur Company, fresh from natural scenes, and full of racy anecdote of adventure; they were frequently an enlivening addition to our small society. The memory of those years is recalled, as in moments of tranquil enjoyment the dream of some sweet forgotten slumber steals on our rapt senses, recalling a past which hovers indistinctly between the pleasures of imagination and the kindlier realities of existence.

In the summer of 1831, wishing to extend my knowledge of the country, and weary of inactivity, I obtained leave of absence, in order to accompany an officer of the Indian Department on an official visit to the villages of the Oto and O-ma-haw Indians, and the Old Council Bluff in their vicinity. We took with us a French servant, or *engagé*, named Godfrey, and had a pack-horse, which carried a tent and provisions. Our route was to be by the South side of the Missouri.

The first day we rode but a few miles; our hired man being very drunk;—as is usual with these fellows on such occasions when their services are most needed. He fell from his horse on some tin cups and mashed them nearly flat; and I discovered with some surprise that they could not be restored to any approximation of their original shape. The pack-horse, at the camp-ground turned his pack, and succeeded in kicking a small bag of crackers very nearly to the original state of flour. A good start is worth a day's journey.

Next day we got along more comfortably. Our course lay altogether over prairies; but in view generally of the timber of the river and always of some small tributary. This night we encamped on one of the miry creeks, very difficult to cross, which here abound; indicating a country as rich as it is beautiful. This was about fifty-six miles above Fort Leavenworth.

Tuesday, June 14th. We got over the boggy

stream by 6 o'clock; after riding about twelve miles (over rolling prairie) we suddenly beheld before us the beautiful valley of the Grand Ne-me-haw; far below us stretched out, a mile and a half in width, the level prairie bottom, studded with numberless flowers of every brilliant colour; the margin of the river was fringed and relieved by stately trees; five elks, disturbed by our approach, slowly galloped away along the hill-side. But our attention was withdrawn from this beautiful scene; for, rather suddenly, half of the heavens were obscured by an immense black cloud; reaching from the horizon on either side, it culminated dark as night. All thoughts were turned to securing ourselves from the storm, and placing the river behind us; we hastened on, and fortunately struck its bank where a large tree had been felled across. Removing our saddles and pack, we carried them over; Godfrey swam his horse across, the others following. We mounted to seek drier ground, and about half a mile above we encamped on a small prairie; we were near the edge of the bank; along and below it grew scattered trees, enough to conceal the course of the river, which made a bend above, and the "bluff," (or prairie hill) opposite us, which was half a mile distant. By the time the tent was pitched and the horses hobbled, the storm broke over us with an awful crash of thunder and lightning, which seemed close above and around us. It rained in showers from midday until dark—then it wonderfully increased; for hours, in almost continuous showers, it fell as violently as I had ever seen before in storms, at the moment of greatest force.

We remained sitting up in the tent, our provisions, &c. raised on the saddles and covered with blankets; our candle was put out by the rain about nine o'clock. Near eleven we determined to lie down, though the ground was thoroughly soaked, and we were wet to the skin. In about an hour the rain began to fall more steadily and moderately, and I fell asleep.

About three o'clock I was aroused, and found myself lying in water. A conviction that we were flooded was soon forced upon our minds, for the water rapidly increased in depth. The darkness was palpable. We were overwhelmed with astonishment that the river could in that time overflow its banks, and attached an importance to our awful situation which those who must see us alive and well can never appreciate. Various plans of escape or safety were now proposed. Godfrey thought we would have to take a tree, and live on one of the horses. Fortunately daylight began to dawn, when we discovered our horses close by, trembling with fear. The water was now near knee deep, though not over the grass. I observed a remarkable bank of fog (I thought) along the foot of the hills. We had to fish for our bridles, &c. at arm's length in the water. The white fog

sensibly approached, and we discovered it was water—the river in a new channel! Our preparations were hurried—the tent was left standing—I abandoned a blanket. Mr. B. was at length mounted, and tried the depth of water in several directions. I proposed to follow up the margin of the bank, knowing it was there the shallowest. I mounted my trembling horse, when he mired, plunged, and seemed incapable of exertion. I got off, and left him loose to follow. The water was half thigh deep; I became much exhausted, and stopped and pulled off my woollen pantaloons and threw them over my shoulder; my companions had stuck to their horses, and were far ahead; I feared to step over the bank and be swept off. At the bend I discovered the bluff, three hundred yards off. It was now quite light; I made for the hill through a swift current above my waist, and at length reaching the new shore, offered up my thanks.

I threw myself on the ground, and was soon pleased and surprised to see the approach of our pack-horse, which Godfrey had left to take care of himself. I stopped him, and finding a bottle of brandy had been saved, took a hearty drink.

On the hill-top we made a fire and unpacked every thing to dry. The cries of drowning fawns were heard the whole forenoon, and many deer swam out in our neighborhood. The river had risen now about twenty feet perpendicular: perhaps four of which, on an average, was over an expanse of two miles. I believe it had not rained over any part of its course earlier than at this point.

June 15th. After having dried our clothing, &c. and recovered the tent, about mid-day we were mounted, and rode some ten miles West endeavoring to “head” a little stream, emptying into the Nemehaw just below the camp; which, though now impassable, and three hundred yards wide, might the morning before have been almost stepped across. The country presents a uniform succession of prairie hills, jutting out from more elevated ridges toward the larger creeks. On arriving at the top of one of them, we saw some hundred yards distant two deer. I instantly dismounted, fired my rifle, and one of them fell dead: it was a doe; its companion, a buck, stood gazing at us for some minutes, while Godfrey slowly dismounting, aimed and fired; it then moved slowly off untouched. I was well pleased, admiring the apparent chivalry of the poor animal, deliberately standing fire over the body of his unfortunate mate.

June 16th. A few miles took us around the fountain-head of the small stream, and after passing a very high prairie, the dividing ridge between the two Nemehaws, and two very boggy branches, at ten o'clock we struck their main creek, which presented a very formidable aspect; the bottom, a half mile wide, was flooded, two feet deep; we rode through to its bank, and found it evidently impassable, there being no timber—retraced our steps,

went a half mile, waded again to its bank, felled a tree across, led in a horse, which swimming to the opposite bank, endeavored in vain to mount it. Notwithstanding our assistance, the poor animal remained in the water for hours, whilst we all, standing in the mire, worked hard to get it over, hoping to save its life; at last we tried the same side it had entered, which was apparently, that is, above water, much the most difficult, and succeeded in helping it out. We then once more returned to the hill, and encamped near by. I began to think it an exceedingly unpleasant *pleasure trip*, but consoled myself with shooting a curlew sixty yards, off hand, with a rifle ball; its bill was more than four inches long, and of the size of a rye straw.

17th. Passed three hours in making a third and successful attempt to cross this vile stream at a new place. Went E. of N. and soon came in sight of the Little Nemehaw river, which in its scenery most strikingly resembles its “grand” namesake, though we found after wading our horses for a mile through its rich bottom, that it was a “little” larger.

Here is a beautiful district between the two Nemehaws (some twenty-five miles) and ten miles up each stream from the Missouri, extends the reservation for the Otto and Omahaw half-breeds. In two hours we had crossed this stream, in the same manner as the other, and were in motion to the N. W. on a fine prairie ridge, and did not reach “wood and water,” a suitable camping-ground, until nine o'clock at night.

CHAPTER XIV.

18th. Proceeded early a little N. of West, crossing an endless succession of prairie hills, between which were generally *gutters* filled with clear water, with vertical sides, and so deep that the horses had to leap them. After two hours rest at noon, we ascended the “divide” between the waters of the Nemehaws, (or Missouri,) and the Great Platte river. This, the highest ground between two mighty rivers, is an immense prairie of table land, impressing the senses with the idea of an elevation far greater perhaps than the reality, owing to the extraordinary circumstances of there being no higher object visible—no distant mountain, hill, or inequality, not even a tree, to restore by comparison a juster estimate. I was thus, for the first time, out of sight of timber; far away, in every direction, not even a shrub was to be seen—a green sea waving in the breeze! An American poet, gaining here a new idea, might add a line to these of Byron:

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea.”

Verily I then felt

“I love not man the less, but Nature more
In *this my interview*.”

A thousand unuttered thoughts filled my mind; I almost fancied I could hear the music of the spheres, of which old Spenser must have been thinking when he wrote,

"A solemn silence first invades the ear."

It was a vast solitude; but in my excitement, I found in truth "society" enough. Then, how easy for the mind to restore the scene so lately passed, though gone forever; and though dwelling upon the unhappy fate of the fallen race, to people it anew with those bold hunters of the plains. Amid the traces of reality—the bleached bones around me—my mind was filled with images of the Indian and his occupation: war and the chase. A short thirty years ago, and from this spot, thousands of buffalo might have been seen, and the wild red man rejoicing in the pursuit, the slaughter and the feast. The uncontrolled, the untrammelled, the *Free*—free and happy, as God created them ere they were robbed, enslaved, poisoned, withered by the pestilence. Alas! for the gift of civilization. The "long knife" came and brought with him the "fire water," and the small-pox, and completed his work with paper treaties—construed and explained under the gentle auspices of the sword.

But lo! the alarm! A tribe is aroused to arms! as the sun arose, a bold and bloody deed had been done. A whole tribe, and their enemies! and thousands, mounted on the wild horse, rushed as they desperately fled, mile after mile along, a wonderful chase, all in sight, over the level prairie—thundering on! the Heavens rent with yells, quavering in a thousand throats, the appalling cry for the vengeance of blood. 'Tis scarcely fancy—I have seen those who have witnessed such a sight.

But the Indian was gone—the buffalo was nowhere to be found;—there seems a sympathy between them, and the poor animal flies not from the Indian as from the white; their fates are alike; the buffalo has receded about ten miles annually for 150 years, and we find them together approaching the barren confines of the other ocean. A short tarrying place was the Father of waters, the dark flood of the Mississippi, fit boundary to the mighty empire, the vast, the beautiful regions to its East; a limit which an Alexander had scarce wept to cross. But our grasping, restless borderers o'erleapt it at once, wandering ever onward through a wilderness of unappropriated riches. And I too, a pioneer, was I not here, in this awful though beautiful plain, full 500 miles beyond, on the verge of the great American Desert, which caravans of weary pilgrims will soon penetrate, defying its thirsty poverty, and the arms of its poor nomadic tribes,—battling feebly to the last, for their starving inheritance,—scaling the precipices and eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains, to seek new homes in that weeping climate of the Columbia and the Pacific, deprived of every vestige of the comforts of civilization;—that civilization, which under-

standing not, and sharing not, they will forswear, and abandon forever.*

As these thoughts passed through my mind, a dark thunder-cloud which had slowly arisen in advance of us, and approaching nearer and nearer, had assumed palpably the appearance of a vast spread eagle, perfect in shape, save the head, which seemed averted, and hid behind a bank of cloud. We could but look and wonder in silence, till the imminent dread of the storm banished all thoughts of eagle, Indian, buffalo, or squatter, and making an anxious survey, I beheld far away a solitary oak, which (experience had taught me to believe) stood sentinel-like, the guardian, or rather offspring, of a fountain. Patiently we rode toward it, and our faith was rewarded, for such was found to be the case. We prepared our night camp in time to escape the worst of a drenching shower.

June 19. Pursued a W. N. W. course, and in a few hours came in sight of the Great Platte river, and made a halt at the Little Saline; it is twenty yards wide—a shallow stream, running swiftly over a rocky bottom; the water is brackish. We remounted at twelve o'clock, and following up the course of the river, passed over a low, sandy, sterile district. There were many trails leading to the Otto villages. The Indians, moving like the buffaloes, in single file, make, like them, deep paths. We passed in succession the "Old Village" and the "Lower Village," oppressed by heat and thirst, and somewhat sorrowful that all signs, or absence of signs, indicated that the Indians had all gone on the summer hunt. At sunset we reached the Upper Village, which, accordingly, we found utterly deserted.

Finding nothing but stagnant water, and hoping to do justice to an intolerable thirst, I seized a bucket, descended the lofty and very precipitous bluff on which the village stands, crossed the flat meadow bottom, (having been deceived by appearances as to the distance to the river, which was in reality half a mile,) and at last found that the water was exceedingly muddy and quite warm. It was now growing dark, and I turned my solitary steps over the wild flats, in the midst of a thunder-storm. Gusts of rain and wind rendered my steps unsteady—the lightning's flare, revealing in the tall rustling grass, the many pools of water, seemed actually to play around the bright bucket which I held in my hand. I found my party had selected quarters in a "Lodge."

These dwellings of the Indian are more comfortable than the common houses in the frontier States. Around a circular excavation about three feet deep, and forty in diameter, a conical edifice of poles rests upon a strong frame work; this is covered three or four feet thick with wattled bushes, &c. and earth—leaving at the apex, about twenty-

*The prairie inspired prophecy is now History—yearly parties cross the Rocky Mountains.

five feet from the floor, a small opening for light and the escape of smoke: under this is fixed the inclined stick or pole on which the kettle is suspended over the fire. Around the edge the area is divided off into very comfortable berths, rendered more or less private by matting. Cool in summer, and warm in winter, they are never troubled with smoke. Many are much larger, but this is the usual size, in which several families live. Concealment of forty or fifty of these,—appearing to be solid mounds,—erected without regard to order, which would be somewhat difficult, owing to their circular shape—a horse pen of canes,—and in the vicinity some fifty acres of corn in patches, some not larger than the eighth of an acre, others forming a field of size—and though not fenced, the different proprietorships marked off—and some idea is had of the Otto village.

June 20th. I was awoke last night by the thunder reverberating around my subterranean abode, and beheld the lightnings seeming to play around a hole in the sky of utter darkness; between asleep and awake, my sensations were the more strange and pleasing, as I could not realize my unwonted situation.

Finding the river too high to cross, we concluded to send Godfrey to a trading-house, thirty miles above, on the Missouri, for assistance. So we set to work to make a small raft of the logs we could find. He seated himself, paddle in hand, a-straddle on one end, near waist deep in water, but with some articles dry on the "bow." We lost sight of him near the other bank, and a mile lower down.

This is the largest tributary of the Missouri, and, like all other rivers entering it (or the Lower Mississippi,) from the S. W., is turbid. All those from the other side are clear; and this extraordinary rule holds with respect to the tributaries of the Arkansas and Red rivers. The Platte, in most of its course, has a perfectly level bottom, without timber, and from two to twelve miles broad. Rising at the base of the Rocky Mountains, near the source of the Arkansas, the waters of the two springs mingle, after flowing in a devious circuit of 4000 miles.

The scene in the village to-night is imposing. The stars shine brightly—it is a perfect calm; the crescent throws a doubtful shadow. I wander among the earth mounds, more like ancient tombs than the abodes of man; far below, the swollen and mighty river, "dark heaving," sounds a melancholy and awful monotone; the poetical whip-poor-will alone breaks the dead oppressive silence with the music of a living sound. Far in the wilderness, we felt doubly alone amid these dwelling places of man.

June 21. At 4 P. M. three horsemen appeared to our anxious eyes beyond the river; it was Godfrey with aid, and we were directed to the village, three miles below. He got over late and with

much difficulty, bringing with him a half-breed and the old Frenchman, Barada, (p. 24,) the semi-amphibious, universal interpreter, and the father of forty children.

June 22. About sunrise, in a cold drizzle, we were on the river-bank, looking on with some curiosity at the doings of our savage friends. Two elk skins united were gathered round the edge, and distended with willow boughs—(it is then called a *bouco*), and were ready for the launch; but that a Frenchman seems to make it a rule, if he find no holes, to punch some through and then tie them up. Dressed in woollen, and a blanket thrown around me, I shivered as I looked on, and then most reluctantly stripped myself—save a cloth vest—to take my place in this strange and dangerous aquatic experiment. In the *bouco* was placed all the baggage, and Mr. B. Godfrey took charge of the horses. Half swimming and half wading in quicksands, the two others, rope in mouth, took this leather tub in tow, while I steadied it behind. The river is half a mile wide in a direct line; we had chosen a point where there was an island in the midst. We reached it in safety; but I was almost convulsed with cold, and nearly speechless. I wrapped myself up on the sand in two blankets, and in twenty minutes was much recovered. The men had fashioned the butts of two green willows into the semblance of paddles, when Mr. B. and myself both entered the *bouco*—the stout Maugrain leading, old Barada behind. This side was worse; the water ran in great waves. We paddled with all our strength. At last Maugrain faltered, and would have sunk us, but fortunately he found himself in depth. With a brave heart he put out his utmost powers, and reached the bank, silent, but evidently much overcome. The paddling had quite restored my circulation.

June 22. After a short breathing-time, our horses being saddled, we left the banks of the Platte; crossing the level prairie bottom, without other adventure than miring a horse, we approached the Elkhorn, six miles distant. This, like the stream of the same name in Kentucky, is a beautiful one; it is about fifty feet wide, of a sandy bottom, limpid and deep waters. After taking here a cup of hot coffee, we pursued our ride, and eight miles brought us to the Papion, a small and muddy stream mouthing in the Missouri; the Elkhorn empties into the Platte from the left, so here is a remarkable instance of the extraordinary rule applying to the Western waters before mentioned.

On approaching the Missouri, the country assumes appearances of more variety and interest, than the prairie distant from water-courses, where there is great uniformity; here are to be seen abrupt hills, partially covered with trees, and nearer the river on either side, conical in shape, with jutting rocks. Having ridden twenty-five miles in an E. N. E. direction, we arrived this afternoon at

Cabanne's trading house, which is a few miles below old Fort Atkinson, on "Council Bluffs," and were delighted in having accomplished the last of our difficulties—which had their origin and aggravation in cold rains.

June 23. The Missouri having risen three feet last night, there is a probability of the fur company's steamboat Yellow Stone getting down from above, where, having been long detained by low water, preparations have been made for passing the year.

The Ottos had left their village ten days; they fear the small-pox, which is here reported to be at Liberty, Missouri. Four or five hundred of the Pawnees have died of the influenza, which has passed through this region as an epidemic. Winter, spring, and summer, the weather is very damp and cold.

An old acquaintance and a resident of the country, arriving to-day, we rode together to view the localities and ruins of Fort Atkinson. We found but melancholy memorials of the long occupation of the post by the gallant, the "marching 6th;" soon the luxuriant blue grass, will alone remind the wandering traveller of the former existence of this post "renowned in stories."

After remaining in this vicinity a few days, we procured a canoe—rather out of sorts—of which the rising waters had deprived some owner above; and sending back the horses by an Indian, embarked on our return, still with Godfrey for our only assistant. The only store of meat which we took for a descending voyage of about 300 miles, was five pounds of raw salted pork.

In a few hours we passed the spot where the Great Platte impetuously discharges itself by several channels right across the current of the Missouri, thus causing a turmoil amid the waters rather dangerous to our primitive navigation. A change is here observed in the river scenery, and a great improvement; it now resembles that of the Ohio, or Upper Mississippi; and it is remarkable that the bluffs rise from the river only on the right bank, for 200 miles below this point; they are here crowned with forests. On the north side is a wonderful bottom perfectly level, and averaging about three miles in width; about half a mile of this, nearest the river, is almost invariably a lofty forest,—beyond, a beautiful savouna. About 400 square miles of exceedingly rich and beautiful, *level* and well watered ground in a *body*!—Thirty-five miles lower, we passed the mouth of the Riviere de Table, running from the South; five miles lower there is a remarkable pass, where a bluff of vertical rock projects into the river, where it is not above 150 yards wide. We encamped near sunset, having run eighty miles (by French count thirty-two leagues) in eleven and a half hours, with but one paddle, and stopping to kill a deer.

The next day we passed the mouth of the Little Nemehaw, just below which is apparently a fine

place for building—a bluff handsomely sloped, and sufficient timber; and it is said a vein of stone coal close at hand. About three miles lower is the most beautiful *spot* I have seen on the river. Not far from here, as Godfrey relates, the Ottos last winter killed forty elks in deep snow with their tomahawks.

Finding a deer in the river, this forenoon, we gave chase; it was nearly a mile below, but the poor animal, alarmed at our rapid approach, became confused, and repeatedly changed its course; all paddling our best, the canoe shot like an arrow; we got within twenty feet, when my rifle, for the first time, missed fire. I then tried a shot-gun with no better luck. Godfrey's rifle also missed; the deer was close to land, when at another trial Godfrey's gun went off, and deer too; but poor fellow, with a ball through his neck. The deer are driven to the bars by mosquitoes by the score; we have only to give the canoe a good direction, partially conceal our bodies, and suffer it to float, to get within a few feet of them; in this manner we killed to-day a fat doe.

The third evening we arrived safely at cantonment Leavenworth.

CHAPTER XV.

We were often visited by deputations and treaty parties of the many wilder tribes of Indians, varying as much in dress and personal appearance as in character and pursuits. The celebrated Shawnee Prophet was once or twice at the post, and I have heard him speak in council; he was an old man, but little distinguished in appearance.

One hundred Pawnees paid us a visit, on business with their agent; Capot Bleu was at their head, a chief remarkable for dignity and suavity of manners—a born gentleman. Reared wholly in prairies, they seemed almost lost in the little woods around us. We all attended one evening at a dance among their camp fires: of their entertainments, one was very remarkable, resembling, indeed, an institution of classic Greece. Of a sudden a fine looking warrior sprang into the circle, stuck an arrow into the ground, and then, in the most animated language, recounted one of his deeds in arms; closing with a call upon any performer of a greater action to make his claim to the prize. He said, in substance, that he had ridden alone to a Spaniard's (Mexican's) house, shot down the owner, scalped him, and driven off sixty horses and mules. After a pause, another Brave arose; described an action which he deemed more brave or reputable. He had, on a certain occasion, struck a man in battle: and then removing the arrow, laid it at the feet of the presiding chief. Others in like manner offered articles, some of more value, until many had, in their finest style of oratory, proclaimed their proudest deeds. These recitals are always strictly veracious; and ~~fashion~~, or custom,

decides that they are not immodest. At the close, the chief adds his sanction by a distribution of the prizes. Opinion has settled the comparative honor of many of these feats. The highest is, to take a warrior prisoner; the second, first to strike a dead or fallen man in battle: there are several reasons given for this singular honor; one perhaps is, that it is most likely to fall to the person who has slain the enemy. A wounded man is dangerous to approach, and will generally have friends near him; and it is a frequent stratagem to feign death to draw on an enemy,—seeking this honor, to almost certain destruction. I once saw a warrior rushing too eagerly to strike a foe, who certainly was quite dead, killed by an *accidental* shot. Next to this feat is, to strike an opposing enemy in battle.

We were frequently visited by parties of Ottos, from near the mouth of the Great Platte: they were a brave and interesting people. Their principal chief, I-e-tan, was a distinguished man, of great prowess, and profound judgment or craft: perhaps his most remarkable quality was, a close observation and penetration of character and motives. I heard a gentleman who knew him well, and spoke his language, say, that he had known him to form judicious if not accurate estimates of men, from a half hour's acquaintance, and without understanding a word that was spoken. But deep beneath the calm exterior of his character burned a lava of impetuous passions which, when strongly moved, burst forth with a fierce and blind violence.

I-e-tan had the advantage of a fine and commanding figure; so remarkable, indeed, that once at a dinner on a public occasion at Jefferson Barracks, his health was drank, with a complimentary application of the lines—

"A combination and a form indeed,

"Where every god did seem to set his seal,

"To give the world assurance of a man."

There was a passage in the life of this chief which has been so perverted by an itinerant Indian story-monger, that I cannot refrain from giving it rightly. In a deep carouse which took place one night in the village, in 1822, his brother, a fine fellow, named Blue-eyes, (that color being very extraordinary in an Indian,) had the misfortune to bite off a small piece of I-e-tan's nose. So soon as he became fully sensible of this irreparable injury, to which as an Indian he was perhaps even more sensitive than a white man, I-e-tan burned with a mortal resentment. He told his brother that he would kill him; and retired, got a rifle, and returned. Blue-eyes was found leaning with folded arms against a pillar of his lodge, and thus, with a heroic stoicism which has been rightly attributed as a characteristic of the race, without a murmur, or a word, or the quiver of a muscle, submitted to his cruel fate. I-e-tan deliberately shot him through the heart.

Then was I-e-tan seized with a violent re-

morse, and exhibited the redeeming traits of repentance and inconsolable grief, and of greatness, in the very constancy of the absorbing sentiment. He retired from all intercourse with his race, abstaining wholly from drink, for which he had a propensity; as if under a vow, he went naked for near two years; he meditated upon suicide, and was probably only prevented from committing it by the influence of a white friend; but he sought honorable death in desperate encounters with all enemies he could find, and in this period acquired his name or title, from a very destructive attack which he made upon a party of the I-e-tan tribe. He lived a year or two with the Pawnees, acquired perfectly their very difficult language, and attained a great influence over them, which he never lost. After several years of such penance I-e-tan revisited the villages of his nation; and, in 1830, on the death of La Criniere, his elder brother, succeeded him as principal chief.

I-e-tan married many of the finest girls of his own and neighboring tribes, but never had children. Latterly, one of his wives proved to be pregnant; and, while wavering between love and revenge, a male child was born with teeth. Vanity now proved the strongest passion; he feigned to believe it his son, and pronounced it a special interposition of the Great Spirit, of which this extraordinary sign was the proof. I-e-tan was the last chief who could so far resist the ruinous influence of the increasing communication of his tribe with the villainous—the worse than barbarous whites of the extreme frontier, as to keep the young men under a tolerable control; his death proved a signal for license and disorder.

Intemperance was the great fault in I-e-tan's character—the cause of his greatest misfortune and crime; it led to a violent death. The circumstances of this tragedy are worthy of record, if only that they develop some strong traits of aboriginal character; they are as follows: In April, 1837, accompanied by his two youngest wives, at a trading-house near the mouth of the Platte, he indulged in one of his most violent fits of drunkenness; and in this condition, on a dark and inclement night, drove his wives out of doors: two men of his tribe who witnessed these circumstances took the utmost advantage of them, and seduced the women to fly in their company. One of these men had formerly been dangerously stabbed by I-e-tan. Actuated by hatred—calculating perhaps on the chief's declining power, and the strength of their connexion, which was great—the seducers becoming tired of outlying in hunting camps, &c., determined to return to the village and face it out. Such cases of elopement are not very unfrequent; but, after a much longer absence, the parties generally become silently reconciled, if necessary, through the arrangement of friends. But I-e-tan said that it was not only a personal insult and injury, but an evi-

dent defiance of his power; and that he would live or die the chief of the Ottoes. His enemies had prepared their friends for resistance, and I-e-tan armed himself for the conflict. He sought and found the young men in the skirts of the village, near some trees where their supporters were concealed. I-e-tan addressed the man whom he had formerly wounded: "Stand aside; I do not wish to kill you; I have perhaps injured you enough." The fellow immediately fled. He then fired upon the other, and missed him; who, about to return the fire, was shot down by a nephew of I-e-tan's, from a great distance. He then drew a pistol, jumped astride his fallen enemy, and was about to blow his brains out, when the interpreter, Dorian, hoping even then to stop bloodshed, struck up his pistol, which was discharged in the air, and seized I-e-tan around the body and arms; at this instant the wounded man, writhing in the agony of death, discharged his rifle at random; the ball shattered Dorian's arm, and broke both of I-e-tan's; but being then unloosed, he sprang upon and stamped the body, and called upon his sister, an old woman, who, with an axe in hand, came running like his nephews and friends from the village, to beat out his brains, which she did. At this instant (Dorian being out of the way) a volley was fired from the trees at I-e-tan, and five balls penetrated his body; then, his nephews coming too late to his support, took swift vengeance: they fired at his now flying enemies, and, although they were in motion, near two hundred yards distant, three of them fell dead.

I-e-tan was conveyed to his lodge in the village, where, being surrounded by many relations and friends, he deplored the condition of the nation, and warned them against the dangers and evils to which it was exposed. He assured them most positively that if he willed it, he could continue to live; but that many of the Ottoes had become such dogs, that he was weary of governing them; and that his arms being broken he could no longer be a great warrior. He gave some messages for his friend, the agent who was expected at the village, and then turning to a bystander, told him he had heard that day he had a bottle of whiskey, and to go and bring it; which being done, he caused it to be poured down his throat, when, being drunk, he sang his death-song and died.

CHAPTER XVI.

Amid the quiet inactivity of an infantry outpost, I could scarcely fail to inquire into, and learn much of the manners, customs and traditions of the aboriginal tribes, with many of which I was much in contact.

The Indian is still misunderstood by book-writers and readers. Lately we have begun to discover that the apathy, and insensible sternness of disposition ascribed to them, are a mistaken exaggeration

of their manners *before strangers*. It originated perhaps in an overwrought copy of the cold dignity and hardness of the reputed Roman character; and served—while it misled,—to give a factitious interest to the red hero of a romance; but the world may rely upon it that those, whose pursuits have led to intimate acquaintance with the native character of the aborigines, have not been writers.

The Indian, so reserved and dignified in council, and in his intercourse with strangers, at home with his tribe, and in domestic life is eminently social; full of merriment and laughter, and fond of a practical joke; he seeks lively company; attends feasts, and amuses himself with ludicrous narratives, or listens to the marvellous stories and traditions of the olden time; he frequently passes the night in singing and dancing; or,—in romantic mood,—serenades with his flute, and sings praises to some red beauty who holds the vigils of love.

The Indian learns to control his passions in consequence of the absence of a protecting law; they fight only with weapons, and the taking of life leads to bloody family feuds,—to factions,—and sometimes to civil war.

He knows no moral restraint upon lying; and his life is spent in the study and practice of deceit;—as a means of aggrandizement,—and for the attainment of petty ends, he uses it with a liberality, only limited by the fear of detection; this,—as with the Spartan theft,—is the only crime. Frequent exposure only brands him with the character of *fool*.

On the women of course falls the domestic drudgery, as it does on most white women; with the only difference that it is of a harsher and more laborious kind; a consequence of their wild mode of life; which too, of course, hardens the women, and fits them for their duties. Some of these would unfit the man for hunting, in which he has his full share of the curse of labor. On his return to his lodge after days of exhausting exposure and exertions for the support of his family, his wife is happy in every case for his comfort; removes his stiff-worn clothing; hastens to cook and set before him the best food which she has; offers him a pipe; unpacks the meat which he has brought; and willingly,—if her little son has not done it,—takes care of the horse. The husband strives to obtain wealth in horses to relieve his family of travelling on foot and carrying burdens. The wife is contented and happy.

The men are fond of their children, and playful in their intercourse with them; parents give them lessons of prudence and good behavior: but the boys soon throw off the restraint of their mothers: who, when they become seven or eight years of age, begin to stand in dread of the bow and arrows of the young warriors: at ten or twelve, the boys begin to rebel also against their fathers; whom they are apt to strike on provocation with the first thing

they lay their hands on : the father then goes off rubbing his hurt, and tells his neighbors what a brave warrior his boy will become.

The daughters, under the maternal eye, are very generally chaste, as a matter of policy : after marriage they are less so ; but perhaps not less than among the civilized. Some tribes however hold this virtue in small esteem.

The Indian eats when he is hungry ; and at no regular times ; so that the members of a family seldom eat together, and the women very seldom with the men. They are almost equally irregular in their hours of sleep and rest.

They have no distinction of vulgar and polite language ; and feel no indelicacy in using all expressive words in every society and presence.

The men all choose some animal, bird or fish, as their own peculiar patron, to which they offer a kind of worship, much like that of patron-saints : it is their "totem ;" a sort of coat-of-arms ; and from it they frequently take their name :—an Indian will seldom kill or eat of the chosen animal ; he deems it his guide and protector, and addresses to it speeches and prayers.

They have physicians who administer a few simple remedies ; as an emetic, for instance, they use a tea made of the leaves of the white willow ; their treatment of most local disorders, is scarifying, and the blister by fire ; and, in addition, they are much in the habit of sucking the seat of pain, and even the most disgusting wounds and disorders. They commonly combine the office of physician with that of priest or prophet ; and their French appellation has been anglicised into "medicine men." They endeavor to hide their ignorance,—or artfully assist their remedies by inspiring confidence in their patients, by using much religious mummary, and the common resorts of quackery ; a great instrument in which is their "medicine bag," which is held in much awe and respect ; it contains a great variety of articles esteemed for one reason or another ; among which some portion or symbol of the patron-animal always finds a place : (one might imagine they have copied from the veneration and uses of saintly relics!)

The remote Indians almost hourly worship the Supreme Being : but tinged with the materialism of uncultivated minds, and in the absence of revelation, recognize his presence or attributes in the most striking features of nature ; in the most fearful or beneficent elements of the scheme of creation.

The first puff in smoking, with an ejaculation, they direct upwards : and always sacrifice to the Great Spirit before eating ; they cut off a portion of meat—offer it to the Heavens, as his dwelling place,—and then to the Earth, as the mother of all things ; after which they burn it.

In the spring-time parents send out their sons, and men go forth to lonely places, and hill-tops ;

with their faces and persons blackened with mud—as in mourning—where they fast and pray sometimes for days together, and sing rude chants in praise and adoration. With minds thus exalted and wrought to enthusiasm, they imagine that they hold intercourse with the Almighty. In stormy nights, and in tempests the warriors generally go out and seek this intercourse of prayers. Prophets thus arise ; fanatics, who perhaps deceive themselves as much as others. With some notable exceptions, the women never sacrifice or pray or worship.

The Indians, at times of impending calamity, sometimes give away their children, as a humiliation and atonement, to propitiate the Almighty.

Many of their ceremonies, beliefs and traditions, strongly resemble those of the Old Testament. They have prophets who seem to believe that they hold discourse with the Supreme Being ; they prophecy, and pretend to give his very words ; they make sacrifices, observe feasts ; and fast and pray—not in sackcloth and ashes,—but covered—as a mortification—with mud ; they inflict on themselves wounds, and have many other modes of penance ; they have traditions of animals speaking, and believe that in former days, men were sometimes turned into animals.

The following nations or tribes of Indians occupy the middle ground between the most savage and remote and those who have been whelmed by the hitherto irresistible tide of miration, and debauched by their intercourse with the whites, viz : I-o-ways, Otôs, O-mâ-haws, Kansas and Osages. Their fate is in suspense ; but seems about to take an unfavorable turn. They have preserved this tradition of their origin.

Several hundred years ago a branch of the great Winnebago family commenced their wanderings, from the great lakes Westward : the motive or cause of this division and migration is not assigned ; faction, the exigencies of war or dearth, may have given the impulse.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to trace their progress ; to inquire whether their advance was peaceful ; if the regions passed over were in the possession of other tribes ; or, if this may be inferred, whether they resisted—were destroyed, or driven forward on the territories of others. It might afford a partial solution of the great problem of the origin and history of the savage tribes found by our ancestors in possession of this vast country. We daily discover the monuments of a more civilized, but perhaps soft and effeminate race, who were supplanted by these savage warriors—the hardy children of the North—as were the Southern Europeans in the fifth and sixth centuries by innumerable hordes of barbarians ; so overwhelming in their course, as to leave but a germ of Southern civilization, which in nine centuries after, had scarce attained its ancient growth.

Cortez found in Mexico such a race—perhaps their descendants—constituting a great monarchy.

After the arrival of the Winnebagoes on the bank of the Mississippi, the tradition assigns the cause of another division. The son of a powerful chief seduced the daughter of another, and refused when called upon, to take her as a wife. This gross injury caused a violent feud between the rival leaders, their dependants and friends; and it became so warm as to extend to the great mass of their followers. A bloody conflict between the two factions was averted by a timely compromise:—the followers of the offender's father—though much the most numerous—withdrew from the rest, crossed the Mississippi, and continued their migration. The partizans of the injured chief remained in the vicinity of the river:—their descendants are the I-oways.

Other causes of division—the greatest of which was perhaps the scarcity of game, subsequently scattered the main body, or emigrating party, over extensive districts. Their descendants are known to compose the four other tribes before mentioned. Of these, the Otos, O-ma-haws and Kansas, have permanent villages on the Missouri river, and two tributaries, the Great Platte and Kansas. The Osages, formerly extending far South, even beyond the Arkansas, are now confined to a small district skirting the West bank of the Neosho, or Grand river. They all speak dialects of the present Winnebago language: and bear a strong resemblance in persons and customs. The men of all these nations are of extraordinary size; but the Osages are the largest; and I think, exceed the white Americans.

Their numbers have been much reduced: principally by small-pox. They are brave and fond of war; but have seldom shed the blood of whites. They are independent and bold in their intercourse with whites; and are also lively and intelligent. They have fine heads; and their symmetry of person, activity and powers of endurance, are remarkable.

Early in June,—after planting corn,—they are accustomed to move by whole tribes to the great plains frequented by buffalo: then they enjoy the chase, and feast for months: but are also provident enough to dry and smoke a stock of meat, and return with their horses loaded with it, to their villages of spacious and comfortable diet-houses. They now pull much of their corn while it is in the milk, and dry it carefully in the sun: it is then called "sweet corn;" an excellent and almost universal dish with them: it keeps well, and when broiled, swells, and recovers the tenderness and sweetness of a roasting-ear;—it is far superior to hominy. After gathering their crops, they again remove to the game country in October; and there pass the winters in skin-lodges or tents.*

* See note A, in Appendix.

CHAPTER XVII.

The most remarkable personage that has appeared among these tribes was Blackbird, chief of the O-ma-haws. This tribe, though now reduced to about 1200 souls, in his time numbered perhaps, quite as many warriors.

Blackbird (Wah-shingah Sawby) was born about the year 1750 in the O-ma-haw village. It stands on the South bank of the Missouri river, ninety miles above Council Bluffs.

The dignity of principal chief, or king—for the language rather indicates the royal title—among the O-ma-haws—and most other Indian nations—is hereditary; but subject to frequent irregularities. Blackbird was of undistinguished parentage; his earliest pursuits were those of a doctor. To this character he soon added that of religious juggler; he became a "medicine man." His ambition then began to be developed: and he sought by a habit of austerity, to obtain the respect of his fellows; he rendered himself remarkable for the frequency and duration of his fasts and religious ceremonies. He next ventured to appear in the character of prophet; and whether from unusual foresight,—from cunning and management,—or perhaps some instances of remarkable luck, soon became a very distinguished one. About this time he made a fast of great duration; and sat motionless for several days and nights on a high white cliff, which was in view from the village: this over, he gave out, that the Great Spirit had appeared to him, face to face, and told him that he should become a very great man.

Having acquired by these means the importance and influence of a principal man, Blackbird's ambition was further excited to follow the only remaining road to honors and power. that of arms; he became a partizan leader against the Sioux and Pawnees, with whom the nation is ever at war. He did not mistake his capacity: and indeed became highly distinguished as a successful warrior.

Greatly respected as a war-chief, and feared as a prophet, he was now nearly at the pinnacle of Indian ambition: but Blackbird was not contented: he could not brook a divided rule; his ambition was boundless.

An extraordinary circumstance now occurred which moulded his further fortunes; and infamously used, led to fame and despotic power. This was the solitary instance of an introduction of arsenic into the Indian country; it is not known by whom, or for what purpose it was done; but certain it is, that—perhaps accidentally—the poison fell into the hands of Blackbird; and with a full knowledge of its qualities and use.

Blackbird had no conscientious scruples to overcome;—few of his condition would have had;—he soon resolved on the most judicious and fatal application of this terrible agent. It was in his character of prophet that he determined to sate his re-

lentless ambition; to rid himself of enemies, and to become the object of the fear, and even adoration of the nation.

He at once boldly prophesied the death of the rival chief: and took measures that it should be fully accomplished by means of the poison. The chief suddenly died, as had been predicted, and the tribe were full of terror.

It is needless to follow him in this sure and terrible course; he sacrificed a great number;—his enemies, and those who stood at all in his way. His religious mummery—by which he pretended to hold interviews with the Almighty—was frequently practised in his lodge; it was done with much noise and ostentation. The nation heard and trembled.

When he was known to be angry,—or in times of great distress and calamity, the people would fearfully enter, and seek by all means to propitiate his favor: prostrate on the ground, they gently raised his feet, and placed them upon their necks!

One of his wives eloped with a Pawnee; he shut himself up, and did not speak for several days:—the whole nation were in despair:—the parents of the most handsome girls, took them to him, and humbly offered them for his acceptance.

The following instance is given of Blackbird's despotism. The nation were on their return from the summer hunt; near the heads of the Platte, they were forced to cross a sandy plain, in which no water was to be found nearer than a long day's journey. By some means—perhaps by their setting off before he gave the word—he was offended: he said nothing during the day, but rode on in advance until he came to the brow of a hill in view of water; the poor people had suffered exceedingly on the hot plain, and came straggling on; each pressing desperately forward with all his strength to quench a raging thirst. He allowed them to get in full view of the water, and then commanded a halt! The nation obeyed; and threw themselves on the earth in an agony of fear and suffering. Blackbird himself sent forward for water and drank.

The whole people were in danger of destruction. There was a white man among them, named Barada: after some time he went to the chief and told him, he was killing his people:—he could do so if he chose;—but as one of the whites, who held Blackbird in great friendship and respect, &c., requested to be allowed to go on. The tyrant then relented, or was glad of an excuse to give way: he gave his gracious permission that the nation should drink; and accordingly with shouts of joy and thanks they ran off in a great race to the stream.

Blackbird was in the habit of seizing trader's boats, and taking, or distributing among the people, every article of goods without any account of them;—after the next fall hunt he would generally

make any or all go and throw down their furs and skins in a great pile before the trader, until he should say there was enough.

There was one warrior who quailed not before the terrible power of Blackbird. This was Maundah Ghinga,—the Little Bow. He had become so distinguished that the chief was jealous, or held his character in some dread; accordingly, on an occasion of his absence on a hunt, Blackbird's influence prevailed over his wife, and she consented to poison him on his return.

Agreeably to her instructions, on Little Bow's arrival she was particularly attentive and affectionate in her usual offices: and setting before him a tempting bowl of food, invited him to eat. I know not if in this case his death had been foretold,—but from some cause Little Bow was distrustful: he requested her to partake of the meal; and on her declining, positively commanded her to eat. His wife then threw herself at his feet, and with many tears confessed her crime and revealed the secret of Blackbird's power.

The Little Bow dashed his tomahawk into her brain. He then threw on his war-dress,—seized his arms, and mounted his best horse. He galloped through all parts of the village, proclaimed the villainy of the murderous chief, and endeavored to stir up the people by violent harangues; he paraded in front of Blackbird's lodge; accused him of his crimes, uttered every abuse, and defied him to manly combat.

But Blackbird's power, founded on the ignorance and superstitious fears of the people, was scarcely to be shaken: the result was that Little Bow raised a party of about three hundred—including families—with which he seceded, and built a village about thirty miles above. Here they lived many years, until they were nearly all exterminated by small-pox; Little Bow himself survived his great enemy.

Blackbird, or Tow-wan-gā-hi—the Town-builder as he was also called, died in 1803, about a year after this event, of the small-pox. He was buried on the point of a high bluff, immediately on the river, at the head of Blackbird bend. He was placed sitting on his horse; and over him was erected a lofty mound; it can be seen for more than twenty miles on the river. He chose this spot, that he might see the white people—he told his tribe—as they passed on the river.

Blackbird's memory is still held in reverence and fear; Indians as they pass, are still in the habit of stopping to smoke, and make offerings at his tomb.

I would give in connection with the subject of Indian character some account of a class of self-exiled wanderers and hunters, whose restless or savage natures, lead them to sever every tie of kindred and country, and to prefer the privations and dangers of barbarism, among even hostile In-

dians, to the comforts and most exciting pursuits of their kind. A sketch of one may answer for the class.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Some Incidents in the Life of HUGH GLASS, a Hunter of the Missouri River.

Those pioneers, who sixty years ago, as an advanced guard, fought the battles of civilization, for the very love of fighting, may be now recognized in the class of the hero of my sketch, who 1000 miles beyond the last wave of the troublous tide of emigration, seek their pleasures in the hunt of a Blackfoot of the Rocky Mountains, a grizzly bear or a buffalo. It must be difficult to give even a faint idea of the toils and risks of a set of men, so constituted as to love a mode of life only for these attendants; who exist but in the excitement of narrow escapes,—of dangers avoided or overcome; who often, such is their passionate devotion to roving, choose it, and in preference to comfortable circumstances within the pale of civilization. Little has been reaped from this field, so fertile in novel incident, that its real life throws romance into the shade.

The class of people above mentioned, excluded from choice from all intercourse with the world of white men, are at different periods very differently occupied:—at times, as trappers; at others, they live with Indians, conforming in every respect to their mode of life; and often they are found entirely alone, depending upon a rifle, knife, and a few traps, for defence, subsistence, and employment.

A trapping expedition arrived on the hunting grounds, is divided into parties of four or five men, which separate for long periods of time; and as the beaver is mostly in the country of hostile Indians, in and beyond the Rocky Mountains, it is an employment of much hazard, and the parties are under great pains for concealment. Trappers, and others who remain in these regions, subsist for years wholly upon game. They never taste bread, nor can they even procure salt, indispensable as it may be considered in civilized life.

To take the beaver requires practice and skill. The trap is set, and then sunk in the stream to a certain depth, (when the water is too deep for it to rest upon the bottom) by means of floats attached, and a chain confines it to something fixed, or very heavy at the bottom. This depth must be such that the animal, in swimming over it, is caught by the leg. The bait consists of some strong scent, proceeding from a substance placed directly opposite upon the shore; an oil taken from the body of the animal is generally used. The greatest care is necessary to destroy all trace of the presence of the trapper when making his arrangements, which, if discovered by the most sensitive instinct of the animal, it carefully avoids the place; they therefore wade, or use a canoe in setting the trap.

The solitary hunter is found occasionally thus employed, for the sake of the trade with those who visit the country solely for that purpose; getting for his skins the few necessaries of his situation,—blankets, powder, lead, &c.

The white, or more properly, the grey or grizzly bear is, next to the Indian, the greatest enemy the hunter meets with in this region; it is the lion of our forests; the strongest and most formidable of all its animals. It is about 400 pounds in weight; its claws more than three inches long; the buffalo bull, perhaps stronger and more active than the domestic, is a certain victim to its strength. If a grizzly bear is reported to be in the vicinity of an Indian camp or village, fifty or an hundred warriors turn out (as in the East for a lion or tiger) to hunt to its death so dangerous and dreaded a neighbor.

The grizzly bear never avoids, very often attacks a man; while, on the other hand, the hunter, but under the most favorable circumstances, carefully avoids him.

In the summer of 1823, immediately after the desertion and conflagration of the Arikara village, consequent upon its attack by the 6th Regiment United States Infantry, a party of eighty men, under the direction of Major Henry, (that had volunteered in that engagement) left this point of the Missouri river, intending to gain the head waters of the Yellow Stone to make a fall hunt for beaver. The party had journed four days in the prairie: on the fifth we would introduce our hero (who has been rather backward) to the attention of the reader—if, indeed, it has not been already lost in the rugged field prepared for his reception.

On the fifth day, Glass (who was an *engagé* in the expedition) left the main body, accompanied by two others, to make one of the usual hunts, by which, while subsistence is acquired, the party is not detained. Having, near night, succeeded in killing buffalo, they were directing their common course to a point, near which, they knew, must be the position of the camp for the night; it was on a small stream, and as they passed near one of its curves, Glass became somewhat detached from the others, intending to drink of its waters; at this moment his progress was arrested by the sight of a grizzly bear issuing from beneath the bank opposite to him. His companions, overcome by their fears, which no obligation to share with him his unavoidable danger could resist, profited by their more favorable situation to attempt escape by flight, leaving him to his destiny.

A contest with a grizzly bear, more tenacious of life than a buffalo, is always dangerous; to ensure a probability of success and safety, all the energies must arise in proportion to the magnitude of the danger; and they must be shown in perfect coolness; the slightest falter, which with the many would result from a loss of this presence of mind.

would render the case hopeless and ensure destruction.

Glass would gladly have retreated, but he knew all attempt would be useless. This desperate situation only nerved him to the combat. All depended upon the success of his first and only shot;—with an aim, cool and deliberate, but quick, lest greater rapidity in the animal should render it more uncertain, he fired his rifle. The shot was a good one; eventually mortal; but its immediate effect was only to raise to its utmost degree the ferocity of the animal, already greatly excited by the sight and opposition of its intended prey; it bounded forward with a rapidity that could not be eluded, in pursuit of its flying adversary, whom danger, with means of defence, had inspired with deliberate action, but now only gave wings for his flight. But it was unavailing, and he knew it;—an appalling roar of pain and rage, which alone could render pallid a cheek of firmness, chilled him to the soul; he heard it as a requiem for a departed spirit;—he was overtaken, crushed to the earth, and rendered insensible but to thoughts of instant death. The act of contact had been two blows, inflicting ghastly wounds; the claws literally baring of flesh the bones of the shoulder and thigh. Not sated with this work of an instant, the bear continued on to pursue, with unabated speed, the flight of the two hunters;—the chase was to them awfully doubtful;—every muscle of a hunter's frame strained to utmost tension—the fear of a horrid death—the excitement of exertion—together producing a velocity seldom equalled by bipeds, had been unavailing in contest with that of the superior strength and fleetness of the raging animal. But, fortunately, it could not last;—it was expended in the distance, from loss of blood;—its exertions became more feeble;—the sacrifice of a deserted comrade had saved their lives;—they reached the camp in safety.

When sufficiently recovered, they reported the death of Glass, and their escape from the pursuit of the wounded grizzly bear. A large party was instantly in arms. It had gone but a short distance when the bear was discovered and despatched without difficulty. Glass, they found, was not yet dead; they bore him to the camp, still insensible from the shock of his dreadful wounds. They were considered mortal, and, of course, bound up and treated as well as their circumstances would admit of.

A question then arose, how he should be disposed of; to carry him farther was useless, if not impossible; and it was finally settled that he should be left. Eighty dollars were subscribed for any two men who would volunteer to remain with him, await his death, and then overtake the party. A man named Fitzgerald, and a youth of seventeen, accepted the proposals; and the succeeding day the main party continued its route as usual.

For two days they faithfully administered to his wants; then their imaginations began to create difficulties in their situation; at least their inactive stay became very irksome; and as they considered his recovery as hopeless, they equally agreed to think their remaining longer useless. Thus wrought upon, and from innate depravity, they conceived the horrid idea of deserting him, overtaking the party, and reporting his death:—and they determined upon the prompt execution of their design:—nay more, these most heartless of wretches, taking advantage of his first sleep, not contented with the desertion of a sacred trust, robbed him of his rifle, knife, and, in short, every thing but a small kettle containing water, and a wallet on which his head rested; and which fortunately contained a razor.

On awakening, how could he realize his situation! Helpless from painful wounds, he lay in the midst of a desert. His prospect was starvation and death. He was deserted by the human race.

But all could not equal the mental conflict created by this act, which words cannot sufficiently blacken. He muttered a mingled curse and prayer:—He had a motive for living! He swore, as if on his grave for an altar, his endless hatred, and, if spared, his vengeance on the actors in so foul a deed.

Glass, when his water was exhausted, for fear he should become so weak as to perish for want of it, succeeded with great difficulty in crawling to the edge of the stream, where he lay incapable of further exertion for several days.

Few are aware, until tried, of their capacity for endurance: and the mind seldom shrinks from an exertion that will yield a single ray of hope to illumine the darkness of its waste.

Glass did not despair: he had found he could crawl, and he determined to endeavor to reach a spot where he could better hope for succor. He crawled towards the Missouri, moving at the rate of about two miles a day! He lived upon roots and buffalo berries. On the third day he witnessed near him the destruction of a buffalo calf by wolves;—and here he gave a proof of a cool judgment: he felt certain that an attempt to drive the wolves from their prey before their hunger was at least somewhat appeased, would be attended with danger, and he concluded to wait till they had devoured about half of it, when he was successful in depriving them of the remainder: and here he remained until it was consumed, resting and, perhaps, gaining strength. His knees and elbows had by now become bare; he detached some of his other clothing, and tied them around these parts, which must necessarily be protected, as it was by their contact with the ground that motion was gained.

The wound on his thigh he could wash; but his shoulder, or back, was in a dreadful condition. For more than forty days, he thus crawled on the

earth, in accomplishing a five days' journey to the Arickara village. Here he found several Indian dogs still prowling among the ruins; he spent two days in taming one of them sufficiently to get it within his power: he killed it with the razor, and for several days subsisted upon the carcase.

Glass, by this time, though somewhat recovered of the effect of his wounds, was, as may be supposed, greatly reduced; but he continued his weary and distressing progress, upon arms and knees, down the Missouri river. In a few days he was discovered by a small party of Sioux Indians: these acted toward him the part of the good Samaritan. The wound on his back was found in a horrid condition. It had become full of worms! The Indians carefully washed it, and applied an astringent vegetable liquid. He was soon after taken by them to a small trading-house about eighty miles below at the mouth of the Little Missouri.

CHAPTER XIX.

Glass slowly recovered from his wounds. He had been greatly reduced; he was, indeed, when found, a mere skeleton: but a vigorous frame, and strong constitution, inured to constant exercise and rough labors, thus rendered iron-like, with little encouragement, quickly recovers from shocks that would be fatal to men of different pursuits. While in this situation, his curse, his oath of vengeance on the authors of half his misfortune, had not been forgotten. When in his feverish dreams he fought his battles o'er,—entrapped the wary beaver,—enticed to its death the *curious* antelope,—when the antlered buck was arrested in his pride by his skill, and weltered before him,—and when the shaggy strength of the untameable buffalo sank beneath his fatal rifle, the bear, the grizzly bear, would still disturb his slumbers; a thousand times would be imaged to his mind the horrid, the threatening grin of its features; now its resistless paw was suspended over his head, with nought to avert the death-inflicting blow,—and now its bloody teeth mangled his vitals. And again it would change, and he was confronted by mortal foes;—and he felt a spell bound inactivity: goblin-like they danced before him; retreated, advanced, in mockery of the impotence of their intended victim;—and then he would see them afar off, with demon countenances of grim satisfaction, in leaving him to a fate they could easily avert, of studied cruelty, worse than death. Awaking with convulsive start, the 'Great Nemesis' ever invoked by the unfortunate, would seem to whisper him, "Hast thou forgotten thy oath."

His oath of revenge was far from forgotten. He nourished it as an only consolation; an excitement to hasten recovery. Near two months had elapsed, when Glass was again on his feet. Nor had his ill fate in the least dampened the hunter's

ardor: he the rather felt uneasy quickly to resume his adopted habits, which he had so long, so unwillingly forgone.

The pleasures of this roving, independent, this easy, careless life of the hunter, when once tasted with relish, the subject is irreclaimable, and pines in disgust amid the tameness of more quiet occupations.

Glass had found sympathy among his new friends at the trading-house. Who could withhold deep interest from the story of such wrongs! He was destitute of clothing; the rifle, butcher knife, &c., the means of the support, and even existence of the hunter. These they generously supplied him. A party of six of the *engagees*, headed by one Longevan, had occasion about this time to ascend the Missouri, in a Mackinaw, with the purpose of trading with the Mandans, about 300 miles above: these Glass resolved to accompany; he was anxious to rejoin the trapping expedition, from which he had been cut off; a great object, it may be readily conjectured, was to meet the two wretches he was so much indebted to.

The party set out in their Mackinaw in October; and near a month did they tug against the stubborn current of the Missouri: so slow is the progress of all boats, but those impelled by resistless steam. That hunters have the greatest leisure to subvert a party thus employed. At the Big Bend, a half hour's walk across reaches the point gained in three days by the boatman's labor. Among the hunters, Glass was, as usual, conspicuous for patience and success. Many fat elk fell by his hand.

The Arickara Indians, driven by armed forces from their extensive village, had retreated up the river to the Mandans for relief. They had been overpowered but not vanquished; and their immortal hostility to whites was but aggravated to fresh deeds of outrage.

Late in October, the Mackinaw had reached within twenty miles of the Mandan village. Nor had its party been more cautious than is usual on the river. Late in an afternoon, at this time, they unsuspectingly landed to put ashore a hunter: and as it happened at a point nearly opposite the spot chosen by the Arickaras for their temporary abode. Ever on the alert, the boat-full of white men had in the morning been descried by one of their out parties; and a runner had informed the tribe of the glad tidings. So all was in readiness for the destruction of the unconscious objects of savage revenge. Scarce had the boat left the beach, and Glass, as the hunter, (his lucky star still prevailing) gained the concealment of willows, when a hundred guns or bows sent forth their fatal missiles, and on the instant rose the shrill cry of war from a hundred mouths. Had a thunderbolt burst from the cloudless heaven upon the heads of the boat crew, greater could not have been their astonishment, or its destruction. The appalling din

was echoed from hill to hill, and rolled far and wide through the dark bottoms; and it was such as to arrest in fear the fierce panther in the act of leaping upon the now trembling deer.

But few guns from the boat sent back defiance to the murderous discharge; the shouts were but answered by the death-cry and expiring groans. The Indians rushed upon their victims, and the war-club and tomahawk finished a work that had been so fearfully begun. They rioted in blood; with horrid grimaces and convulsive action they hewed into fragments the dumb, lifeless bodies; they returned to their camp a moving group of dusky demons, exulting in revenge, besmeared with blood, bearing aloft each a mangled portion of the dead, trophies of brutal success.

Glass had thus far again escaped a cruel fate. He had gained the almost impervious concealment of drifted and matted willows, and undergrowth, when the dread ebullition of triumph and death announced to him the evil he had escaped, and his still imminent peril. Like the hunted fox, he doubled, he turned, ran or crawled, successively gaining the various concealments of the dense bottom to increase his distance from the bloody scene. And such was his success, that he had thought himself nearly safe, when at a slight opening he was suddenly faced by a foe. It was an Arickara scout. The discovery was simultaneous, and so close were these wily woodsmen, that but the one had scarce time to use a weapon intended for a much greater distance. The deadly tomahawk of the other was most readily substituted for the steeled arrow. At the instant, it flew through the air, and the rifle was discharged; neither could see or feel the effect produced, but they rushed into each other's grasp, either endeavoring to crush his adversary by the shock of the onset. But not so the result; the grappling fold of their arms was so close, that they seemed as one animal:—for a while, doubtful was the struggle for the mastery;—so great was their exertion, that the grasped fingers met in the flesh! But Glass, not wholly recovered from his wounds, was doomed to sink beneath the superior strength of his adversary, by an irresistible effort, of which he was rolled upon the earth, the Indian above. At this instant the effect of his unerring shot was developed. The Indian's last convulsive exertion, so successful, was accompanied by a shout of victory—but dying on his lips, it had marked his spirit's departure. It was as if his proud soul, sensible of approaching feebleness, had willingly expired in the last desperate effort, and the shout of triumph with which he would have ushered both their souls into the presence of the 'Great Spirit.'

Redeemed, unhopd, from death, Glass beheld at his feet his late enemy, not only dead, but already stiffening, with hand instinctively touching the hilt of his knife.

Brief was his breathing time; he was soon rendered aware that the report of his rifle had been heard by the Arickaras;—that his escape was discovered; he had instinctively reloaded his gun, and he renewed a flight of which his life was the stake. Concealment from his pursuers having become impossible, he used his utmost speed in the hope of soon gaining a shelter of such a nature that he could end a race which could no longer be doubtful. Horses had been called into requisition.

We may suppose his hurried thoughts now turned upon his late narrow escapes, which he feared were of little avail; that the crowning scene was now at hand; or that he prayed that that hand, so often interposed between him and death, would again extend its protection.

Horses were of little aid in the thick bottom; but shouts, uttered at occasional glimpses of his form, announced to Glass that his pursuers were thus excited to efforts that could not much longer fail of success; and his thoughts were intensely turned upon some desperate stratagem as his only hope, when a horseman suddenly crossed his path. In his present state of mind, any Indian appeared, in his eyes, a blood seeking enemy. He felt his death now certain, and was determined not to fall single and unavenged; he was prepared for his last mortal strife. But fortune, which apparently delighted to reduce him to the narrowest straits, but to show her freaks in almost miraculous reverses, had thrown in his way a friend. The horseman was a Mandan Indian on a visit to the Arickaras. Attracted by the noise of the pursuit, he had urged his horse's speed to witness the result; and coming suddenly upon the object of it, he, at a glance, became aware of the state of the case; a hundred in his place, or he, a hundred times to this once, though of a friendly tribe, would have sacrificed the white; but taking one of the sudden and unaccountable resolutions of an Indian, or, perhaps, thinking his interposition of almost impossible avail, at once entered into the excitement of the trial. Be this as it may, he motioned to Glass to mount behind him; it was instantly complied with, when turning his horse's head, he urged it to its greatest speed. Better ground was soon gained; and avoiding the Arickara camp, they that night entered the Mandan village in triumph.

Here Glass was well received; for the announcement of his presence was naturally accompanied by the recital of his escapes, which nought but the greatest prowess could have accomplished; and nothing is better calculated effectually to engage the interest and admiration of Indians.

And often are acts and events, which are set down to the score of fortune or good luck, the result of superiority in qualities immediately conducing to the result. Fortune is not so far removed from the agency of man, that a genius may not by a happy effort, insure its favor and appa-

rently dictate to fate. A true knowledge of all of Glass' career leaves a first impression on the mind, that it is a rare combination of *fortunate escapes*, of *lucky accidents*; but much of it may be explained as the more natural result of physical strength, cool intrepidity, and untiring patience.

After remaining a few days with the Mandans, Glass, nothing daunted by his past dangers, and equally regardless of new ones, resumed, alone and on foot, his journey up the Missouri. The Mandan village is on the left or N. E. bank of the river: it was on the same side he commenced his journey, intending to leave the Missouri at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, about 300 miles higher up; his object in following water-courses, being to meet with white men, and to run no risk of missing the trapping party under Major Henry, he was so anxious to regain:

His arms were now a rifle, small axe, and the ever necessary knife; his dress, a blanket capote, (perhaps) a flannel shirt, leather leggins, and moccasins, and a fur cap; he was, in addition, equipped with a blanket, spare moccasins, and a small kettle, composing a bundle suspended on his back. His route lay through a country infested by the Black-foot Indians. The Blackfeet muster eight or ten thousand warriors; they live North of this part of the Missouri, and extend West to the mountains; and they are frequently upon the Yellow Stone. To their East live the Assinaboines, Mandans, and Minatarees; to the South the Crows and Sioux; and North and West the Mountain, or British, Indians. With these tribes they wage perpetual war; and to the whites, incited by British traders, they have been more dangerous than any other Indians. It was through the grounds of this people that Glass had to make his solitary way.

The country on the Missouri, from the L'eau-qui-court up, is nearly bare of timber; the river bottoms are narrow, and on but one side at a time, changing at intervals of twenty or thirty miles, and sometimes there are none at all, the ground being generally high bluff prairies. This open, bare country is, at times, as far as vision extends, in every direction blackened with buffalo; it is within bounds to say, that fifteen or twenty thousand may be seen at a glance. One of these vast herds, all taking the same course to cross the Missouri, detained Glass for two days, declining the perilous attempt to penetrate a mass which, when in quick motion, is as irresistible as the waves of the ocean.

In two weeks he reached the mouth of the Yellow Stone, having met neither white man or Indian; here he crossed the Missouri on a raft made of two logs tied together with bark, and continued his journey up the Yellow Stone. This is a wide and shallow stream, emptying into the Missouri from the South; it is even more muddy and rapid than the latter river, to which it is believed to

have considerable agency in imparting these qualities.

It was more than 300 miles to the forks of the river, nearer than which he could scarcely hope to meet with any of the party; since it had set in very cold, which would cause the small detachment of trappers to be drawn into that point, where, he knew, they were to winter. Right weary did he become of his journey, injured as he was to the toils and dangers which surrounded him. And the weather was extremely cold, for which he was scarcely prepared. Almost in despair, and having at times nearly resolved to retrace his steps and winter with some of the most friendly Indians, one morning in December he was overjoyed to discover a hunting party of white men. On reaching them, long was it before they could make up their minds to believe their eyes; to believe that it was the same Glass before them, whom they left, as they thought, dying of wounds, and whose expected death was related to them by two witnesses. It was to them a mystery; and belief of the act of black treachery, which could only explain a part of it, was slow in being enforced upon their minds. Overwhelmed with questions or demands of explanation, it was long before he could ascertain from them in return, that the party had rendezvoused for winter at the Forks, which was but a few miles distant; that Fitzgerald was not there, having deserted; and that the youth was still one of the expedition.

Fiercely excited with conflicting feelings:—the escape of the main object of his just revenge, chiefly for which he had made so long a pilgrimage; and the certainty of soon facing the accomplice of his crime, Glass hastened to enter the encampment.

Nearly the first person he met, was the unfortunate and guilty young man; and it so happened they came upon each other suddenly. All attempt must fail to describe the scene that ensued; the effect of his appearance upon the youth. Had he awoke from a deep sleep in the embrace of a grizzly bear, or been confronted at noonday by the threatening ghost, (and such he firmly believed him) of a deeply injured enemy, greater could not have been the effect produced. He stood without power of any motion; his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets; his teeth chattered with fear, and a clammy sweat rose upon his ashy features. Glass was unprepared for such a spectacle; and well was it calculated to create pity; for some moments he could not find words, much less the act of his purpose. He leaned upon his rifle; his thoughts took a sudden turn; the more guilty object of his revenge had escaped; the pitiful being before him was, perhaps, but the unwilling and over-persuaded accomplice of his much elder companion;—these, and other thoughts crowded upon his mind, and he determined upon the revenge which sinks deepest upon minds

not wholly depraved, and of which the magnanimous are alone capable; he determined to spare his life,—

"That curse shall be forgiveness."

With dignity and severity, but great feeling, he thus addressed the petrified youth, who but expected immediate death. 'Young man,' he said, 'it is Glass that is before you; the same, that not content with leaving you thought, to a cruel death upon the prairie, you robbed, helpless as he was, of his rifle, his knife, of all, with which he could hope to defend, or save himself from famishing in the desert. In case I had died, you left me to a despair worse than death, with no being to close my eyes. I swore an oath that I would be revenged on you, and the wretch who was with you; and I ever thought to have kept it. For this meeting I have made a long journey; this has supported me in my weary path through the prairie; for this have I crossed raging rivers. But I cannot take your life; I see you repent; you have nothing to fear from me; go,—you are free;—for your youth I forgive you.' But he remained mute and motionless; his reprieve, or rather pardon, for such it must be considered in a country where the law has never reached, could not allay the mental storm, which awe, fear, and an upbraiding conscience had created. He was taken off by some of the witnesses of the scene, in whose breasts pity had begun to take the place of wonder and resentment.

Glass was welcomed as one recovered from the dead; one whose memory—such is our lot—had already been swept far upon the gulf of oblivion. His services, ever highly appreciated, were again engaged in the company, where we leave him, employed as the rest, in the sole labors of supplying provisions, and of self-defence from the extreme coldness of the winter. Only adding, that his determination of revenge upon the more worthy object of punishment from his hands, far from being abated, was the rather confirmed; and that, what he considered a sacred duty to himself, though postponed to a more convenient season, was still nourished as a ruling passion.

CHAPTER XX.

The varieties of human character, though infinite, yield to a grand division of the race into two classes; those with much, and those with little *sensibility*. It is impossible to determine which is the more fortunate organization: the one class chafes and frets at all it sees wrong, and experiences positive pain at every exhibition of selfishness, cruelty or turpitude; but, with a lively perception of every natural or moral beauty, it has various capacities for pleasure and enjoyment: the other class is seldom troubled with emotions of any kind, and passes through life in a routine of sen-

sual pleasures and animal pains. This mental and moral torpor I eschew, and prefer to hold intercourse with nature; to walk forth alone—nay, friend reader, if you are in the mood, bear me company. Let us take a stroll together this sunny afternoon; 'tis glorious October, that, with its gorgeous mantle of purple and of gold, sheds a "dying glory" o'er the parting year. Here is a deer-path through the hazle thicket: see how generously unfolded are the ripe nuts! Stop. Listen a moment how the monotone of that gurgling waterfall harmonizes with the repose of nature! Here it is. Let us cross by that moss-grown log. We have no longer a path, but we will go up this noble hill; it is a natural park, and often graced by antlered buck, but in the majesty of freedom. Here we are out of sight of the "improvements" of man; so let us sit on this velvet moss; mind not the rustling lizard, it is harmless. What a glorious solitude is here! Before us is "a prairie sea, all isled with rock and wood;" and beyond, like an ocean shore, a vast bluff, rocky and forest-crowned. And yonder is a glimpse of the river—mighty in repose; a zephyr hovering on its bosom sports with its tiny waves, which, dancing, reflect the dazzling light through those red and golden leaves. But the charm over all is a perfect repose. Even the winds, whispering anon, seem to have folded their wings: and see yon leaf, in its "dying fall"—if there be a poetry of motion, behold its gently circling descent! That grey squirrel detached it. And look, *he* seems to slumber. Nature is taking a sunny sleep.

Oh, there is an invisible, unknown, mental link, connecting all sweet and calm and beautiful things. Who can view such a scene without hearing a natural music—an echo of some long-forgotten tone, which thrilled the heart;—without recalling the few blissful moments which, like stars, shine out o'er the dreary void of life—the first conception of love—and its tone from beauty and young innocence—the awakening from some sweet sleep to the sound of a soft music, which was deemed to be not of earth.

Behold the thin blue smoke floating above those distant tree tops! It is the type of the little present, hovering between the great past and the mighty future. What! you too are asleep. Unkind! But 'tis well. Alone let me knock at the doors of old Time, and challenge the shades beyond. The spell is potent. I see dim figures, as in a dream; but they assume the forms of palpable and warm existence. They are paler than the Indian, but are not white. They seem to worship at a mighty altar, and it bears the emblems of war. How strange is all! Unknown animals are there, crouching among the multitude; beneath the white drapery of a vast pavilion, with flowing red streamers the grave elders are seated in council. See, a noble youth arises; he seems to speak: he addresses

the fathers. How graceful! how animated! His robe falls back, and he shakes aloft his arm. His is a voice for war: for behold that eager and trembling maiden! She drinks those flowing tones, inspired, perhaps, by thoughts of *her*. Love and ambition have carried him away. His spirit seems caught by the multitude. 'Tis ever so. Genius and enthusiasm possess a master-key to all hearts. The elders wave their arms, and seem to deprecate the rashness of impulse; but in vain; there are times when it is prudent to be rash, and they must lead or follow; for all seem resolved, and the assembly breaks up.

But lo, a change! They go forth to war. Song, and shout uncouth, and strange forgotten instruments, fill the air. Huge animals shake their heads, and bellow to the din of rattling arms. There is a band of horsemen, with shield and spear, and waving streamers: they seem clothed in white cotton mail. The orator is there, in highest command. His countenance now is filled with thought, and proud and stern resolve. See the mighty host slowly disappear, winding among the far hills.

Another change! Behold a vast multitude, "vast beyond compare," with signs of mingled mourning and lofty triumph. All bear loads of earth, and deposit them on that beautiful spot. How fast it grows. It has become a mighty mound. And now they disappear. But one, of all, is left. The same maiden; her face is spread with pallid woe; she weeps, and will never be consoled, till her ashes mingle with that monument of victory and of death—the tomb of her lost idol:

"As swim

"O'er autumn skies, the fleets of shattered cloud,
"So swam these scenes and passed."

What a moral was there! Not the air-built castles of the hopeful and ambitious of the extinct race, have fallen into more immemorial oblivion, than have their proudest and soberest realities. Their mountain tombs are their only monuments.

But the charm of this quiet existence, which had extended through several summers, was rudely broken. Even *then* the holy calm of nature was disturbed by the noisy bellowings of steam, which I had strangely imagined those of living monsters; and its echoes among the hills around me had a power to banish the sylvan ministers to my solitude. I felt my Arcadian dreams dispelled forever. I beheld the conquering struggle of man with the mighty Missouri, and felt that the type of a more active, troublous existence, in which the world demanded the performance of my part, was before me.

Soon all was activity and stirring preparation. Half of us were to go to another frontier, where alarms and bloodshed had aroused every element of commotion. But I was not included in the call. Nevertheless, I had felt that I was to go.

THE SOUL'S HOPE.

BY GEO. W. FLAGG.

As, lab'ring in yon dusky cloud,
The Moon, now aims to break its shroud;
So in the soul, doth Reason strive,
Through passion's storm, to keep alive.

But darkest clouds at length give way,
Before the moon's clear, gentle ray;
And calm, amid surrounding light,
Moves the pale, peerless, Queen of Night.

So may it be with us at last—
When passion's mad'ning storm is past,
May Heav'n's all pow'ful grace remain,
And the lost light, relume again.

New-Haven, Con.

A THOUGHT OF — .

BY J. STRONG RICE.

She was a rare embodiment. I've sat
By her at evening, when the day declined,
And drank the spirit of the sunset in:
And gazed with her upon its golden sheen.
And when the occidental gold, became
Commingle with the delicate purple
Of the cloud, touching the soft outline with
A prevailing beauty; in those moments,
I have felt that I had kindred being
With the clouds, and that my life, like theirs, was
Shined upon, from Heaven. And Fancy lent
Me wings, and I was with them,—and their light
Robes, were round me—and we were lifted on
The south-winds breath—and borne upon the sound
Of waters—and pillow'd on the bosom
Of the twilight. And the world was 'neath us,
Like a garden—and the gem'd sky above,
Was our pavilion. Thus, went I ever
When I sat with her, upon the spirit's
Pinions, 'till by the gentle utterance
Of her maiden-thought, the reverie was broken.

New-Haven, Con.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE.—Bible.

What is life, but joy and strife,
A smile and then a tear?
A turbid stream, a changeful dream:—
Of blighted hopes the bier!

To-day 'tis light, to-morrow night,
Compounded joy and woe;
Now sunlit bowers, and fragrant flowers:—
Now clouds, and rain, and snow!

Aye, human life, is nought but strife,
For thorns encircle love;
And only joy, without alloy,
Is found with God above.

To him look up, and drink the cup,
Which he to us hath given;
That when to death we yield our breath,
Joy may be found in Heaven.

Providence, R. I.

W. H. ROBBIN.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

BY JANE TAYLOR LOMAX.

"On est toujours d'une extrême indulgence pour les faiblesses des gens médiocres : mais on est sans pitié pour les personnes qu'on envie."—*De Genlis.*

There is but little in the general writings of Madame de Genlis, to awaken the warmest feelings of admiration, and nothing to kindle that romantic admiration, so rapturously called forth by the more sparkling productions of the many brilliant minds among the literary females of France. The tone of her style is grave and decided ; it is singularly free from the light peculiarities, which, however indescribable and trivial in themselves, usually characterize, with unstudied grace, the records of a woman's pen. She evidently aimed at improving, rather than entertaining, her readers ; and her imaginative sketches are frequently rendered common-place, by their too obvious design of illustrating some acknowledged and indisputable truism. In her works we meet with little of the exalted ideality of Madame de Staël, the earnest, yet animated tenderness of Sevigné, or the popular sprightliness distinguishing the Duchesse D'Angoulême. In their stead, we encounter the calm reasonings of one, who never viewed the world through the magic glass of sentiment ; but who gazed around her with utilitarian and rational considerations of life and its objects.

We are half inclined to question whether that time had ever existed for her, so apart does she seem from that gentler correction of early folly, generally bestowed by those, who, amid all the sober teachings of their later wisdom, can still remember the pleasures which tempted, and the frivolities which shadowed their youth. We acknowledge, while we read, that her assertions are correct and her censures deserved ; but their manner is dictatorial almost to severity ; and we never find among them, one confession that human nature, though frail and erring, is yet to be compassionated ; nor a single sentence of that graceful, self-doubting humility, which is the perfection of earthly knowledge, and which, with its beauty, gilded Goethe's genius, when he wrote : " It is only necessary to grow old, to become indulgent : I see no fault committed, that I have not committed myself."

In her useful, practical designs, and entire freedom from affectation, her consistent, though not enthusiastic adherence to what she believed right and true, and her unwavering opposition to the follies of fashion, whenever they clash with the purity of principle, Madame de Genlis is the Edgeworth of France, the firm defender of settled and conscientious convictions. Like all who war with the prevailing tastes or prejudices of their age, she is sometimes unnecessarily positive, and self-confident nearly to illiberality. Absorbed in the ear-

nestness of advocating her own beliefs, she forgets that others may be pardoned for expressing something of a similar devotion, though to different theories, and in her eagerness to prove that she is right, she insists rather too strenuously, that all others must be wrong. "C'est une grande folie, de vouloir être sage tout seul !"

The philosophic disregard of popular opinion, so often evinced in her stern strictures on popular sentiments, appears to have prompted Madame de Genlis to undertake and publish the history of her life, and the critical analyzation of her own mind and character. She knowingly and fearlessly incurred the accusation of vanity and egotism, by this voluntary and uncalled-for revealing of hidden peculiarities ; yet she has succeeded in giving interest to trifling circumstances, and has rendered her Memoirs among the most entertaining of her productions. They display a vividness of coloring wanting in the generality of her works of fiction ; and they are destitute of that dictatorial tone which imparts too much harshness to her graver writings. She delineates her youthful failings without attempting to excuse or soften them, and dwells on her virtues, with the same appreciation of their value, which she would have bestowed on the noble attributes of a heroine of romance. As a correspondent, Madame de Genlis appears to have possessed little of the natural and glowing sprightliness, usually characterizing, so gracefully, a French woman's letters. Her mind is evidently contemplative, rather than brilliant : it is better calculated to convey serious instruction, than to afford pleasant, but frivolous amusement. She looks on all things tranquilly and profoundly ; she has none of that intuitive quickness of observation, which promptly pierces beyond the light events of existence and the common evidences of individual character, and which lends so much brilliancy of expression and wordly sagacity to the epistolary compositions of her sex. This power of rapid perception and portrayal, has more than once gained celebrity for those, whose intellectual endowments, hardly merit the full measure of distinction meted out for them ; and it is doubtful if even Madame de Sevigné has not been overrated for gifts, that were more those of style than of mind, that were rather creditable to the heart, than complimentary to the head of the writer.

It is somewhat singular too, in glancing over the list of honored names which Germany has garnered up for immortality, to find among them, that of Rahel, and to note how easily, by the mere exercise of this womanly propensity, she has attained her enviable station in the midst of the inspired ones of her land. Her productions were few, and it is said, were not intended for publication ; and, after reading her letters,—the only tokens of her talents which have been displayed to the world,—we are tempted to wonder at the high reputation they

have acquired, and to turn from her studied truisms with an impulse of surprise, and an involuntary conviction that her powers scarcely deserved so large a portion of fame's rewards. We are inclined to close her pages in a moralizing mood, and to ponder with a feeling of regret on the strange inequality with which the coveted recompenses of popularity are bestowed on the votaries of literature. The casual productions of Rahel and Seign  have attained a distinction for which many a gifted intellect has toiled unrepaid, amid care and trial and privation, till the sad heart grew weary with its own throbbings, and the pen fell from the languid fingers which long had grasped and guided it in vain. How many eyes have waxed dim at their solitary task, and pored over lines, never to be greeted with the reviving breath of public praise; or only destined to receive it so faintly, that it becomes a mockery to the writer's spirit, and proves but an idle return for days of feverish dreaming and bewildering thought,—for sleepless nights of labor,—for months, it may be, years, of tremulous and tumultuous excitement,—of expectations, one after another, passing away,—and of hope deferred so long, that, at last, its very existence seems the wildest of visions. The world has no martyrdom more sorrowful than the unnoticed one of mental disappointment, and it were a mournful task, to chronicle, in all their shadowy and mysterious woe, the silent sufferings of those, on whose minds the mantle of inspiration had vainly fallen!

Madame de Genlis' literary career, was apparently a successful and happy one, undistinguished by those vexations which have sometimes proved so powerful an incitement to subsequent excellence. She seems to have encountered little of that severe criticism, whose dreaded ordeal exercises such an enduring influence on ambitious aspirations, and either depresses or matures the intellect which passes through its fiery trial. We read of several authors whose final fame may be traced backward to this source; some of the loftiest, if not the noblest, efforts of human genius, have sprung from the rebellious dictates of the proud and daring dispositions, which had once writhed bitterly beneath the critic's lash. From this test her lot was exempt, and her feelings were neither exalted nor embittered by the harsh censures of public taste. She possessed, also, the additional advantage of entering upon her intellectual crusade, in the graver and calmer period of life, when she had learned, by anticipating little, to be spared poignant disappointment, and to escape the innumerable and depressing perplexities, always the portion of the sanguine and inexperienced. For her, existence wore its realities, not its delusions; and the poetry of early hope had been lost in the philosophy of after-convictions. She had read tranquilly, and without deceptive enthusiasm, the pages of the world, which Rousseau calls "*le livre des fem-*

mes;" and her impressions were the quiet, but earnest beliefs whose sincerity cannot be questioned, and whose firmness is evinced in the style of her productions. For a temperament as composed and reasonable as that of Madame de Genlis, a literary life must have contained many enjoyments, in its freedom from the restless and unsatisfied expectations which are frequently the accompaniments of a writer's aspirations; and, usually, the real origin of his sorrows.

We hear and read much of the painful endurance of genius, its hidden troubles, and unappreciated sacrifices and trials, but numerous as these may be and grievous to bear, it is doubtful, if, even in the most sensitive disposition, they are not more than compensated by the rapturous excitement of a soul whose hours of inspiration are proud and frequent, and whose solitary moments are filled and brightened by that passionate embodiment or realization of the beautiful; which atones for many common griefs, and "curdles a long life into one hour." To a woman, the visible presence of such enchantment must be doubly precious, breaking as it does, amid the mists of trivial cares, and those slight, but continual annoyances which often render her actual pilgrimage so sad. Its lustre dawns on her, and the numberless depressions of her career disappear, as the shades of twilight are banished by the stars. She lives and moves among dreams more distinct and lovely even, than those which blessed her early and visionary youth, dreams whose mysteries are truths, and whose beauty is the perfect one of holiness. Well may she be grateful for the hallowed gift of genius; for it continues to soothe and to gladden, when dearer delights have withered, and animated pleasures grown frivolous in her sight; when, of the thousand illusions of her girlhood, not one is lingering, and she is changed and subdued in every feeling, save the fatal power, to suffer in silence, and to love through all things!

The romances of Madame de Genlis, though in a measure characterized by the sober, utilitarian tone of her more practical compositions, yet leave on the reader's memory a deeper and pleasanter impression. In the greater part of her imaginative writing, she has been happy in the selection of her subjects; for it were scarcely possible to fail completely in painting the mournful destiny of In  de Castro, or the absorbing and melancholy tenderness of Mademoiselle de Clermont. In both these histories of vivid and sorrowful devotion, the writer has displayed more than her usual power, and we frequently recall the records of those true and earnest hearts, when her profounder and more useful exhortations are almost forgotten. It is perhaps an impossibility for a French woman to be entirely unsuccessful in depicting *la belle passion*. The magnifying medium, through which she regards all deep emotion, is indispensable in the accurate portraiture of a sentiment, of which exaggeration is

generally the prevailing trait. She draws too, upon the hoarded treasures of her personal experience; she looks backward on the starry happiness of her own youth; and, in gazing on vanished blessings, the glass of memory always magnifies. Who can recollect and describe, without imparting to them something of undue importance, those trivial details of hope and feeling, graven on the warm young heart, for weal or woe, in characters no after disappointment can wholly efface! Ah! it is a holy gift, the mental power, to paint in another's existence, the loveliest reality of our own, to revive flowers that had "bloomed away," to recall stars that had fallen, and to renew, in all their spiritual beauty, the "dreams of youth, which had been dreamed out!"

"Klein erscheint es nun, doch ach! nicht kleinlich dem Herzen;

Macht die Liebe, jegliches Kleine doch gross!"

The least agreeable of Madame de Genlis' works, to a casual reader, are the volumes containing her essays on the employment of time. They are ably written, and interspersed with many passages betraying deep reflection and sound conclusions: but their style is a harsh one, and not calculated to convey a prepossessing idea of the author's disposition. A strangely misplaced vein of religious intolerance and prejudice runs through their pages, marring the effect of much that is otherwise admirable and highly conducive to improvement. She frequently wanders from her original subject to quote opinions or accusations, too insignificant to deserve the serious notice she bestows on them, and too easily refuted to merit so many words of warm discussion. She takes advantage of every opportunity to contrast the benefits of her own theories, with the defects of other systems; she scatters forth stern rebukes of wordly fashions, under the semblance of pious zeal,—probably upon the same principle which formerly prompted the Spaniards to name their most destructive cannon, after their favorite saints.

It has been asserted that Madame de Genlis was not destitute of the literary envy too common among those, who consider intellectual competition the chief aim of existence. It was said of her: "Ce fut la femme la plus tourmentée, et la plus malheureuse; jalouse de Voltaire, de J. J. Rousseau, de Mirabeau, de Madame de Sévigné, de Madame de Staël, de tout le monde." What an epitaph!—And yet, we can forgive even this weak unhappiness, for her career, though long and restless, though full of much to excite and to satisfy, ended at last, in the most mournful of human destinies—she lived to be forgotten. What volumes of sorrow are not contained in those few brief words!

"Madame de Genlis," writes Jules Janin, "que de souvenirs évoque ce nom! Quel silence après tant de bruit; quel oubli profond, immense éternel!

Après avoir fatigué les cents bouches de la renommée, cette femme, dont l'élève est aujourd'hui sur le trône de France, et qui joua un rôle si brillant dans les plus grandes affaires de ce monde, nous l'avons vue mourir sans que personne s'informat comment elle était morte. Au contraire, ceux qui apprirent cette mort, s'étonnèrent de ce que Madame de Genlis eût vécu si long-temps—85 ans!"

And if no romantic, or excessive admiration be left by perusing her writings, they bring us calmer and more serious considerations of the aims and employments of daily existence, and that actual, reasonable view of all things in life, which time and the world are ever combining to teach us. She has given us precepts of purest principle, and counsels which we can scarcely do better than to follow; and if sometimes the truth be told rather too harshly, if we acknowledge that gentler advice and kinder correction would have been more welcome, still, her loftiness of intention amply compensate for any defect in manner: and, while we censure, we turn self-condemned, from the idle severity of our own criticism. Her station must long be a conspicuous one among the most conscientious and prominent moralists of France, and the number of her works bear witness, that she accurately fulfilled, in her conduct, the strict maxims she has written, and completely attained the priceless knowledge she described, when she said, "connoître le prix du temps, c'est savoir vivre!"

NAPOLÉON, WELLINGTON, &c.

[This translation is from what is called the *Feuilleton*—literally, a *little leaf* of the *Journal Des Débats*. The *Feuilleton* is a portion of the daily paper, that is devoted to literature, to arts, and the sciences; and thus the everlasting monotony of politics is relieved by these articles, generally instructive and amusing, and often, written by the ablest authors. There is a class of literary men attached to the daily press in Paris, who devote themselves to writing these articles; it is the business of their lives, and they are tolerably well paid for their labors. Their productions are read with great interest by every body; and they have great effect in favoring a taste for literature, and in spreading valuable information.

As a sample of them, we give the translation below, which is remarkable, not only for its tone and temper, as a French production, but for its profound, and frequently new views, and for its philosophical appreciation of the great events to which it relates, and of the men who led, or were led on by them.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814, by Lieut. Col. Napier, translated into French by Lieut. General Count Mathieu Dumas.

We have no complete and serious work upon this long series of disasters, that wonderful combination of faults of every kind, which have acquired a celebrity so sad, and which are known by the

title of the Peninsular War. That fatal war began at the most splendid period of the government of Napoleon, and, for a space of six years, held out to conquered Europe an encouragement and irresistible incitement to renew the combat; it deprived the French armies of their reputation of being invincible, which had not been contested—that war, which wore out, or brought into discredit, so many historical names; which reestablished the influence of England upon the continent; which presented to her officers and soldiers the most favorable field of battle; which, in a word, saw arise from a desperate struggle, what the enemies of France had looked for for fifteen years, a fortunate and skilful general; that war, which we may be permitted to say, is not understood in France, since among so many excellent military writers, no one has yet devoted to it his labors. Whoever wishes to study it, can look to but two sources of information; on one side the English and Spanish historians,—on the other, the falsehoods, and often the silence of the imperial *Moniteur*.

In 1828, was published a history of the war in Spain by General Foy. There is in this book a celebrated and justly admired portion upon the military organization of France and Great Britain; but as a historical narration, the work has no value. Did General Foy leave only some scattered notes upon the events of the war, or did he in fact write every thing published under his name! It matters little. Should an affirmative reply to the second question be called forth, studious officers, historians worthy of the name, would gain absolutely nothing. The narrative of General Foy comprises but the first three or four months of the war. This cannot be called a historical document. Two illustrious marshals have left behind them more important works. Unfortunately, these memoirs relate only to the operations of which the Eastern Provinces of Spain were the theatre. Marshal St. Cyr and Marshal Suchet, have described their campaigns in Catalonia, in Arragon, and in the kingdom of Valencia. They have transmitted to us the fortunate events, the brilliant portion, of this war. More unfortunate still, all this glory so justly acquired, remained sterile. The great interests engaged in the question had chosen another theatre. It is not then in the works of these two celebrated men, that French officers will find useful lessons, and we should not fear to add, the most useful of all lessons to intelligent minds, that which is to be found in the history of the reverses and disasters of our country.

The destinies of the Peninsula were not decided in Catalonia, in Arragon, or in Valencia. It was in the three invasions of Portugal, in Andalusia, in Extremadura, in Castile; it was in Biscay and Navarre, that the decisive blows were struck. If it were possible to question this truth for a moment, it would be sufficient to observe, that in the first

months of 1814, when Napoleon renounced all pretensions to Spain and set King Ferdinand at liberty, while the Anglo-Portuguese army was marching upon Bordeaux and Toulon, we maintained still the sad honor of occupying the strong places of Catalonia.

We are in possession, indeed of some hundred or, perhaps, thousand volumes upon the wars of Italy and Germany; why then, are we so poor in what concerns the wars of the Peninsula! The story of the victories of the Empire is read with enthusiasm. It would be unreasonable to demand the same enthusiasm for the history of its defeats. There are lessons which can never become popular, even among the greatest nations of the world; lessons which, besides, could not become popular without wounding that patriotism of instinct and of sentiment, which is the patriotism of the mass. It is necessary perhaps—and it is for those who understand and have practised the art of war to decide this question—that the simple soldier, to whatever part of the world he be led, should be convinced of his superiority, and accept, in advance, Victory as an article of faith; but good sense teaches that the men to whom a country confides her purest blood, and who assume the responsibility to direct an army, cannot, but under penalty of the greatest disasters, share this blind confidence. Though our officers may have meditated twenty years upon the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, will that instruct them how and why we were vanquished at Salamanca and at Vittoria!

We might maintain, nevertheless, this stoical indifference, if the empire had conducted all its undertakings to a fortunate end. A complete success on all important points, a perspective of such dazzling conquests, might excuse the omission of details. But when we reflect that the empire lost not only what it had conquered, but much more than it had conquered; when we reflect that Napoleon, after having dissipated all the fruits of his victories, dissipated the inheritance transmitted to him by the Republic as well as a portion of that bequeathed by Louis XIV.; that he exposed France twice to invasion; when we believe that great effects are not without great causes; when we do not make a god of chance, we are invincibly led to search in the disasters of the Empire for some primary cause of essential evil; for some absurd and detestable principle which rendered its victories useless, and its defeats irreparable. There, where the first symptoms of decay manifest themselves; there, where we discover the first obstacle, where the superiority of fifteen years is first brought to an equipoise, there is the key of the problem. The day on which invasion is arrested; the day when victory is disputed by an enemy, whoever he may be, upon the field of battle, and upon which success fails in the comprehensive plan of operations, that day signalizes an absolutely new period, and

the Empire is about to fall as rapidly as it rose. This first obstacle is the intervention of England in Spain, and in Portugal : the first day when success becomes dubious, and the forces are balanced, is the day upon which a pitched battle is fought with the English army in line. That day, of which little was said in the midst of the intoxication of the Empire, was the more remarkable, since, during the Republican period, the English armies had always been unfortunate. At Toulon, the English were repulsed ; in 1793-'94, at Hondschoote and at Turcoing, they were beaten ; then came the disastrous retreat from Holland ; finally, in 1799, the invasion of the Helder by the Duke of York, at the head of a formidable army, was terminated, after two battles lost, by a capitulation in no small degree humiliating. Such was the state of things, that the honorable and eloquent writer under consideration, Lieutenant Colonel Napier, declares in the first chapter of his book, that "the idea, that, even during a single campaign, an English army could contend with a French army, was considered chimerical !" Nevertheless, commencing with the battle of Vimiero, offered by the Duke of Abrantes to Sir Arthur Wellesley, fortune changes, and the French armies experience reverses, only varied by rare and insignificant successes. The English historians present the following comparative observations, which are unfortunately just. After 1808, the Continental powers are less disposed to be silent before the genius of Napoleon. In the midst of their greatest disasters, they see a *point d'appui* ; thenceforward, a menacing shadow projects itself over the triumphs of the French armies. While Napoleon enters Vienna in 1809, he loses, for the second time, Portugal ; and King Joseph is reduced to the necessity of giving desperate battles at the gates of Madrid. The defeat of Talavera dimmed the brightness of the victory of Wagram. In 1811, Europe saw an entirely new spectacle—a French army commanded by one of the most celebrated of the Imperial generals, obliged to retreat. In 1812, while Napoleon is marching upon Smolensk, his lieutenants lose the battle of Salamanca ; and a few days after, Madrid. In 1813, in the midst of the victories of Lutzen and of Bautzen, the battle of Vittoria is lost, and some days after, Spain. The secret of many hesitations and many defections in the North, is doubtless to be found in the charitable intention of some to enlarge and others to preserve, by the support of the coalition, the advantages which they owed to Napoleon. But human actions are always strangely mixed with good and evil ; and, after all, policy often obeys the calculations of the driest and harshest good sense. The defection of the Prussian troops at the close of 1812 is a dishonorable action ; that of the Saxons upon the battle-field of Leipsick, is an infamous action. Nevertheless, the German people, who

then rose *en masse*, obeyed the inspirations of patriotism the most noble. As to their governments, besides that they were, in some sort, borne along by the insurrectionary flood, and that they cared little, at bottom, about theories concerning the just and the unjust ; in quitting the side of Napoleon, they were convinced that they abandoned the weaker cause. Who will venture to say, that the battle of Vittoria, which caused the irrevocable loss of Spain to Napoleon, which was fought on the 21st June 1813, a month after the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, and at the moment when peace was negotiating at the Congress of Prague, who will venture to say, that this battle did not exert a disastrous influence upon the negotiations ? The enemies and the doubtful allies of Napoleon (in examining without prejudice the Imperial policy, it will be seen that it could not have sincere allies and that it did not count upon them) had seen, for the space of five years, the gigantic power of Napoleon succumb before a national insurrection ; they had seen the science of his marshals succumb before the sanguinary tactics and the imperturbable plans of an English general. On the one side confidence was gone ; the moral courage of the other was doubled. Every thing was changed, not only in general ideas, but in their application, which is the most difficult of problems. The laws of ethics determine promptly, whether a cause be good or bad ; but nevertheless the best and the worst causes are constrained to settle their differences upon a field of battle and upon a given day ; upon that day, it is simply the most skilful which triumphs. The wars of the Peninsula had given to the enemies of France not the desire to conquer Napoleon, about which he cared little, but the means of destroying his power ; and it is one of the problems which history will have to examine, if it gave him sufficient anxiety.

The reader will understand, that we do not pretend, in this article, to convey to him any thing new. Several French writers—General Rogniat among them,—struck with admiration of the high talent displayed by Lord Wellington in the Peninsula, recommend military men to study most attentively the campaign in Portugal,—but a few pages here, and a few lines there, comprise all that has been said on this subject. A full work has not yet appeared. It is very clear that the war in Russia in 1812 was, although on a different scale, a fac simile of that in Portugal in 1810-'11. The means employed to defeat the French invasion of Portugal were briefly these : to arm the entire people, to avoid the chance of battle, save when occupying positions of great strength, selected with the utmost care ; to break up and make impracticable the public highways ; to destroy the mills, lay waste the fields, and burn the villages. And, it may be well imagined that neither the Regency at Lisbon, nor the English minister, adopted these

measures very cheerfully. Colonel Napier gives some curious details in this respect. The Portuguese government manifested the strongest opposition to the plans of the English general, and up to the very last moment the English minister hesitated. At this period, Lord Wellington alone had confidence in his system; and he persisted in it.

As there is nothing new under the sun, it may be that this mode of defence was well known to the learned; unquestionably in the revolutionary wars, it was adopted for the first time in 1810. After twenty other systems had utterly failed, this succeeded most completely, and the Russian government availed themselves of it in the campaign of 1812. And it is likewise true, that it was the Emperor alone, who treated that event as of little importance. He neither changed his policy, nor his strategy; and while his enemies were studious to direct, upon entirely new principles, the moral and physical energies of the country, his object was to reach Moscow, to seek, at two hundred leagues from the base of his operations, a decisive victory, which should place the country at his command; which victory he did not find, any more than Marshal Massena found it in Portugal.

The history of the Empire is divided into two epochs, so perfectly distinct, (the one during which Napoleon conquered continental Europe, the other during which he lost it at the sword's point,) that there will exist for a long time in France, two opinions diametrically opposed on the subject of these ten years. The one confining its view entirely to the beginning and the middle of this epoch, the other looking exclusively to the close. The advocates of the one will console themselves for all misfortunes, by the recollection of the victories which carried the French armies to Cadiz and to Moscow. But there they shut their eyes, there they finish their drama. They suppress the end. The most yielding bow with an oriental respect to chance. The others cannot pardon the heir of the revolution, for the expense of such power, such genius and such glory, only to raise a pedestal for Russia and England. They cannot pause before the magical picture of the first years of the Empire, without a deep sense of pain. What! invade Russia at the head of five hundred thousand warriors, take Moscow, and eighteen months after, be unable to defend Paris! *Eighteen months!* Retrograde seven hundred leagues in *eighteen months!* Advance in triumph to the gates of Cadiz and Lisbon, and all this, but to afford to the most ancient foe of France, the proud satisfaction of planting her flag at Bordeaux and Toulouse! Declare, in the name of the people of France, a war of extermination with England, and fail in the struggle! Pursue this war blindly without looking to a single means that could insure success;—without attempting to acquire knowledge of the strength and weakness of the enemy, even should the whole

continent, people and kings, be prostrated! To yield thus blindly without having inflicted on your direst foe, even one of those wounds which continue for a long time to bleed, and which sometimes compensate for the miseries of defeat! To manifest to the government of the Republic only injury and contempt, and to lose the conquests which that government had bequeathed—to receive from the Republic an army which had supported good and evil fortune, a double test which the Imperial system could not undergo—to scatter the remnants of twenty generations throughout every corner of the world, and without the apology which the Republic had,—the preservation of the soil,—to restore the monarchy of Louis XIV., and of Charlemagne—and to lose Paris twice!—These were the two modes of patriotism between which France had to choose when Europe shook off the torpor to which twenty-eight years of the wars of the Empire and the Republic had consigned her. The first is easy and convenient enough. It requires no great effort of the mind, no great lights; nothing can be simpler. Your victories are always the result of skill, your defeats of chance. It is the chapter of accidents. Thus, in Russia, the rigor of the climate was felt in November and December. Sometimes a river unluckily overflows, a bridge is destroyed, or a General mistakes his orders. In this concatenation of ideas, they never seem to suspect that chances are equally distributed between two armies; that with the victorious, as well as the defeated army, some one has assuredly failed in his duty; that orders have been bunglingly executed, unforeseen obstacles have occurred; and yet, of the two armies, one will win and the other lose the battle. No, they never think of this. They go right on. There is nothing to be learned from success or defeat. Their's is the universal science. They can never err. Let what will be-tide, begin again upon the simple calculation, that, this time, chance will not interfere! The other species of patriotism holds France to be too great a nation, too rich in every kind of glory to seek to console herself in her reverses, by false excuses; that she ought not to despise the policy of the wisest, most powerful and most skilful of the nations of antiquity—that of never undertaking two important wars at one and the same time, and that the men who may be called on at this day to direct her destinies should make their first study, the history of her misfortunes.

One thing which seems to keep up the fatal prejudice of which we have been speaking, is the great enthusiasm which foreigners have manifested for Napoleon since his fall, and especially since his death. Now, in this, there is without doubt a true sense of admiration for genius, to whatever country it belongs; but there is likewise the secret enjoyment of the Conqueror, who is conscious of a zeal in the generosity he displays. The English,

the Russians, the Germans and the Spaniards, admire nothing so much in the career of Bonaparte as his last campaigns. It is no very difficult task to please these people. It suits them admirably to say that Napoleon never exhibited more genius and invention, than in the battles which he lost, more science and precaution than in the expeditions wherein he failed. Napoleon was himself sometimes generous, when he was a conqueror. If he gained a great battle, he would break out into magnificent phrases. He bowed before his prisoners, and cried "honor to the unfortunate brave." The bulletin of Austerlitz contains a complete eulogium of the Russian army. The reason is plain: the army was beaten. But when Napoleon returned alone from Moscow, see how he disposes of the Russian generals and soldiers. Kutusoff is a Scythian—a barbarian. Admiral Tchitchikoff, who conducted the army from Moldavia even to Minsk, and captured the French magazines, is neither more nor less than a fool. This is the plain term used, "*This fool of an admiral.*" As to the soldiers—"They are no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz." Thus, when they are beaten, they are admirable soldiers; when they are not beaten they are but so, so! Behold in this the manifestation of the greatness and littleness of man; how the sublimest genius may sink itself beneath the intelligence of a child.

There is one charge against the Imperial system, which its admirers cannot repel. It is this: that Napoleon imposed it upon himself as a law, to destroy the power of England, and yet it was ever the least of his cares to study her character, government, aristocracy, system of war, tactics, and the organization of her armies. He had an England of his own creation; and, without doubt, the violence of his hatred perverted the correctness of his judgment. Declamations on "English perfidy" have for a length of time been consigned to contempt; but this was the phrase for pompous harangues only—"Nation of Shopkeepers," was the common-sense, every-day epithet. Yes, England is a nation of shopkeepers; but she is also a nation of agriculturists, soldiers and artisans. The complaints of the opposition, the groans over the horrors of war, the petitions for peace; in one word, the immense hurly-burly of extravagant opinions, which, in England, are uttered with the utmost freedom, were all received by Napoleon as sterling coin. If a public meeting resolved on electoral reform; if a mob broke a minister's windows, the Emperor was fully persuaded that England was within an ace of ruin. He regarded, with the utmost seriousness, the great farce which both parties enact in open parliament in every really free country. He was constantly looking for a whig ministry, and never doubted that a new administration would, of all things, be most eager to cede to him, by a single dash of the pen, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy,

and the French colonies to boot. Sometimes he permitted his temper to carry him so far as to insult the man whom, in the last day of his power, it was his fate to meet on the battle plain. It is well known that the editorials of the "*Moniteur*" were dictated or written under the superintendence of its master. On one occasion, the *Moniteur*, descanting on the operations of the army of Spain, pronounces the following: "*It should be our wish that Lord Wellington should command the English army. Such a general must needs encounter defeat.*" On another occasion we find this, "If ever there were an improvident general, it is surely Lord Wellington. If he be much longer in the command of the English army, we may well hope to obtain the greatest advantages from the brilliant combinations of a general so inexperienced in the art of war." Those who believe in predestination, might write a fine treatise on these few words of the *Moniteur*; but on the whole, they had as well decline doing so. Such passages require no comment.

The apologists of the Imperial government have undertaken a noble task. They have desired to inspire France with a legitimate pride both in her victories and defeats, but they seem to us to have grossly erred in the execution of it. The eternal honor of the French armies consists on the one hand, in this: that the absolute master of France imposed a labor beyond man's power to accomplish; and on the other, that to encounter a power guided by so false a principle, Europe was compelled to have recourse to efforts heretofore unheard of,—we may say fabulous: the word is strictly correct. The Empire undertook, in ten years, to accomplish what the Republic of Rome could not compass in three centuries, not to take into the calculation that the tremendous aristocracy of Rome possessed a political organization, an administrative science, and tactics of war of which her enemies were utterly ignorant. That there were to be found in the nineteenth century, marked distinctions between the nations of Europe, is certainly true; but if we examine closely, we shall find still stronger points of resemblance. Human knowledge is spread every where in very nearly equal proportions. There is no invention, which does not become at once public property. There is no new idea, that, in the course of six months, may not belong to every government. The principles of strategy and tactics are universally the same.

Let us be just to the government of the Republic. In the midst of their greatest excesses, both the Convention and the Directory pursued a rational and a skilful policy abroad. The instant the occasion offered, they lifted the burthen of the coalition which weighed so heavily on France. They hastened to make peace with Spain and with Prussia. They sent forth the democratic propaganda wherever it was possible, and wherever it had a chance

of success. Both these administrations had the merit of supporting good and evil fortune. The Convention re-conquered the frontiers, and carried the principles of the Revolution where they were sustained by a considerable party. The Directory encountered one of the most disastrous campaigns of the war—the campaign of 1799. It lost ten battles in Italy. It lost Italy itself. But it maintained itself with honor in Switzerland, on the Rhine, and in Holland, where it was important it should maintain itself. It beat Russia and England, and one would think that this single circumstance should have inspired the Imperial government with some gratitude. One of the reasons advanced for the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, was, that France was lost when General Bonaparte quitted Egypt. It is one of the falsehoods, which opened, with eclat, the great era of falsehoods.

The Empire invented for itself the *propaganda of family*—the worst of all propagandas,—and when we read the official documents of the times, we really feel a sentiment of pity for the sad and lamentable fate of the sovereigns of the new creation. The King of Spain and the Indies was treated by the generals of the *grande armée* with an incredible indifference. He was obliged to endure affronts that the most obscure plebeian would not have submitted to, at the price of the world's empire. So likewise, the Imperial policy seemed to take it upon itself to exasperate the nations by its system of pillage and requisitions; to menace established governments, and reduce its allies to the most deplorable condition. We may judge of this policy by the extreme consequences of its principles,—for it pushed every thing to an extreme. It created the department “*des Bouches de l'Elbe*,” and the department “*du Tibre*.” Rome was the chief place of the prefecture. It was indispensable that every country should be prepared to change in five days its laws, its customs, and its language.

What is most extraordinary in this entire upsetting of common-sense ideas, is, that England alone was found a dangerous enemy to France; dangerous from the indomitable energy of her aristocracy, from the murderous and coldly calculated tactics of her generals; but above all, dangerous, because she, of all his enemies, inspired Napoleon with the least dread. In other words, the Empire fell, more from having neglected the most common of precautions, that of watching your enemy, than from its violation of all the great principles of honesty and of logic. Of all the governments, that which Napoleon held in the greatest contempt, was the English. The generals that he least apprehended were the English generals, and as he never fought the English in person but twice in his life, the first time at Toulon, the second at Waterloo, he never attached but a secondary importance to the wars of Spain and Portugal.

In a struggle with France, England has, in the first place, this advantage, that she is always aided in her continental wars by allies who are devotedly at her service. Upon these allies it habitually devolves to sustain the first shock; while the hardy sons of Britain, undergoing in the meantime the least possible annoyance, retain the right to appear at the winding up of the drama, (like the god in Horace) as the choice *corps de reserve*. Another advantage she possesses, is, that for many years she has scarcely engaged in war on the continent, save with France. She thus possesses the leisure time to concentrate her talents and direct her studies to one sole object and to one sole point; to employ herself in making the most of her own capabilities and her enemy's weakness. France has often had the honor of fighting, unaided, against the world, and against all the world at one and the same time. Unfortunately in such a crisis, the victory which is gained in one part, becomes in another the harbinger of defeat; and in the war of Spain, this may be most especially seen; where, as the Marquis of Chambray has remarked, the ease with which many of the French generals gained pitched battles against the Spaniards, inspired them with an overweening and imprudent confidence when opposed to the English. Besides, England not being under the necessity of sending large armies to the continent, can take every possible care to bring into the field, none but the very best of her forces, paid at a high rate and nourished and supported at a great expense. These soldiers, tempered by a most admirable discipline, become complete machines which a skilful hand can move at will; and it is the very triumph of discipline, to reduce a mass of brave determined men to the condition of a mere machine. If England were compelled in a few months to arm and organize five or six hundred thousand men, it is possible that she would rely less upon the determination and dogged endurance of her soldiery.

There are remarkable contrasts in the temperament and military habits of the two nations, which General Foy has described with great power of originality; but he has sometimes overcharged the picture. Doubtless an English general—and this is said without the slightest intention of ridiculing the ideas of a great people—is in some respects an honest merchant to whom is consigned a rich and rare merchandise, which he must watch over with a most scrupulous care, for he is held responsible for both damage and loss; and he is, beforehand, well assured, that he will be called to strict account for all that he has wasted. In other words, that he will be prosecuted before a court-martial if he have not proved a skilful *mandatory*. But he is something else; he is the representative of the haughtiest and most powerful aristocracy in the world. He knows that success will place him high in a country, where titles and honors have preserved all their *prestige*.

In the execution of his plans, he is not checked by considerations to which a French general must yield, sometimes right and sometimes wrong. The natural consequence is, that the character and aptitude of the soldier in the two armies differ essentially, and the point of honor differs no less. A French general will not conceive himself compelled to retreat, until after making an earnest effort. An English general gives himself much less trouble, and he is almost always right. If he disembark his command in a country which turns out to be unfavorable, he will not hesitate forthwith to reembark them, without having even seen the foe. And he is well convinced of two things; that so far from being dishonored at home, more than one general has been well approved of for bringing back his army untouched. And that at all times to have economized the strength and health of his men; to have imposed upon them only moderate marches; to have disposed them on the field of battle with every essential regard to their comfort, will assuredly meet with favor. What renders an English army so formidable is this union of mercantile spirit with the most superb heroism; this prudence, this unheard of attention to minutiae in their "direction," and the most indomitable resolution in the hour of trial. Such an army will frequently retreat. You are tempted to believe them flying, and you become presumptuous. You suspect their courage, and rush on the horns of the bull. This is the history of more than one encounter between the two armies. An English general may say to his soldiers what King Archidamus said to his Lacedemonians. "Although we may be strong, there is not the less occasion for marching with prudence and precaution. Both general and soldiers should be impressed with the belief that at each moment they are about to be placed in danger. Oftentimes, the weakest, from a sense of fear, fight with advantage against a superior army, which, from having despised them, finds itself unprepared. In an enemy's country, you should ever bear in mind to fight with courage, but nevertheless to be ready to fight with a sense of fear. It is thus that you will advance on the foe with the greatest valor and sustain the combat with the least danger."

But the great strength of England is in her institutions. That government sustained itself through twenty-two years of war, and a war against both the Republic and the Empire, notwithstanding all the embarrassments, the encumbrances, the "impedimenta" of political liberty. In the midst of the clamor of Parliament and the Press, amid the disasters of its commerce and the critical condition of its manufactures, in spite of mobs, meetings, petitions for electoral reform, and broken windows, without the thought for a moment of yielding either at home or abroad, it felt itself upborne by

an immense majority, which could not be moved,—so deeply planted in the soil that the most violent concussion could not uproot it. The treachery of party, the injustice of the spirit of contradiction, rendered it no less service than the temperate use of political liberty. When, throughout the whole continent, there existed not a tribune nor a press that was free, passion, intellect, popular sentiment were in full activity in England. No one could be knave or dupe for more than a day—neither government, party, nor individual. Every thing was discussed, sifted, dragged to light with unsparing roughness. Yet this discordant concert invariably resolved itself into magnificent harmony. The Duke of Wellington sometimes complained that the imprudence of the English papers, risked the compromising of his military operations. But this alleged indiscretion did not balk his success.

While, on the continent, they magnify victory and conceal defeat, in England success the most clearly established, always finds sour, ill-disposed censors. And yet it does not appear that the injustice of party spirit, in any degree, diminished the confidence of the general, or the bravery of the soldier. There were more sarcasms hurled at the Duke of Wellington in open parliament, than they would have elsewhere dared to utter against a beaten general.

Finally, on a theatre like Spain and Portugal, so favorable for defensive warfare, England had for a devoted ally, the whole mass of a population warlike, hardy, sober and untiring; who, despite their defeats, in open battle, made terrible havoc in the French armies,—destroyed the *morale* of the soldier, and finally inspired him with invincible repugnance to the war.

Such are the general ideas which should precede an examination into a work, which relates the prodigious struggle between France and England. As to the book itself, it would not be sufficient praise to say, it is superior to all that has been published on the same subject. It is, in short, a masterpiece of narrative, style and criticism. It combines merit of the most opposite species; the most minute and exact spirit of investigation, with broad and elevated views; an infinite ingenuity of analysis in argument, an admirable power of delineation, the most sincere devotion to the glory of his own country, a noble impartiality, a chivalrous appreciation of her foes. There are passages, such as the storming of Badajos and the battle of Albuera, which may sustain a parallel with the most splendid pages of the historians of antiquity.

We shall have hereafter to justify these encomiums, and with the reader's permission, will endeavor to trace a biography of Lord Wellington, and likewise enter into some political and military details on the events of those six years.

JULES MAUREL.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

I submit the following problems to the consideration of any of your correspondents, who have studied the philosophy, as well as the statistics, of eminent men and women. The first will furnish the principles; the other the facts, of the question:

1st. To whose superintendence are they most indebted for their education and character—the father or the mother?

2d. What is the best education for females—what branches ought they to be taught and induced to cultivate?

Can these questions be too maturely considered, and publicly discussed? Since they embrace the whole scope of *the happiness and influence* of woman—the half of the human race—the wife, the mother, and the companion of man. I hope that some of your best correspondents will give us the benefit of their reflections, in the columns of the *Messenger*.

ALPHA.

[The subject is an important and a useful one; and we hope some one of our correspondents will find time and inclination to give it that reflection which its importance deserves, and then let us have the benefit of his reflections.]
Ed. Mess.



CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM.

The love of conquest was the strongest passion in ancient times, and, through succeeding ages, this has been most highly celebrated by orator and bard. Let us be just to the past; and, at the same time, let us profit by its defects.

The patriotism of antiquity was deficient in a very essential particular,—it merged the nobility of general benevolence, into an ignoble devotion to local and contracted interests. To secure the triumph of a clan, or the martial glory of a single nation, malignant oppressors conspired against the liberties of mankind. The redeeming element which was wanting in ancient patriotism, has since been vouchsafed to the world, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The theme which we present for present consideration, is

The Patriotic Element of Christianity.

Our main proposition assumes, that, considered only in a temporal point of view, this element is superior to any principle known previous to its introduction. It will be our endeavor to substantiate this position, by proving, that Christianity furnishes the best culture to the human mind, the safest preservative to social institutions, and the surest guarantee of national perpetuity.

I. That Christianity furnishes the best culture to the human mind, is seen:

First, in the fact that it excites the profoundest aspirations. Religion is the activity of God brought

into close connection with human energies. Under the Christian dispensation, man is not a new structure erected on impracticable ruins. He should rather be compared to an ancient temple restored from its dilapidated state, and beautified anew by its original architect. The sublime and beneficent religion of Jesus Christ, has renovated much of the old world from its debased and exhausted condition, and has become the guiding light and the glory of modern history. Before its superior effulgence, the Aristotelian and the Platonist bow down in reverence, and every thinker feels that its teachings take deep hold of the elements of the human mind. Under its influence, the exterior condition of our race becomes enlarged, quickened and improved; inspired by its power, the intellectual nature of man distinguishes itself by increased energy, brilliancy, and grandeur. With a magnetic influence, divine truth draws intellect unto itself; and, by the contact, kindles in mind, the most intense and sublime aspirations. Perhaps the best instance and illustration of this fact, is found in the prose writings of John Milton. Said he, "As to other points, what God may have determined for me, I know not; but this I know, that if he ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry, than I, day and night, the idea of perfection. Hence, whenever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom, through every age, has taught us as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and if I am so influenced by nature or destiny, that by no exertion or labor of my own, I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honor, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with reverence and affection upon those, who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appeared engaged in the successful pursuit of it."

This extract contains the genius of Christianity, and exemplifies its legitimate tendency on noble souls. Who can fathom, with the sounding line of sympathy, the depth of such feelings! and who can adequately measure the glorious results they produced?

Secondly, the religion of Christ supplies the best nutriment to mind,—the most wholesome in kind, and the greatest in amount. Its ennobling element is more comprehensive and more potent than the compendious harmony of cold ethics. It is a power that reaches and renovates cultivated intellect and uncultivated nature; it is something that the simple can understand, and the frigid can feel: it wakes the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm; it nerves the patriot,

"To plant the tree of Life, to plant fair Freedom's tree!"

It is heaven's own inspiration, and may be felt by the captive in the dungeon and the monarch on his throne.

Religion should not be confounded with fanatical subtleties and the jargon of monks. Properly considered, it is the central light of truth, around which all healthful knowledge is gathered, quickened, and illuminated. The highest achievement of pagan religion, was the cold beauty of Grecian art. The deeper and purer element of Christianity expanded the thoughts of men, appropriated to itself "the large utterance of the early gods," and sublimated its tones into an eloquence which shook the mighty cathedrals its colossal aspirings had erected. Its native superiority over preceding intelligence, made the Christian fathers rivals to those ancients who were the fountains of their learning and literary zeal. By imbibing the principles of the Christian religion, those mental giants discovered the *free part* of the soul; the symmetry of their nature was completed, and the splendors of divine excellence were thrown around them, like a robe. True religion acts upon the mind as Nature, in forming a rose; developing the *whole* system of the plant while it breathes life and beauty on every leaf.

Nations and individuals are alike in this particular; that with them, mental and moral degradation are co-extensive and co-equal. While under the dominion of vice, the intellect is enthralled, and becomes free only as it turns to God. Each effort to procure moral freedom is a leap upward in intelligence. Christianity speaks in accents of resurrection-power, to dormant thought, and man becomes "a new creature" in proportion as his soul becomes vivified and imbued with the spirit of religion.

Chrysostom, contemplating this subject, said with truth, "As when the orb of day arises in unclouded glory, the wild beasts of the desert are dispersed, and seek the shelter of their dens; so, when prayer, refulgent as a sunbeam, arises from our hearts, and sits enthroned upon our lips, the whole intellect is illumined, and each unreasonable and each unholy passion flees away."

Thirdly: Christianity directs the aspiring mind to the noblest ends. The first principle inculcated by Christianity is that, in its founder, our nature has been intimately united with the divine, and that it is, by that union, already enthroned in heaven. The soul, actuated by sentiments kindred to this, will pant for a higher sphere, and a holier rest. As the peasant, living in an obscure glen of the Alps, attempted to trace to its source the rivulet which fertilized his garden; and, as he ascended to a wider view, became enamored and astonished at the discovery of expanded plains, kingdoms, and boundless oceans, so the religion of Christ inspires its subject with the most ennobling wishes, and invariably guides him to the noblest ends. To those who wish to feel the luxury of rising, faith in the gospel is an immense blessing.

The doctrine that the redeemed soul, in its eternal flight towards the throne of Infinite perfection, will be nourished and ennobled by continual unfoldings of the religion of Christ, is countenanced, if not confirmed, by the fact, that, during eighteen centuries, Christianity has kept constantly in advance of the most rapid flights of thought. Since its introduction, science has made great progress; civilization has rushed up to a high point; but Christianity has not shrunk as intellect has opened. Waving its burning torch in advance of men's faculties, it has unfolded sublimer prospects in proportion as they have ascended. It is this religion that supplies enduring strength and consolation,—that creates the only effectual spring of persevering and victorious virtue,—belief in which, pours the light of immortality through graves open at our feet, and in heaven, crowns the soul with immortal life.

II. The second step in this discussion is, to show that Christianity contains within itself, a patriotic element which furnishes the *safest preservative to social institutions*. If the preceding position, which we have endeavored to sustain, be true, viz: that Christianity secures to individual minds, the safest and best aggrandizement, then, the position we now take, is in fact, not only implied, but proved. But let us look into this subject a little farther.

First; Christianity is most conservative in its influence on society, because it requires and creates a healthy literature. One of the sorest curses that ever afflicted mankind, has arisen from the fact, that the prevailing literature of nations has generally been the product of minds, which have not lived, acted, and written, under the influence of a rational and sublime faith. But a sanctified literature is the exponent of Omnipotence, guided by infinite love, in direct exercise over finite understandings. It is thrilling to contemplate what a few devoted intellects have achieved for the good of our race. The almost invisible seed, planted on the banks of Jordan, though trampled by enemies and scathed by the fires of persecution, has grown to maturity, sending out its protecting boughs over the sea and round the globe. Christianity had every thing to contend with,—learning, prejudice, priestcraft, and the civil arm; and the strongest antagonist, it would seem, that it had to oppose, was the combination of sophistical philosophy with the mythologic follies of ancient literary corruption. But, through the agency of divine truth, she gradually undermined Grecian skepticism; conquered the martial strength of Rome; and, in less than three centuries, glided triumphantly to the throne of the Cæsars. When hordes of barbarians had consummated the greatest national destruction, Christianity accompanied them back to their northern fastnesses; and, by the superiority of her mild influence, extirpated their bloody rites, and transformed them into the progenitors of the

mightiest and most cultivated nations on the earth. She suppressed gladiatorial conflicts; silenced lying oracles; extinguished the fires of unhallowed sacrifices; rescued the victims from idolatry; and, having hurled from their pedestals the statues of deified heroes, elevated Christ as the hope of the world; while she transformed splendid temples, from asylums of crime and ungodly superstition, into houses of spiritual and devout adoration. This wonderful reformation was accomplished, not so much by the transient influence of impassioned declamation, as by profound arguments, and the perennial eloquence of a sanctified literature.

Again: Christianity develops its preserving influence in its *sanctions everywhere given to wholesome laws*. The truly pious of every age have been the farthest removed from fanaticism and treason. The existence of hypocrites to disgrace, and of recreants to malign religion, does not, in the least, invalidate this assertion. True coin is best estimated in its relation to counterfeit. The death of Judas, with its circumstances of horror, will ever remain as strong a confirmation of the truth and value of Christianity, as the life and glory of Paul.

The law of religion acts on an infinitely higher principle than can possibly be attained by the legislation of man. Human law addresses mainly our fears, with a weak finite power; while the enactments of God inflame the conscience, and restrain the rebellious with considerations which bear an infinite force. Hence, while others are luxuriating in the bounties of providence, the Christian patriot will be most solicitous to perpetuate the blessings enjoyed. An incident in classical history, illustrates this point: Epaminondas being asked why he remained solitary and pensive in the time of national mirth and feasting, replied, "While my countrymen are so peaceably feasting, I am thinking of the best means to *preserve* that peace to them."

Moreover, Christianity furnishes the best preservative to social institutions, by most efficiently *protecting the inalienable rights of men*. It does this by recognizing and enforcing the fundamental principles of all righteous government. The religion of Jesus Christ, wherever it is received and universally obeyed, throws the panoply of divine protection around the rights of every subject. This system of religion courts light, and requires its dissemination. It sanctions the prudence, and proclaims the wisdom inscribed in the farewell advice of Washington to his countrymen. "Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

III. Our last general proposition is, *that Christianity furnishes the best guarantee to national perpetuity*.

The only safe deposit for liberty is in the hearts of the intelligent and the good. This is proved by the universal voice of history. The power of a favoring climate, the force of genius, and the energy of martial zeal, forced up, from the dull monotony of despotism, into temporary existence, the republics of antiquity. Those commonwealths, however, were utterly insignificant compared with such a nation as this. Before the great fountain of health and light radiated on the nations from the moral heavens, it was impossible for a republican government long to subside. Daylight no more uniformly follows the sun, than civil liberty follows in the track of Christianity; while Despotism invariably marks its absence or perversion, *Christianity creates the best founders of States*.

Take, for example, the period of the settlement of this country. From the era of the decline of the Roman Empire, the debasement of the human mind continued to increase down through many gloomy ages: The Feudal System, with its myriads of petty despots, and the Papal Hierarchy, with its monstrous usurpations, consummated the dreadful descent to universal ignorance, anarchy and crime. The rapid succession of four wonderful events;—the invention of printing, and the mariner's compass,—the discovery of America, and the Protestant reformation,—gradually dispelled the darkness, and prepared the way for that greatest act of all, the planting of liberty on these Western shores. This was not the result of accident, nor the work of blind caprice. The germs of great principles, gradually matured amid convulsions that often shook the very foundations of society, and nourished with the purest old Saxon blood, were, for wise purposes, by the infatuated councils of Europe, transplanted to the wilderness Empire of the West. Trained by the most hardy discipline, and nourished by hopes which the gospel alone can impart, the Puritan fathers of New-England and the French Protestants of the South, were sent out by Providence on their mighty enterprise. The sparks which they kindled, have already enlightened a goodly portion of this continent. The flame spreads; and who can doubt, that ultimately, from this whole hemisphere, light will go up to heaven, and throw its effulgence beyond the Atlantic and Pacific waves, until every heart shall bound with hope, every arm be nerved to effort, every continent rise disenthralled, every island add a note to liberty's song, and the whole round earth be free! If great men were ever inspired by goodness, and guided by a strong regard for human welfare, then were our forefathers thus actuated in laying the foundations of this great Republic. They based their hope of the perpetuity of the institutions which they constructed, on two fundamental principles: One was, that a free representative government must be founded on public opinion. The other, required that this public

opinion, to be an enduring basis of prosperity, must be enlightened and controlled by the influence of religion. Christianity *inspires the noblest heroism*. It is the testimony of Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, that the primitive ministers of this country shared in every hardship and in every danger. When, on account of his enviable qualities, an effort was made to exclude Smith from the colony at Jamestown, in May 1607, the attempt was defeated by "the good doctrine and exhortation" of the sincere Hunt, without whose aid the vices of the colony would have caused its immediate ruin; and, by his patriotic interposition, order was again restored.

When Massachusetts first prepared to resist the dictation of England, in September 1634, all the ministers assembled in Boston. Their opinions were consulted; and, it marks their patriotism and the spirit of the age, that they unanimously declared against the reception of a general governor. "We ought," said they, "to defend our lawful possessions, if we are able; if not, to avoid and protract."

In 1634, Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, dignified himself, as the first who maintained that treaties should not be made without consulting the common people. The Puritans were as brave as they were just. Cowardice and puritanism never went together. "He that prays best and preaches best, will fight best," was the judgment of Cromwell, the greatest soldier of his age.

When the tragedy of the revolution actually commenced, some of the most pious men, then living, were its leading actors. Christians stacked their arms at the doors of the church; and, from the altar of devout supplication to the God of nations, went to the field, where was reserved for them, either liberty or death. John Hancock received many lessons in patriotism from his relative, Rev. Jonas Clark, the minister at Lexington. When a price was put on Hancock's head, Clark protected him from his malignant pursuers; and when the first battle for American liberty was fought in 1775, this Christian patriot, who had inspired resistance to British aggression, saw the dread conflict from his own door; and, until he went to his grave, was accustomed annually to celebrate the day with hallowed service.

Let us honor the memory of our patriotic fathers. Let us emulate the heroism which sprang from their religion and was nourished by it. Dungeons in hell have been filled to heroic villains on earth. This spirit, we neither eulogise nor desire. Our Christian fathers sacrificed reputation, wealth and life, in the defence of heaven-descended rights. For this, we honor them. They "stooped their anointed heads as low as death," to bring from the dust, the mangled form of liberty. They struggled for "freedom to worship God." Forever silent be the tongue, that will not speak their praise; and

palsied be the arm, that will not strike for the same inestimable right.

Exalted privileges confer little or no dignity on the possessor, until dangerous obstacles are met and overcome in defending them. Rights must be claimed in the name of justice, and honor must stand on true merit, or both are empty and useless. Fortuitous acts may have a brief appearance of greatness, but the sublime in character is absolute, independent of accident, and enduring as the throne of God. Hence the superiority of moral heroism. What real patriotism has he who endeavors to arm Providence against his country, and promotes that "sin which is a reproach to any people?"

As it has sometimes been supposed that strict piety is incompatible with that magnanimous spirit which creates great results for the general good, we will dwell a little longer on the illustration of this point. Take three names embalmed in ecclesiastical history.

Near the close of the fourth century, the emperor Theodosius incurred the guilt of homicide, by the massacre of Thessalonica. It shows how superior Christianity even then was to the blandishments of this world, that the Archbishop Ambrose, recognizing no exception to the rule of moral law, inflicted on the Emperor stern condemnation for his guilt. When Theodosius appeared at the door of the cathedral at Milan, backed by the Roman army, and clothed with the ensigns of royalty, he was repulsed by Ambrose, who absolutely refused him admission, until, for eight months, he should humble in the dust the pride of the diadem, and seek restoration to divine favor with tears of penitence.

"Sir, you seem not to perceive," said Ambrose, "the guilt of the *murder* you have committed; or perhaps the greatness of your power prevents your acknowledging your offence. But it is not fit that you should suffer the splendor of the imperial purple to deceive you. With what eyes will you look on the house of our common master? With what feet will you tread his holy pavement? Will you stretch forth those hands, still dropping with the blood of that unjust murder, and take therein the holy body of the Lord?"

It was this sort of spirit that rescued the expiring torch of civilization and passed it down to modern Europe.

But the world grew more and more degenerate, until, on the 10th of Nov., 1483, a hero was born to a high destiny and a glorious work. The Protestant reformation was the grand root of all modern history,—the resurrection of ancient virtues into new life. Alexander conquered the world for himself; Luther conquered the world for us and for our children. Born a beggar, nursed in whirlwinds, disciplined by persecution, this patriot arose with his moral battle-axe to smite down the giant monsters who held universal mind in spiritu-

al chains. That old latin Bible which he chanced to find in the library at Erfurt, became at once the fountain of an inspiration which convulsed the world. The first shock of a series which roused all Europe into action, was felt on the 10th of Dec., 1520, in the "shout" which went up from "a great concourse of people" assembled to see the Pope's decree burnt at Wittemberg. Two years after, another scene opens, perhaps the most splendid since the apostolic age. Charles Fifth and all the Princes of Germany, papal ambassadors and innumerable other dignitaries, temporal and spiritual, are assembled in the Diet of Worms. The world's grandeur and might are arrayed impressively on one hand, while on the other, stands a solitary man,—Martin Luther, the poor miner's son. If he sought for precedents of safety under such circumstances, he could think only of such as the slaughtered Jerome and Huss. "Will you cease your opposition to his holiness the Pope?" is the significant question propounded to him, while the headsman's steel glitters, and fag-gots are ready to be kindled. "Confute me," responds the undaunted Luther, "Confute me by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain, just argument; for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here I stand, I can do no other: God help me, Amen!" There was a moral sublimity in that act, which infinitely eclipses the patriotism of later times. A train of benefits then commenced, which future generations will continue to multiply and transmit.

The last name we mention, shines well, where it stands on the tablets of immortal fame: the scholar, the statesman, the christian, persecution's victim in the old world, and, while still persecuted, the first advocate of toleration in the new,—the patriot who planted the first free colony in America, and who left an untarnished name,—the memento of wrongs patiently endured,—and the memorial of worth never excelled—Roger Williams! Great man: nations, panting for freedom, honor thy memory, and chanting seraphim celebrate thy benevolence and patriotic worth.

Themistocles, when asked if he was skilled in music, replied, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village, a great city." It is the province of crafty demagogues to vaunt ostentatiously of their patriotism; it was the prerogative of Roger Williams to map out and illustrate the principles of freedom for the world, and then humbly to lie down in a grave which a grateful posterity cannot identify. It is better so. What Pericles said over the dust of ancient heroes, is true: "The whole earth is a sepulchre of illustrious men. Nor is it the inscriptions on their columns in their native soil alone, that show their merit; but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, is, in every foreign nation, enstamped more durably in universal remembrance, than on their tomb."

Thirdly; Christianity employs the most feasible and efficient means to perpetuate national prosperity. Our holy religion is the only system that ever cared for the masses in general, or was adapted to elevate the common mind to intelligence and virtue. To this day, all Pagan, Mahomedan, and Papal lands are in the deepest darkness, and grinding in the most cruel vassalage. The only power to be coveted, is the power of awakening, enlightening and elevating our fellow creatures. To improve the outward condition of man is only secondary to the development of inward growth. He is a true patriot who breathes a life-giving energy into the popular mind, imparting to it a virtuous love of truth and strengthening it to suffer in a righteous cause.

"What constitutes a state?"

Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays, and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
—These constitute a state."

The religion of Pagan antiquity lowered a God to a man; the religion of Christ exalts a man to a God! It civilized the Gothic nations—expanded the reason, and restricted the tyranny of turbulent passions—modified the genius of literature and modern art—embellished our present existence,—and invested the future with considerations of tremendous interest. Whenever the general community can be brought under this influence, habitually, there is reason to hope that sound principles will be imbibed and perpetuated. Liberty can never be established where elevated goodness is the theme of popular contempt. Athens had her laws, but she lost her liberty as soon as she listened to sophists. Nothing is truer than that "Education is the cheap defence of nations." Where are the splendor, wealth, power and glory of the republics of antiquity? Gone like summer dust before the whirlwind. Their mouldering temples, sad relics of former grandeur—afford a shelter to the degraded Turk and muttering monk. Where are their statesmen, sages, generals, orators, philosophers and poets? Inquire at their dishonored and desolate tombs. Cultivated minds and virtuous manners conduct to the gates of glory: ignorance and immorality prostrate national honor and individual excellence forever in the dust.

We are told that Ælius Poetus tore in pieces a woodpecker with his own teeth, because the augur

had declared, that if the bird lived, the house of Ælius would prosper; but if it died, *the prosperity of the state* would prevail. The Christian patriot, taking counsel from the past, would now insure the prosperity of the future, by rending the foul harpies of ignorance which malignantly hover round the civic feast to which our ancestors, from heavenly seats, invite advancing generations. Light must visit the mind. The Egyptian statue of Memnon was a symbol of this truth. It was made of marble, its face turned towards the East, and it sent forth lovely sounds when the first rays of the rising sun fell upon it: man is mute and dead till the radiance of heavenly light awakens him.

The great superiority which distinguishes modern patriotism, consists, not so much in the skill of invention, as in the beneficence of instruction. Men are no longer revered for being, like obsolete weapons, "plunged to the hilt in musty tomes and rusted in." It is nobler to disseminate hoarded treasures among the indigent and unfortunate. The goddess of wisdom must be brought down from her high throne of purple-cloud, to teach in the open fields; and thus to assimilate all classes of persons to the dignity of her native worth. Christians are the depositories of vital principles, which, when divinely enforced, can arrest the corrupt tendency of unregenerate mind. As in the ocean which surrounds the earth, whatever is sordid, is borne away and transformed; so the flame of religious love purifies the temple in which it burns, and surrounds it with an atmosphere of health.

"The cross once seen is death to every vice."

The uncouth ruggedness of depravity is to be subdued by spiritual influence, as the genial sun melts the iceberg into an element full of salubrity and use. Hence, to be a missionary for Christ, is to labor in the front ranks of honor; to scatter tracts and Bibles, is to sow the world with seed whose fruit reduplicates in unceasing harvests of immortal treasure; and to plant a sabbath-school, is to found a college of the highest learning and worth, of which, since God himself is the President, every matured Christian should be a teacher and the whole world of youth, the alumni.

Let us indulge the hope, that this discussion has led our readers to perceive, more clearly, the importance of promoting a higher tone of moral sentiment throughout the world.

We deprecate, most earnestly, all unhallowed alliances between church and state; but, as citizens, as patriots, we wish to see more of the salt of divine influence cast into the fountains of learning and legislation. This is the key-stone to the arch. Our salvation, as a republic, depends on personal integrity, and sanctified public faith. At the very core of the body politic, combustibles are already cumulated in profusion, and if they be allowed to become ignited from the incendiary torches of demagoguism or phrensied zeal, then will this great nation tumble to pieces, like a shattered globe rent with internal fires.

To prevent a catastrophe so dreadful, next to the interposition of an Almighty arm, I know of nothing more to be desired, than a fresh accession to the catalogue of noble christian heroes. Oh, for the men of devout consecration to the great interests of humanity,—the moral giants, who,

when heaven vouchsafes them, walk our earth in the light of wisdom and with the tread of might! Give us Pauls to write with pens dipped in heaven, and Apolloses to speak in tones that shall reverberate in accents of convicting and saving truth. Nor let the daughters of the church think lightly of their appropriate work. When the Spanish Armada threatened England, Queen Elizabeth repaired to the camp at Tilbury, clad in a steel corselet, and rode on horseback bareheaded through the ranks of her army. "I know that I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman," said she, "but I have the heart and devotion of a king, and of a king of England too. Wherefore I am come to you at this time, being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live and die amidst you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, mine honor and my blood even in the dust." Twenty thousand voices responded to those words of queenly eloquence. But to lead armies, or harangue popular assemblies, is neither the privilege nor glory of American ladies. They occupy a nobler sphere. The mother who educates her son for a useful life; the sister whose intelligent approbation excites and nourishes the virtuous ambition of some generous youth; or she who sows the seeds of knowledge in some rustic mind, performs a deed of patriotism, which the angels will commemorate when the name of England's queen shall have faded from Gabriel's memory, and the fame of warriors has sunk in eternal oblivion.

The world needs and demands more efficiency in the department of religious instruction. One of the fathers long ago, complained that "once we had leaden utensils and golden priests, but now we have golden utensils, and priests of lead." It does not become us either to resist or commend the application of this remark to modern times. But there is too much reason to believe, that "we are passing into the relation of great institutions and little men." The state of the world in general, and the emergencies of our own country in particular, require that our pulpits should be occupied by strong original thinkers. Our sacred ministrations should more abundantly furnish the sources of intellectual power and moral progress. Angels grow up in divine knowledge—brutes, in savage ignorance—while men stand hesitating between the two; much depends on the character of religious instruction, whether the result shall terminate in weal or woe.

Probably a large portion of our readers are engaged in some of those great moral enterprizes which distinguish our age. Their opportunities for doing good, will soon terminate in death. As eternity opens, broad and brilliant masses of light falling on this subject, will reveal, infinitely more clearly than we now see, the fact, that Christianity was the inspiration of goodness on earth, the palladium of nations, and the restorer of the soul to the favor of its God.

Perhaps the spirits of the departed are still conscious of the fortunes that attend those whom they have left behind. If so, from our beatific seat, we may be permitted to see the rescued parent approach our grave, and describe to his happy children, how we won him from ruin by our counsel and timely aid. Or some child of ignorance and inheritor of disgrace, whom we may have elevated

from penury, and enriched with the talismanic power of cultivated thought, having won his way to stations of usefulness and honor, returns to the grave of his benefactor, and bows down in gratitude over our crumbling dust. His thoughts melt into tears, and, as it were, crystalize into a monument of immortal glory. Let the acquisition of such a memorial, most honored in the skies, be both the goal and the reward.

"Seek Truth, that pure celestial truth,—whose birth
Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined
In reason's light. Not oft she visits earth.
But her majestic port, the willing mind,
Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Seek Virtue, wear her armor to the fight;
Then, as the wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might,
By each contending turbulent ill of life:
Seek Virtue, she alone is all divine,
And having found, be strong in God's own strength and shine."

Richmond, 4th July, 1842.

ELM.

THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.

BY CHARLES MINNIOERODE,

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What the lofty great tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.
Milton's Paradise Regained, Book iv.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a land in the East, where the sun rises earlier, and burns in brighter glow, than on these Western shores. A dark blue heaven expands over it, in smiling serenity, and beholds its glory in the mirror of the sea; innumerable rivulets roll their waves, in soft murmurings, along their beds, and fertilize the neighboring fields; retired valleys invite us to a happy abode; and the lofty grove on the mountain height captivates our feelings, to bend before the holy being, whose breath rustles in its trees; and when the sun drives his radiant chariot over it—will he not stop the flight of his fiery steeds—to look down upon the regions, which are so beautiful by nature, but which are made yet more beautiful by the hand of man,—for it is Greece of which I speak—the land of ingenious activity, the cradle of art! To Greece we recur, whenever we speak of art and its progress.

Greece is joined with Thracia by high mountains, which often allow only a narrow passage; and straits and islands, as though they were the links of a chain, form an easy passage from the North-East coast of Asia Minor to almost every part of it. The country itself is much intersected by rivers, mountains, hills and lakes—which seem to fit it for the residence of a people, who entered it, in small tribes, at different times. They settled on the banks of a river, at the foot of a sheltering mountain, in a peaceful dale; and, surrounded

with new objects, they were led to a new life: new ideas sprung up; and a peculiar culture had arisen, when another tribe followed and occupied the neighboring region. Thus we see, in consequence of the nature of the soil, a country, inhabited by many different tribes, which however acknowledged themselves as one nation, and, by this consciousness of their relation, facilitated commerce among themselves. By that means, an exchange of ideas was effected, which created that liveliness, activity, and—favored by the happiest natural gifts of the inhabitants—that admirable Grecian genius, on which we still gaze with rapture. Never before had history known a people with so free a spirit. Liberty winged its flight thither, and wedded Grecian beauty. There is such a peculiarity in this nation, such a contrast with all others of the ancient world, that we cannot but wonder at the great efforts, which some learned men have made, to deny the Greeks every originality, and derive all their culture and progress from such benighted countries as Phœnicia, Egypt and India. The fact is, that, from their first appearance in history, the Greeks are distinguished as a peculiar nation, with all the marks of a nationality, which contrasted so strongly with every thing, that was not Grecian, and which, particularly after the immigration of the numerous Hellenian tribes, is so striking in all their political, domestic, and especially their artistical, and, consequently, their religious relations, that either convincing testimonies of the ancient writers or strong prejudices must have led to an opposite opinion. But the ancient writers do not speak of any such thing, if we but consider them with reference to the time at which they wrote, and are cautious not to confuse later testimonies, which have flowed from impure sources, with those, which, as being nearest to the time they speak of, deserve the greatest belief. Homer, the oldest Greek writer known to us, rebukes all conjectures, however learned they may be, about an Egyptian or Indian origin,—Hesiod, the first who mentions the race of Phœnix and Agenor, speaks of Cadmus as a Greek, who wandered from the North, and founded Thebes. The scriptures relate that the sons of Javan had occupied the isles of the Gentiles—but in vain do we look for a proof of the derivation of their wisdom from India or Egypt.

It is not my intention to enter into a more minute examination or philological exposition of this opinion; but I would observe that the champions of the contrary opinion may have been prejudiced and misled by the apparently grand idea, of deriving all human knowledge and religion from one earthly source, which they imagine they have found in India;—instead of referring it to the heavenly source of boundless grace, by which His Omnipotence reuses the spirit of men wheresoever He wills.

The brilliant imagination of the Grecians did not only personify, but even deified, every thing, and this gave birth to their mythology. The Greek religion seems to have arisen from the contemplation, representation and personification of nature itself, as it appeared to the vivid and fanciful spirit of the nation. Poets ruled the democratic system of their deities; and Olympus was soon filled with numerous beings—one for every idea that occurred in the inward and outward life

of the people. The number of their Gods increased for a considerable period, until their cycle became closed—and only then—occasioned by the historical events of that time, particularly by their more intimate intercourse with other nations, the strife for unity in the theological system began. Now commenced those mystical explanations, the object of which was to make all the different deities alike—and the priests—to preserve their authority in the times, when the educated mind of man discovered the insufficiency of Polytheism, pretended now under mystical pretexts and ceremonies, a profound wisdom, preserved from the oldest times in their temples, and derived from nations which boasted of an impenetrable antiquity.

Not in these times did Grecian art awake. It is the child of that early worship of the Olympic Gods. In spite of the multitude of them—yet there was a harmonious unison, and not only Jove, the father of Gods and men, embraced the whole with loving arms—but also an unalterable fate held it together in iron chains. And this is the foulest spot in the whole system of the religion of the heathens. They had not elevated themselves to the idea of the one true God, whom the christian religion teaches to be not only in, but also above, the creation; they know only a God living with, and in, the creation, which could not but lead to the belief in necessity, which I might call the religion of an eternal death, in comparison with the christian religion, the religion of love and eternal life!

This same difference of religious opinion strongly influences all their artistic creations; and Grecian or classical art has rightly been represented, as the art of the possession of the present enjoyment, whilst Christian or romantic art is that of longing, of the desire for something beyond the boundaries of time and space—a difference long since acknowledged, but the reason of which has perhaps been seldom appreciated. It is the near and necessary connection of religion and art. To explain their deeper relation would lead me too far into abstract speculations, and it is better to reserve it for a future occasion. But history easily teaches us, how, every where, they rise and fall together; and art is only the silver bowl, in which we offer the golden fruit of religion at the altar of the Most High. Music and dancing originated in honor of the Gods; Architecture built splendid temples; while the simple citizens dwelt in huts; paintings and statues, wrought metal in all shapes, filled them; and the priests were the first poets. Homer is the high priest of Greece, and the Olympic Gods retained forever the type, which, in his immortal works, they bear.

Art itself appears now in three different divisions: as art of the past, the narrative or epic art, which represents a series of past events, as past. In the plastic arts it corresponds to painting; as art of the moment, the abstract or lyric—the momentary absorption of the past and present in one thought—corresponding with sculpture, and at last, as the organic union of either, the momentary presence of the lyric and the continuance of the epic art, as acting, moving or dramatic, which we see realized in some degree in the dance.

But in exercising art, we are not limited to the dead elements of an exterior world, nor to the sense of sight. We are endowed with the living

medium of the human voice, realized through tone and language, as music and poetry. Either of them comprises the three branches I have pointed out, and even in music, it would not be difficult to prove them to exist, if my plan permitted me to deviate so far.

Yet the capacities of music are not so distinct to the perception of man; and he, mostly, rather suspects, than fully realises its height. Perhaps this height is so great, that our sight is too short to reach its summit, for heaven itself seems to be its native soil. In confirmation of this idea, we find that music was only a subordinate art in Greece, only the accompaniment to words, and its development was reserved for the christian religion, which aspires, by it, to raise us even above the ideas which the words convey to us, that we may listen, in imagination, to the harmonies of the spheres, and imitate their immortal strains.

Language was given to man as his own, and poetry is the most human art of all. We meet with it every where, in all countries, in all ages; for we meet, every where, with religious feelings. Poetry is the language of religion; and, with the birth of the one, the other is ushered into existence. Read the pages of history, and facts will prove the truth of this—look at the nations which are still in the state of infancy, and you will find the confirmation of it—nay, observe your own race, observe the growing mind of the child—its only poetry is religion—its only religion is poetry.

Also in Greece, poetry went hand in hand with religion. Their epic art first celebrated the acts of benevolence of the gods to men, and the strife of men to imitate them. Epic poetry is every where the first, whatever certain critics may maintain as the lyric; for, only after a collection of successes and of co-existent facts, is the human mind prompted to abstraction and to isolate itself in the contemplation of its own nature. The very nature of the so-called Orphic hymns, which consist of an accumulation of numerous and varied epithets of the gods, shows that a large stock of epic poetry had preceded them; for only from facts the gods received their surnames. This alone would prove the late origin of the pretended Orphic remains, even if the language in which they are written, and the incontestible fact that mysticism and mysteries—of which they are full—cannot possibly be the origin of religious feelings in a nation, did not speak decidedly against them.

An immense distance lies between these two separate branches and their organic combination in the dramatic art, "which scarcely could be accounted for, but for the general disposition of man to mimicry."* For now, it is not a narration of what has passed, not one feeling crystalized in the measure of words, but action itself, the very life itself is the object of the dramatic art—not a dead picture, not an immovable statue, but motions and the chances of the present and the future. "Something great, something wonderful happens before our eyes—the causes, the secret motives of an action, every arrangement, every feeling, beginning and end, introduction and object, chance and plan—we see every thing present before us, we partake with all our feelings in their success; even the most remote events of history are brought near, and the most hidden strings of our heart are

*Aug. Wilh. von Schlegel.

touched by the mighty sway of a fictitious presence.”*

The summit of Art is the Drama.

The wonderful elasticity of their genius led the Greeks necessarily to dramatic art; and, even in their epic poems, and, in the fragments of some of their lyric poets, we find its traces. Well provided with a large stock of facts—known through the rhapsodists to every native, and cherished as strictly connected with their religious views—well prepared by public recitations on all festivals, and by literary contests, and particularly by those admired lyrical incantations of an enthusiastic chorus—the Greek drama, to use the words of a great critic, sprang out of the head of Æschylus, in full armor, and with heroic strength, like Minerva from the head of Jove. We know so very little of the dramatic rudiments before Æschylus, and according to all that we can find of them, they were so very indifferent,—Thespis with his strolling stage, and even Phrynichos show so apparently, how incoherently and accidentally the epic and lyric elements were united,—that we cannot but consent to the general judgment of antiquity, that Æschylus is the true father of the Greek drama; he appears like a magician, who, with his wand, calls new creations into existence.

Dramatic representations rose from the Dithyrambics—the lyrical songs of the chorus in honor of Bacchus, and became soon the favorite diversion of the Athenians on these days of joy, which, three, perhaps, four times, occurred in the course of the year.

My object is, to give a survey of the Greek drama, as we find it; not a deeper inquiry into its origin, progress and extent. In such an essay nearly every step we make, must be fortified with proofs, and can only be made after the most conscientious and diligent researches. If therefore I speak of the Greek drama, I mean that of Athens in the fifth century before Christ—in the glorious period of the state. I do not consider it worth while to enter at present upon an account of what they call the ancient, middle and modern drama; for, only of the first of them, we have some remains; and if I take up only the theatre of Athens, I follow the ancient writers themselves, who but very seldom speak of another. I confine myself moreover to the names of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and that of the comic Aristophanes, they being the only ones, whose dramas have reached our times entire; and they excel all the others according to the unanimous judgment of antiquity.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Nowhere in history, is a fact isolated;—and, as the writings of the individual are an expression of his mind, so the literature of a nation conveys to us the type of its character and time, better than historical narrations. Therefore do the three great tragic poets of Greece bear witness to the spirit of their age, and their individual characters admit of a comparison with the different spirit of the time in which, and of the men to whom, they spoke.

Here, therefore, I consider poetry as connected with political life—the progress of art and science,

* Ludu. Tick.

as influenced by, and as influencing, the actual life of man. It should be borne in mind that history neither is merely a register of names and battles, nor the paltry occupations of daily commerce,—nor poetry and science abstruse matters, useless to the world and its progress. I have referred already to the connection between art and religion; let me now, in this short sketch of the Greek stage show the mutual influence of art and the political institutions of a state.

Grand actions, great events, high thoughts, patriotism and devotion, are the features of the age of Æschylus. He was born about the time when Darius ascended the Persian throne, and was in the bloom of his life, when “the great king” sent his millions of myrmidons against free Greece. This period, the greatest in the Greek history, was the cradle, in which the genius of Æschylus was rocked; and he was so much the child of his age—he had given himself up to his country so entirely—that he was more proud of having been a combatant at Marathon and Salamis against the Medes, than of the laurels, which crowned his head as poet:

“The glades of Marathon attest his distinguished valor,
And the long-haired Mede has proved it.”

These are the praises which he himself has written on his epitaph,* not mentioning his glorious art. Such is the reflex of his time. Ornaments, praises or commendation are not yet wanted as a foil to every exploit,—it gives us the bare fact, but this so great, so noble, that we almost fear it would lose by the application of any thing artificial. We find the same in his dramas; they are the immediate form of his thoughts, revealed without much skill from his great genius, which had, within itself, together with the highest instinct of art, the bounds and shades of beauty; a fact which Sophocles himself admits, and which seems to have led to the story, that he composed his poems under the influence of the fruit of Bacchus—a circumstance, also related of Aristophanes and the ardent Alcæus. The greatest poets are not conscious of all the beauty and deep wisdom, which they—favorites of the graces—display before us. As in inspired works, new truths, new beauties press on us, whenever we read them anew, and the richer the mind of the reader, the richer will be the harvest he gathers from the genius of the poet.

The lofty flight, which the mind of Æschylus took, was well fitted for the patriotic feelings, which beat in his breast. They influenced greatly his views and ideas as a poet; and all his works have a bearing upon the present; he takes hold of the important events of his time, and develops them to the Athenians in the brilliant light of heroes and gods. Their laws, their customs, their very lives are enacted before them; he brings them in connection with the gods, raises them to their level, represents them as always influenced and watched by their power, and points out the path, in which the citizens should move.—However, he remains poet in all this—his dramas are truly pro-

* Βίος Αἰσχύλου.

Αἰσχρὸν Εὐφορίωνος Ἀθηναίου τῆς ἐποῆς
Μνήμα καταθήμενον ἀναρρόμετο Γίλας.
Ἄλκην δ' εὐδόκῳ Μαραθῶνιν αἶνος ἐν ἑστῇ
Καὶ βαθυχαίῃσι Μῆδος ἐκείρατος.

ductions of art; and he neither condescends to become a dry schoolmaster, nor an always ready versifier on the events of daily life. No, he knows only two languages—that of his arm to defend his country as he did in the battles of Marathon and Salamis—and that of his dramas—they are the incarnation of his ideas, as his heroic deeds were that of his heroism. If Pericles make a speech in honor of those, who had fallen before Samos,—Æschylus composes his “*Persians*” as the exulting expression of his joy over the deliverance of his country from the yoke, which the king of barbarians wanted to lay upon them;—if in the assembly of the Athenian people, in the *δυσπία* or in the *πρυτανεία* orators rise and plead against the degradation of the Areopagus, Æschylus in his *Eumenides* makes the gods themselves appear to sanction this institution, and to threaten the violator of the sacred court of supreme justice in the state.

We have still seven of his tragedies—he wrote more than seventy—“*Prometheus Chained*,” “*The seven Chiefs before Thebes*,” “*The Suppliants*,” “*The Persians*,” and the “*Trilogy of Agamemnon*,” “*The Choëphoræ*” and “*The Eumenides*.”

I select “*Prometheus Chained*” for a short exposition, for two reasons. This tragedy has justly been called the tragedy of tragedies, the representation of Greek tragedy itself. And none would show us better the relation between the chorus and the scenic players, a relation which Æschylus in his dramas, has sustained in quite a different manner from his successors.

We must go back to the idea of the Greek tragedy—it represents, in accordance with their religious opinions, the strife of man against unalterable fate. This is the character of heroic strength, and if strength, unconquerable strength and firmness, form a principal feature in the character of Æschylus—he never wrote a drama, which can be called more his own, than this. The grandeur of the character of Prometheus honors greatly the author of this piece. Only a noble mind can conceive such a character.

Prometheus appears as culprit:—against the will of Jove, he had loved the human race; and, to elevate them from their brutish life to an harmonious association, he brought the spark of heavenly fire to them, and taught them all arts; he suffers for it in chains, fastened to a rock. His sufferings afflict, but do not conquer his proud soul. Conscious of his right, he resists every temptation to submit, but rather suffers the hardest fate, and no threatening, nor that ravening eagle which,

“ ——— lured with scent of blood
Shall mangle his body, and each day returning
An uninvited guest, plunge his fell beak,
And feast and riot on his blackening liver,”—*

not the thunders, which shall throw him into Tartarus, can prevail on him to yield.

“ Let him then work his horrible pleasure on me,—
Wreath his black curling flames—tempest the air
With volleyed thunders and wild warring winds—
Rend from its roots, the firm Earth's solid base,—
Heave from the warring main its boisterous waves,
And dash them to the stars—me, let him hurl
Caught in the fiery tempest to the gloom
Of deepest Tartarus; not all his power
Can quench the ethereal breath of life in me.”†

And when the horrible threatening is executed,

* Æsch. Prom. Vinet. v. 1021-4.

† Æsch. Prom. V. v. 1042 sqq.

and he sinks down to Tartarus, still asserting his right, he exclaims:

“ Seest thou this, awful Themis, and thou Ether,
Through whose pure azure floats the general stream
Of liquid light, see you what wrongs I suffer!”*

This is a commentary to the Horatian

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinas.

But he does not allow his hero to perish. He has written not only a *Prometheus Chained*, but also a *Prometheus Loosed*. They were written and represented at the same time, and composed with reference to each other. Prometheus, according to the Greek mythology, was freed from his direful doom by the greatest hero of their nation—who, having filled earth with his deeds and benefits, ascended in purifying fire up to Olympus, where his father reigned over gods and men. Hercules was by his mother, a descendant of Io, who is introduced in this tragedy. She hears her own and her descendant's fate, and also, that one of her grandsons should free the chained Titan, who prophesies his own deliverance by him.

Æschylus has been blamed for the introduction of Io in this play. But the motives for it are clear and distinct, when we bear in mind, that the *Prometheus Chained* and *Prometheus Loosed* were two tragedies of the same “*Trilogy*.” Her appearance prepares the end of his pains—but, at the same time, adds to the charms of this play in a manner, which not every one seems to have understood. The contrast between these two sufferers is one of the greatest beauties of the piece, and the guilt of the lovely Io,—lovely even in her language, which has something of an ionic tint—lovely even in her wildest despair—serves only to extol the hero's elevated virtue. The original idea of the fable of Io, is not borrowed from an Egyptian Isis, as the Orphic priests contended;—but to me it appears as a parable of the punishment of the insatiableness of man, who—not contented with his equals, seeks the company and love of gods. How can the secret and daring wish of the heart be represented in a sweeter and more poetical manner, than when Io confesses:

“ Still when retired to rest, air-bodied forms
Visited my slumbers nightly, soothing me
With gentle speech: ‘Blessed maid, why hoard forever
Thy virgin treasure, when the highest nuptials
Await thy choice? The flames of soft desire
Have touched the heart of Jove, he burns with love;
Disdain not, gentle virgin, O disdain not
The couch of Jove: to Lerna's deep recess
Where graze thy father's herds the meads along,
Go gentle virgin, crown the god's desire.’
The night returns, the visionary forms
Return again and haunt my troubled soul.”†

The longings of her heart are here represented as little fairy visions, which haunt her even in sleep. Her lot—restlessness and discontent, never satisfied, she strives for something far remote, and roams North and South—East and West, ever longing, ever wishing.

Prometheus is fettered to the rock. His proud soul did not utter so much as a word in the presence of the serfs of tyrannical Jove. When they are gone, his affecting complaints commence. His pain forces sighs and groans from him, when he is interrupted by the approach of the chorus.

The drama having arisen from the Dithyrambics,

* Æsch. Prom. V. v. 1069-ult.

† Ibid. v. 646-657.

consisting of chorusses and solos, retained both these elements, but only in the pieces of Æschylus we find an harmonious unison of them. His object was less the gradual development of the subject, he scarcely had any plots. Giving only the fact, he was able to give an active part to the chorus, in which even Sophocles could not succeed so well, whilst in the dramas of Euripides the chorusses, in spite of their great poetical worth, are nothing but a heavy clog, which have lost all their real signification. In the pieces of Æschylus, there is an organic union of these elements—the one requires the other, and only in the existence of both, is the harmony of the whole produced.

We find nowhere a better exemplification of this, than in his Prometheus. The chorus consists of virgins, daughters of Oceanus, who, having heard the strokes of the hammer, when he was fettered to the rock, having heard the groans of the sufferer, hasten to him from their grottoes, moved by soft pity. The chorus of the Oceanides is the loveliest of all that we meet with in the Greek tragedies. It is astonishing, how the proud and stern mind of Æschylus was equal to the delineation of the soft and gentle character of the female sex; yet we find them often very similar to those ethereal creations of Shakspeare and Goethe, whilst the females of the much milder and less daring Sophocles, are sublime heroines.

The contrast between the unbending spirit of Prometheus and the timid compassion of the Oceanides, is an unrivalled beauty of this play; and in the whole of literature, both classic and romantic, I do not know of any example, where the female character has been represented in a brighter and more honorable light, than here. Constantly advising submission and the restoration of peace, they still do not leave the object of their compassion; and, in his last struggle, when the doom is to be executed, when they are ordered by Mercury to leave the culprit, when heaven and earth are in motion—they are naturally full of fear and apprehension, they hide their faces to prevent their seeing the terrors of their situation, but they do not leave the poor sufferer even at the risk of their own fate.

The whole piece is an apotheosis of heroism, and the wrongs he suffered here, were expiated in the Prometheus Loosed, its continuation. Prometheus is a *trilogy*, that is to say—a great tragedy divided into three. It was customary at the great Dionysia for those, who entered upon the contest with their dramas, to produce three tragedies and one satyric drama. It was not necessary, that they should be connected together. Yet the great mind of Æschylus, as we may conclude after the learned researches of Welcker, always united them in a whole. He differed in that respect from his successors Sophocles and Euripides. Sophocles decidedly refused to write *trilogies*, perhaps led by a theatrical tact; * and although we possess three dramas of his, which might be said to compose a *trilogy*,† yet each of them is too much a whole,

* Even Goethe was not equal to this task, as his "narrliche Tochter" the first part of an intended *trilogy*, proves.

† I mean his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Œdipus Coloneus*, and *Antigone*. In the last play Ismene says v. 80: *καί μοι ὡς νῦν ἐλεγχόμεν' ἀσπασίμ' εἰ' ἡρώεσσι*, which Prof. Woolsey explains "ruined himself, though living." If this were correct, *Antigone* would not be a continuation of *Œd. Colon.*

shows too much individuality and independence, to be glassed with the *trilogies* of Æschylus, the single pieces of which seem really to have been only part of the whole.

In the *trilogy* of Æschylus, which is left to us, each single piece brings out only one act of the great drama. In the *Agamemnon*, the crime is perpetrated; Agamemnon, the victorious Chief of the Greeks, on the day of his return from Troy, is murdered by Clytemnestra, and bold crime triumphs at the end of the piece. With the gory axe, she appears on the stage and scorns the reproaches of the people. Vengeance is prepared by the gods in the *Choëphoræ*, but the matricide finds no rest, the Furies rise and chase him over the country. But he finds, at last, in the *Eumenides*, where he is discharged by the white stone of Minerva. I have already mentioned what object our poet combined with this representation; the gods themselves are brought before the eyes of the Athenian people, as the founders and guardians of the Areopagus. That Æschylus, however, was not able to save this highest court of justice from degradation, is well known. Of his other pieces the *Seven Chiefs before Thebes* is the most eminent. Atë herself, seems to stalk over the scene before us, when Eteocles can no longer resist the fatal impulse to hasten before the gates of Thebes, to meet his brother in deadly combat. We feel as if the air we breathe were growing close, and fraught with destruction, every moment ready to unload itself, when Eteocles—having heard from the Messenger, the account of the foreign chiefs, and sent out Theban chiefs to oppose them, resolves himself to encounter his brother Polyneices. The Chorus attempts to dissuade him.

"Thebes has no dearth of valiant sons to oppose
These Argives; and their blood may be atoned;
The death of brothers by each other slain,
That stain no expiation can atone."

Eteocles. "Could man endure defeat without dishonor,
Twere well: but to the dead nothing remains,
Save glory: to the dastard, and the base
Fame never pays that honorable meed."

Cho. "Ah! whither dost thou rush? Let not revenge,
That wildly raving shakes the furious spear,
Transport thee thus. Check this hot tide of passion."

Eteocles. "No: since the god impels me, I will on.
And let the race of Laius, let them all,
Abhor'd by Phœbus, in this storm of fate
Sink down to deep Cocytus' dreary flood."

Cho. "Cruel and murderous is the rage that fires thee
To deeds of death, to unpermitted blood;
And sorrow is the bitter fruit it yields."

Eteocles. "My father's curse, a stern relentless fury,
Rolling her tearless eyes, looks on and tells me
Glory pursues her prize, disdaining fate."

Cho. "O, rave not thus: fame will not call thee base
Or cowardly, if well thy life be order'd.
The gloomy fury enters not his house,
Whose hands present th' accepted sacrifice."

Eteocles. "The gods accept not us; and on our fall
Glory attends admiring: why then sue
For grace, with servile fear cringing to death?"

Cho. "For that it is at hand: its terrible pow'r
Sooth'd by th' abatement of this fiery valor,
May come perchance more gentle; now it rages."

Eteocles. "My father's imprecations rage, and boast
My sleep: too true the real visions rise,
And wave the bloody sword that parts his kingdom."

at all, for *Œdipus* dies in this, but *Œdipus* is really "be died," as *δωλετο* v. 168; this is plainly seen from *ττ. c. c. sqq.* et v. 911.

* *ἵππιον πρῶτος ὄμιος*—"let the whole race perish." Eurip. *Phœn.* v. 633.

Chs. "Let us persuade thee, though thou scorn'st our sex."
 Etes. "What would thy wish have done? Speak it in brief."
 Chs. "Ah! go not this way: go not to this gate."
 Etes. "My soul's on fire; nor shall thy words retard me." *

THY WILL BE DONE!—A Hymn.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

(Written on recovering from a dangerous illness.)

Thy will be done, O heavenly King!
 I bow my head to thy decree;
 Albeit my soul not yet may wing
 Its upward flight, Great God, to thee!

Though I must still on earth abide,
 To toil, and groan, and suffer here;
 And seek for peace on Sorrow's tide,
 And meet the world's unfeeling jeer;

Though Heaven seem'd dawning on my view,
 And I rejoiced my race was run,
 'Twas thy just hand, the bliss withdrew,
 And still I say, "Thy will be done!"

And though the world can never more
 A world of sunshine be to me;
 Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
 And Care pursues where'er I flee;

Though friends I loved—the dearest—best—
 Were scattered by the storm away,
 And scarce a hand I warmly prest,
 As fondly presses mine to-day;

Yet must I live, and live for those
 Who mourn the shadow on my brow;
 Who feel my hand can balm their woes,
 Whose faithful hearts I gladden now!

Yes, I must live—live to fulfil
 The blessed mission scarce begun,
 And prest with griefs, to murmur still
 All Wise! All Just! Thy will be done!

New-York City, 1842.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

The last Commencement of this venerable Institution passed off with more than usual eclat. Its popularity is rapidly spreading itself; and its affairs were never in a more flourishing condition—so much so—and so high has its reputation become, under the management of its present faculty, that besides the present extensive additions now going on, it is in contemplation actually to tear down a part of the old buildings, and build larger. This is the Institution, our readers will recollect, to which the surviving members of the Cincinnati Society in Virginia made, a few years ago, the handsome donation of its funds; one of the conditions of that donation, was, we believe, that an Address should be delivered before the College annually forever, in defending the Society from the aspersions cast upon it by Mirabeau and other French writers. The College is now in a condition to fulfil in every respect, the wishes of the Society. And to the question which was some time ago propounded in this Journal, as to what had become of the Cincinnati Oration? We can reply that it forms

* Esch. Sept. adv. Th. v. 645-715. It will scarcely be necessary to state, that in these tragics I have made use of the translations of Potter and Franklin.

part of the exercises of Commencement; and that the honor of delivering the last one, fell to John Blair Dabney, Esq. of Campbell, who acquitted himself of the charge, much to the satisfaction of those who had the good fortune to be present.

SONNET.

Inscribed to the memory of a young friend.

BY L. J. CIST.

Short, passing pilgrimage was thine, fair boy,
 Through the lone wilderness of this dark world;
 Brief space alike, for thee the founts of joy
 Were open'd, at thee the darts of Sorrow hurled;
 Few years for thee Spring's bubbling brooklets purled—
 Shone Summer's sun—the teeming Autumn's prime,
 Ere thy young spirit's pinions were unfurled
 In glorious flight for that eternal clime,
 Where come nor heat nor cold, nor change nor time;
 Where the Redeemed, with ever new delight,
 The praises of their God and Saviour hymn—
 Himself 'their sun by day, their moon by night:'
 Such task now thine, our thanks, dear boy, we give,
 That thus, in dying, thou begin'st to live!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

AWAY FROM THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

Lines suggested by a visit to Crab Bottom, Pendleton Co., Va.

BY CHARLES H. LEWIS.

Oh! might I choose a home, I'd fly
 To yonder pleasant vale,
 Where the crystal stream runs merrily
 And the wild flower scents the gale;

Oh! I would seek some lovely nook
 Within that mountain glen,
 And build a cot beside the brook,
 Away from the haunts of men!

There the humble ivy's modest bloom
 With the laurel's flower should vie;
 And the eglantine, its sweet perfume
 Should yield to the zephyr's sigh;

With the voice of love to greet me there,
 Oh, I'd be happy then,—
 Without a wish,—without a care,—
 Away from the haunts of men!

Oblivious of the vain parade
 Of fashion's heartless throng,
 I'd sit beneath the maple's shade,
 And list to the mock-bird's song;

And the noise of hound and merry horn
 Should wake that happy glen—
 Oh! thus I'd spend the joyous morn,
 Away from the haunts of men!

For the silver streamlet's speckled pride
 Thro' the neighb'ring vales, I'd roam,
 And turn me thence at eventide
 To the happy scenes of home;

With the voice of love to greet me there,
 Oh! I'd be happy then,—
 Without a wish,—without a care,—
 Away from the haunts of men!

Staunton, Va. July 27, 1842.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF WESTERN VIRGINIA, with remarks on their use, and the diseases to which they are applicable. By William Burke. New-York: Wiley and Putnam; 1842.

We announced in a former number of this Journal that this little volume had gone to press. The favorable opinion then expressed of it, we are happy to say is fully gratified by the work itself. It is the most valuable *code mecum* for the Spring-going community that is to be found. It contains an excellent travelling map of the route to the springs from Guyandotte and Abingdon, Baltimore and Richmond. Complete and accurate descriptions are given of the Warm, the Hot, the White, the Red, the Sweet, the Salt Sulphur Springs, etc., with the diseases to which the waters of each are most favorable. Persons bound to the Springs for health, would do well to consult this book as a prescription, if for no other purpose—for Dr. Burke has paid much attention to the sanative virtues of the waters, and gives the result of his own observation, as well as of other distinguished citizens and physicians, with minute and satisfactory details. We cannot at this particular season, do our readers a better service than to make an extract or two from this little volume.

"The first consideration of the invalid, after reaching his destination, should be to ascertain whether his system is in a suitable condition for commencing the use of the waters. It is quite probable, that, after a long journey, he may be constipated—that his liver may have become torpid—that he may be over-excited by fatigue—in short, there are many circumstances, any one of which would render it imprudent to enter hastily on a free use of these powerful agents. If these conditions of the system exist, let the alimentary canal be freely evacuated by medicine adapted to the case, and a strict regimen instituted for forty-eight hours; or until oppression or excitement be subdued; and then let the water be taken in such a way, as that it shall gradually insinuate itself through the system, and act as an *alterative* on the different functions of the economy. The safest plan, in serious cases, is to obtain the advice of a physician, with the precautions already hinted at; but, physician or no physician, we say to the patient, *festina lente*. Be not influenced by the go-a-headism so characteristic of our country; but go to work, calmly and systematically.

"If the weather and other circumstances admit, rise about six, throw your cloak on your shoulders, visit the spring, take a small-sized tumbler of water, move about in a brisk walk; drink again at seven, and once more at half past seven; breakfast at eight—(what that breakfast should be, you may infer from what we have said on diet.) After breakfast, if you can command a carriage, take a drive; otherwise, a slow ride on horseback till ten. From ten to twelve, enjoy yourself in conversation, or other mode most agreeable to you—eat no luncheon—at twelve take a glass of water, at one, another. From twelve to half past one take exercise at ten paces, quitoes—bills—dine at two—see remarks on diet, amuse yourself in social intercourse till five. Take a drive, ride, or walk till six—drink a glass of water; exercise until seven—take a cracker and a cup of black tea. If you are a dancer, you may enjoy it, but in moderation, until nine—quaff a glass of water from the spring, and retire to your room.

"If you find yourself improving, remain at the fountain; but if, after a fair trial of the water, taken after your system has been properly prepared, and accompanied by something like the course we have suggested, the symptoms of your disease become aggravated, or new ones supervene, then you should abandon the use of the water, and try to find another better adapted to your case. But if, by an act of imprudence, you render that noxious, which, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been salutary, you should not visit upon it the blame which is due to your own indiscretion. * * *"

This is but a part of one of the many very interesting and excellent 'sailing directions' to be found in this work, relative to the Mineral Waters of Western Virginia. Those who would know more of them, we refer to the book itself, which is of a convenient form and in suitable type for a travelling companion in the stage. It may be had at the bookstore of Smith, Drinker and Morris, to whom we are indebted for a copy.

POEMS BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: William D. Ticknor. (Two volumes.) 1842.

No American book which has fallen under our notice, is so perfect a counterpart, as regards type, paper, binding, and the whole style of execution, of the neatest issues of the London press, as these handsome volumes. They are, moreover, of a most readable size, and worthy to grace any boudoir or library in the country. The name of Tennyson is chiefly known in the United States by various pieces which have been reprinted in some of our newspapers and journals. His scattered admirers are not few, however, although far between; and their number will be greatly increased by this beautiful and complete edition of his works. Tennyson is a man of decided ideal tendencies and pure sensibility. His command of language, and his taste in the choice and arrangement of words, is very uncommon. He frequently unites the simple diction of Wordsworth with a tone of deeper emotion and more bold imagery. In the ballad style he has produced some exquisite compositions; and in meditative blank-verse, many of his specimens are the best of recent origin. Occasionally he indulges in quaint humor, but his *forte* is decidedly quiet sentiment and thoughtful pathos. Such poetry as that of Tennyson depends so much upon its general strain rather than occasional brilliancy, that brief quotations would do him great injustice. We therefore very cordially commend the volumes themselves to such of our readers as would commune with one, who, whatever faults may belong to him, is not only a genuine poet, but one of more individuality than any who has appeared for a considerable period. One of his ballads—"The Miller's Daughter"—commences thus:

"I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile, that round about
His dusty forehead dryly curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world."

Vol. 1, p. 102.

His sympathy in the beauty of the universe is thus simply but pleasingly suggested:

"And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wondered at the bounteous bours,
The slow result of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wondered while I paced along,
The woods were filled so full of song,
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seemed all things wrought,
I marvelled how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought."

Vol. 2, p. 166.

He thus describes *Godiva*—the beneficent lady of Coventry, preparing for her kind enterprise:

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud; anon she shook her head
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on, and, like a creeping snubbin, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway."

Vol. 2, p. 114.

"The Palace of Art," "The Gardener's Daughter," "A Dream of Fair Women," and "Dora"—who "lived unmarried till her death"—are among the gems of these volumes. A high moral strain is frequently encountered, and some delicious descriptive sketches so vividly drawn, as to prove the author an artist as well as a poet.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—THOMAS W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. VIII.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1843.

NO. 10.

THE LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

The people throughout Europe once enjoyed considerable liberties. But, in every state, those liberties were soon grasped by the hand at the centre; and, in many, were long retained, none having, till lately, been re-distributed amongst the Italians, or the Germans.

This universal loss of liberty should arrest our attention. For, when we reflect that—excepting a few liberties, such as those of Hungary, of the Tyrol, of Genoa, the *Fueros* of Spain, or the *statuti* in the island of Sardinia—all those which, according to ancient historians, the Europeans once enjoyed, were soon withdrawn and long withheld, either by the arms or the artifices of their princes, we perceive that liberty may be lost in monarchies, as well as in republics; but it makes less noise in the former, because there is less liberty to lose.

The power of the crown was once very limited in France, but that of the people amounted to nothing, before the revolution of 1789. Then, for the first time, an accused had his defender—was confronted with his witnesses—and was tried by a jury, instead of by judges whose seats had been purchased. The *Lettres de cachet* were then suppressed; freedom was restored to conscience; the exorbitant revenues of the clergy were confiscated; and those laws annulled, which exempted a hundred thousand noblemen from an equal burden of taxes, which reserved for them all the commands in the army and protected them from punishment for injuring a citizen or soldier. The Constituent assembly first put an end to the servitude of one class, and the privileges of another; then it subdivided the kingdoms into departments, and conferred on the representatives of the people the power of imposing taxes.

These liberties survived the reign of Napoleon, and were introduced into the charter granted by Louis XVIII., to conciliate the French, when his family was restored. Happy that family, had it respected the liberties consecrated by that instrument! Still more happy, had it yielded to the spirit of the age, instead of kindling, by open usurpation, the indignation and vengeance of the people! They, recollecting the violence and disorder that were the companions of the republic—the noblesse, their past sufferings (which greatly enhanced the pleasures of the court);—and all, indeed, the conscription of Bonaparte and the sweetness of peace—few were then found, who had not rather have suffered with moderation, than have exposed themselves to new dangers, for the recovery of liberty.

Nor can we now say how far this moderation might have extended, had not the Ordinance of July, 1830, which destroyed the freedom of the press, aroused the spirit of the Parisians. Their brilliant courage, after transferring the crown from the Elder Bourbons, to the House of Orleans, left the deputies free to establish a constitution, which has not only abolished the censorship, and founded the liberty of the press on the trial by jury, but has extended the elective franchise from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand Frenchmen—separated the church from the state—put an end to the hereditary peerage—and imposed many salutary limitations on the royal prerogative.

Nor were the effects of this revolution confined to Frenchmen. In less than two years, twenty-one, of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland, had introduced freer institutions. The Flemish Provinces, with those of Antwerp, South Brabant, Limburg, Liege, Namur, etc., (which were all transferred to Holland, against every principle that unites two people,) animated, no less by this glorious example, than stung by multiplied injustices, rent in twain that factitious Empire, and erected over themselves the freest monarchy on the continent. In England, sparks of discontent were kindled into enthusiasm for electoral reform. In Germany, the rapacious tyranny of the Elector of Hesse, no longer endured by the newly excited indignation of his subjects, compelled him to resign, into the hands of his son, a sceptre scarcely inferior to that which religious and political excitement induced Antony of Saxony to abandon to his nephew. Charles, Duke of Brunswick, having refused to reestablish the constitution, granted by the King of Great Britain when guardian of that Prince, escaped with difficulty, September, 1830, from the violence of the people, and ended his days in obscurity. Meanwhile, this spirit of change, awakened at Paris, ameliorated the institutions of Hanover, and renewed the clamors of those States of the Germanic Confederacy, which had not received the constitutions that had been promised to induce them to make extraordinary efforts against Bonaparte. Across the Pyrenees, popular movements were crowned with partial success. Even an Austrian army could hardly suppress the resistance which was offered to tyranny, in Parma, Modena, and the Papal States; as if, at the sounds wafted over the Alps, the Italians expected the genius of liberty to rise out of the tombs of their ancestors.

These events display the magnitude of the one we describe, and the importance of understanding a constitution, which commends itself to our attention, less as the system of a great nation, united to

us by many ties, than as the model of all the constitutional monarchies on the continent. For whithersoever we turn our eyes—to Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Hanover, Saxony, or Sweden, we observe that *French ideas*, circulated through the French press, have caused the chief political reform.

The present liberties of Europe are mere limitations of royal authority.

At the dawn of civilization, the Princes of Europe, by violence or artifice, had withdrawn from the people their ancient liberties, and acquired an unlimited authority. For centuries, all acknowledged that this authority, by the grace of God, was inherent in the crown. And there it might still have remained, had Princes conceded none to the people in exchange for their services. But, to conduct an enterprise or to secure their dominions, they exchanged power for money and men. This occurred in the time of the Crusades. It occurred, too, in the reign of Edward I., who commanded the English to elect representatives, (origin of the House of Commons,) that, by appearing to obtain their consent, he might levy taxes with greater ease to prosecute the war against Scotland. It occurred in Spain, when the crown granted the *Fueros* to induce the 'communes' to repel the invasions of the Saracens: in Germany, when its Princes promised constitutions to stimulate the people to unusual efforts against Bonaparte—which is the origin of their present representative monarchies. At another time, power was conceded to conciliate the people. Louis XVIII. granted a Charter in 1815, to conciliate the French; and the Emperor of Austria, and several Italian Princes, have, for a similar reason, endowed Lombardy, &c. with a semblance of municipal freedom.

But, when these concessions were not made at the appropriate time, the people sometimes obtained them by open violence; as, in the reign of King John, when the English extorted the Great Charter, and, in 1688, when James II. was dethroned, and the crown transferred to the Prince of Orange and his consort, as the French gave theirs, in 1830, to the House of Orleans, with limitations imposed on it.

In some States, the people have obtained power from the crown, less by open violence, than by slow, quiet encroachment. A great deal of the authority, for example, which now resides in the Parliament of Great Britain, has been purloined from the crown, or amassed in accordance with an inevitable tendency of the British Constitution. The Parliament which "might," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "give directions for the due tanning of leather or milling of cloth—for the preservation of pheasants or partridges—for the reparation of bridges or highways—for the punishment

of vagabonds and beggars,"* has now arrived, in a great measure by this means, to so great a height of power, as to decide, in a supreme manner, on all "matters, ecclesiastical, temporal, civil, military, maritime, and criminal;" whilst the crown, which all parties then acknowledged was invested with absolute authority, is now sunk into a respectable pageant of state.

Thus, it is obvious, that the crown is the immediate source of that liberty, which Europeans now enjoy, whether obtained by concession, open violence, or secret encroachment. And this is confirmed by observation; for, throughout Europe, whilst the subject exercises merely the power he has obtained, the rest is exercised by the Prince, whose prerogatives begin where those of the people end. In some monarchies, all the liberties of the people are now held at the pleasure of the crown. A few years ago, the Pope, and the Emperor of Austria, not only modified, but withdrew privileges which had been granted to their Italian subjects; and so great is the importance attached to this prerogative, (one superseding all others,) that the present King of Prussia lately caused an author to be tried for maintaining, that the liberties just accorded to East Prussia were rights rather than concessions.

In France, however, the limitations on the prerogative are deemed as sacred as the prerogative itself. Yet the monarchy cannot be said to be founded on the sovereignty of the people. It is true that, in July, 1830, one city, in three days, drove the Prince from his throne; and that, in seven more, a number of deputies (not large enough, however, to vote on the ordinary matters for which they were chosen) selected another, and framed a constitution, which was announced by telegraphic dispatch to thirty-three millions of astonished citizens, who were permitted neither to amend the charter, nor to discuss the prerogatives of the Prince; yet, if sovereignty, for a moment, was restored to the people, in that moment they deprived themselves of it forever, since they have not retained the power of changing their present constitution. It suffices, however, that it is still customary for the crown to exercise all power which is not expressly the people's; therefore, in estimating the liberties of the French, we ought to examine, not the Prince's authority, but the limitations imposed on it.

I. *The Two Chambers.*

The power which is lodged by the charter in these Chambers is the chief limitation of the King's authority: for no law can be made, suspended or modified, without their consent. They grant the supplies, and designate their objects; so that the number of public functionaries, the strength of the army and navy, and the preservation of peace, de-

* Hume.

pend on their will ; and, as every act of the crown must be sanctioned by a ministry in the confidence of the deputies, nothing can be executed without their consent.

Such is the theory of the constitution ; but, could the crown, through either the ELECTORS or the ELECTED, direct the will of the legislature, then would this limitation be merely apparent, and the worst of all governments established. Let us then first inquire into the

Independence of the Peerage.

And here it is obvious, that although Peers created for life by the Prince, without rank, riches, or privileges, may usefully investigate questions which do not arouse the spirit of party ; yet, among the representatives of the people, public confidence will abandon them, until, finally, they become, first, a court of Register, then, an instrument in the hands of the King—never a check on his authority. Such, at this time, is the condition of the Peerage in France. It is now the custom of the Deputies, as soon as their business is finished, to return to the Provinces, leaving the most important bills to be presented to the Peers, who, unable to amend without rejecting measures indispensable to the nation, read elaborate reports, and adopt them without alteration.

However, the Peerage is neither a dead, nor a fruitless branch on the trunk of this monarchy ;—but it rather extends than limits the royal authority. Like the Senate of Poland, it confers on the crown a prerogative more formidable than is ever bestowed by an hereditary Peerage, which almost perpetuates itself ; whilst this Chamber, as death diminishes its number, is replenished by the Prince with those who, having spent their lives in his service, are little likely to oppose his policy or wishes. An evil so obvious, has been partially removed in other States on the continent. The members of the First Chamber of the General Estates in Holland and Wurtemberg, though created for life by the Prince, can neither propose measures, nor be increased beyond sixty.

As the King cannot veto a measure, (for it must be done with the consent of the ministry, which is always in a majority of the Deputies,) the Peers are often employed to arrest measures which his prerogative could not resist. For this purpose, during the ministry of M. de Cazes, fifty names were, at one time, added to the Peerage. Thus, in France, as in England, the veto has assumed a new shape, which has led some to deny that it existed, when, in truth, it was doubly formidable by the secrecy of its operation !

As it is needless to expect independence in a House which may be increased at the pleasure of the crown, let us rather turn our eyes to the Chamber of Deputies, (justly regarded as the citadel of French liberty,) in order to discover whether

there be, in the ramparts there erected by the people against the crown, any passage or embrasure through which tyranny may enter.

Independence of the Deputies.

Of the thirty-four millions in France, two hundred thousand contribute forty dollars apiece, and have a voice in State affairs. If their Deputies were independent, the King, without their consent, could do nothing that requires money. But his influence may pass through two channels into the Chamber : through the electors and the elected. In consequence of the peculiar construction of this monarchy, there flows through the first of these channels, a copious stream of royal influence : for, minute local concerns being there conducted by the central government, officers in swarms are let loose in every direction, whose commissions are treated, at a distance, with a great deal of that deference which was paid to them, in the reign of Louis XVI. Dispersed among two hundred thousand electors, are one hundred and thirty-eight thousand functionaries, who annually receive forty millions of dollars : so that, from the crown, which is the fountain, corruption may flow in a thousand rivulets through every section of the Empire.

These functionaries (excepting a few) may not only aspire to sit in the Chamber, but to represent an arrondissement, or district, without possessing any property within its limits : in consequence of which privilege—of four hundred and fifty-nine members, one hundred and sixty-four now live upon the bounty of the crown.

When a representative, thus elected, repairs to the capital, the insidious desire of advancement is ever at war with the integrity of his character. The custom of voting secretly, cuts off all communication between himself and his constituents, who can never instruct him ; else, in matters of importance, they might secure his independence by instructing him ; for Instructions prevent corruption by taking from the representative the power of selling himself.

When, at length, the Chamber assembles, the crown may take the initiative. During the last session, (1840-'41,) only two measures (and they were lost) originated in the Chamber. In both Houses, the ministers of the crown, the highest executive officers, must be heard whenever they desire to speak. They may, likewise, unite the functions of a deputy with those which each already possesses, as a minister ; so that, by the initiative, the crown may set the legislature in motion—by the right of speaking, may influence—and by that of voting, direct its course.

II. Other Limitations.

Though the King's prerogative is greatly extended by influence, its exercise is very often limited or restrained, not only by public opinion, but by customs and political expedients. He may,

for instance, appoint officers, and remove them; yet he cannot freely exercise this prerogative, because custom now gives the functionary so good a title to his office, that were removals for opinion's sake to take place as extensively as we have seen them in England and America, the dynasty itself might be endangered by the public resentment. Ministry succeeds ministry without discharging him whose duties are independent of his opinions. Whether officer, clerk, postmaster, or contractor, he rests unconcerned in his office, amidst the frequent ministerial explosions, which, like noisy but empty thunder, break harmlessly over his head.

Rotation in office may but slightly injure the public service; yet it is formidable to the public morals. A postmaster or collector may be relieved at the end of four years without a letter being lost, or the revenue diminished; (and what takes place in one city occurs throughout the country.) But when it becomes usual for leaders to reward with office the zeal of their followers, inviting prospects are spread before them; and the city which experienced no inconvenience from the changes we have imagined, finds its citizens either bribed or deluded, less by the public functionary than by the numerous expectants of the opposition, who, to recommend themselves by their zeal, employ the tongue and purse in disputing the honor of deceiving their fellow-citizens.

There are, indeed, two classes of public functionaries. In the first, should be comprised those (as ministers, members of the cabinet, &c.) whose duties are connected with their political views; and all those should be referred to the second, whose duties have no connection with opinion whatever. To preserve harmony in an administration, the former might justly be discharged; but why should a postmaster, who receives letters and dispatches them with regularity, be removed for his opinions upon the subject of finance? Will he use his position to influence the elections? Secure that, and he will have no reason for doing it. In truth, the custom originated in England, and is perpetuated here, because every administration finds precedent to sustain it; and zealous partizans, in the hour of victory, seldom relinquish, voluntarily, the usual recompense of their toil. Hence, it must continue till it falls gradually under the reprobation of public opinion.

The King of the French is commander of the army and of the navy; but the exercise of this prerogative, so formidable to liberty, is now restrained by various expedients. The Deputies, who grant the supplies, may diminish the army or navy at pleasure. Over both departments have ministers been placed, for whose conduct the whole ministry is responsible: whilst an admirable counterpoise to the army has been found in the National Guard. Since the dangers of a standing army arise from its superior discipline, when the mass is brought

under a military régime, it ceases to be dangerous, for then the citizens are able to resist it. This plan makes every citizen a soldier, and every soldier a citizen. It was devised under the auspices of La Fayette, at the breaking out of the Great Revolution, to suppress disorder and robbery. At this time, it comprises near two millions of citizens, of independent occupations, who can well sustain the loss of money and time, and throw no ridicule on the corps to which they belong. This system presses with a gentle hand on industry, not at all on poverty. It sends the voluptuous nobleman to guard the portals of the capital; but it leaves the blacksmith at his anvil, and the shoemaker at his last.

It might be useful to inquire how far some plan of defence might be advantageously adopted here. No man has a right to live in a commonwealth, who refuses to prepare himself to bear arms in its defence. Yet, in a free state, no plan can be introduced so long as every citizen prefers his own convenience to the honor and security of his country. Then, indeed, that a plan is expensive, is sufficient to make him believe that it is inexpedient; or that a war is unproductive, to convince him that it is dishonorable.

Our army is small, and our territory is vast in extent. We lie exposed on the South, the East, and the North. Danger from this exposure will increase as the nations around us grow powerful; and as steam, by future improvement, shall enable others to send well-trained armies to attack us unexpectedly. But the reason which deserves to weigh heaviest on the mind, is derived from the character of our mixed population. Elsewhere, the nation's strength is in a class inured to labor and coarse diet; but while our corresponding class cannot be entrusted with arms, the white man is enervated; and this contains within itself a new reason for so organizing our militia, as to make it a security against attack from abroad, and insurrection at home.

To return. We have now glanced at the chief limitations which have been imposed on the prerogatives of the King of the French. Others, devised by the legislature to secure the rights of property and the liberty of individuals against the instruments of the crown, we deem of equal importance; but we are compelled to pass them by.

Limitations of royal authority in Italy and Germany.

The Princes of Italy have been extremely parsimonious in distributing power amongst the people. Lombardy, for example, (and all the kingdoms of Italy enjoy power in nearly the same shape, and to nearly an equal extent,) has been divided, by the Emperor of Austria, into two territories, the *Territorio Milanese* and the *Territorio Veneto*. Each territory, he has subdivided into provin-

ces, which have, in their turn, been cut up into *communes*. In the latter, besides a Mayor, as executive officer, there is a Council, whose members, first named by the Emperor, now supply the vacancies that occur among themselves. Each province has its provincial congregation (*congregazione*), which was likewise first filled by the Emperor, but is now replenished by the communal councils, which send, each one, two deputies to the congregation, where three are selected, one of whom is appointed by the viceroy. There is, besides, both at Milan and at Venice, a central congregation, the members of which were first named by the Emperor, but are now selected by the communal councils and royal cities; each of which sends two names to the Provincial congregation, where all are eliminated except three. These three are presented to the central congregation, which selects one, whose nomination must finally be ratified at Vienna.*

These assemblies, after being informed how much the crown requires of the Province, proceed to distribute and collect the taxes, in the manner most agreeable to themselves. They assess, likewise, the military charges, in times of war as in times of peace: they raise and administer the revenues of the '*communes*;' superintend the roads, the bridges, the weights and measures; regulate all charitable establishments; exercise legislative, judicial, or executive authority, in all cases submitted to them by the Emperor; and offer counsel to his majesty in relation to those matters which touch the welfare of the Province. But the Emperor has reserved (art 17) the power of excluding any member who is unworthy of the confidence reposed in him, holding it as true, that "franchises are but regal privileges in the hands of a subject; and therefore may be lost or forfeited, like offices, either by abuse or by neglect." Such is a fair specimen of the liberty which the Italians now enjoy.

In Germany, since the downfall of Napoleon, liberty has progressed more rapidly. But that progress has been chiefly confined to the States of the second class: as Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and the Grand Duchy of Baden.

In Austria, the Emperor, in one Province, maintains its ancient despotism; in another, he seems to give, in order to retain more securely.

In Russia, the late King, notwithstanding his promises, perseveringly refused a general representation to his kingdom; but his successor, although likely to follow his example in this respect, has augmented the powers of the provincial assemblies.

In the constitutions of the smaller, but more numerous, members of the Germanic Confederacy, we observe few signs of liberty: for those feeble Princes, whose laws are maintained, whose States

*Constitution of Lombardy, promulgated 24th April, 1815.

guaranteed, by the Diet, need the favor of some powerful ally. And hence the Emperor's influence equals this need of his protection, as might be abundantly exemplified; but in no instance more strikingly, than that of the Prince of Lichtenstein, who has introduced into his principality, not only the political organization, but the civil and criminal laws, of Austria.*

In the States of the second class (excepting Hanover) no law concerning the property or liberty of individuals, can be made, suspended, or modified, without the consent of the Estates; neither can any tax, whether direct or indirect, be imposed; and the ministers are there said to be responsible.

But, in conceding these liberties, numerous precautions were taken to prevent their extension. Where the elections were made neither double nor triple, the elective franchise was extended to no more than one inhabitant in forty, who can exercise the right but once in six or eight years, in choosing representatives, who assemble but every three. Then, by the constitutions of Germany, the elected is required to take oath, that he will not regard the interests of any locality, which cuts off all communication between him and his constituents.† When, finally, the two houses are assembled, with one created by the crown, neither can take the initiative. The supplies, in some States, are voted for three years, instead of one; in others, for six; but, in all, it is expressly forbidden to annex conditions to them as it was once the custom to do in England. Lest the representatives of the nation, thus assembled in one body, should refuse the supplies and thus extort conditions from the monarch, Austria and Prussia have perseveringly refused to establish a national assembly; they maintain the provisional ones, which act without concert, or even communication, and dare not make singly any sign of resistance, whilst the supplies from one province enforce obedience from another;—these assemblies, all the while, subserving the purposes of despotism under an appearance of freedom.

* Constitution of Lichtenstein, granted 9th Nov., 1819.

† It is remarkable, that there is no country in Europe where a representative is obliged to obey the instructions of the people. In nine-tenths, on the contrary, he is expressly enjoined by the constitution to disregard them. There are, indeed, some apparent exceptions; but, in every case, it is one assembly that instructs the members of another. The Great Council of a Swiss Canton instructs its delegate in the Diet. One of the United Provinces may likewise instruct its deputy in the General Estates of the Kingdom; and those who sit in the Diet of Hungary obey the provincial assemblies. But these instructions proceed from other representatives; whilst those which are directed to the members of the Germanic Diet, proceed from the sovereign Princes and free cities of the confederacy. I once examined the constitutions of the South American Republics; but, as well as I remember, they contain no allusion to the subject.

Besides these precautions, in none of the States, can either the people or their representatives propose to change the fundamental laws. Hence the bounty of the Prince and open revolt are their only sources of freedom. And since public credit is become known, money may be raised, in cases of emergency, without calling on the people for more than the interest; whereas, formerly, large sums could be procured only in exchange for privileges; which induces me to believe, that less is now to be expected, than hitherto, from the bounty of Princes. On the other hand, the dangers of revolt increase every day; for since the organization of the police has been so highly improved, the eye of government lights with greater certainty upon disaffection; and, should resistance break out on one point, the rapid communication by steam and telegraph quickly announces the event, when an armed force may be concentrated and dispatched, with almost equal celerity, multiplying, in truth, the efficiency of a standing army. Yet the Princes of Germany have deemed themselves insufficiently secured against the dangers of revolt. They have guarantied their kingdoms to each other against both foreign and domestic foes; thus communicating to each arm their united strength.*

This scheme for mutual support has been partially introduced into Italy. Indeed, Austria, at the Congress of Vienna,† acquired the right to garrison the towns of Ferrara and Comacchio, situated beyond the Po, which is the boundary of her dominions. In 1823, her armies overthrew the representative system, which was then introduced into the kingdom of Naples: and in 1830, they suppressed rebellion, in Parma, Modena, and the Papal States. It may, however, be observed, that whilst all the Great Powers suffer the interference of one State in the domestic affairs of another, none of the second class can abolish their present system of government. But Italy is peculiar in this respect. By her geographical position, and the ties of affinity and blood which connect her Princes with the House of Austria, she is fallen, not under the guardianship of Europe, but of a Power, whose policy is the most refined and subtle despotism. Cut up into small States, each with its Prince and its Capital, feebleness secures the reign of despotism. Could those States unite, (the point at which Italian patriots aim,) every Prince's family would have its interests to defend, and every capital its pretensions to set forth. As if there were not causes sufficient to keep that country in its present subjection, time, aided by artifice, has erected in its centre, a power which is exercised by Pontiffs, who presume to represent the Divinity on earth. *Costoro soli hanno stati, says Machiavel, e non li difendono, hanno sudditi e non li gover-*

nano; e gli stati per essere indifesi non sono loro tolti, e i sudditi per non essere governati non se ne curano, nè pensano nè possono alienarsi da loro. Solo adunque questi principati sono sicuri e felici.

By such means do Princes hope to resist the spirit of self-government. It has been, however, their chief aim to subdue that spirit, by taking from the people all desire to govern themselves. In this, they have been greatly assisted by the disorders that have never ceased to agitate the South American Republics; but especially by the horrors of the Great Revolution, which have frightened many prudent men from disturbing the ancient establishments. On the other hand, our example has not been permitted to sustain the republican cause. For a common language and the great intercourse between this country and Great Britain have made her our channel of communication with Europe; and, as rays of light are colored by the medium through which they pass, our news, in its passage through England to the continent, has been colored by the prejudices of that country.

Conscious that the chief danger to monarchy arises from the example of that republic which first offered an example of liberty united with private virtue and public order, foreign writers have never ceased to represent us to each one in the aspect which displeases him. Thus they make it appear to the man of letters, that democracy is unfavorable to the arts, the sciences, and the belles-lettres; to the lover of pleasure, that theatres are not supported, promenades watered, nor gardens laid out, at the public expense; to the aristocratic, that the laws of precedence are unobserved, and that all ranks of society are confounded; to the haughty, that no one can disobey the will of a majority of his neighbors (which they call our definition of law) or show superiority (for that violates natural equality); in short, that no one is fool enough to be wiser than his neighbors: whilst it is said to the lover of equality,—if it be absurd to presume that one set of men are born legislators, it is still more so, to presume it of every set—that, to escape the despotism of one, he goes where despotism is established by law in every house; that, instead of an aristocracy of birth, there is, here, an aristocracy of color; that instead of freedom from personal servitude, one set of men live in slavery to gratify the indolence of another; and that a citizen must defend this injustice, if he desires to be esteemed a patriot.

Whilst, by these misrepresentations, our character has been disfigured, and the influence of our example diminished; the spirit of self-government has been subdued—in some countries, apparently extinguished, by the doctrines of the Catholic Church and the policy which Princes pursue.

The true doctrines of the Catholic Church may be seen in the brief, which was addressed by Pius VI. to the French, on the establishment of

* Federal Act, 8th June, 1815. Resolution of the Diet, passed 12th June, 1817.

† Art. 87, Acts of the Con. of Vienna.

the Directory. "We should be wanting," says the Pontiff, "in our duty, if we did not seize every occasion to exhort you to peace, and to make you feel the necessity of being submissive to the established authorities. It is a dogma of the Catholic religion, that the establishment of government is the work of Divine wisdom. St. Paul, in speaking, not of any particular Prince, but of power in the abstract, says, that there is no power but of God,* and that resistance to this power is resistance to God. Also, our dear sons, do not permit yourselves to be led astray by a misguided piety, or offer to innovators occasions to decry the Catholic religion. Disobedience is a crime which will be punished, not only by the powers that be, but (which is still worse) by God himself, who has threatened those who resist power, with eternal damnation. In fine," continues the Pontiff, "we conjure you not to believe any one who promulgates opinions different from these, which are the true doctrines of the Holy Apostolic See."

Hence, if any man, by descent, by violence, or by artifice, obtains possession of their rights, their property, and their lives, Catholics must yield passive obedience, and suffer him to remain accountable to his God! If their pockets be robbed, they bring the robber to account; yet, if their liberties be seized, their property confiscated, or their blood spilt, they submit to the injustice, because it proceedeth from above: forgetting that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

Whilst the influence of this religion continually operates on the people, it is likewise the policy of Princes to adapt them to servitude. The censorship was confided to particular officers in the ancient republics, and seemed of the highest importance. The invention of the art of printing increased its importance, and transferred it to the people. But, in Germany and in Italy, the laws on the press, by taking out of their hands this prerogative, and transferring it to a few servants of the Crown, made them often greater monarchists than the Monarch. Lest the liberty of the press in one State should be felt in another, wherever it has been possible, the neighboring governments have induced the Prince to put shackles upon it;† and where it has not been, each one in his own State, by the various artifices of which he is master, has nearly excluded the publications of freer communities. At the custom-houses of Sardinia, as great care is taken to exclude French publica-

tions as ever could be employed to prevent the introduction of pestilence or famine. And a newspaper which costs twenty dollars at Paris, will cost near forty at Vienna.

We can only allude to the manner in which monarchists, no longer able to keep the people in ignorance, now attempt to govern them. In this task, our nature renders the legislator incalculable assistance. For, everywhere, opinion is the chief part of one's patrimony. In Virginia, surely there is great freedom of opinion; yet, here, a father bequeaths alike to his children, his religion, his lands, and politics. If such be the tenacity with which we cling to opinions transmitted by our ancestors, where institutions continually invite the mind to explore every department of human knowledge; how great must be the difficulty of extirpating ancient prejudices, and planting new principles in their stead, where the solicitude of the government is exhausted in fortifying those prejudices; where education, literature, philosophy, and the press, are arrayed on the side of the existing establishment; in short, where all the avenues to the understanding are so diligently guarded!

To diffuse contentment, princes have wisely put an end to those abuses which afflicted the people, without profiting themselves. A diet of Hungary need insist no longer, that every corporation may hang a bell in its church, and ring it besides.* Few persons are now exasperated by religious intolerance.

Even where a nation lives in subjection to another, the rights of property are scrupulously respected. The natives are usually permitted to fill the offices of honor and profit, and to enjoy their own religion, as well as their ancient customs. Even where the amount of taxes is regulated by the Sovereign, they are assessed in the least burdensome manner, through the medium of local assemblies. Signal punishment is inflicted upon political offenders; but great security is offered to those who never meddle with politics. From the Prince, nobles obtain distinctions and the preservation of their rights; the people, amusements at the public expense, besides tranquillity and equitable laws. To one Province, a university is given; to another, an academy of art; to a third, a semblance of municipal freedom; to all, as light taxes as possible:† making despotism so tolerable, that few desire constitutional security.

* Constitution of Hungary, Sec. V.

* The passage to which the Holy Father refers, may be found in *Romans*, chap. xiii:—"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

† Resolution of the Germanic Diet, offered in the name of the Emperor of Austria, and passed 20th September, 1819.

† A memorable discussion arose, a few years ago, about the relative expense of this government and the monarchies of Europe. To reduce conjecture to certainty, requires information so accurate and extensive, that every attempt is destined to be fruitless. In some countries, the roads are opened and repaired, the bridges constructed, the churches built, the clergy maintained, the magistrates paid, by the government; whilst in others, these are never embraced in an account of the annual expenditures. Who can estimate the burden of her standing army to France?

Thus far has the power, which was drawn to the centre of these monarchies, been re-distributed among the people; and such is the policy which has been pursued to prevent any farther distribution. So completely has this policy taken from the people the desire to govern themselves, that (excepting a few in the cities, who are regarded by the authorities with suspicion, and as enthusiasts by the people,) none prefer popular to regal government. Whilst it is doubtless erroneous to imagine, that any considerable proportion of Europeans desire the abolition of monarchy, it would be folly to rejoice at the sudden or violent introduction of popular institutions amongst them: for there is most freedom where the government differs least from the wishes of the governed.

The people of the United States believe that their institutions are the best that exist; but the French, the English, and the Turk, have the same opinion of theirs. Near one-half the human race approve of the institutions of China; and a Bohemian once attempted to convince me, that absolute monarchy was the only perfect form of government amongst men.

Opinion is bounded by arbitrary lines; and much of what is deemed wisdom in one clime, is deemed folly in another. Providence, in assigning his birth-place to man, imprints the deepest marks on his soul: born on the banks of the Nile, he puts faith in the divinity of Mahomet; on the shores of the Yellow Sea, in the wisdom of Confucius; on the Tagus or the Tiber, in papal infallibility: born on the Danube, he is a monarchist; on the Potomac, a republican. In short, opinion varies with the zone; and the philosopher and the ploughman are both, in a great measure, the creatures of locality.

Hence, in government there is no standard of excellence. That is the best, which is the best

of her National Guard? of the *Landwehr* to Prussia? or put a just valuation upon the time which is here spent in attending conventions, elections, discussions, &c.? To estimate justly the cost of a government, we should also ascertain how much of the money withdrawn returns to the people. For, the half a million of France which the government annually expends in amusing the Parisians with fireworks, is a far greater loss to the people, than an equal amount expended in opening new communications which enrich the nation. But, considering such misapplications of money as a probable rather than a necessary consequence of monarchy, how can we estimate the weight with which a government presses upon its citizens, without first ascertaining their ability to bear it? An Englishman, it is said, can pay two pence, as easy as a Frenchman can pay a penny. In England, the tax a-head (if one might conjecture) is three times greater than in France; in France, three times greater than in Germany; in Germany, twice as great as in Spain, or in Russia, where it is four times greater than in Turkey. Yet, there is no doubt, that the government of Turkey is one of the most expensive in Europe: for it resembles (to use Montesquieu's comparison) the aborigines of Louisiana, who cut down the tree to gather its fruit.

adapted to those who live under it. Consistency compels us to be monarchists in one latitude, and republicans in another.

LOVE SKETCHES.

No. V.

THE WIDOWER'S BRIDE.

Now by many chances parted,
Is that band of early friends,
All have grown more worldly hearted—
Each a separate pathway wends.

Souls are now apart and lonely,
Once no trials could divide;
And of Love, there lingereth only
Faint remembrance that it died!

Several years had passed, and Arthur Mordante had more than fulfilled the intellectual promise of his childhood. The same kind and sisterly solicitude, which, with watchful guidance, had blessed his early boyhood, was still around him with its unwavering tenderness; naturally passionate in his attachments, there was more than common fervor of feeling in his devotion to his favorite companion. He had grown from a sad and timid child, to a youth of wild and enthusiastic temperament, still tinged with a slight shade of constitutional melancholy. His health, though delicate, was no longer feeble; and his face was almost beautiful, in its peculiar and touching expression. The physical sufferings of his younger years, or it may be, his premature experience of mental sorrow, had imparted a character of sad and girlish loveliness, to features attractive, rather than regular, and to eyes whose lustrous depths seemed dark with omens.

His education had been ornamental rather than useful, and of a kind calculated to confirm the traits of a character already too visionary, and too full of thought to be gay. He was an ardent student of the romantic literature of several lands; and the happiest of his solitary hours had long been passed in poring over the poets' pages, with that profound uncriticising appreciation of the beautiful, which it is the purest reward of genius to awaken. The nature of his studies had contributed to strengthen his tendency to morbid emotion, and to that disposition for ideal enjoyments, which more practical reading might, in a measure, have controlled or overcome. But, if his pursuits had been unwise as regarded his mingling with the throng, they had nevertheless purified his feelings, and imparted a mournful, but winning beauty, to a character prematurely thoughtful.

It is one of the beautiful traits in human nature, that deeper interest is always excited by one whose appearance bears the impress of suffering, than is commonly aroused by another, whose heart has yet to learn the depressing realities of the world.

Arthur's countenance was peculiarly attractive, with the spiritual softness of pure and holy reflections, which told of a mind, whose happiness was apart from boisterous mirth. And for Edith,—the tenderest watcher over that solitary child, and now, the sympathizing and accustomed sharer of his maturer pursuits—what had years done for the voiceless sorrows of that breaking heart? What—deny it as we may—time does, for all human grief. They had chastened and subdued into gentler loveliness, the qualities of a disposition always serene and self-sacrificing, and had brought her that peaceful resignation, which an enduring sorrow ever confers on the pure in heart. The affection which Arthur lavished on her, she returned with equal, though calmer sincerity: the disparity in their ages appeared to increase their mutual tenderness; for, Arthur had early entered on that season of vivid, visionary deception, which Edith had passed, and the records of her sad, though silent experience, had taught her the dark wisdom of the world, without its coldness of heart.

We have all, perhaps, at some period of existence, met with a character like Edith's; and if, in our daily paths, we encounter such an one, let our greeting smile grow kinder, and our words of welcome be warmly spoken, for we know not what she may have suffered, nor half the untold trouble still throbbing in the bosom, our gentleness may bless.

Edith and Arthur were sitting together; the latter was reading, and the former was engaged in some one of the various occupations which employ a woman's fingers, and leave her thoughts free to wander where they will. It was a soft summer afternoon; scarcely a breath of wind was stirring, and the repose visibly resting on all around them, seemed to have settled also on their feelings, for Arthur's volume hardly claimed a languid attention, and he was indulging that dreamy listlessness, which refreshes the soul-like slumber. By his side, lay his father's last letter, full of evident, though proud sadness, and that earnestness of devotion whose expression serves, for a while at least, to lessen the pain of absence.

It has been truly said, that nothing can recompense friends for a long separation. There is nothing to atone for all the vain regrets and yearnings and fears, following, with idle solicitude, the far-off pathway of the gone; there is nothing, even in the delirious ecstasy of the meeting moment, to compensate for the dim uncertainty hovering around the departed,—the dread of what may be, blending with the ignorance of what is, and the mournful knowledge, that while the smile and the light word are on our lips, the distant one may be full of grief. And then—when we are together again, and the warm, fond grasp is felt once more, and the tones of familiar voices are not dreams, but realities,—how often at such instants, does disappointment lay

heavily upon us! The irrepressible conviction of change in those we wildly imagined no time could alter, forces the impassioned gush of feeling, tearfully and silently back upon the heart. What is there, in a life so brief as ours, to repay us for all this? And what is it, but the indisputable consciousness, that such changes must be, which makes even the parting with a pleasant stranger, a thoughtful thing, and throws so much of mysterious prophecy in that faltering word—farewell!

The companions had been long silent, when a carriage drove rapidly to the door, and soon afterwards, a lady was ushered into the apartment. She was young and richly dressed, and would have been beautiful, but for a constant expression of ennui and irritability which disfigured features otherwise faultless. She was fair and graceful, but the smile on her lip was not a happy one; the hue on her cheek grew quickly deeper, as she advanced with embarrassed and assumed cordiality to Arthur's seat. His look of painful and un concealed surprise, was not calculated to restore her composure; and Edith, with that intuitive consideration for the feelings of others which colored all her impulses, vainly endeavored to relieve an awkwardness so humiliating to the visitor. The lady had overrated her self-possession, when she ventured thus to enter their dwelling; her manner was confused and frivolous, in its unsuccessful attempt to be natural and animated. For a few minutes, there was an embarrassing silence, and it was broken by the guest:

"May I see you alone?" she asked, addressing Edith, "I will detain you but a few moments;" and then, as Arthur quitted the room, she seemed to recover her composure, though she spoke hurriedly, as one who doubted its continuance.

"I would not have intruded on you, Miss Courtney, but I have come to solicit a favor, which I have ventured to hope you will grant. My life, for several years, has been very lonely, and I am anxious to find a companion whose society will relieve my solitude. I shall probably have no difficulty in doing so, but I am desirous, before entering into any decided arrangements, to learn Mr. Mordante's opinion of the plan; will you consent to ask his approval?"

Edith hesitated, from unwillingness to wound the feelings of her guest, and from an equal aversion to mentioning her name to Mr. Mordante.

"I would gladly comply with your request, Mrs. Mordante, were it in my power to do so," she said at last; "but it will be, I think, entirely unnecessary to consult my cousin on this subject. I am sure that any scheme which will increase your comfort, will afford him satisfaction."

"Perhaps you are right," persisted the lady, with an incredulous smile, "but I should prefer Mr. Mordante's own assurance of the fact."

"Then you must forgive my candor, when I tell

no satisfactory excuse to proffer.

"Will you then be kind enough," she inquired, "to give me Mr. Mordante's present direction, that I may address him myself, since the favor I have asked, is more than your courtesy can grant?"

Edith regarded her for an instant with surprise, but bowed coldly to this request without answering its ironical tone, and then left the apartment to obtain from Arthur, the information the visiter solicited. A bitter expression of scorn was on the lady's features, as she found herself alone, and Edith's denial came back to her thoughts. She glanced around her—and the graceful evidences of tasteful and refined occupation, scattered about the room, contrasted painfully with the idle and solitary weariness of her own home. A wretched impulse of envy forced itself upon her, as her gaze rested on the half-open letter Arthur had lately received. Evelyn involuntarily shuddered, as she glanced at that well-remembered writing; and, without the hesitation another would have experienced at such a proceeding, she hastily unfolded and read the letter. It seemed, as if her self-summoned humiliations were never to cease, and her heart grew sick and faint, as she glanced rapidly over the lines before her.

"You are my only comfort, Arthur," Mr. Mordante wrote, "the only tie now lingering, of the many and valued connections which were once around me. You are dearer to me than any thing in this world, for yours are the only professions I never doubt. I have often reproached myself for the lengthened separation I have allowed between us, but it has hitherto been unavoidable. The thought of returning to a home no longer sacred, is still too terrible to bear, and I should have been wrong to have removed you from the advan-

"bility of encountering the cold and folly, I owe the loneliness of my life."

The sound of Edith's voice caused Evelyn hastily to fold even Mordante would have witnessed the combining of the two, taunting that vain and the inconsistency, not unusual principle vacillates and self-lorn had never felt for Mordante and purer days, half the pain and fearful tenderness, with their estrangement and separation his letter revived all the feelings renewing the knowledge of her efforts at self-command with agitation, and the lava unbidden.

She received, in embarrassment, the direction which Edith brought, and towards took leave. She passed the door, and in a voice full of confusion, said,—“I have no other plans, Miss Courtney, but I decline informing me, if Arthur is soon going abroad!”

“We have no such intention,” Edith's reply; “Arthur is in the country, as I cannot, at this time, so far from my friends. I will, father, stating this, and promise to meet and pass the Autumn with Mordante's health is delicate, and I join him, and I think his father's scheme, even if he decides to leave immediately after having seen

extended, and her tears flowed fast, as she turned from the low, compassionate voice beside her, to return with redoubled sadness, to a home where no tone of kindness nor comfort awaited her. O! could we look onward, in our early days of indecision and error, to the terrible moments of after-retribution, to the lonely and inevitable times of self-reproach and contrast, to all that renders the pathway of the future so full of thorns for the passion-guided pilgrim, few would be the footsteps on the high road of transgression, and few the weary and heavy-laden hearts, that break, yet cannot die!

It sometimes seems, as if a few days concentrate all the important events which most decidedly mould our destiny, as if weeks and months pass on, with nothing of consequence to affect their tenor, and then a single hour will change our fate for years. It was thus with Evelyn. Her reflections, when she quitted Edith's residence, were strangely mingled with mortified vanity, and the sorrow of a tenderness renewed in double-earnestness by the very words, which plainly told her it must ever be hopeless. Her visit had been induced by an ennui which had no solace—a complete destitution of self-resource—a weariness of her own thoughts, which made silence and solitude fearful.

It was the only time since Mordante's departure, that she had ventured to meet his connections; the pride which might once have prevented her risking the mortification of repulse, had now given way, before the untold and unnumbered terrors of her lonely hours. Accustomed always to obey, without questioning, the dictates of impulse, and destitute of that mental strength which acquires calmness from experience, and resignation from suffering, Evelyn had suddenly resolved to learn in what light she was regarded by her husband's friends. She imagined, with idle hopefulness, that time might have altered their impressions, or softened their condemnation; and, with the fatal reliance on herself which had already cost her so dearly, she dared the reception she encountered. It was a deed of folly, repented of, as soon as committed. After the first gush of varied and contending feeling, Evelyn's gentler emotions vanished, and anger prevailed over every other sentiment; and when she reached home, she lost all tenderer impulse, in the belief that her lot was an unjust one, that her faults, at last, were but slight; that she had wrought no error, deserving a retribution so stern and enduring. She forgot there may be circumstances, in which trivial offences acquire fictitious importance; when our lightest actions are so connected and blended with the happiness or the grief of another, that we have no right to trifle; that every look should be guarded, every word weighed, which could bring pain to one we had promised to comfort; or pain a heart, whose very weaknesses, we should strive to consult and to bear with kindly. She had no excuse of ignorance to plead; her

conscience confessed she had been wrong knowingly from the first; and the dark years in which her youth was wasting away, were the unavoidable consequences of voluntary transgression. It is a dangerous and treacherous mood, when we dare to rebel against the trials around us, and to thrust, unmerited upon others, the censure due only to ourselves. Evelyn, agitated, humiliated, yet not chastened, but striving with impotent rebellion, against the mortifications of her condition, was grievously unprepared to cope with renewed temptations.

Twilight had come, lingered, and gone, and Evelyn still sat alone, her meditations busy with their ineffectual struggles against conscience and its punishment. She was half-reclining on a couch by an open window, through which the beautiful moonlight now gleamed, like the visible presence of an angel. Rarely had it shone on a fairer face, or haunted a sadder heart.

There are for those, who, from whatever cause, have deeply and sincerely suffered, periods, when some accidental link in thought's "electric chain," some occurrence, momentary as the falling of a star, silent as the fragrance of a flower, will recall and revive, suddenly and resistlessly, all the combined grief memory may have known. The startling violence of such revived emotion passes away as it comes, still and mysterious; but, for a while, we are overwhelmed by the influence we can neither comprehend nor control, and our mental powers are beyond our own guidance, like the spirits of those who dream.

Something of this mood had visited Evelyn, as she rested alone with her thronging visions. How wildly mournful those visions were! Ah! why must the weak minds which have so little strength in resisting wrong, yet bear within them so terrible a faculty of suffering and endurance!

A step passed lightly and noiselessly on the soft grass without; a shadow, for an instant, intercepted the moonlight; and Evelyn noticed neither. She started as if from a trance, when her hand was clasped with impassioned warmth; and an earnest voice beside her, whispered "Evelyn!"

With an eagerness involuntary, and resulting rather from surprise than any other feeling, Evelyn sprang from her seat, and cordially returned the pressure of that grasp—"Lesbourne!"

Why tell the rest? Who cannot predict the protestations, the confessions, the passionate declarations of injustice and tyranny on one side; the ardent protestations of sympathy and devotion on the other; who cannot foresee the falsehood and the credulity, the tempting and the trusting, to follow a meeting like this!—

Evelyn! where was the moral beauty of thy girlhood, the unsullied holiness of thy first young dreams, the spotless purity of thine earlier love!

Lesbourne! where were the proud principles of thy dawning manhood, its yearnings and aspira-

tions, its lofty aim and ambition, all that invested thy youth with promise, and thine after-years with hope?

Alas! when the freshness hath passed from the blossom, who may reveal its dwelling? And when, from the fairer flowers of human hearts, the sunshine of truth hath vanished, we may trace, not the pathway of the departed light, but the shadowy and haunted darkness of the sad soul it hath forsaken!

JANE TAYLOR LOMAX.

YOUTH'S VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Before we hear the mournful chime
Of sadness, falling on the hours;—
Before we feel the winds of Time,
Like frost-breath, on the heart's wild flowers—

We stand by life's mysterious stream,
And view each star reflected there;
But think not that each vivid gleam
Can ever be o'ercast by care.

Like some weird sybil, Fancy, then,
The Future's tale breathes on the heart,
Conjuring up heroic men
And women acting angels' part.

And Hope, like some wild artist too,
Sketches life's scenery to the eye;
Where, spell-bound by each dazzling view,
We see no sorrowing forms pass by.

That fair and gentle siren, Love,
Breathes her sweet magic on the mind,
And lovely women gently move
Before us, beautiful and kind.

Fame whispers to our eager ear
Of mighty triumphs to be won,
Of laurels which no time can sear,
And banners floating in the sun.

She points us to the lordly few
Who, on her fields, have honor found;
Entranced by them, we do not view
The gloomy graves which there abound.

Thus dreams the enthusiast-youth, who stands
Beside life's dark, mysterious stream,
While gazing on the fairy lands
Which brightly on his vision beam.

Like mirage on the desert's wastes,
His future in the distance smiles;
And onward as he eager hastes,
It still deceives him and beguiles.

Or, like those islands, ever green,
Amid the ocean's heaving main,
Which dreaming mariners have seen,
But which no eye hath seen again.

Life is not formed of flattering dreams,
But duties which rouse up the soul;
While, here and there, there shoot star-gleams
To light the laborer to his goal.

Louisville, Ky.

T. H. S.

TWILIGHT.

BY HUBBARD M. DALEY.

She comes! she comes! in her still holy power,
The gentle Spirit of the Twilight hour;
'Luming again the dim and shadowy track,
That down the tides of Time, conducts us back
To those past scenes, which, or of weal or woe,
Do o'er each present hour, some influence throw.
Joy's broken spells restored to beauty bright,
Shed o'er her path their soft rich floods of light;
Flowers faded once, again their odours breathe,
And round her brow, gay blooming chaplets wreath.

It often yields delight our view to cast
Upon the pleasures of the happy past;
Whose fond remembrance in each present hour
Steals o'er the soul with gently soothing power;
So too a mournful joy it gives to dwell
Awhile upon the gloomy shades that fell
Around our path, when He who gave each gem
That shed its lustre from love's diadem,
Bereft the spirit of her cherished prize
And bore the jewel to its native skies.

And though the heart has once been torn by woes
That will not heal, by wounds that will not close
Till He shall come whose power alone can steep
Each pulse of anguish in unthrobbed sleep;
Yet there's an influence in the lengthened sigh
Time wafts around us as he passes by;
A soothing balm his trembling kiss contains,
A gentle charm breathes in his whispered strains,
That blunt the keenness of each piercing grief,
And yield, at last, the semblance of relief.

And then, when each rebellious thought is still,
When we have bowed submissive to His will
Whose arm sustained us when the tide of woe
Did o'er our souls in raging billows flow;
When we have known how vain those pleasures are
That earth holds forth to cheer the path of care;
We feel it good often our view to cast
Upon the sorrows of the mournful past,
And see, amid the clouds of other days
Some lights to guide us in our future ways.

Then lead thou on! Sweet Spirit, let us rove
To haunts once lighted by the Star of Love.
Lead on! for mid the winds that by me stray
I hear sweet voices calling me away;
Whose low-breathed tones, as near me now they float,
Wake in my heart full many a chiming note.
And see! engirt in robes of spotless hue,
Who, who are they that there oppose our view!
What beings those that in such beauty rise?
Or do they come descending from the skies?

Methinks the Angels cannot be more bright
Than yonder forms that meet my raptured sight.
What lofty virtue! what serene content!
What gentle firmness with affection blent!
What softness mingles with the Queen-like air
That marks the person of the elder fair!
And O how bright! how fondly bright the smile,
That lingers round the younger's brow the while!
How like the radiance of the sinless dove
Her eye beams forth its tenderness and love!

On, on they come! And now no more unknown
I feel their arms in fondness round me thrown;
My Mother's form bends o'er me, and I hear
My Sister's voice breathe softly in mine ear.

Words silent long, their accents tune again
And sweetly murmur love's undying strain;
Affection's fingers too awake the strings;
To higher numbers now the music rings;
Memory unites to swell the concord sweet,
And buried joys their thrilling notes repeat.

As, wafted o'er the bosom of the sea
Falls on the ear some fairy minstrelsy
That plaintive dies, or merry peal's along
As Zephyrs list, or join the swelling song;
And as at times across the morning sky
Sunshine and clouds in rapid changes fly;

So round me now appear to swell the lays
That breathe the music of departed days;
So in swift flight seem now around me cast
The lights and shadows of the changeable past.

They fade!—Alas! the gentle vision's fled;
No more I see its beauty o'er me shed;
And yet, methinks, that still they hover near,
The spirit-shapes of those forever dear;
And though unseen, that now their beaming eyes
Are gazing on me from the azure skies.
And 'tis perchance their voices whispering by
That give such sweetness to the evening's sigh;
The gentle fluttering of their Angel wings,
That wake the soothing tones of memory's strings.

Spirit of Twilight! Vision of an hour!
Farewell! to thee, to all thy holy power!
Farewell! for gaily clad in robes of light
The Stars are dancing in the halls of night.
Farewell! And as thou reach'st thy home again
With the bright forms "that lingered in thy train;"
O send! in all the light that round thee beams,
Thy Sister Spirit of our midnight dreams,
Whose voice may breathe those songs unsung by thee
That linger yet in cells of Memory.

Leeds, Fauquier co., Va.

MODERN IDEAS CONCERNING EDUCATION.

Royal roads to knowledge; Pope's doctrine; Object of knowledge; Method of acquiring; Reviews; Latin and Greek; Quotations; Politics; Sciences; Geology; Steam; Pithy sentences; Conclusion.

Euler is said to have told some King, that there was no royal road to mathematics. Since his time, the same principle in relation to other subjects, has been reëchoed by hundreds who had neither the honor of addressing a king, nor the right, in virtue of their own attainments, to express an opinion.

Times have changed. Euler may have been right in his day; but that has passed away—new lights—new sciences—new arts have arisen: e. g., Animal Magnetism, Phrenology, and that dreadful missile called the *Death-dealer*—a good name, suggestive of that grim personage having opened a store for the better accommodation of his liege subjects.

We repeat; times have changed, and Euler has remained *in statu quo*—he has grown antiquated—is out of season—his reputation has become seedy—who knows him? Clothes are not the only things which fashion changes: she also

cuts out opinions. We must keep pace with the age we live in; to use an old metaphor, "we must float onwards with the current of time"—A fig for ancient opinions; give us the newest, and we will bind ourselves to keep them, (even as we keep a standing order at our tailor's to furnish a new suit with every change of fashion)—at the hazard of becoming one of the earliest applicants under the new Bankrupt Act—This would be fashionable—we congratulate our fellow-citizens in this change of opinions touching insolvents.

Philosophers, or rather Professors—a better title, for to profess is not always to know—have demonstrated that man is a progressive animal, not simply locomotive—but an *onward—pushing up—striving* creature—(observe our use of the most recent phraseology—the Carlylian.) Buffon speculates that this progression has been from a point of organic matter, to the present complicated machine—we only care to trace the mental improvement. This we regard as an easy task. For a single specimen: Some century ago a youth entered college at twenty or twenty-five, stammered his way along in some ten years, and thought himself lucky if he received the A.B. at forty. But a change has come over the cerebral apparatus; it works better now: at twelve, a student is already on the high road to the Baccalaureate; and does he learn less? Witness, ye proud colleges; have not the sciences quadrupled? Is not the calculus introduced where trigonometry was considered too difficult? Is not transcendentalism taught to boys—as the old people would call us—at the very age when orders used to be given in the days of cerebral obfuscation, for go-carts? Need we more? Has not the same progress become apparent in the arts? Apprentices once served seven years; now, the examination of a treatise in the family library is all that is wanted to produce an expert artificer. Hence the demonstration that man is a progressive animal—nor has he reached the high destiny that is before him. It is our object to furnish some hints to assist him in his onward movement—to lend a shoulder to his up-going.

That extinct individual, Alexander Pope, who is supposed to have vegetated in *terra bull-iana*, from the peculiarly fleshy and carnosse nature of his ideas, was under an impression that a man ought to drink "pottle deep," of what he calls the Pierian spring, to acquire knowledge. It is gratifying to us, Mr. Editor, to have met with this observation, in a fly-leaf of some lost book; which our ancient aunt assures us, was written by the above person; and as you admire literary curiosities, and as we intend to comment on the singular view of Mr. Pope, we insert it:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

How vicious! It contains the unheard-of maxim—get drunk, and sober yourself by further intoxication! So alarming a precept filled us with amazement;—we had heard of the immorality of the ancients, but surely this, thought we, “out-Herods Herod.” Aunt Griselda, whom we introduced as the finest specimen of a maiden of three-quarters of a century ago, explained that the author did not allude to “swigging,” (an obsolete word she uses,) but to the acquisition of knowledge. We join issue, both about the interpretation and maxim, if so construed.

Before we proceed to the logical—it is with pleasure we add, on the authority of Griz, a remark or two on Pope, who was, *à propos*, a Catholic; he was remarkable for the boisterousness and grossness of his nature; he preferred large men, long verse—ten feet long, was given to the obsolete form of jest, termed the epigram; was morose in disposition; and, above all, wrote a satire on dunces, which is, as aunt tells us with her fan before her face, to hide her blushes, (how fastidious!) remarkable for indecency. It appears that the last production was unpopular—for, imbecility cannot tolerate to be supposed lacking in brilliancy, even at the hands of a dunce—it is a feeling which has survived the wreck of worlds,—“wounded self-esteem may never be without pain,” as Carlyle expresses himself—a diction, how choice, classic, and much-expressing.

Having restored, as geologists term it, the fossil bard, we proceed to make a few observations on his opinions. And first, it is fair that he should have all the advantage of an equal—we accept the liberal reading of his sentiment—and with the assistance of the new lights, proceed to anatomize, and finally scatter into thin air, his dogma.

The object and use of knowledge or learning, is to shine in society; it fills the poor man's purse, and gives him entrance where his effects would not; it is the handle, by which the people are turned about and churned into a butter, that the happy possessor self-appropriates; it is the very fire of oratory, furnishing the speaker with an eye that reads the thoughts of his audience; it is as useful to the speculator, as to the priest; to the slave, as to his master; in one word, it is the *universal good*. Hence should it be spread—a coating of it—in the form of a new layer, should surround the earth; and, in our creed, already begins to do so—true, like chalk, it is locally formed, but unlike that friable article, its very centre and starting point is the United States, and especially that portion of the country known as Richmond. It should be spread further! Come! ye doctors of law, physic and divinity. Furnish devils as laborers, ye printers! And thou, oh White master-spirit,—come! bring trowels and hods, and with up-turned coat-sleeves, spread out the soul-invigorating, mind-maturing manure, which shall yield

intellectual harvests, till wit shall be so universally cultivated, that it shall be unsaleable in the market; and every man write his own novels, poetry and plays. A dangerous thing forsooth, Master Pope! we move by steps; peradventure a “little step” is dangerous, when a huge one would be safe; no doubt, if babies could walk *ab initio*, it would be less dangerous, than their attempts to crawl, and, as a result, to walk. *A little learning is dangerous!*—no learning is *sottish*; but learning in any quantity, whether it be measured by gallons, or bushels, is most useful. Why not say that a little morality is worse than none! or utter other similar absurdity!

The illiberality of the man was great; he was an exclusive, an aristocrat—President Tyler was nothing to him. Pope vetoed knowledge—vetoed the means of reading the shin-plasters, that the former will cause to be thrown into circulation. He would have us profound, deep-searching, core-probing philosophers, or nothing at all—mere dullards. In his misanthropical eye, the sun had no splendor, unless the gazer understood the nature of the dye that stained the glass through which he was looking; he was without sublimity, unless you knew that he had spots on his face—the earth without beauty, the landscape less lovely, the sky faded, and the waters muddy, unless the eye was in that condition called philosophical—an ailment not included in the German catalogue of 2000 diseases of the optics.

Do we acquire knowledge, because it is a labor! or because it repays us with profit! The pains taken in its acquisition are so much capital put out with an expectation of interest. The thrifty man uses as little of the capital, Time, as possible, and grasps the greatest returns; who, desirous of recreating himself in the balmy wave, when fatigued with the heat of summer, expends his breath and power, in constantly diving to the muddy bottom of the stream, where no pearls glisten, and no gold, with its impressive weight, balances itself against pleasure and joy and happiness! The miserable wight, or sooty negro, clothed in Captain Taylor's sub-marine panoply, may creep along the mud, in search of old copper or coppers, rejoicing in the title of an aquatic mud-lark; or the Eastern pearl-diver may consent to submerge himself, where he gains money and the choicest pearls—but only think of these citizens doing all this profound work for nothing!

The March of Intellect has been for a long time slow; but now, the command hath gone forth, and the quick alternations of legs, in the regiment of savans, proclaim the order “double-quick march!” Hippocrates made the discovery that life was short, and art long, and therefore sapiently communicated his instruction in aphorisms—condensed an Encyclopædia into a hand-book. Who reads now the discussion, in two hundred volumes, on the geo-

metrical form of the leech bite? Who writes, and who would read, Alexandrines—

"Which, like wounded snakes, drag their slow length along?"

The idea is preposterous. Life is too transitory to indulge in such luxuries. He who would gain esteem must write in apothegms, and use monosyllables—algebraise language and argument—convert a pocket-book into an elaborate treatise on every thing *et quibusdam aliis*. Such is the spirit of the age; and who shall resist that spirit? As sweeping in its demands, as tyrannical in its method of enforcing obedience, as the mob, it carries in its right hand, the weapons of a moral *lynch-law*, which it is only too willing to use.

To the point. The age we live in requires a display of knowledge; but to spend years in its acquisition is deemed time wasted; therefore, it asserts its superiority in this matter above the epochs of Euler and Pope—over the first, in having discovered and attained a royal or rather democratic road; over the second, in discarding the notion of profundity.

We have appreciated this onward stride of civilization, even before some of our contemporaries; and, being the first in the field, we assume the office of generalissimo in marshalling the mighty troops pressing upon our heels. We publish the first general order from head-quarters.

1st. *Of Latin and Greek*: two ancient and barbarous tongues: The vernacular of savages, now extinct: A fossil Chocktaw, the study of which was introduced into the West through the influence of monks and others belonging to the *anti-recuperative sect*, who attempt to stifle the energies of mind. *Use*: said to be the reading of a blind beggar-man's songs—and some miserable apologies for plays, where certain chorusses supply the place of the present stage-trick and pantomime. See a description (miniature edition of Shakespeare's plays) in "The Midsummer's Night Dream." The *real use*: to make a show in speeches, &c. by quoting these tongues—a capital trick, when you balk, or are posed by an antagonist's argument. *Rule*: lay up a store of short pithy sentences, not exceeding a dozen words—get them out of unused books, such as Lucretius, Terence, &c., so that they may have an air of research; and if you should thereby awaken the attention of some cobwebbed book-worm, and he begins to hold communion with you about the classics, assume the virtue of modesty, "though you have it not;" and if he bore you, as such rude persons are apt to do, you may walk away without fear—Such individuals are seldom courageous enough to resent an insult, or of sufficient consequence for you to care about their friendship.

Under the above circumstances, and indeed whenever you are too hard pressed, it would be well to sigh, as it were, the old and invaluable say-

ing, *vir sapit, pauca loquitur*—the best mask for a superficially informed person ever invented. Again; always smile patronizingly when you hear a quotation; and if the person, as is usual with young men, translate it, thank him in a cold contemptuous manner for it—by which he will become persuaded to envy you for your attainments, a consummation devoutly to be prayed for, inasmuch as it produces the impression of power from you. The very best circumstances under which to exhibit your scholarship is before guests at your own table—picked by you with some aim. N. B. Never be afraid of the people called professors of languages, or of the humanities; they are usually needy and mean specimens of *humanity*. With a certain amount of the Godlike virtue Assurance, you will create a sensation in this department, and it is of consequence you should; for people esteem it the test of a liberal education—it is the passport of a gentleman.

2nd. *With respect to the Sciences*: these are not at all necessary to you as a man of the world; mechanics and retired crusty old men are the only supporters of this species of humbug. But as it is very easy to acquire a decent exterior in these studies, and there are some persons of influence attached to their pursuit, and the exhibition of technicalities is peculiarly agreeable to the *Auge-paws*—do not overlook a means of acquiring so much popularity. To this end, we advise you first, to glance into some scientific dictionary, and store up a few technicalities; then in your trip to New-York, pop into Pike's store; and, exhibiting your knowledge, and wearing the air of a purchaser, lead the assistant into an account of his machiffes—eyeing them scrupulously; having spent some twenty minutes in this way, straight become a candidate for admission into the Philosophical Society, if the fees do not set you against it. This is the royal recipe to form a *savant*. Always attach the M. R. I. A. S. A. A., &c. to your name; they ennoble you in the eyes of many, and create envy—a feeling you should strive to produce;—it is the homage paid by little to great minds.

With respect to Literature—procure a library, either by following the example of the fashionable Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., M. P., and buying up an auctioneer's collection—having the books bound and put up in a handsome case. Or, what is much better, pursue the plan of the Historical Society of the Empire State: get wooden boxes made up like volumes, and lettered, and arrange them carefully on your shelves; the latter is the cheapest plan, and preferable in consequence of the high character of the precedent—by-the-by, forward your subscription to the Society at once, it ranks very well in Europe.

Next, *as to your Reading*: confine it to newspapers and reviews—the latter form precisely the literature fitted to the age. A reviewer is a le-

galized pirate; he skims the cream off a dozen works, and presents it to you, so that in five minutes, the ponderous tomes of several authors are discussed, and nothing but the nutriment retained. We allude here to the method pursued by the higher reviewers—common people desoant upon the style, &c. But your true *artiste* uses the pruning shears, only cutting away the redundancy of envelope, and picking out the nut for your gratification. Store up the matter of these periodicals, and make it your grand capital—to be brought out at assemblies. If possible, get your copies soonest, and pick some curious article, that half the world will never read, such as the Colonization of New-Zealand, or the topic of Biblical criticism. Do not waste time in reading questions of general interest; these you will hear without taking any trouble.

There is a very good plan, mentioned in some paper we once read, of reading the table of contents, or the headings of the chapters and remarks italicised: one interesting feature of the present age of literature is the heading of sections, placed at the summit of each chapter, after our method in this paper; if you can afford time, read these—they frequently contain *all the wit of the article*—they are sign-boards where all is gold and sparkling, to entice the reader on—Be not tempted.

But of all things, cultivate *Metaphysics*;—they are almost intuitive, and therefore require little labor. They are the grand safety-valve for every crude idea—the *port vent* for your imagination. When you are destitute of other materials—here is the inexhaustible magazine—you can say more *rigmarole*, about the origin of ideas, with the credit of being learned, than you would dare say on any other topic. If ever you are betrayed into an argument, change the subject to metaphysics—they are a subject on which you cannot be worsted; and if you have good lungs, victory is already gained. There are many other pleasant topics, in which you are safe, even if you be troubled with diffidence—such as geology, phrenology, Mr. Espy's theory of storms, animal magnetism. Of the first two, and last, you need only proceed on the general ground, that they have an atheistical tendency; and your opponent is brought down effectually, and you receive praise as a champion of the church.

Finally; be skilled in *Politics*: never betray what party you belong to, but keep a wakeful eye on the vacancies that occur under each; and, as a general rule, adopt every thing that is new. There is an air of originality about this that will secure praise. Let your watchword be steam—with that potent agent talk down every thing, and every body who disputes the brilliant lights of the present epoch—the *snort of the locomotive*, and the *rush of the steamboat*, are elegant figures of speech, worthy to be stored up in your memory: of the

latter faculty be careful, it is very improvable and serviceable—the man who has it in perfection, can acquire the highest reputation.

Be not alarmed at the many studies we recommend. Brougham, who had pursued the plan we have delineated, failed by neglecting LAW, and laid himself open to the sarcasm of Sugden, who knew nothing else. "If he knew a little law," said the latter, "he would know a little of every thing."

There is a custom in the present day of calling all short pithy sentences, Sublime! We advise you in your conversation to note this; and as one of the elements of the sublime is obscurity, it would be well to throw a little ambiguity into most sentences. Above all things, cherish equivocal and double *entendre*—they are the marrow of social chat.

Thus, you will acquire all the reputation of a scholar and sage, without loss of time—reserving that invaluable possession, for the more refined and invigorating amusements of the ball-room, the card-table and the theatre. Wherever your lot may be cast, so long as you can obtain credit with a tailor, you are a fit associate for gentlemen, and entitled to all the privileges of that class of society. Bear your blushing honors with dignity and reserve—retailing your experience, in dogmas calculated to confound, if they should fail to convince. Be jealous of your station; and, if you can, without much personal sacrifice, acquire a reputation for duelling, by firing upon your neighbor suddenly as he leaves his home; or practising against trees, and dropping vague hints of the laws of honor—you will find your place more stable—you will avoid much vexatious criticism, and acquire the title of amusing the company upon your own topics without molestation. The usually wrinkled brow of the aristocrat will be smoothed down before you; and the sweet dimples of beauty's cheek will woo you, wherever you wend your way. Than these—no attainments of our race are greater—no toil, nor wealth, nor birth will give greater happiness; but you, without either of these qualities, will gain the reward of all. Surely this road is royal; follow in it, and you will illustrate how invaluable the virtues of *Assurance* and *Bravado* are. All hail! Godlike gifts—substitutes for all other qualities—passports to all that is desirable—friends that never fail!

Head Quarters.

X., Sec'y.

A CRITICAL EAR.

When Malherbe was dying, he reprimanded his nurse for making use of a solecism in her language! And when his confessor represented to him the felicities of a future state in low and trite expressions, the dying critic interrupted him:—"Hold your tongue," he said, "your wretched style only makes me out of conceit with them!"

BAYOU TAHAH,

(NEAR PENSACOLA.)

Thou dark, and strange, and mighty sea!
 Thou hast a thousand charms for me.
 I love to sit upon thy shore
 And hear thy wild and ceaseless roar:
 I love to watch thy heaving breast
 When seeks the storm its welcom'd rest;
 I love the storm itself; and oft
 Have climb'd the rocking mast aloft,
 To drink the fierce excitement in,
 And feel my heart chime with the din
 Of thund'ring surge and roaring wind,
 While flashing clouds came thick behind;
 And hanging o'er the top's high rail,
 I've hail'd the Spirit of the gale.

And, now, as here upon the land,
 High on this topling bank I stand,
 How beauteous spreads this little bay
 Beneath my feet! and the pure day
 Seems doubly pure and doubly bright,
 While gazing down, in soft delight,
 It sees itself reflected here,
 From off the waters calm and clear.
 How graceful curves this varied shore!
 Where the bright U-pon,* bending o'er,
 Shakes its bright red boughs with glee,
 Enraptur'd, its gay self to see.

And, in yon nook, with flowers deck'd,
 As if blithe nature might expect
 A visit from some fairies gay
 Come here to dance the hours away,
 How silvery bright and smooth the sand!
 As if prepar'd by elfin hand.
 And, while upon the outer bar,
 The surf maintains incessant war,
 How soft and lulling is the sound!
 As ripples break, this cove around.
 A fitting place, it well might seem,
 For joyful fays to come and dream.

See! on that ripple's crest, a star!
 Perhaps it is a fairy's car,
 Borrow'd from the clear sun, the while,
 As o'er this bay he stops to smile:
 'Tis gone:—nay, now a hundred more
 Sail gaily onward towards the shore:
 Amid them, too, come streaks of gold,
 Now multiplied an hundred fold,
 Now gone. And see! out on the bay,
 Ten thousand suns in blithesome play!
 And yon dark brig at anchor swung
 A glorious living light among!
 There is, at sea, a sight sublime
 Seen best, in this clear Southern clime.—
 —The winds are hush'd, and the wide ocean
 Has lain, for days, bereft of motion;
 Its heavings gone, its quiet breast
 Compos'd and lull'd to perfect rest.—
 —I've gone on deck, in the dark night,
 Each glitt'ring star intensely bright,
 And, gazing, seen, beneath my feet,
 Another firmament complete:

*The U-pon is an evergreen shrub growing on these shores, with red berries of a most dazzling brilliancy, attended by very short stems to the boughs, on which they are strung so thickly as to produce a very gay effect.

An inky blackness overhead;
 Blackness intense around me spread:
 Nought seen, but stars, in dazzling show,
 Far, far, above,—as far below.
 As if annihilation's sway
 Had swept this darksome world away;
 Ourselves, the last of all our race,
 Left in illimitable space.
 J.
Frigate Macedonian, Pensacola.

FLORENCE COURTLAND.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

(Concluded from the July No. of the Messenger.)

CHAPTER VII.

"The heart is the most credulous of all fanatics, and its ruling passion, the most enduring of all superstitions.

Devereux.

The driving rain of a December evening enveloped with its discomforts, the streets of our Metropolis, and made up a picture all apart from the gay scene of yesterday, when the throng of beautiful faces and manly forms, glittering equipages and caracoling steeds—looking all the brighter in the flashing sunlight—poured along the same foot-path and the same street, ever shifting, yet each change bringing into view, objects as joy-giving and as inspiring as those that had but just hurried by. Breasting the drizzling rain, the solitary foot-passenger, with dripping garments and slouched hat, might now be seen hastening onward to some hospitable covert,—the straggling coaches of some inveterate pleasure-seekers rolled, ever and anon, lazily by, not unfrequently succeeded by the more bulky and clattering machine, cycled an *omnibus*, bearing within its capacious cavity, a heterogeneous mass of elements all huddled together and alternately disgorging from its depths, the brisk, chirping man of business, the baffled and disheartened politician—the despondent office-seeker, and the pallid and haggard and careworn votary of pleasure.

It was on such an eve, and in this "city of magnificent distances," in a private apartment of one of the principal hotels, that two young men sat, in social converse, lingering over their wine.

"In good sooth," remarked one of them, "the comforts of this snug room, and the pleasures of the sparkling bowl, displease me not, in contrast with the prospect without. Let Horace sing of old Massic, and descant upon the produce of Falernian vines, but 'give to me the bright champagne, which mantles so lovingly to the lip, and I am thenceforth ready to offer all filial duty to Father Bacchus. Come," added he, laughing as he pushed the wine towards his companion, "*nunc est bibendum*—pledge me or the Ladye of thy heart—which thou wilt."

"Then to thee, friend of my soul; for Love should not peep in at our orgies. Though I cannot empty a hundred cups to thy name, and join hands with thee, Bacchante as thou art, yet I pledge thee, thus"—and he dashed off the sparkling beverage, bowing with mock gravity to his friend—"See there, thou hast metamorphosed me, for in place of the *boudoir* air with which I am wont to sip my solitary glass, I have positively quaffed four overflowing cups, thanks to thy virtuous example—but to throw back thy favorite Horace to thee—

'Recepto

Dulce mihi jurare est amico.'"

"Acknowledge 'twas the hand of my good Destiny," exclaimed Harley, for it was he, "which led me to our Capitoline Hill, this day; and sure, 'twas some such favoring guide which turned your steps thitherward, Somerville, else we had not met, and this pleasure, however fleeting, of a few hours converse, had been denied us."

"But why, dear Harley, do you say this pleasure is to be so evanescent? After a separation of nearly two years, this conference is but tantalizing, if it is to be immediately succeeded by your departure. Certainly you, who are so prodigal of your sacrifices to pleasure and mirth, will not turn aside from the bright spectacle these capricious Deities are here preparing for their worshippers, and quit this focus of all that is delightful, as the season is just verging to its zenith?"

"Mrs. —'s *bal costumé* comes off one evening this week," replied Harley, "and I must be in New York, before this grand *fête* startles the fashionable circles of my own city. I have promised it to the queen of the expected revel, and my good faith once plighted to Ladye-fair, cannot be broken. But what say you to bearing me company?" asked he, turning abruptly towards Somerville, and as his eye dwelt upon him, it assumed an expression of earnestness and seriousness, entirely apart from the gay, nonchalance, restless glance, so peculiarly characterising Harley's countenance.

At the closing interrogatory of his friend's speech, Somerville started forward, and, while his face crimsoned to his temples, repeated—

"Bear you company, Harley! And what have you there, to offer me for the emotions such a compliance would bring back to life—emotions which time and absence, have vainly striven to quell—emotions which crowd upon my heart with all their vividness—all their freshness, at the half-murmured word of encouragement. Can you hold out to me any realization of the dreams that once encircled my life, and yet tinge it with their hues—any fulfilment of those hopes which the events of my sojourn in your city, induced and nourished?"—And, coming near to his friend, he laid his hand upon his arm; and his eye kindled with a brighter glance as he waited for Harley's reply.

"Alas! Somerville," said he with a sigh the deeper, because of the habitual levity of the bosom from which it was breathed, "alas! what arguments can I urge to still that passion, that mad infatuation, which will, in time, if brooded over and fed upon, benumb your manly energies and deaden every faculty of your soul, with an *incubus* weight. My proposition to you had not been made, but I thought you had long since conquered an attachment, so unworthily lavished."

"Conquered, Harley—conquered!" and he smiled bitterly, "alas! how little know you of the history of the heart, if you deem a love such as mine—clinging—absorbing—mighty—and incurable, can be rent from the bosom at will!—For months; aye for years, I have combated it—time—absence—other scenes—different associations—all—all are powerless, when brought in array against a feeling, too holy, too potent for decay. What think you, lures me again from my fair home, if it be not the glimmering of a hope, too faint for other than a lover's vision?—No! Harley; I cannot forget her, neither do I ask oblivion, for there is a sweet and tender pleasure, on looking back to the happy hours of our association, though on every one memory hangs its attendant regret. You will laugh at the fond enthusiasm of my worship, when I tell you I even hug the reproaches I cannot but cast on my own course, because this renders *her* less culpable, and to deem myself rash—dishonorable, in quitting her so abruptly—so coldly—so lightly, when my own words had almost taught her the idolatrous love I bore her—this is a conclusion to which my passion leaps, in very triumph."

"Humph! you should the rather felicitate yourself. For your sake—for the sake of your happiness, I rejoice that Marplot as I was, I so opportunely interfered, to break off your declaration on the memorable evening of its being so nearly effected; and that I so seasonably interrupted the tender negotiation—ha! ha! what a ludicrous memory is that one event of the banquetting eve!"—and resuming his vivacity and his carelessness, Harley strove to cheat Somerville of the bitter remembrance the conversation had already induced; but 'twould not do—his mirth fell coldly on the ear it met—a sigh opposed the jesting words, and the morbid melancholy, which the Spirit of the Past doth stir, sat gloomily on Herbert's brow.

"For my own part," resumed Harley after a moment's pause, "for my own part—after your confession to me, on your departure from that scene of festivity, I acted, as I thought, religiously right in dissuading you from any renewal of your half-uttered vows—and again assailed by the same bewildering infatuation, I say—guard against its stealthy advances—strive against it—struggle with it—yield not to it—conquer it."

"Conquer it," repeated Somerville bitterly—"conquer it—such counsel seems to my heart but

as the empty words which mock at it, and deride and taunt its hosts of *unconquered* and *unconquerable* feelings."

"But why unconquered, and unconquerable? Is it for me to shame your manly pride, by remonstrating with you on bestowing so rich a mine of hopes, and affections, where not *one* kindly feeling,—not *one* gentle emotion is elicited in return?"

"Who can thus give verdict against a woman's heart, where the workings of the affections are withdrawn into the innermost sanctuary, and no common hand may lift the veil—no common eye gaze upon its hidden and holy treasures,"—said Somerville appealingly.

"Surely, Somerville, the frivolity, the capricious lightness, the coquetish heartlessness, which her conduct alternately displayed on the evening in question, should put an end to your hopes of having awakened any deep emotion in her bosom."

Somerville sighed and did not answer.

"Herbert Somerville," continued Harley, and the gay countenance was again sobered by earnestness—thought and feeling—"Herbert Somerville, Florence Courtland loves you not—I have followed her—I have stood beside her—I have watched her—I have listened to her—hoping I might have wronged her; and, that beneath that beautiful and bewitching exterior, a woman's heart did indeed throb with all its store of gentle virtues and affections—but no! gay—giddy—volatile as ever, she continues, seemingly unscared by remembrance—untouched by thought—unsoftened by tenderness. In the circles of gay society, 'tis true, she has appeared more rarely since your severance from her; but when her step has sought such scenes, has she come forth with an eye saddened or a smile more rare! Alas! no! so continual is the flutter of spirit about her—so rapid the brilliant succession of *bon-mots* and laughter—beautiful trifling and enticing *coquetterie*, that I marvel I could ever have flattered myself, the wealth of feeling was curdled beneath such a heap of worthless yet glittering dross. Then why, dear Somerville, throw from you, a heart so devoted—noble—and impassioned, which will be but the plaything of a lagging hour? Believe me, you have not even a place in the memory of Florence Courtland, unless it be, you are remembered with a sort of pique for having resisted the imposition of her flowery yoke!"

Harley had looked but on the smiling surface—he did not dream of the dark under-current, which rolled deeply beneath! And thus, before the Argus-eyes of a world, which knows no sympathy for the stricken-spirit—owns no fellowship with sorrow, is it to be wondered, if we shrink away from unveiling our wounds, to its cold and un pitying and tearless gaze, and if Pride—that armorer of the heart, steels us to sleek the brow with joy—and put on the smile—and tutor the lip to fashion but words of music and mirth, while within, grief

sits brooding over the desolation of Hope and the wreck of Happiness!

To the arguments urged by his friend, Somerville did not respond, though the flush passed off his cheek, leaving it pale as was its wont, and the kindling light went forth from the large, dark eyes, to which returned all their eloquent tenderness and beautiful pensiveness of expression.

"I will not persuade you to return to New-York with me, Somerville," resumed Harley, after a pause; "but if circumstances should ever occur, to effect a change in my opinions on the subject we have been discussing, I will write to you; and," continued he, laughing, "I will then use every inducement to bring you Northward, as I now do to keep you away—and will exert all my eloquence, in perfecting your obstinate fancies, as I now do to check them. But these are hours ill-suited to one, who must be a traveller on the morrow. I must exchange your fellowship, for that of my pillow, and now, my friend—farewell." He wrung Somerville's hand as he spoke, and a minute after, Herbert was alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Et jam * * * clarior ignis
Auditor, propiusque aestus incendia volvunt."—*Virgil*.

Who does not remember "the great fire" of New York, and does not shudder, as he recalls the complicated horrors of that conflagration? As the fiery flood went sweeping onward, in its wild might, shooting afar its glowing, spiral columns, the blue heavens blushed, and reddened, and grew lurid in the light of the resistless element. Careering in terrible majesty, on sped the devouring flames, wrapping their folds around stately buildings, crackling and sparkling, as combustibles yielded food to the insatiable fire, or leaping upwards, seemingly in wild triumph, as the noise of the falling pile proclaimed how impotent had been every effort to stay the violence of the destructive torrent. The peal of the tocsin—the piercing shriek of despair, and the crash of the proud edifice as it bowed, tottered, and fell before its assailant, formed the frightful accompaniments of this scene of horror! Straining eyes watched from afar the devastating track of the burning flood, and anxious hearts trembled for the treasures its hot breath might sully, and its fiery coil enwreath.

"Dearest Mother," said Florence Courtland to the pale tremulous being beside her, who, crouched on a low ottoman at a window of their superb abode, was watching the terrible magnificence of the scene; "Dearest mother, why tremble and look so fearful? Here at least we are safe, and without danger we may look upon the wild grandeur of the spectacle afar from us. It is but the night-breeze, which chills you and makes you shudder thus, and now that I lower the window and wrap your shawl

more closely about you, I shall effectually shut out all such shivering visitants."

Thus playfully speaking, she closed the open window, and leaning over her mother, with childish fondness, she folded the heavy shawl again and again around her fragile form, repeating the while all the epithets of endearment, her affection could suggest, and all the arguments for composure and fearlessness, her ingenuity could dictate.

"Acknowledge now, dear mother, my superior skill in combatting your trembling and timid temperament. Has it not been successful, and are you not, even now, better, and calmer?"

"Better—calmer," repeated her mother sinking back from the contemplation of the scene, to which her eyes had long been fastened. "I am afraid, Florence, I shall never know the calm and quietude of other days again, for a stifling fear, lest this fiery scourge sweep away your father's possessions, palsies every effort to woo back my composure, and the thought of the destitution and want which may, even now, be waiting upon our threshold unnerves me—agonizes me"—and the burning tears which trickled down the pale cheek of the speaker, fully attested the depth of painful apprehension and dread, which had settled upon her. It is no matter of wonder that such prospects opened at that fearful hour to a mind, over whose vision the dark presentiment of coming evil was ever hovering; for, through weakness of intellect, such shapes of adverse destiny were courted rather than combated; and, to a temper morbid by reason of nervous irritation, every pigmy-fear soon grew into exaggerated and distorted phantoms. The softer and more trusting mind of Florence, had not, before, paused on such a probability. With her sympathy and commiseration for the inevitable sufferers by this calamity, there had yet mingled no thought of self; and, unexpected as was the expression of her mother's dread, the like dread instantly coursed over her heart, with the might of a torrent, sweeping away every other thought; and, for a moment, she stood transfixed and breathless with the suddenness of the fear. But Florence Courtland's was a heart long tutored to hoard, in its innermost chambers, every prominent emotion—every deep-hued thought—a lesson conned first in the light circles of the world—afterwards more bitterly studied in silence and tears, and with an intensity, which the young and trusting and hoping can rarely grasp—but she, alas! though in the bloom of early years, had learned the darkest lesson Fate can teach—to *hope not*. Thus, smothering the fears which, legion-like, had sprung into being, she quickly met her mother's words with soothing arguments and an ingenuity of sophistry, which affection can best dictate. Mrs. Courtland, seemingly lulled into serenity and composure, withdrew to her chamber to court the repose, her mind, more than her body, coveted.

"Now be sure, dear mother, you greet not my father with a tear and a sigh, when he returns; for surely, such welcome is not fitting for one whose philanthropy has taken him away to-night from the comforts of home, to aid the destitute and distressed; and moreover, such signs of care and grief would not speak well for the soundness and force of my philosophy."

These were the words with which Florence parted from her mother at the door of her apartment; but, as she turned to seek the privacy of her own chamber, the pallid cheek and the overflowing eye said the heart was not with those light and careless words. Heavily and slowly waned the remainder of the night to Florence, for she sought not the forgetfulness of slumber; and, brooding over the pictures of squalid Poverty or miserable Destitution, the long hours seemed tenfold longer to the solitary watcher in that still and darkened chamber. From the dawn of recollection, she had dwelt within the enchanted and shining ring which the finger of Fortune had traced out for its favored votary; and, to step at once, beyond that fairy circle into the barren and arid waste of Poverty, without regret upon the brow or sorrow within the eye, required the beautiful harmony of the Christian's character—the superior fortitude of a well-disciplined—nobly-directed mind—the flexibility of a spirit moulded, and softened, and refined in the furnace of earth's trials—and these Florence possessed not. Her's was a spirit misguided from its earliest years—blemished by the defects of education—injured by the instillation of flimsy, paltry ambition—spoiled by the flatteries of misjudging friends—a spirit, that had too long turned aside from the way-side of Life, sported with its blossoms—stooped over each gaudy cup, to inhale the poisonous drop—a spirit, that had fed too deeply on enervating influences, for one lesson, harsh and stern as it was, to cast out the baneful draughts she had drunk in for years; even though that one lesson was the "fatal remembrance," which had quenched the rosier rays of her being. True it is, this had rolled away some of the shadows darkening her character; and love for Herbert Somerville was, even now, the one bright star piercing the gloom of a perverted heart, but still, around that shining star, the mist-wreath hovered, and the dark shade of the cloud verged upon its rays! The dread which now swept over her with its simoon might, was the thought of surrendering all the brilliant accompaniments of the wealth, in whose glittering glories she had so long luxuriated—the summer-friends who come but in sunlight—the homage rendered but in the glare of the golden shower—the station conceded but to the one who can bind herself with sparkling fetters to the dizzy height; to be deserted by the moth that courts the light—resign such worship—step down from such pedestal, were the reflections which embittered the

fears rooted in her mind. But, ever linked with such pictures, came other images; and, often as her mental eye rested upon herself, neglected, forgotten in the scenes where she had reigned and triumphed, so often did the hand of filial affection draw forward on the foreground, the father whose manhood had bent beneath the unexpected burden adversity had cast upon him, and the mother whose delicate and fragile and feeble form had sunk all shattered beneath the pitiless tempest!

The glimmerings of dawn blushed into rosy rays—and the rosy rays brightened into sunlight. Florence drew aside the curtain, which shaded her window, and looked upon the blackened ravages without. It was a scene of desolation in accordance with the picture of her own fate, which the hand of Imagination and Fear had limned in such startling colors, and she sighed as she continued to gaze upon it. Humanity yet lingered about the wreck; for, among the smouldering ruins and near the slow quivering flames which yet blazed fitfully around, groups were knotted, discoursing with the earnestness and seriousness of thought; the gay party of yesterday passed by slowly, in silence and in gloom; while others, in dismay for their countless treasures, dragged themselves along with haggard countenance and weary limbs, again to behold the smoking heap—the funeral-pyre of the rich man's hope, which had, in its brilliant wreck, swept away his dazzling millions.

Florence turned away sickened at the sight. A summons to the breakfast-room, aroused her from the moody train of thought in which she was relapsing; and a glance at her mirror told the necessity of tranquillizing her features, ere she descended to meet her parents; for the image it gave back, was, with the haggardness of care upon the brow and the pallor of thought upon the cheek, all unlike the smiling and radiant face which was wont to flush its clear surface. A few moments—and there was not a light cloud upon the beauteous brow; and a smile came back to the lip, and buoyancy to the step; and, looking gay and blithe as was her wont, Florence entered the breakfast parlor. There was not a tone of despondency in the voice which spoke the morning's salutations to her parents—or a shade of melancholy in the words, which, with sparkling playfulness, followed. She did not venture for a time, to trust herself with a reference to the past night, and her father and mother seemed equally to avoid the subject. At length—

"You were out last night, dear father?" inquired she timidly.

"Yes! at that scene of incomparable horror," and Mr. Courtland passed his hand across his eyes, as his mind went back to the spectacle. "Surely," added he, "it has been a night to make even the stoutest heart tremble; and this morning, with its agonizing certainties, is even more gloomy, for

Poverty has usurped the place in many a habitation where Plutus only was acknowledged; indeed, I fear the miseries which are to succeed to this destructive fire, are far more terrible than we imagine."

Mrs. Courtland threw an expressive look upon her daughter, but did not speak.

"Are then the losses of individuals considered to be extreme?" asked Florence.

"Nothing can be known with certainty yet," returned her father, "but we have every reason to dread they will be inexpressibly so."

Florence stole a glance at her father's countenance, but though pale from the vigils of the past night, it was serene and composed; and, on his unruffled brow, she found nothing to corroborate the fears she dared not acknowledge to him.

CHAPTER IX.

"My hourly fears—

My dreams have boded all too right."—*Moore.*

Month gave place to month, yet apprehension grew not into certainty; and, with the mobility and pliancy of youth, Florence Courtland might soon have laid by the fears which had overmantled her, had there not been an unwonted air of depression always about her father—one, it was easily seen he was ever striving, though vainly, to throw from him. Unusual absences from his home—a moroseness foreign to his mildness and suavity of manner—then a sudden and frequent outbreking of tenderness towards her mother and herself, which seemed strangely tinged with self-reproach and self-upbraidings—tears, on such occasions, often springing overflowing to the eye—and all these circumstances could do no more, than root in the mind of the unhappy girl, every misgiving and every dread. There were the traces of care, too, upon the cheek prematurely furrowed—upon the brow suddenly grown knit and haggard—in the locks thinned and whitened ere the winter of age had scattered its frosts upon them, or stolen away their exuberance. To all these, Florence was morbidly alive; for, the gloom that had overshadowed the society she was wont to frequent, swept not by—the torpor that had settled upon the buoyant gaiety of its circles yet benumbed and deadened its elasticity; and thus, the pause in the world of fashion—the severance in the chain of festival rites, in taking from her all occasion of excitement, gave but a more unlimited scope and a freer range to saddening apprehensions. In these apprehensions, it was evident she had now no participator: for, with the versatility and oblivious levity of a weak mind, her mother, since corroboration came not to her fear, had resigned every emotion allied to dread.

The evening was chill and drear, and the gloom of a starless twilight was already gathering over the scowling sky, but yet Florence lingered near

the window, and continued to gaze into the deserted street below, with intentness and eagerness, seeming to give no heed to the thickening shadows of the approaching night. At last, as though weary of her employ, she turned away with a smothered sigh; and, by the light of the fire which blazed bright upon the hearthstone, tears, heavy tears, might be seen upon her pale yet beautiful cheek.

"Surely Florence," said her mother, who alone shared the apartment with her; "surely you have become inured to your father's protracted absences from his own fireside, and it cannot be those tears are given to an event, now one of every-day occurrence. Fie, fie, with such foolish fondness for your father, you transform yourself into the whining school-girl, and make me feel myself entirely secondary to your happiness"—and she spoke querulously, and morosely.

"Nay, dear mother, it is but some one of my wayward fancies which has called forth these traitor-tears, and if such visitants do but place me under the ban of your maternal displeasure, I can do no more than dispel them with all despatch. And yet," added she, as though going back to the thoughts from which her mother's words had aroused her, "did not my father say he would not be away beyond this hour?"

"True, such was his promise, but did you know how earnestly I have oft looked for the fulfilment of the like promise and as oft how vainly, you would not marvel that I now strive to mollify your disappointment. I tell you, Florence"—and she started with sudden earnestness,—"I tell you, the long and lingering night, when, a solitary watcher, I have kept my tearful vigil waiting, yet waiting in vain, to hear the step—to catch the word that came not—this—this has taught me the fallacy of such expectancy,—for how often have the waning stars and the cold, gray dawn found me with an eye weary and a heart sick from such watchings. Such was not—but why go back to the past? Your father now tires of the happiness of home, and seeks for enjoyment more intoxicating elsewhere."

Mrs. Courtland spoke with an earnestness and a bitterness which had but little affinity to her natural temperament—but the earnestness was only the glimmer of aroused feeling, and the bitterness, only the tinge of latent resentment, which, momentarily displayed, passed away without scathing the heart of the speaker.

"Surely, dear mother," rejoined Florence deprecatingly, "surely, such complaints should not be poured into the ear of a child—for, believe me, the affection of that child oscillates equally between either parent, and flies away from the impression, which would assign blame to the one or the other."

Ere Mrs. Courtland could reply, there was a step upon the threshold; and, with a haggard coun-

tenance and moody brow, Mr. Courtland strode into the apartment. He took no notice either of wife or daughter, save a hasty and muttered salutation, and drawing his chair apart from both, with knit brow and head sunk upon his bosom, he sat buried in gloomy abstraction and in a sullen silence, which neither Florence nor her mother ventured to disturb; the former was assiduous in all those speechless arts which appeal so resistlessly to affection. These at first unobserved, by degrees gained upon her father, and Florence's heart leaped high, when, at last, drawing her to his knee and kissing her brow, he put on a melancholy smile and an expression which strove to be cheerful, as he said,

"Ah! my little diplomatist! even my wormwood humors must yield to such sweet and gentle arts; and, come now, to exorcise the evil spirit of despondency which has thrown its spells over me, sing me some of your soothing songs, and thus complete your conquest, by charming away the savageness of this modern Cerberus."

"What shall I sing you, dear father?" asked she, as rising, she approached her harp and occupied herself in tuning it; "though indeed my perverse lyre, forever uttering discord as an unbending string refuses to yield to my tiny powers, will not acknowledge that I possess over it, a might à l'Orpheus. But now," added she, sweeping the strings in a brilliant prelude, "'the muse that aways the peaceful lyre' has been propitiated, and voice and instrument are in perfect accord—what shall I sing of?" repeated she as she turned towards her father. Mr. Courtland did not speak, but with an eye humid with parental feeling, he gazed long, silently and proudly upon the beautiful and graceful being, so emphatically the light of his home!

"Now, dear father," said she laughingly, "do you mean to play Prospero, and that I, your Ariel, should

'Swim, dive into the fire, or ride
On the curl'd clouds?'

or else, why do you look as if you were bending all your powers of invention, upon the part you mean to assign me? Come—shall it be one of your favorite, thrilling airs from *La Norma*, or shall I glide into a sweet *cadenza* of *Sonnambula*, or ring forth some of the brilliant conceptions of Russel—the mighty magician of our musical realm?"

"Not those, my child—they will not suit my present mood. Sing to me, rather, one of those touching little ballads which have no place in the imagination of the scientific *maestro*, and let it be one which will soothe me with its dulcet melody."

Wandering over the strings, with that delicacy and softness of touch which impart to music much of its delicious witchery, Florence commenced a strain of sweet and dreamy melody—soft and sad—like the breathings of the heart—passionate as its

affections—tender as its regrets. As, blending her voice with the tones of the harp, the air rose and fell with the expression of the feelings it was intended to convey, Mr. Courtland shaded his eyes with his hand, and it was evident from the convulsive tremor of his lips, that he felt keenly—Once too, but only once, a big, bright tear fell from his eyes. What could the grief be which oppressed him! Alas! “the heart knoweth its own bitterness,” and the waves of the spirit beat the more fiercely against the barriers, which seek to restrain their impetuosity, when sorrow would withdraw alone to its sanctuary, shutting out the voice of sympathy, and putting aside the hand which would bind up the bleeding wound! Lingeringly dwelt the tones of Florence’s rich voice upon the farewell notes of her song, and softly fell the murmur of the strings her fingers had swept, dying away in subdued breathings, inexpressibly—touchingly sweet!

“Now, dear father,” said she, throwing her arms around him, “is old Cerberus lulled! for as I have consented to put away the weaker sex, and play Orpheus, I think I am entitled to bring back my Eurydice, in the shape of your cheerful spirits.”

Mr. Courtland smiled faintly; but the words which conveyed his reply, were drowned and hushed in an unusual murmur of voices in the hall, and the heavy and continuous tramp of footsteps upon the stairway. He turned pale and started from his seat, while Florence, with a dread she could not analyze, breathlessly sprang towards the door, and reached it just as it swung hastily open, and disclosed to her view more than one dark, stern face, which scowled and glared with demoniac glance upon the interrupted scene of domestic happiness. At sight of this intrusion, so ominous, Mrs. Courtland with a faint shriek, fell back insensible; and, aid being summoned, was borne from the apartment, while Florence, collecting herself and mingling urbanity and dignity in her bearing, tremblingly said, as she confronted the stern-visaged intruders—“We know not to what circumstance to ascribe this interruption, unless, as I imagine, your entrance here has been the consequence of some mistake.”

“Mistake—ho! ho!” chuckled one with an impudent leer—“mistake indeed! Bill Courtland’s den has long ago been the spoil I’ve set my heart upon, and had I known he had so fair a young cub in his lair, by my soul, I would not have staid away so long.”

Florence quailed before the coarse jest, and shrank from the impudent gaze of the ruffian, while Mr. Courtland, pale and tremulous with suppressed rage, strode towards the speaker, with a muttered curse upon his lips; but ere the imprecation had formed itself into words, the brutal leader exclaimed—

“Hey! Bill Courtland! I’ve got you at last, have I! Come along, old fellow—I’ll soon cool down your high-flown, gentlemanly choler.”

So saying, with a ruffian swagger, he strode towards Mr. Courtland, being followed half-way into the apartment by his gang of myrmidons.

“I beseech—I supplicate—I entreat you!” exclaimed Florence, with frantic earnestness, as she threw herself between her father and the iron grasp which sought to clutch him—“I implore of you to desist.”

“Ha! ha! my pretty Miss! has it come to prayers and tears! I say, Tom,” laughed the ruffian, turning to one of his brutal fellows, “Is n’t this a sweet fix!—but, by my soul, it can’t last—officers of justice,” growled he, “do your duty.”

Dashing aside the arms of Florence, as she clung despairingly to her father, the stern monsters of justice surrounded their victim!

“Where, where will you take him?” whispered the unhappy girl, with features whitened with fear.

“Where! ha! where but to prison of course,” was the unfeeling reply to the miserable daughter.

She heard no more—without a word—a sound to speak her heart-riven anguish, she sank upon the floor, in a deathlike swoon—so breathless—so colourless—so still. The agonized father bent over her with speechless, stupid grief—again and again he prest his lips with frantic affection upon the cold brow and marble cheek; but she stirred not beneath the evidences of his love and sorrow.

The moment so sacred to grief, not even the hard-hearted officers of justice and their unfeeling and brutal companions interrupted,—and it was the voice of the father which first broke the silence and breathless pause, as, beckoning to one of the domestics, he said, pointing to the yet inanimate form of Florence—

“Bear her away to her own chamber, and lose not one moment in summoning that medical assistance she requires.”

The arms drooped lifelessly by her side, the head fell heavily upon her breast, as they raised her, to obey the commands just given; and, with the motion, gentle though it was, the volume of shining, night-black hair, bursting the bonds which restrained its exuberance, streamed over her person and almost swept the floor with its silken lengths.

Mr. Courtland sighed bitterly—profoundly—as his eye followed the sorrowful spectacle—then, when the door had closed between him and the object of his paternal tenderness, he turned to the stern group by whom he was environed, and drawing himself up with stately dignity—

“I am ready now, gentlemen,” said he—“lead on—I follow wherever you direct.”

CHAPTER X.

"Edg. Oh! he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long."

King Lear.

Deep midnight brought not the oblivion of slumber to the solitary occupant of the chill and comfortless room in the prison, and yet with head bent upon his folded arms, so still, so motionless he sat, one might well have deemed he slept, did not the convulsive sobs that shook his frame, tell of the agony of the strong man's spirit. The harsh bolts were suddenly withdrawn—the heavy door swung back on its hinges—a step passed over the threshold, yet the unhappy prisoner moved not. The light foot-fall paused beside him—clinging arms were folded around him—soft tears dropped fast and warm on his cheek—and a voice, lighter, softer, dearer than all, faltered—"Father! dear, father!"

The miserable man raised his head—over that face, the dark changes of years had swept in a few fleeting hours; and on the white ghastly features, there had come, in that brief space, an expression fearful—appalling—heart-sickening in the omens it bore. Too long—too intensely had the heart striven with the might of a hidden grief—is it wonder, if the spirit sank prostrate in the fearful strife?

"Florence, my child! my daughter! what do you here? Am I not wretched enough, but that you must add your presence—the presence of the being I have beggared, to increase my tortures?—What brought you here?"

"To see you—to be with you, dear father," replied she, with all the simplicity of affection—"I staid but to see my mother recovered, and but to regain my own strength—for I have some recollection of a faint and sudden sickness, ere you were taken away from us—and, then, I hastened here to comfort you, dear father!"

"Comfort! can there be comfort for *me*, think you? Listen, Florence, and you shall judge. Since that night of fiery horrors, when I saw more than half of my property sink into that burning gulf, there to be consumed, my brain has been scorched and scathed. From yourself and your mother, these losses were studiously, scrupulously concealed through a mistaken pride—a misjudging tenderness; and in play—ay, at the gambling-table—at the gaming-house, reeking with crime, and vice, and pollution, I have for months—yes months of madness, striven to regain the treasure the hot flames swept away. In such haunts, with associates base and low and disgusting as those who, to-night, invaded our domestic hearth, have I passed the live-long night—the darkened and miserable days—with a feverish anxiety—an uncontrollable excitement of which no man can judge, but one who sees beggary and destitution behind him—wealth and luxury beckoning him onward.

Such are the shadows I have struggled to grasp—yet struggled vainly; for, as with overcharged feelings I have waited the stake on which hung my sentence of beggary or riches, how often has the deadly concentration of every evil passion rioted within my bosom, when my hopes have been swept off with the gold I burned to clutch. This mad passion—this cursed infatuation, has led me with giant strides, into the very gulf of perdition—for this I am here to-night—for this I have beggared my wife and child—for this I have bartered my reputation, my honor—it may be, my *eternal* peace." The miserable victim bent his head upon his clasped hands, and the fevered throbbings of his temples then almost transparent, the beating pulses might be distinctly marked, as each heavy throb stirred the silvered locks overhanging his brow.

Florence sobbed with the violence of her conflicting emotions—but the broken words which came with her sobs, were those which sought to bring consolation to her unhappy and conscience-stricken parent.

"Alas! my child!" again spoke the wretched father, "my heart bleeds with a drop heavier than your own—for the pangs of self-reproach are added to my other tortures. For months, which seemed to me years for the excess of misery they bore me—for months, this weight has lain heavy upon my soul, and the events of to-night have crushed and riven it. The barbed arrow has long enough rankled in the festered wound—the deadly blow has at length been dealt, and the life-blood which has, so long, been slowly ebbing away, now pours forth its last ruddy drops in one gush."

Florence looked up in her father's face as he thus spoke, and then for the first time, marked the ashy hue of his features and the livid lip and colorless cheek—more ashy—more livid—more colorless, now that the excitement of feeling had gone by—the whirlwind of passion had expended its violence—and exhaustion and lassitude had again crept over him. Fearful omens! Disgrace, penury, and beggary, were a force before which the strong man quailed—his spirit was quenched—his pride bowed—his heart riven,—and though death hurries on apace to such, the last enemy comes not in hostile guise or on unwelcome mission!

"Father!" murmured Florence tremulously and with a nameless dread increasing as she regarded his altered appearance—"Father, you look ill! Let me assist you to your bed, and I will watch beside you while you sleep—do, dear father," added she coaxingly.

There came no answer to her persuasions, no return of the affectionate caress, with which she essayed to enforce her words—the same frightful, ashy, colorless pallor was upon his face—a pallor that seemed settling deeper and deeper upon each feature. The eyes glared fixedly upon her; and

the hand in which her own rested, felt cold—and stiff—and clammy. She sprang to her feet.

"Nay, Florence, dear child!" said her father faintly and slowly, "do not move from beside me. but lay my head upon your bosom! I am indeed far happier in this dark hour, than I deemed myself." There came other words, but they were indistinct, and spoken in broken murmurs. Florence bent down to catch them—but as she did so, a frightful convulsion passed over the features. The head rested more heavily upon her breast—the ghastly hue of the face became yet more ghastly—and the lips quivered wildly and tremulously. Stooping over him, Florence prest her lips upon the forehead, but instantly started back at its icy coldness, with a thrill of fear—of dark dread—of intense dismay—and then, with one wild scream of anguish which awoke the echoes of each cell and passage of the drear prison-house, she fell insensible from her chair. The victim of the heart's fever was done with the things of Time—the light that had been so long waning and sinking, was suddenly put out—and the living daughter lost the consciousness of her first bereavement, beside the breathless body of the dead father!!

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death."—*Hamlet*.

Azrael brooded darkly over the abode, whose portals had never before been brushed by his wing; and Death, startling in its suddenness—aggravated in its horrors, had prostrated every image of Hope which stood beside the hearth of the now smitten and sorrowing mourners. From the misty depths wherein the Spirit of the Future hoards up years and gifts which no mortal ken may number—no mortal hand dispense, there arose no host of new-born hopes to fill up the chasm in the shining band, which had once begirt this happy home!

It was to all the nakedness—the drear waste of Life, that Florence Courtland awoke from the long swoon which had paralyzed her, when the awful calamity of a father's death revealed itself to her. How terrible, how unspeakably terrible, was that awakening!! Shuddering, shrinking from the horrible reality, she closed her eyes and would have merged herself again in that state of insensibility from which she had just started—but no! Grief, tenacious of its tears and its lamentations, tore away every covering which temporary unconsciousness had interposed between the Bereaved and the Dead; and again, before the mental gaze of Florence, rose up the images of horror which had gone nigh to sever her heartstrings. She was in her own chamber, tended only by kind and sympathizing friends, with no sound to jar on her ear, save the soft footstep and whispered word—and yet, she seemed again spell-bound in the presence

of Death—again she beheld the sad pale face with unclosed eyes and livid lips—again she seemed to start from the clay-cold icy touch—and again the scream of agony which could not vent its anguish in words, seemed borne along the lofty halls, and echoed and reëchoed, until a whole army of unseen spirits took up the wild cry and flung it from rank to rank, with a fierceness which was as if multiplied from countless voices. Strange faces mingled with the familiar ones of her home, and they peered gibingly upon her; scoffs and taunts seemed to blend with, and drown the words of sympathy. Delirium was revelling fiercely in poor Florence's brain, torturing her calamity into shapes even more heart-sickening than its reality, and peopling her desolation, not with kindly countenances and "ministering angels," but with gibing, giggling phantoms that mocked at her agony, while Death, multiplied into an infinity of revolting images, was ever stalking before her, she the only living, breathing object amid livid corpses—putrifying masses!

Weeks went by thus fearfully to the tortured sufferer, and her bright youth seemed prostrated with a violence from which it might not again rebound, and the pure health of her mind was, as if blasted and palsied by a despair from which it might no more be extricated. Eyes looked sorrowful and grew tearful to behold the premature wreck of so much loveliness—and hearts sank, all sickened, as the ear caught the wild ravings and hopeless complaints of a spirit stricken so sorely, so bitterly, that it imaged itself forever severed from the fair and happy things which make up the pageant of Life's Spring-time—now the voice shrieking in anguish—exhausting itself in wild cries of despair and agony—now melting in exquisite pathos and murmuring faint and subdued words of pleading affection—rendered yet more touching by the burning tears, which rained over the thin cheeks of the sufferer.

Youth struggled long—obstinately—and, at last, successfully—for, intelligence now came back to the softened countenance—the flush of fever departed from the attenuated features—and words of gentleness and sanity once more issued from the pale and trembling lips. With returning health and reviving powers, came reflection, repentance, and better and holier feelings to the breast of Florence Courtland; and when she arose from the couch, where, after delirium had spent itself, the sweet soothing of heavenly teachings descended, the restless spirit was softened—the worldly heart refined—rebellious murmurings hushed—and sinful regrets and repinings stilled. The tempest-cloud was riven, and through its rifts, streamed forth the rays whose light had been so long—so darkly—so sullenly shrouded!

Florence's step had not regained its elasticity—her lip its smile—nor her cheek its bloom,—when

she charged herself with the painful task of arranging their tasteful furniture, for a public sale; such a measure was indispensable; and was not *she* fitter to make these arrangements than the mother, whose emaciated frame could ill support the fatigue, or whose heart the many emotions such a duty must call back to life! Florence paused for a moment as she entered the apartment, and tears swam in her eyes as memory came back at view of each familiar object. There stood the luxurious sofa on which the beloved father had so often reclined after his hours of toil—here, the “old arm-chair,” with all its host of dear memories—there hung the polished mirror whose surface had, so often, brightly given back her beautiful face, or grown gorgeous and glittering with the throng of the young and fair—here, grouped to themselves, as if too hallowed to come within the touch of every-day comforts, might be seen the beautiful musical instruments, imprisoning within each gilded string or ivory key, the hidden soul of Harmony—whose tones, she had, with skilful touch, oft rung forth in the hour of her beauty’s triumph, holding the while the listening crowd in sweet thralldom—or made happy with soft and tender strains, the solitude of her home, with no listeners—no flatterers, save the fond and proud parents! Upon the marble tables, in elegant confusion, were scattered rich prints—gorgeously bound volumes—and various specimens of exquisite ingenuity and taste, with which the pier-tables of every modern *saloon* are crowded. It was at one of these stands, that, after making every arrangement necessary, and restoring something like order and regularity to the chaos around her, Florence paused half-musing, with her hand lightly clasping a richly-decorated volume, and commenced turning over its leaves rapidly: “This shall not go,” said she aloud; “I cannot part from you, dear and sole *souvenir*,” and she prest her lips again and again upon it. As she did so, a withered rose escaped from the pages, and falling to the floor, the faded leaves dropped from the stem. How many, how tender were the memories linked to that flower! A beautiful blush came quick and warm over her cheek, as she stooped to collect the scattered treasure, and ere she had restored the withered leaves to a place in her book, and removed *that* apart from the gorgeous pile from which she had selected it, there was a dewy brightness in her eye “presaging tears,” and the flush on her cheek had deepened into a brilliant crimson. Florence was not aware, that while she held the book, which had called up so many memories, Harley had entered the room; for, she stood with her back to the door, and did not perceive him. He had overheard the passionate exclamation which preceded her withdrawal of the volume—had witnessed the pressure of her lips upon its pages, and the discovery and restoration of the faded flower.

“Can it be possible,” exclaimed he, half-aloud,

as the truth flashed bright upon him. The book—a beautiful and splendidly pictured copy of Tasso’s “*Gerusalemme Liberata*,” had been presented to Florence by Somerville. Together they had read the beauties of the Italian bard, in his own rich language; and, “mingling love and lore together,” the volume had thus many and tender associations connected with it. Of the gift and of the mutual studies, Harley had known; he now became possessed of the hidden secret of Florence which she had so long—so successfully, yet so bitterly to herself, hoarded in her bosom’s depths. “She loves him—she loves him,” half-murmured he exultingly, “and how have I wronged—how misrepresented that true, and noble, and impassioned heart! but all, all shall be repaired. Dear Somerville, dear Florence, I, who have severed will again unite you!”

He had not seen Florence since her bereavement. No wonder, then, as he now advanced to greet her, his voice trembled—and she, turning colorless, as recollections crowded upon her, yielded to a passion of tears; neither spoke, for it was a moment sacred to the memory of the dead! At last Florence, checking her emotion with a powerful effort, said

“You see me employed in the discharge of a melancholy duty. At noon the house is thrown open for a public sale of our furniture, and I have been finishing its arrangement.”

“Cannot I assist you?” asked Harley.

“No! but I thank you just as much as if you had done so. I have attended to all,” added she, as rising, she glanced around her, “and as the hours are passing swiftly, I must not linger here. There is nothing for me now to do, but to bid farewell to my musical instruments—the cherished companions of so many years! This may be childish fancy; but,” and she sighed heavily, “my love for their melody is one of the few bright fancies, of which grief has not robbed me.”

Then sitting to the piano, she rambled over the keys in a half-wild, half-plaintive melody—but the sounds made Harley start—in the curtainless, lofty apartment, they seemed hollow—unnatural—like a dirge for the happy hours such tones had winged—now gone, gone forever!! With a tear-drop in either eye, Florence arose and closed the instrument—then turning to her harp—

“I cannot touch this,” said she, as she threw her arms about it and leaned her face against its gilded frame, the tears which had, before, trembled upon her lashes, overflowing her eyes and flooding her pale face—“it was my poor father’s last gift.” She wept bitterly for a moment—when she raised her head, Harley had gone.

The next morning, the beautiful musical instruments of Florence were restored to her. Harley, the friend of bright days—the friend of cheerless hours, had, with the generosity of his character,

and the warmth of his attachment, purchased them and presented them to her. Cloaked in all the refinement of delicacy and thus offered, Florence could not refuse imposing upon herself this obligation to one, who had yielded her a smile in prosperity—a tear in adversity!

CHAPTER XII.

"Ler. Illustrimo, hanno portato questa lettera.

* * * (il Servitore parte; il Cavaliere apre la lettera.)"
Goldoni.

Upon the countenance of Herbert Somerville, rested the sickliness of "hope deferred," rather than the haggardness consequent on fashionable dissipation; for, though he continued to loiter amid the bewildering charms of a Washington season, prolonged as that season had been, yet now waning fast, it was not with a view to mingle deep in its brilliant festivities, but to linger where he might earliest receive tidings for which his heart panted. In the half-promise of his friend at parting, the lover's fond credulity already read many a flattering hope, and day after day, the anticipation of receiving the summons which should woo him back to the truth of his early dreams, was brooded over, until what had been but *hope*, deepened into *expectation*; and as disappointment trode upon the steps of each departing day, Herbert grew sad, dispirited and gloomy. It was in such mood as this, he sat one morning alone and thoughtful in his apartment.

"Beg pardon for interrupting you, sir," said the officious *valet de chambre*, as he stole with noiseless footstep upon the privacy of Herbert—"beg pardon for interrupting you—but there has just come a letter for you, sir, and as I knew you had been anxious for one, I thought I would just step up and give it to you myself. No offence, I hope, sir"—persevered the garrulous *valet* as he delivered the long-looked-for letter into the hands of Somerville.

"Oh no! certainly no offence, François," said Herbert, as, striving to repress his agitation, he received the letter, and with assumed *nonchalance* proceeded to examine the superscription—the stamp—and to decipher the hieroglyphical characters upon the massive seal. But the curiosity of the *Ministre de Toilette* was not disposed to be so easily appeased—and ostensibly busying himself with setting aside every stray slipper—and vagabond boot—arranging and re-arranging with mathematical precision, the disordered array of trowsers and coats—vests and scarfs—deposing in its respective corner, the countless hosts of newspapers and pamphlets—restoring order to the chaos of brush and comb—perfume flasks, and scented *mouchoir*—cards and *billet doux*—cloaks and caps—François continued to linger within view of the operation of unfolding the scroll.

"That will do, François"—and "that will do," repeated Somerville at every *tour diplomatique* of the persisting valet—but the keen glance of François detected some enormity of negligence, which must be adjusted, and—"presently, sir—presently," was ever the satisfactory response.

"François, you may go now," at length said the tortured Somerville, "I will ring when I need your services."

"Pardon me, sir—but there is a *leetle* dust upon your coat—just here. I will soon brush it off—now, sir"—and coming behind him he began whisking his weapon across Herbert's shoulders with professional dexterity, but not too industriously to forbid an occasional glance at the object of his curiosity. Herbert submitted to this martyrdom with unflinching fortitude for the space of five minutes, but finding it was to be of indefinite duration, he exclaimed in angry expostulation against its continuance, and so successfully, that the baffled François at length withdrew, stopping in his course to the door, to set back every chair which was not in precise juxtaposition to the wall.

"I will bring up the bill of fare, sir, that you may order your dinner," persisted the retiring *valet* as he stood in the open door.

"Yes! yes!—any thing—every thing you please, but for heaven's sake let me alone now," ejaculated Herbert with angry impatience.

Stepping over the threshold, François closed the door after him, and Somerville, tearing open the letter in which his eye soon detected the chirography of Harley, with an anxiety the greater from the long and tantalizing delay, proceeded to hurry over its contents.

"You will be sure to ring, sir, when you need me," spoke the soft voice of François, as he once more returned to the attack, and obtruded his visage again in the door-way, but a muttered threat was the only reply, vouchsafed to his polite overtures; and fairly discomfited, the weary assailant slunk away.

Again Somerville addressed himself to the scroll, and skimming lightly over the *prologue*, with quickened pulse and rapturous joy, he dwelt upon the words, which bade the hopes of his heart spring up and bloom once more!

"You are not ignorant of the destructive fire which has swept away so large a portion of our city," wrote Harley; "but I have yet to impart to you intelligence springing from this disaster, which, while it surprises, will affect you with mingled emotions of happiness and regret; and first, regret: I allude to the unexpected failure of our mutual friend Mr. Courtland, which was partly the consequence of immense losses sustained by the disastrous fire. I say *partly*, for as these losses were not generally known—not *suspected* by his immediate family, he strove to repair them, ere they should be so; and, for this end, he immersed him-

self in all the maddening excitements of play where, it seems, for months he struggled to woo back the capricious goddess—and thus he sunk his remaining fortune; but such infatuation has brought ruin upon him and destitution upon his family, for it has been but some few weeks past, that he was imprisoned for innumerable debts contracted at the gaming-table, which he could not discharge; and crushed by adverse fortune and the stigma of imprisonment, he survived the degradation of such confinement, but a few hours. These are themes which will touch upon your regrets, dear Somerville. Turn we now, to one, which will call back all the fair train of hopes and joys, I once considered mere shadowy phantoms and but the treacherous gleams, of an *ignis fatuus* light—Florence Courtland —."

"I beg Mr. Somerville's pardon," lisped forth the well-remembered accents of his dogging valet, as the door just opened sufficiently to satisfy his prying glances; "I beg Mr. Somerville's pardon, but did he say, I should bring up the bill of fare?"

Patience had truly "had her perfect work." To be interrupted by such *technicalities*, just when the fairy world of Love and the image of its queen, were opening in their radiant hues, before his gaze! it was *too much*. Striding to the door from which the intruding visage abducted itself with all despatch, Somerville slammed, bolted, locked, double-locked and—*kicked* the unoffending portal, and then settling once more in his chair, finished, without interruption, the perusal of the letter which bade him cherish every hope, even the brightest—and the dearest—and concluded by urging his departure for New-York without postponement.

The ring of the bell, which summoned the appearance of François, was repeated with ominous violence more than once, ere the now tardy *valet* answered its call.

"François, my good François," said the now soft voice of Somerville to him as he entered, "you must have all things in readiness for my departure this evening."

Sunset found Somerville on his Northward route, with a speed, which *almost* "kept pace with the expectancy" of the impatient and happy lover!

CHAPTER XIII.

"Quid si prisca redit Venus

"Diductosque jugo cogit alieno?"—*Horat.*

"So Somerville, I did not mistake, when I thought my letter would bring you, *not* exactly on the wings of love, but propelled onward by a puff or two of orthodox steam! You must not quarrel with me if I have to postpone, for a few days, the bliss of your re-union to the lady of your vows; but the truth is, she is now away from the city, and moreover, I am under an engagement to meet an old friend at his country-house a short distance

up the river. I am going thence to-morrow, and propose taking you with me, to which plan you are not to object I forewarn you."

Such were the words which followed the greeting of Robert Harley to his friend on the arrival of the latter at New-York,

"This is positively tantalizing, Harley," commenced Somerville, "and if you will not"—

"Hush!" interrupted his companion, "'give thy thoughts no tongue;' for remember, I hold your destiny and must be propitiated by gentle words, and unhesitating obedience. 'To go or not to go, is now the question.'"

"If you place any penalty upon my disobedience of your mandate, I have no part left, but to adopt the former alternative," laughed Somerville.

"Ungraciously granted—nevertheless a concurrence in my arrangements, though so sullenly rendered, must needs be thankfully accepted by me. To-morrow then, we commence our fairy voyage."

And a fairy voyage it was, as, with the serene and bright heavens of laughing May above and her store of leaf and blossom lavished on either side, the two friends were wafted along the silvery current of the Hudson. Mid-day brought them within view of the superb residence which was the place of their destination; and Somerville, who was a lover of nature in all her varied garbs and different moods, looked with an enraptured eye upon the beautiful objects by which he was begirt, and in which the Spring—that most tasteful of all tire-women, had robed Dame Nature.

"Your friend's establishment in the midst of its woodlands and open fields—flashing founts and ornamented grounds, appears to have been born of princely munificence," said Somerville to Harley, as they now neared the landing-place—"but that pretty little Gothic cottage, which, with its wreath of woodbine, roses, and jasmine, seems making a mirror to itself of the glassy river, so closely does it verge upon the silvery wave—that beautiful little structure takes away from the charms of the more regal-looking *palazzo*. It reminds me of Coleridge's sweet lines, which to remember, you have only to glance toward yon fairy dwelling.

"Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose
Peeped i' th' chamber window"—

"*et cetera*," interrupted Harley, as he now leaped upon the shore; "as we are on this dirty *terra firma* once more, we will, for the present, have done with sublimities, extatics and the like; come now, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Mandeville—Mr. Somerville, Mr. Mandeville." This gentleman was the acquaintance of Harley, to whose house they were destined as visitors, and the introduction so unceremoniously effected, was scarce over, the cordial welcome given, ere the worthy host, hurrying his guests into his carriage which was already in waiting, soon whirled

them through green field and shaded lane to his princely portals. Arrived at this domain of fount and flower, sunshine and shade, amid its enchantments, the remaining hours of the morning sped swiftly and pleasantly. The dinner was arranged with a taste, and relished with a *goût* which would have done honor to a Lucullus—but every pleasure must have an end—and so had, I ween, the princely banquets of the Roman *gourmand*; and so, certain it is, came to a close the more modern feast, on whose dainties, courteous reader, you and I, like the fabled Lydian monarch, have in vain cast the longing eye—fruitlessly stretched forth the covetous hand.

"I must really introduce you at my sylvan feast, gentlemen"—said Mr. Mandeville to his guests, as they rose from the table—"and yet I should not claim any participation in the fairy banquet, for it is one, suggested, arranged, and conducted by my young folks, on the occasion of a birth-day of one among them. You may peep stealthily on their festivities, if it be only to see how well the wood-nymphs can be represented, in an age so bare of fable, as this of ours."

So saying, he led the way to a sequestered part of the grounds, whence soon was heard the prattle of sweet voices—the glad and ringing laugh of childhood—the echo of many footfalls, and the notes of gay, and animating music.

"I must place you in ambush here," said their conductor to Somerville and Harley, as he parted the interlacing boughs of many trees which effectually screened them from discovery, "for if the little revellers dream of such spectators, their mirth is entirely spoiled."

It was a beautiful and inspiring scene on which they had stolen—the band of youthful dancers, scattered over the green—the smiling faces, all in a rosy flush from joyful excitement—the flowing hair, wreathed with flowers—the simple, festal dresses of pure white—the innocent, and silvery laugh—the artless prattle—all, all told of enjoyment and pleasure; but as some sombre shape of grief or evil ever walks beside the bright images of happiness, so in the centre of this gay circle, sat one, whose deep mourning habiliments bespoke the sorrow that was at her heart, and that there was little kindred sentiment between her and the group clustered around her. She was the Lady-Musician who directed the dance, and ever, as her white fingers flew with brilliant execution over the golden strings of her harp, you did not marvel that the sigh oft heaved her bosom and the tear stole down her pale cheek, for the sable dress suggested images all apart from gladness and happiness. The face of the lady was turned away from the concealed spectators of the scene, but now that some little disagreement occurred between the youthful revellers, who, in a body repaired to her to seek her mediation, she turned

towards one favored little plaintiff, and stooping over her, to caress her, the masses of dark hair fell over her features and shrouded the bright sunny ringlets of the child at her knee. The caress given—the consoling word whispered, the lady raised her head, and shaking from her brow the shining tresses which yet hung over it, Somerville beheld the face of Florence Courtland! that face he had last seen so radiant—so glowing—so beauteous—now pale—saddened, yet to him not the less dear—not the less lovely. Surprise, joyful surprise, took from him all utterance.

"Confess," said Harley, turning gaily to him, "confess that my *ruse de guerre*, was the stratagem of no inexperienced tactician! but, Somerville, my friend, the surprise has been too much for you," added he, as he marked the excessive paleness of Herbert's features and the tremor of his frame.

"To quiet all such emotions," said good Mr. Mandeville, who, it seems, was a *partie* in the innocent artifice, and who had until now, guarded the secret with laudable care, "to put to flight the ghost-like pallor, and call back the healthful hue, let us seek nearer, the inspiration of the scene on which we have too long been practising this system of *espionage*"—and the old gentleman, putting back the foliage which concealed them, stepped at once upon the green, followed closely by Harley and Somerville, much to the surprise of the youthful party, that scampered off in different directions, leaving Florence alone.

"I have come unexpectedly, Miss Courtland," spoke Mr. Mandeville, smiling at the consternation her countenance expressed, "and have interrupted the merriment of your little dancers most inopportunistly, but I leave older and dearer friends to plead my excuse for such intrusion—to them I confide my cause, and now, I must away to seek the naughty truants."

He hurried on, while Harley and Somerville came forward to tender their greetings, and each to be received with that soft grace and warmth of manner so entirely the charm and witchery of Florence. Surprise at seeing Somerville, brought the warm rose into her cheek, but with such beauteous agitation, there was blended no shade of haughtiness or coldness, which Herbert at first dreaded, for Harley had revealed to her before, the influence which he had employed, in effecting the unexpected departure of Somerville from New-York, and his consequent severance from her. Florence had heard all, had forgiven all—and, with such forgiveness, stole back upon her heart, all the depth of its passion—all the truth of its tenderness for Herbert Somerville.

After the moments given to mutual salutations, and mutual inquiries, Harley considerably recollected that he had omitted to deliver some messages of the last importance to Mr. Mandeville, with which he had been entrusted by some friend in

the city—"and unless he hear it at once," added he, "I fear me much, I shall not be honored as old Croft's Mercury again. Ha! ha! a bright thought that—Robert Harley the Mercury of Isaac Croft—alias Jove—Jupiter—et cetera—et cetera."

"Florence, dearest Florence," whispered Herbert, as the overhanging trees hid Harley from their view; "beloved one, the happiness of such a re-union with you, atones for all the wretchedness I have endured—all the dark, miserable moments I have suffered since our severance, and how dark! how miserable! they have been, I cannot paint to you."

He clasped the small white hand which was not withdrawn, and looking up into the beautiful face, which was not averted from such tender gaze, he poured forth the story of his love—his burning love—his faith, his unwavering faith—his hopes, his bright and bewildering and transporting hopes; and for all reply, the lady stooped down and placed both her snowy hands in his, and looked upon him with her eyes filled with tears, yet beaming with an affection which said his love—his faith—his hopes were all his own; then, while a blush like the tint of the sunset's cloud trembled upon her silken cheek, and her features, peerless, spiritual in their loveliness, glowed with emotions so rapturous, so holy, Herbert drew her towards him, and unresisted, kissed the soft cheek—the white brow—and the rosebud lips—all of which he now could call his own!

Florence, too, had much to tell—and as she went back to the past, and lingered upon the scene of death and of sorrow which had so bitterly tried her youth—her voice trembled, and the tears came afresh into her eyes, but Herbert kissed them away, and whispered to her of the hereafter which was so bright and so full of promise to them—to *them*, even that little word, pronounced by the lip of love, seemed brimming with tenderness, and Florence was content to weep, that she might be consoled by the one-loved voice—and that she might be soothed by the word and caress which her tear-drops called forth!

The twilight came on glorious, with its rose-hued clouds and golden shadows, and the stars and moon looked bright in the cloudless heavens, ere the levers turned their steps homeward—and then Somerville knew the pretty Gothic cottage, upon which he had looked with so admiring gaze, as he unconsciously approached the haven of his hopes, was the home of his Florence. Arrived there, he must needs see if the interior of the fairy dwelling was all as tasteful, as enchanting as its grounds and flowers and vine-clad portico gave promise; then, within the pretty parlor was another—the mother of his beloved—to greet;—and there were grouped her musical instruments—her rare flowers—the books she loved—the neat and elegant

needle-work—the solace of lonely hours—and Somerville had a look for each!

Thus the evening wore away—how blissful were its hours! how rapturous its joys! At the open window whence was seen the broad river glassing the stars, he sat beside Florence and hung over her, as she sung him some of the airs he loved—some which brought back the recollection of their young love—in its rosy dawn—or when she had ended, and only the night-wind sighed through the strings of her harp, he talked to her of his passion, and pictured the fairy life of joy they would lead in his own island-home; or bent over her to catch the half-murmured, trembling words which told him how long, how hopelessly, how tenderly he had been beloved, and then, when he had listened to sounds so dear, he looked into the beautiful eyes, which now met, now shrank from the gaze

"That watched, and worshipped their day"—

or put back the dark, clustering locks from her brow, that brow more snowy—more spiritual in the light of the moonbeams; and again and again, unchided and unrebuked, he prest his lips upon it. So passed the bright summer eve to Herbert Somerville, and so went by its winged hours to Florence Courtland!

CHAPTER XIV.

"*Agnès.* Nous serons mariés?"

"*Arnolphe.* Oui—

"*Agnès.* Mais quand?"

"*Arnolphe.* Dès ce soir—"

L'Ecole des Femmes.

She "walked the waters like a thing of life"—the noble vessel! no cloud was in the blue sky—no wave upon the glassy waters—the breeze gently rippled the trackless pathway before her, and swelled her snowy sails, as she glided out the beautiful harbor of New York.

"I now feel, dearest Florence, how entirely I am loved, now that I see you resigning home and country for my sake," said the voice of Herbert Somerville, as together they lingered upon the deck of the stately vessel, while the shores they had quitted, were fading away like a dark line upon the horizon.

"Home! country! Herbert!" repeated Florence turning towards him with a bright and confiding smile, "have I not all with me my heart cherishes! Here," added she, placing her hand upon his arm, "and there?" glancing toward her mother who sat apart from them. "As to the rest, 'whither thou goest I will go, where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried'—and with these words, the wife clung more closely, more fondly, more lovingly, to the arm of the husband as it encircled her!"

Harley seems to possess the secret of perpetual youth, and in the gay and fashionable circles of New-York, he is still to be seen "the laughing

philosopher" of its microcosm—apparently quite content with witnessing the connubial bliss of those around him, without adventuring his own bark on those treacherous seas.

"What think you, my friend," remarked he to us, the last time we found ourselves in this proud Babylon of America; "what think you if I set on foot another matrimonial manœuvre, not for my own individual benefit, *quod avertat Deus*, but for the good of mankind at large—for the advantage of the myriads of despairing Damsels and sighing Benedicts! My first essay at *match-making* has succeeded *à merveille*, but in the great lottery, not every expectant and fair petitioner wins a HERBERT SOMERVILLE—nor, to every hopeful aspirant, comes the gift of a FLORENCE COURTLAND."

MALA.

TO A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.*

Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! O, whither away?
With thy sails all so bright and thy sides all so gay,
Painted over with colours of brilliant hue;
Thy bow, a deep scarlet, thy hull, a light blue;
While, into thy service, the rainbow is prest,
To form a rich zone to encircle thy crest.

Tiny ship! art thou not afraid of the sea?
'Tis a rough, rough place for a frail bark, like thee;
Our vessel, thou seest, is wide, deep, and long,
And with thick oaken sides; yet, 'tis nothing too strong;
And I've oft seen it tossing, and pitching, and reeling,
And loudly complaining of ocean's harsh dealing.

Why, thy sides, little ship! are as thin as thin paper,
And, I think, thou must oft cut a curious caper,
Toss'd and banded, and roll'd quite over and over,
'Mid the high curling waves; and I cannot discover
How a little, wee thing, like thee, should be found
Far out on the sea, quite safe and quite sound.

*The Portuguese men-of-war are found in all the Southern seas; but are particularly abundant in the Gulf of Mexico, where, in smooth weather, they are constantly in sight, and sometimes hundreds may be seen at a time. When full grown, the body of the animal is about eight inches in length: this floats on the surface of the water, and consists of nothing more than a thin bladder filled with air. The shape is like that of an egg, the small end being more elongated and pointed, and slightly curved. This end is of a dazzling crimson colour, fading gradually and soon giving place to a light blue which forms the colour of the sides or hull. Higher up is a dash of irized colours. Along the upper part from end to end, is a crest likewise of bladder, consisting of a succession of chambers filled with air, united, and forming a ridge, probably used as sails. From the lower side depend a number of red, soft, flesh-like fibres, generally about fifteen inches long, though some of them are a yard or more in length. These have the power of producing a severe stinging sensation, and are doubtless intended to act both as ballast and for defence. They are armed with innumerable sharp needles, so small as to be imperceptible to the eye, and yet capable of producing great pain and even blisters when drawn over the naked skin. This animal is sometimes confounded with the paper nautilus, but is entirely a different thing.

Ah! I see, little bark! yea, now I can see,
How it comes that 'mid dangers, all's well with thee:
The same mighty hand, that our gallant ship saves,
Preserves thee as well 'mid the mountainous waves.
Our strength, and thine too, are both equally nought,
Unless each is by Him through the dark peril brought.

He makes us *ride* safe o'er the wild upheav'd ocean,
And thee He *hides* safe from the madd'ning commotion;
And, when its wild fury is over, we meet,
Both ready again, with a wide flowing sheet.
Thy strength is in Him and his sheltering arm,
And 'tis only His strength that can save us from harm.

We've heard of thy valor, O brave little ship!
And wo to the foe, thou dost once catch agrip!
And man, in his pride and his prowess, has felt
Thy vengeance, when harshly with thee he has dealt:
And many a caution, I've heard from afar,
"To beware of the Portuguese fish man-of-war."

Then bright, tiny ship! with a terrible name,
Which so boldly dost navigate, and fellowship claim;
We give it: and bid thee a hearty adieu:
And gladly we'd wish thee a quick passage too,
Did we know thou art trying to make any port:
But we don't know; and guessing was never our *forte*.
U. S. Frigate *Macedonian*. J.

MEDICAL STATISTICS OF THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

From causes, which we are unable fully to develop, it seems to have become an established custom for the Medical Students of the Southern States, but more especially of Virginia, to receive instruction in their profession at the Northern cities, and be graduated by Northern Medical Colleges. For a series of years, such instructions were given only in Philadelphia and Boston, in which cities the schools of medicine, first founded in the United States, were located. But, as soon as similar institutions were established in the different states, they met with the patronage and encouragement of the students residing in those states. A number of flourishing and highly respectable Medical Schools, has consequently sprung up, in the Northern, Eastern, Western and Southern States. The schools in the Southern States, however, with the exception of one in South Carolina, and perhaps two in Maryland, have not been so liberally encouraged by the students of the states in which they are located; particularly those in Virginia, which, though conducted by gentlemen of acknowledged abilities and professional merit, and affording to the student very superior advantages, have received only about a moiety of the patronage of the students of the state.

To those who are desirous of the advancement and improvement of the community, these institutions are objects of deep interest, and they are not the less objects of concern, to those who regard them merely as a means of increasing its wealth; both of which are the legitimate and necessary consequences of their successful operation. They

require the services of men possessing the most extensive intellectual acquirements, whose influence and example tend to elevate the character of the community in which they reside, and affording facilities for acquiring knowledge, and inducements to labor in the pursuit of it.

They also increase the business, and contribute to the wealth of the community, by giving employment, and often a competency, to a number of individuals in different capacities; and, through the students instructed in them, an immense revenue is drawn by one section, from other sections of the country.

There were, in the city of Philadelphia, during the last winter, three or four Medical Schools in full operation, with an aggregate of about 700 students. In the University of Pennsylvania and the Jefferson Medical College, there were 572, according to the catalogues of these institutions, for 1841-'42—the only ones to which we have access from that city. Estimating the sum expended by each student at \$500, we have the sum of \$350,000 carried into Philadelphia by 700 students, or \$286,000 by the number known to have been in that city. Of the number in the two schools above named, one hundred and thirteen were from Virginia; and a similar estimate made respecting them, gives \$56,500 as the sum withdrawn by them from the state. If to this sum we add \$5000, the estimated expenditure for ten students from Virginia, who were in New-York, we shall have \$61,500, as the sum paid by the state last winter for medical instruction, so far as we have means of ascertaining it. This, however, is only an approximation to the sum really withdrawn from it, for there is reason to believe that a much larger number of students annually leave the state for the purpose of pursuing medical studies.

According to "*Statistics of the Medical Colleges of the United States; by T. Romeyn Beck, M.D. Transactions of the Medical Society of the State of New-York, vol IV.,*" 924 students from Virginia, matriculated in the University of Pennsylvania from 1830-'31 to 1838-'39 inclusive, or 102½ annually. Consequently the sum of \$462,000 was withdrawn from the state, in nine years—or \$51,322 annually.

Within the same period 108 students from Virginia, matriculated in the Medical School of Transylvania University, through whom \$54,000 was withdrawn from the State, in nine years—or \$6000 annually.

From 1833-'34 to 1837-'38 inclusive, 195 students from Virginia matriculated in the Jefferson Medical College, or 89 annually. There was of course a withdrawal from the State of \$97,500 in five years—or \$9,500 annually.

According to this estimate, \$76,822 are annually withdrawn from the state of Virginia, and expended in other states for medical education; and 153 stu-

dents from this state matriculate annually in Medical Colleges in other states.

But a further examination of these "statistics" shows, that 1238 medical students from Virginia matriculated in the different Medical Colleges in the United States from 1833-'34 to 1838-'39 inclusive. However, the number of matriculates in the Jefferson Medical College, for one winter, (1838-'39,) is not given in the "statistics;" the average annual number of students (39) from Virginia for this institution, should therefore be added to 1238, making a total of 1277 students from this state in six years. Of this number, 288 attended on lectures within the state, and 989, or 165 annually in other states. The sum withdrawn from the state by its medical students is therefore estimated to have been \$494,500 in the six years above named, or \$82,500 annually.

For how long a period of time this sum has been withdrawn from the state through this medium, we cannot accurately determine. But in 1830-'31, there were 147 students from Virginia in two Medical Schools in the United States: viz. in the University of Pennsylvania 124, and 23 in the Medical Schools of Transylvania University. If, however, the number of students supplied by a state, bear any constant relation to its population, the number supplied by Virginia, has increased only to a small extent since 1820; but from 1800 to 1820 it increased much more rapidly. In the absence of documentary evidence on this point, the reader can make such estimates as may be deemed correct. This much appears to be beyond dispute—that Virginia has contributed with her accustomed liberality, to the prosperity of the Medical Schools of other states. In all probability, this contribution has amounted, in the last ten years, to \$800,000.

If medical knowledge could be obtained on no other terms than those on which the physicians of this state have preferred to be educated, the students of medicine would still be under the necessity of availing themselves of the same dearly-bought opportunities. But since the facilities for acquiring both a collegiate and a medical education in Virginia, are fully equal to those offered elsewhere, no reason exists, so far as the excellence of the respective institutions is concerned, for going abroad.

If, indeed, the knowledge of medicine, necessary to admit a candidate to an examination for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, can with any correctness be estimated by the time occupied in attending upon public lectures, the students who graduate in Virginia and South Carolina, are more thoroughly instructed, than those who take their degrees from colleges in other states of the Union. The period of time required by all the Medical Colleges in the United States to be devoted to the study of medicine, before a candidate can be admitted to an examination for the degree of Doctor

of Medicine, is (with one exception) three years, under the supervision of a respectable practitioner, including attendance on two courses of public lectures. But, in the University of Virginia, an attendance on three courses of lectures, of ten months each, is required; the supervision or instruction of the private practitioner being dispensed with. The time occupied by the course of lectures in the different Medical Institutions in the United States, varies from three to five months; in the majority of them, it is either four months, or sixteen weeks, the latter period being most common. But in the Medical College of South Carolina, the course of lectures occupies five months, (Beck;) and (unless recently altered) it occupies the same period in the Medical Department of Hampden Sidney College at Richmond.

If the number of medical students which Virginia sends annually to other states, were to enter one of her own Medical Schools (that at Richmond for example), and remain in it five months, it is obvious that an increased activity would be given to every kind of business. The various wants of these individuals, and of the friends who, in all probability, would accompany or visit them, must be supplied. They would, to a greater or less extent, be in need of the offices of every profession, trade, and calling. The farmer also would experience in some degree, the beneficial effects of such an event; and in meeting with better prices and a demand for an increase of his products, the tradesman would be partially remunerated in kind, for any encouragement he might give to the institution in question. And a mutual interchange of kind offices between individuals from different parts of the state, would produce those kindly feelings which tend to unite a community in the bonds of friendship and good will. From these considerations, it seems to be incumbent upon the Medical Students of Virginia and the people of the State generally, not only to encourage their own Medical Schools, but also to elevate their character to the highest possible standard.

The medical students of the State of New-York, have been, to a limited extent, in the habit of attending upon medical lectures in the New-England States; either because medical knowledge, in the latter, could be obtained at less expense; or because the instructions given were of a superior character. Perhaps both of these causes operated to the detriment of the New-York schools. But the Legislature of this State being mindful of the interests of her own schools, and the advantages which result from encouraging them, recently, in conjunction with the Medical Society of the State, attempted to restrain this kind of absenteeism. For this purpose, the following act was passed, which is copied from *The New-York Medical Gazette* of March 23, 1842. But, in order to insure a better understanding of the whole proceeding,

the comments of this Journal, which may be regarded as the interpretation of it, in New-York, are first given.

"We republish the subjoined statement of the law, in relation to graduates and licentiates from other states practising in New-York. * * * The action of the State Medical Society, in the premises is important, and if the *directions* which are there given to the County Medical Societies, are rigidly followed, and we believe that a compliance with them is unavoidable, graduates from schools out of this state will hereafter find it very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain the right to practice in the State of New-York. For our readers will remark, that the County Societies are *directed* not only to examine every candidate, but *to require the same credentials as to time and terms of study as are required by the laws of this State* before proceeding to an examination."

The act of the Legislature is as follows:

"And no person coming from another state shall practice physic or surgery in this state, until he shall have filed a copy of his diploma in the office of the clerk of the county where he resides, and until he shall have exhibited to the Medical Society of that county, satisfactory testimonials of his qualifications, or shall have been examined and approved by its censors."

The Medical Society of the State of New-York adopted a preamble and resolutions, of which it is necessary to give only the resolution defining the mode in which the above law is to be executed:

Resolved, "That the several County Societies be, and they are hereby directed to instruct their respective censors to require the examination of all persons bringing diplomas from other states, as the only satisfactory evidence of their possessing the requisite qualifications; and that the same credentials as to time and terms of study shall be required before proceeding to such examination, as are required by the laws of this state in licensing physicians and surgeons."

Physicians, who are not graduates of a New-York Medical School, will hereafter be effectually excluded from the exercise of their profession in that State, by this mode of carrying the act of the Legislature into effect. For, in being graduated by an Institution out of the State, the medical student of New-York, to all intents and purposes, forfeits any right which he may be considered as possessing, to practice in his own state. The privileges enjoyed by this class of persons in the other states, are therefore somewhat abridged in New-York. The students who reside in it, can neither consult their own interests, nor be guided by the dictates of their own judgment, nor obey the preferences of their own inclinations, in selecting the Institutions in which their studies may be pursued, but at the hazard of being denied, eventually, the right of practising in their own state. Should

Medical Schools out of this state, in their opinion, afford facilities for attaining to professional excellence, superior to those afforded by the schools within it, these facilities cannot be enjoyed, except under the above-named disability. Neither can they avail themselves of any pecuniary advantages which may be obtained elsewhere, either from the smallness of the fees, or the cheapness of living, or from both conjoined.

The disabilities under which graduates from Medical Colleges out of the State of New-York, labor in that State, are the result of the mode in which the act of the Legislature is carried into effect. The Legislature doubtless intended that the testimonials of respectable Medical Colleges should be taken as evidence of the possession (by a candidate) of the requisite qualifications. Otherwise, this body would have directed the examination of all candidates, and said nothing about testimonials. Examination was to be resorted to, only in cases in which a reasonable doubt existed, respecting the possession of the requisite qualifications. But the Medical Society have directed that the testimonials of Medical Colleges in the other states, shall entitle a candidate for practise in New-York, only to an examination. Now, the power of excluding a graduate of a school in another state, from practising medicine in New-York, is lodged in the hands of individuals, whose pecuniary interest and professional reputation are more or less involved in the issue. Fears will therefore be excited, and apprehensions roused, lest the admission of another practitioner into a county, should lead to the sharing of the business, and a consequent diminution of the professional employment and emoluments of some of the physicians already in practice. Should the candidate possess abilities and an extensive acquaintance with medicine, he will be still more certain to be "examined out," as the phrase is. For, however excellent qualifications may be in themselves, and however praiseworthy it may be to obtain them, in a competitor, they only increase the list of his offences, and by these "censors," they would be regarded in the same light that superior beauty in a woman is said to be viewed by her own sex—with envy and malevolence.

This proceeding of the Medical Society of the State of New-York, does not countenance the idea that the Medical Schools of this State, are superior to those situated elsewhere. Neither does it lead to the opinion that the Society so considered them. When institutions offer about equal facilities for obtaining, either a collegiate or a professional education, extraneous circumstances generally determine the amount of patronage any particular one may receive. But as soon as one rises superior to the rest, these circumstances have but a small degree of influence, and it is encouraged in consequence of that superiority over others. Besides, institutions of a superior character, would

scarcely be willing that a measure of such doubtful propriety, should be adopted in their behalf. Located as the New-York Medical Schools are, near the centre of that part of the United States which is fond of considering itself in the possession of about five sixths of the wealth of the whole Union, it would naturally be supposed that any superiority which they might possess, would be quickly found out, and amply encouraged. It would also be inferred, that the students of this section of the country, would be willing (as students generally are,) to give ample compensation for the privilege of enjoying these superior advantages. And moreover, that neither a diminution of the pecuniary equivalent for medical instruction elsewhere, nor any other extraneous circumstance, would at all affect them.

It would perhaps be uncharitable to attribute to the Society any ill-will to institutions located in other states, or any desire of injuring them. No such motive is ascribed to that body; though after all, this action of the Society, is one that would not be expected from men, whose minds have been *liberalized* by the cultivation of science.

A conviction on the part of the Society that these schools are inferior to those of other states, and that they are incapable of sustaining themselves on their own merit, by a fair competition, furnishes the only sufficient reason for their action in this matter. The Society was doubtless well acquainted with their condition; for many of the professors are members of that body. And institutions of an inferior grade, like men who are unable to fill, with credit, the situations in which *influence* may have placed them, are always seeking extraneous aid. Both forever want *boasting*. By discrediting the testimonials of the Medical Colleges of other states, and by subjecting the graduates of these institutions to the risk of being denied the right of practising in New-York, the students of this State, are to be intimidated into patronizing her Medical Schools. And doubtless their catalogues will be enlarged by this mode of infringing the privileges of a large class of individuals, and violating the civilities of a liberal profession.

If the resolution of the Medical Society were intended to apply only to licentiates, this class of practitioners alone, should have been designated. Before Medical Schools were generally established in the United States, laws were passed in the Northern and Eastern States, giving the power, either to certain censors appointed for the purpose, or to the Medical Societies of the states respectively, to grant license to practice physic and surgery to such individuals, as had fulfilled the requirements therein made, and who, by an examination, had been ascertained to be qualified for discharging the duties of the profession. Practitioners authorized in this way, are called *licentiates*.

Upon the introduction of Medical Schools, the

fashion with respect to the manner of obtaining medical knowledge, changed. The instructions of private practitioners, which had hitherto been regarded as all-important, were almost entirely neglected, it being considered, that public lectures would afford to medical students, opportunities for acquiring all the information necessary to prepare them for the exercise of their profession. The laws in relation to the licensing of practitioners, were therefore so modified as to include, in their requirements, an attendance on one course of lectures. These requirements in the State of New-York, and in most, if not all the States, differ from those necessary to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in the attendance on public lectures; the candidate for license being required to attend on only one course. Should this requisition not be fulfilled, another year's study will be required of him, making four years spent under the instruction of a private practitioner. There may however be a slight modification, but not a material one, of these requisitions in some of the States. Few however avail themselves of this mode of becoming practitioners, and only those whose pecuniary resources are very limited. A student residing in one state, cannot, (as we understand it,) avail himself of the license-laws of another state, to enter the profession. The licentiate enjoys, apparently, all the privileges enjoyed by the Doctor of Medicine, but does not appear to occupy quite so high a rank, at the examination for degrees.

It is incumbent on the Students of a State to encourage the literary institutions, located in the State to which they belong, so far as accords with their interest and that of the community of which they are members. But this is a matter which must be regulated by the circumstances and feelings of each individual. Testimonials of proficiency from acknowledged and legally constituted authorities, are all that can, in fairness, be asked of a physician or any other professional man, before admitting him to the exercise of his vocation. The cost of a medical education is too great, in money, time, and labor, for the right of practising to be jeopardized, because a practitioner may not have been graduated by one of a particular set of Medical Schools.

TO A ROSE BLEACHED BY THE SUN.

Versified from the German.

The Day-God gave thy cheek its bloom,
Pale, pale Rose—
But too warmly did his lip at noon
On thine repose.
O like, most like to us art thou,
Pale, pale Rose—
When the spirit that maketh man's heart to glow,
Draweth to its close!
Over the Human and perishing Flower,
Death hath the same almighty power! E. J. EAMES.

HOPE.

Hope came to the peasant—Hope came to the king ;—
Hope pass'd o'er the realm on his silvery wing :
He was ev'ry where rebid'd, call'd false and called vain ;
And he went up to Jove, filled with wrath and disdain.

He obtain'd a decree,—with it hastened to earth—
'Twas that every wish should be met at its birth,
With a knowledge that soon it should have all its will,
And each mortal his own cup of blessing should fill ;—

He came to the earth ; he produc'd the decree ;—
He was answer'd by shouts of mad ecstasy ;—
And all mortals look'd up to thank him ;—but, lo !
He was gone ; and the sky too was rob'd of his bow.

The sun too was gone—though the sky was all clear,
Like brass, bright and hard ; and there crept a cold fear
Through all hearts :—fear was left, and the passions, all
strong ;
And these, all now broke out,—a wild, fearful throng.

And each had its way, and gallop'd and whirl'd ;
And chaos soon rul'd o'er the pale, 'frighted world ;
And *ennui's* dead sea, like a deluge again,
Swell'd up, gulping fast both mountain and plain.

And all hearts were sick ; and a sad, wailing cry
Rose up to that clear and brass-cover'd sky,
They call'd upon Jove to restore his old reign ;
And most they entreated, that Hope might again

Come back to their hearts. He came ! O what joy
Fill'd the earth ; men look'd up ;—once more in the sky,
Was the sun ; and they hail'd with shouts long and loud,
Hope's glorious bow, though 'twas hung on a cloud !

Frigate Macedonian, 1841.

J.

LIFE OF P. CORNEILLE.

BY FONTENELLE.

Pierre Corneille, born at Rouen in 1606, was son of Pierre Corneille, master of woods and forests in the vis-county of Rouenne, and of Martha Le Pesant. He pursued his studies under the Jesuits at Rouen ; and, on that account, was always very grateful to the whole society.

He first tried the bar ; but, having no taste for the profession, he did not succeed. A slight incident developed in him genius of quite another kind ; and this incident originated in love. One of his young friends being in love with a girl of the same town, took him to see her ; the new comer rendered himself more agreeable than his introducer. The pleasure of this adventure discovered in M. Corneille a talent of which he had before been unconscious ; and, on this slight subject, he wrote the comedy of *Melite*, which appeared in 1635. In this, the public discovered a character of originality, and conceived that comedy was advancing towards perfection ; the confidence felt in the new author just making his appearance, caused the formation of a new company of actors. This will doubtless surprise most persons, who consider the first six or seven first plays of Corneille so

unworthy of him, that they would willingly exclude them from the collection of his works, and bury them in eternal oblivion. They are certainly not fine productions; but they constitute part of the history of the theatre, and even contribute, very much, to the glory of Corneille.

There is a wide difference between the excellence of a work and the merit of its author. Sometimes, a very ordinary work can proceed from none but a great genius; while, on the other hand, a work of considerable merit may sometimes be produced by quite an ordinary genius. Every age has a certain degree of intelligence. Ordinary minds fall below that degree; respectable talents come up to it, while extraordinary geniuses rise above it, if it be possible. A man born with talents, is naturally carried to that point of perfection at which his age has arrived; the education that he has received, the examples that he has before his eyes, all conduct him to that point; but, if he go beyond it, he has nothing extrinsic to support him; he relies on his own powers, and becomes superior to the aids which he has received. Thus, two authors, one of whom greatly surpasses the other in the excellence of his productions, are nevertheless equal in merit, if they be equally elevated above their respective ages. True, one has taken a higher flight than the other—not that he has more strength of pinion, but only because he has commenced his flight from a greater elevation. For the same reason, one of two authors whose works possess equal beauty, may be a very ordinary man, while the other is a wonderful genius.

To judge of the excellence of a work, it is enough to consider the work itself. But to decide on an author's merit, we must compare him with the age in which he lives. The first pieces of Corneille, as we have already said, are not in themselves fine; yet none but an extraordinary genius could have written them. *Melite* will appear divine if you read it immediately after the plays of Hardy, which just preceded it. In it, the theatre is far better understood, the dialogue better turned, the incidents better managed, the scenes more agreeable; above all—and it is an excellence never attained by Hardy—it has quite a noble air, and the conversation of genteel people is not ill represented. Up to that period, nothing but the lowest comedy, or the dullest tragedy had been known; men were astonished to hear a new language. *Melite* was considered too simple, and barren of incidents. M. Corneille piqued by this criticism, wrote *Clitandre*, and scattered incidents and adventures in it with very faulty profusion, more to burlesque the public taste, than to accommodate himself to its dictates. *La Galerie du Palais*, *La Veuve*, *La Suivante*, *La Place Royale* are more reasonable.

The period had now arrived, when the theatre became flourishing by the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu. Princes and ministers have but to com-

mand the formation of poets, painters and every thing which they desire, and they are formed. There are geniuses without number and of different kinds, which require nothing but their commands, or rather favor, for development. Nature is always ready to gratify their tastes.

The writers of that period recommenced the study of the ancient theatre, and began to suspect that it *might have* rules. That of limiting the action to twenty-four hours, was one of the first of which they became aware, and to which they indeed attached an undue degree of importance. Witness the manner in which M. Corneille himself speaks of it in the preface to *Clitandre*, printed in 1632:

"If I have confined this play within the rule of a single day, it is not that I repent of not having subjected *Melite* to a principle by which I mean to abide in future. At the present day some adore this rule, many despise it; for myself, I have only desired to show that when I violate it, it is not from ignorance."

Let us not imagine that truth is always victorious as soon as it appears; it prevails at last, but time is required for it to obtain the mastery. The rules of dramatic literature, at first unknown or despised, for some time afterwards contested, again partially and conditionally received, have, at last, obtained complete possession of the theatre. But the epoch of their establishment did not arrive until the time of Cinna.

One of our greatest obligations to Corneille is for having purified the theatre. He was at first carried away by the established custom, but resisted it immediately afterwards; after *Clitandre*—his second piece—nothing licentious is found in his works.

M. Corneille, having made trial of his strength in his first six plays, in which he raised himself above his age, suddenly took flight in the *Medee*; and, at once, reached the most sublime tragedy. He derived assistance indeed from Seneca, which did not prevent him, however, from showing the power of his own genius unaided.

Afterwards, he fell back again into comedy; and if I may venture to express an opinion, the fall was great. The *Comic Illusion* to which I here allude, is a piece irregular and odd, the beauties of which do not atone for its irregularities and oddities. There figures in it a Captain, who overthrows by a breath, the Grand Sophie of Persia, and the Great Mogul, and, once in his life, had prevented the sun from rising at his usual hour, because Aurora, being in bed with this marvellous hero, could not be found. These characters were once very fashionable; but what did they represent? What was their design? Must our follies be burlesqued to so high a degree, in order to render them ridiculous? In truth, this supposition would do us too much honor.

After the *Comie Illusion*, M. Corneille again rose greater and stronger than ever, and wrote the *Cid*. Never did any piece for the theatre have such success. I recollect having seen in my life, a soldier and a mathematician, who, among all the plays in the world, were acquainted with none but the *Cid*. The horrible barbarism in which they had lived, had not prevented the name of the *Cid* from reaching even them. M. Corneille had, in his collection, translations of this play in all the languages of Europe except the Slavonic and Turkish. It was translated into German, into English, and into Flemish with Flemish exactness, verse for verse. It appeared in Italian; and what is more surprising, in Spanish. The Spaniards had been very willing to copy a piece, the original of which belonged to themselves. M. Pelisson, in his history of the Academy, states that the expression: "That is as fine as the *Cid*," had become proverbial in several provinces of France. If that proverb has gone out of use, we must blame the authors who did not relish it, and the court, at which it would have been very displeasing during the ministry of the Cardinal de Richelieu.

This great man had the most unbounded ambition that ever animated a human bosom. The glory of governing France with almost absolute power,—of humbling the formidable house of Austria,—of shaking all Europe at his nod, did not satisfy him; he wished, besides, to acquire that of writing plays. When the *Cid* appeared, he was as much alarmed as if he had seen the Spaniards before Paris. He excited authors against this work, a task not likely to prove difficult, and put himself at their head. Scudery published his observations on the *Cid*, addressed to the French Academy, to whose decision he appealed, and which the Cardinal, its founder, made a powerful effort to influence against the obnoxious play. But its statutes required the consent of the other party, viz: M. Corneille. They drew from him a sort of consent which he gave only from fear of displeasing the Cardinal, and in a style of considerable haughtiness. Thus he failed to conciliate a minister of such character, who was also his benefactor; for he recorded, as a minister, the very merit of which he was jealous as a poet; and it seems that his great soul could have no weaknesses for which he did not atone, by something great and noble.

The French Academy pronounced its opinion on the *Cid*; and this work was worthy the high reputation of that rising association. It knew how to combine a proper regard for the weakness of the Cardinal with what was due to the high esteem in which the *Cid* was held by the public. It satisfied the Cardinal by carefully censuring all the faults of the piece; and the public, by censuring them with moderation, and often mingling praise with this censure.

When M. Corneille had once, if I may say so,

reached the *Cid*, he rose still higher in Horace; finally he rose to *Cinna* and *Polyeucte*, which he has never surpassed.

These pieces were of a new kind, and constituted a new drama. Then M. Corneille, by the study of Aristotle and Horace, by experience, by his own reflections, and still more, by his genius, became acquainted with the true rules of dramatic poetry, and discovered the sources of the beautiful, which he has since pointed out to the world in the dissertations prefixed to his tragedies. Hence, he is regarded as the father of the French theatre. He was the first to give it a rational form; he carried it to its highest point of perfection, and has left his secret to every one who has the capacity to avail himself of it.

Before *Polyeucte* was acted, M. Corneille read it at the hotel de Rambouillet,* the supreme tribunal in literary matters at that period. The piece was there as much applauded as propriety and the high reputation of its author demanded. But some days after, M. Voiture came to Corneille, and in a delicate manner, gave him to understand, that *Polyeucte* had not succeeded as well as he imagined; that, above all, the Christianity of the piece had been very much disapproved. M. Corneille, being alarmed at this, was about to withdraw the play from the hands of the actors who were rehearsing it. But, he finally left it with them, by the advice of one among them, who was not to appear in it, because he was too bad an actor. Could this actor decide more justly than the whole hotel de Rambouillet?

Pompée followed *Polyeucte*. Afterwards, came *Le Menteur*, a comic piece, and almost entirely taken from the Spanish, according to the custom of the period.

Although *Le Menteur* is very agreeable, and although it is still applauded on the stage, I must acknowledge, that comedy had not then arrived at perfection. The characteristics of these pieces were intrigues and incidents, mistakes about names, disguises, intercepted letters, nocturnal adventures; for this reason, almost all the plots were taken from the Spaniards, who excel in such matters. These pieces did not lack pleasantry and wit. Witness *Le Menteur*, of which we are speaking,—*Don Bertrand de Cigral*, *Le Geolier de soi Même*. But the greatest beauty of comedy was unknown; no attention was paid to manners and characters; writers went very far to seek the ridiculous in events suggested by a strained imagination, and never thought of finding it in the human heart, its principal habitation. Molière was the first to seek it there; and, having found it, succeeded best in introducing it into his works. He was an inimitable genius, to whom comedy is as much indebted, as tragedy is to Corneille.

* A literary society, having among its members, Richelieu, Comé, Voiture, &c.

As *Le Menteur* had great success, M. Corneille wrote a sequel which failed. He points out the reason of this failure in the criticism which he has written of his own plays. In these criticisms M. Corneille sits in judgment on his own works, and speaks of them with a noble disinterestedness, from which, at the same time, he derives the double advantage of anticipating envy, when he speaks unfavorably, and of giving weight to his praise of himself.

Le Menteur was succeeded by *Rodogune*. He has written somewhere, that if we would find the best of his plays, we must choose between *Rodogune* and *Cinna*; those to whom he talked, clearly perceived his own preference for *Rodogune*. It does not belong to me to decide; but perhaps he preferred *Rodogune*, because it had cost him so much labor in arranging the plot. Perhaps, he wished, by throwing his own preference into its scale, to balance that of the public which appeared to be in the other. For myself, if I may venture to say so, I should not compare *Rodogune* and *Cinna*; it appears to me easy to decide between them: but I know a play* of Corneille which I would place before either of them.

The history of Theodore, of Heraclius, of Don Sancho of Aragon, of *Andromède*, of *Nicomède* and of *Pertharite*, can be better learned from the criticisms of M. Corneille, than from this life. In them, it will be seen why Theodore and Don Sancho had very little success, and why *Pertharite* absolutely failed.

In Theodore, the danger of prostitution was considered insufferable, even in idea; and if the public had become so delicate, whom could M. Corneille blame, but himself? Before his time, rape had succeeded in the pieces of Hardy. Don Sancho could not secure one illustrious suffrage;† and, in consequence, had no favor with the court; a very common example of French submission to particular authorities. In fine, a husband who was willing to ransom his wife by giving up his kingdom, was beyond comparison, more insupportable in *Pertharite*, than prostitution had been in Theodore. The good husband dared not show himself in public more than twice. This fall of the great Corneille may be considered one of the most remarkable examples of worldly vicissitudes. Belisarius begging alms, is not more astonishing.

He became disgusted with the theatre, and announced his renunciation of it, in a short preface to *Pertharite*, in which his mortification was very apparent. The reason which he alleged was the approach of old age; and this reason is but too good a one in every thing which concerns poetry and other works of imagination.

The kind of genius which depends on imagination, and that is what the world usually calls genius, resembles beauty, and exists only while youth

continues. It is true, that old age comes later to the mind, than to the body; but still it comes. The most dangerous qualities which it brings with it, are dryness and hardness; some geniuses are naturally more susceptible than others, and suffer more from the ravages of time; they are those which possess nobleness, grandeur, something proud and austere. This character of mind easily contracts something of hardness and dryness, with increasing years.

This is very nearly what happened to M. Corneille. When he grew old, he did not lose the inimitable nobleness of his genius; but there was mingled with it, a little hardness. He had already carried noble sentiments, as far as was consistent with nature; he began from time to time to carry them still farther. For example; in *Pertharite*, a queen consents to marry a tyrant whom she detests, provided he will kill her only son, and thus make himself as odious, as she desires him to be. It is easy to perceive that this sentiment, instead of being noble, is only harsh; and we cannot complain that it did not please the taste of the public.

After *Pertharite*, M. Corneille undertook the translation in verse, of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*. He was led to this by some Jesuit fathers, his friends,—by the sentiments of piety which he entertained all his life,—and, perhaps also, by the activity of his genius, which could not remain idle. This work had prodigious success, and indemnified him in every way for having quitted the stage. Yet, if I may venture to speak with a freedom, which perhaps I ought not to allow myself, I do not find in the translation of M. Corneille, the greatest charm in the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, I mean its simplicity and naïveté. It is lost in the pomp of versification which was natural to M. Corneille; and I believe that the very form of the verse was unsuited to his genius. This book, the most beautiful that ever came from the hand of man,—the Gospel is from a higher source—would not go straight to the heart, as it does, nor seize on it with so much power, if it had not an air of tenderness and nature, to which the very negligence of style very much contributes.

Six years elapsed, during which nothing appeared from the pen of M. Corneille, except the translation in verse. But at last, being led by the solicitations of M. Fouquet, who acted as superintendant of the finances, and perhaps still more, by his natural inclination, he resumed writing for the stage. M. F., the superintendant, to facilitate his return, and remove all excuses arising from the difficulty of finding subjects, proposed to him three. That which he took was *Œdipe*: M. Corneille, his brother, took *Cinna*, which was the second. I do not know what was the third.

The reconciliation between M. Corneille and the theatre was happy; *Œdipe* succeeded well.

The play called *Le Toison D'Or*, was afterwards

* *Polyeucte*. † Louis de Bourbon Prince de Condé.

written on the occasion of the King's marriage, and is the most beautiful piece with machinery that we have. Machinery, which commonly has no natural connection with the piece, becomes, by the art of the poet, necessary to this; the prologue especially will serve as a model for modern prologues which are intended to set forth, not the subject of the piece, but the occasion on which it was made.

Afterwards appeared Sertorius and Sophonisbe. In the first of these plays, the Roman grandeur breaks forth with all its pomp; and the idea which might have been formed of the conversation between two great men who had great interests to discuss, is even surpassed by the scene between Sertorius and Pompey. It seems that M. Corneille must have had some private memoirs concerning the Romans. The story of Sophonisbe had been already treated with much success by Mairet, and M. Corneille acknowledges his boldness in attempting it again.

If Mairet could have heard this confession, he would have been very vain, even of being outdone.

We must believe that Agesilaus came from M. Corneille, since it appears with his name, and there is a scene between Agesilaus and Lysander, which can scarcely belong to any other.

After Agesilaus, came Otho, a work in which Tacitus is used by the great Corneille, and in which, the powers of these two sublime geniuses are combined. In this, M. Corneille paints the corruption of the imperial court with the same pencil that he had used in delineating the virtues of the republic.

At this period, some plays of a very different character from his, appeared on the stage. They were full of tenderness and amiable sentiment. If they did not rise to a very high degree of excellence, they were very far from falling into striking faults. A dignity, not of the highest order,—much love,—a style very agreeable, and always elegant,—an infinite number of lively and natural traits,—a young author—all were circumstances that decided the women, whose judgment has so much authority in the French theatre. Indeed, they were charmed, and no longer looked on Corneille as any thing but the old Corneille. Some women, equal to men, are to be excepted.

The taste of the age was then turned entirely towards a sort of tenderness, less noble, the model of which was more easily found in most hearts. But M. Corneille proudly disdained to yield to this fancy. Perhaps it will be supposed that he was too old to write in this style. This suspicion would seem warranted, if we did not see what he has done in the *Psyché* of Molière; in which, sheltering himself under another's name, he has abandoned himself to an excess of tenderness with which he would have been unwilling to dishonor his own.

He could not more clearly have shown his de-

termination to brave the taste of the age, than by giving to it, Attila, a King worthy of the Huns. Throughout this piece, there breathes a noble ferocity which he alone could reach. The scene in which Attila deliberates, whether he ought to ally himself with the falling empire or with rising France, is one of his finest efforts.

Berenice was the result of a contest with the history of which every one is acquainted. A princess who possessed great sensibility to works of genius, and who could have made them fashionable in a barbarous country, found it necessary to use much address in bringing the combatants on the field of battle, without their being aware of her design. But, which gained the victory? The younger.

His only other plays are Pulcheria and Surena, both, beyond all comparison, better than Berenice,—both worthy the old age of a great man. The character of Pulcheria is one of those which he alone could delineate; and he has painted his own portrait in that of Martian, an old man in love with great power. The fifth act of this play is perfectly beautiful. In Surena, we see a fine picture of a man, whom, his too great merit and services render criminal in the eyes of his master, and, by this last effort, Corneille terminated his career.

The manner in which his plays succeeded each other, shows what may naturally be expected of a great man who continues to labor to the end of his days. His beginnings are weak and imperfect, but already worthy of admiration when compared with the productions of his age. Afterwards he reaches the highest point which his art is capable of attaining. At last, he declines; the light of his genius is gradually extinguished; and, he is like himself only at intervals.

After Surena, which was acted in 1675, M. Corneille finally renounced the theatre, and thought only of dying like a Christian. During the last year of his life, he was not in a condition to think much even on that subject. I have not considered it necessary to break the connection between his great works, to speak of others far less considerable, which he published from time to time. When young, he wrote some pieces of gallantry which have been found scattered in different collections. There are also in existence, some short pieces of one or two hundred lines, addressed to the King, designed either to congratulate him on his victories, to ask favors, or thank him for those already received. He has translated two quite long Latin pieces of Father De La Rue, and several short pieces of M. de Santeuil. He esteemed those poets very highly. He himself wrote Latin verses very well, and made some on the campaign in Flanders in 1667, which appeared so beautiful, that not only did several poets translate them into French, but the best Latin poets took the thoughts, and re-translated them into Latin.

He had translated the first scene of Pompey into verse in the style of the tragedian Seneca, for whom he had no aversion, any more than for Lucan. He must also have had no objection to Statius, who is very inferior to Lucan, as he translated into verse and published, the two first books of the Thebaid. They have escaped all the attempts which have been made for some time past to find copies of them.

M. Corneille was quite tall and large, had a simple and ordinary mien, and was careless of his appearance. He had a face that was very agreeable, a large nose, a handsome mouth, eyes of fire, a lively countenance, features strongly marked, and very suitable to be transmitted to posterity in a medal or bust. His pronunciation was not altogether distinct; he read his own verses forcibly, but not elegantly.

He was acquainted with history, politics and belles-lettres, but viewed them principally in those aspects in which they are connected with the theatre. He had neither leisure, nor curiosity, nor much regard for other kinds of knowledge. He conversed little, even on matters which he perfectly understood. He made no attempt at ornament in what he said, and to find the *great* Corneille, it was necessary to read him. He was of a melancholy temperament. He required more solid reasons for hope or joy, than for grief or fear. He had a temper apparently blunt, and even sometimes rude; yet it was pleasant to have intercourse with him; he was a good father, a good husband, a good relation, tender and affectionate. He was inclined to love, but never to libertinism, and rarely to violent attachments. He had a proud and independent soul, no pliancy, no artifice; it was this which qualified him to paint Roman virtue, and disqualified him for making his fortune. He did not like the court; and brought to it a countenance almost unknown, a great name which secured nothing but barren praise, and a sort of merit ungenial to that region.

Nothing equalled his incapacity for business except his aversion to it. The slightest engagement occasioned him alarm and terror. Although his talent brought him much, he never became rich. It was not that he had any objection to wealth; but its accumulation would have required a skill which he did not possess, and a care which he did not take.

The habit of receiving praise had not deadened his sensibility to it; but if he was sensible to glory, he was never betrayed into vanity: sometimes he had too little confidence in his own rare merit, and was too easily convinced that he might have rivals.

To much natural probity he united a high sense of religion, and more piety than intercourse with the world usually allows. He had often need to be reassured by the casuists in regard to his theatrical pieces, and they were always indulgent to him

in consequence of the purity that he had established on the stage,—the noble sentiments which breathe through his works,—and the virtue which he had introduced into the passion of love.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

When one has been maligned by an enemy—betrayed by a friend—jilted by a sweetheart—scorned by a son of Plutus—swindled by a rogue—laughed at by a fool—or afflicted by any one of the ten thousand troubles, which we meet with in this world, and applies to some supposed kind-hearted friend for consolation, it is a thousand chances to one, if that friend do not look like Solomon, and shrug his shoulders like a Frenchman, as he shakes his head and says, "It's the way of the world."

Now, we are simple enough to confess that we see only the smallest conceivable speck of comfort for a swindled pocket or a heart-ache, in the reflection, that our distress is occasioned by some one who follows "the ways of the world."

Our friend L., is of another way of thinking. He loaned some of the contents of his purse to a genteel-looking fellow a few days ago, who soon eloped without even thanking him for his money; L. cursed the swindler in pretty round terms for a minute, and concluded, rather more christian-like, by saying, "It's the way of the world, and there's no use in swearing any more about it."

This, we take it, is bad philosophy, although it has the effect of the best on L. If it be the way of the world to defraud one on every possible occasion, why, then, the world's way is a superlatively unpleasant one, and should be reformed altogether. A man goes into society, for the purpose of being amused, instructed, and treated kindly: if he is to be pilfered of his good name, or of his worldly possessions, the sooner he plays the part of Timon, and retires to his cave, the better. One loses enough of his treasures by his own folly, without forever being subjected to the depredating tendencies of his neighbors. It is quite enough to make one not only universally suspecting, but outrageously misanthropic, to be told on all sides that it is "the way of the world" to be prodigal of its abuses, and penurious in its blessings. If that be true, the sooner he puts a padlock on his lips, and ditto on his pockets, the better.

"It's the way of the world" to laugh at one who has the tooth-ache. Now, to have a miserable old dilapidated molar in one's upper jaw, jerking, throbbing, twitching, and playing every imaginable sort of unmelodious tune on his nerves, is about as much as human forbearance can sustain; but when, in addition thereto, one is grinned at, smiled at, laughed at, by every one, it is really too bad. If any man's patience will carry him successfully through such

an ordeal as this, he may thenceforth speak of Job's sufferings authoritatively, and fancy himself a blood descendant of Abednego, without the least presumption.

If it be "the way of the world" to laugh at the sufferings and misfortunes of individuals, then it must be confessed that the world's way is paved with flint, and bordered by thistles; in travelling along which, if one receive a pedal pang and jump aside, he is pretty sure to be reminded of the border by a most unceremonious perforation of his epidermis. Ought not one to be iron-shod, and encased in the most obdurate philosophic mail, to get along with any tolerable degree of comfort, as he travels this rugged way?

If one should complain of the ingratitude of this, that, or the other wretch, whom in his gentleness he has trusted, he is sure to be told that it is "the way of the world" so to requite favors bestowed on it. If you talk of pounding some of the rascals who have treated you with base ingratitude, you will probably see the eye of some well experienced friend twinkling in its sockets, while he tells you that, if you mean to pound every wretch who returns you ingratitude for kindness, you will have to resolve yourself into a pounding machine at once; and, like an old powder-mill, keep up a continuous pounding, until you explode with rage, or your machinery is worn out and refuses to pound ingratitude any longer.

Again: one meets with a most preëminent pair of the most radiant dark eyes in the world, and forthwith feels all the pangs and pleasures of the most unmitigable love. The dark eyes look kindly on him, and he begins to sonnetize them in the most irresistibly frantic doggerel ever indited by rapt bardling. He calls on Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and all the other bright stars in the heavens, for assistance. The sonnet is turned off, after infinite pains, redolent with roses of the most unfading carnation, bespangled with stars, tear-drops and moonbeams, of the most undecaying radiance,—and dedicated, with ineffable gallantry, to the most irresistible of mistresses. One fondly thinks the sonnet will infallibly finish what his own personal fascinations have begun, namely: the destruction of the goddess Celibacy. She seems to him, houri,—seraph,—sylph,—and angel by turns. And, oh! what resplendency of delight lingers around his thoughts of her by day, and witches his visions of her, through the stealthy watches of the night. Never did unshrived penitent in the olden time, approach the shrine of the Virgin Mother with a stronger consciousness of deserving her blessings, than our half-crazed lover approaches this being, in whom, he religiously believes, all the splendors of this world and all the divinity of a higher meet and mingle in happy union.

Well: he approaches his idol; pours forth torrents of wild eloquence; and is laughed at for his

pains. Feeling that he is an injured man, who has sustained as much ill usage as befel Prometheus in the olden time, and longing for sympathy in his affliction, he plaintively narrates the burden of his sorrows to his friends, who tell him, it is "the way of the world," and he might have expected it. What sort of a balm is it to be applied to his heart, to be told that it is the way in which cruel woman-kind requite the devotion which is offered to them? The tortured lover, in the frantic moments of his desperation, thinks there is but slender consolation for him, to be told that it is the way of the goddesses of this world to amuse themselves by breaking hearts. He very properly thinks it against all the rules of right, that hearts should be crushed and used in McAdamizing the road on which haughty woman travels to dominion. If this be "the way of the world," what wonder, if, when reflecting on the sighs, tears and sonnets he has so fruitlessly expended, he should exclaim with Martin in the play, "Well, sir, if this be the way of the world, why, then, d—n it."

Sometimes, one becomes excessively patriotic; and, fancying there is a very unequivocal bent in his genius towards politics, he enters that field, over which fatal siroccos forever blow and on which no green thing ever flourishes. He harangues the dear people, in season and out of season, on the subjects of their rights and the grievances which the government imposes on them. With a sacrifice of selfish interests worthy of an old Roman in the most renowned period of his Commonwealth, he offers himself a candidate for the most sweet voices of his neighbors. He is willing to forego all the delight of kissing his wife and caressing his children, in order to become the servant of the people. The fires of patriotism, previously lambent, suddenly rage through his members, like the wild fires which sweep over the prairies with such awful desolation of crickets, lizards and Indian grass. In court-houses, market-houses and street corners—by day and by night, he strives to reanimate the languid patriotism of his countrymen. He causes the credulous to believe that not only his own nation's welfare, but the permanence of the world and the stability of the solar system depend upon his election.

At length, the momentous day, on which is to be determined the fate of his country, arrives. He is defeated. He tears his hair—wings his hands—and sheds Niagaras of tears,—not for himself; but for his wretched country. He seeks his kind friends, and lays bare a bosom distracted by a thousand griefs and misgivings.

Here is a case, wherein one would suppose that the heartiest sympathy would be eloquently expressed. But instead of that, some sagacious supporter shakes his longitudinal head, and sighs as he says, "'tis the way of the world, sir, to prefer empty-headed fools like your opponent, to men of

sense like your honored self." What sort of a way is this to treat redoubtable patriots, burning with desire to serve a distracted country and an unwilling constituency? The defeated patriot burns and flares like a fiery comet awhile, until his heat gradually diminishes, and he takes his appointed place as one of the uncounted specks which make up the Milky-Way.

Again: a poor devil is smitten with a love of poetry and fame; and he woos the unwilling muse with the most unrelaxing firmness. He lays all the beauties, glories and sublimities of heaven and earth under contribution, which he uses up in his songs as the cunning weaver of Brussels carpets uses the colors before him. His labors are Herculean; and, in fancy, he reads his name in characters of lightning, all over the walls of "Fame's proud temple." The corners of hebdomadals of all sorts and sizes, are rendered luminous by the rays of his resplendent genius. As he reads his own melodious odes in the sundry journals which have the honor of communicating them to an expecting world, he feels a most holy fervor stealing over his frame; and he feels the laurel budding on his inspired brow. For years, he labors most assiduously; and, at length, thinking the world is impatient from long waiting and watching for the advent of a poetical Messiah, he gathers the fugitive productions of his Muse from the four quarters of the globe, and publishes the whole in a neat volume; and thereby, is created, as he thinks, an era in the poetical history of his country.

On the day of publication, he takes his stand within eye-shot of the publisher's counter, for the purpose of speculating on the countless crowds, who, he doubts not, will hasten on swift wings to possess themselves of so much that is glorious in fancy and divine in genius. The sun crosses the meridian, but the crowds come not. The sun wheels and blazes down the Western heaven, but the crowds come not. The stars are sparkling on night's robes, and he walks forth, to wonder what in the deuce is the reason, the entire edition of his marvellous works is, as yet, unpolluted by the touch of all classes—both patrician and plebeian.

Months roll on; and his transcendent volumes are bored to death by greedy and unappreciating worms on booksellers' shelves, or are pasted to death on the appendages of travellers. He too is told, that it is "the way of the world" to neglect its men of genius; but the story, however true in its application to himself, hath but slight balsamic influence over his wounded feelings. If such be the way in which the world treats those who would be its most sovereign benefactors, well may our unappreciated bard henceforth brush the visions aside which throng his teeming brow, and give it what Mr. Puff calls the "cut direct."

Many more instances might be added; but enough have already been adduced to prove to the satis-

faction of every unslumbering reader, that "the way of the world" is a most particularly bad way, and herewith we get out of it.

Louisville, Ky.

T. H. S.

Shreave?

THE SPIRIT-WARNING.

"You must know that in those old days, people were said to hear their own name pronounced before they died, by the voice of the dearest friend who had gone before them to the world of spirits."—*Irish Legend.*

'Twas the heart, methinks, gave birth
To that odd notion;—'tis enroll'd
In an Irish Legend, wild and old,
Of the earlier days of earth;—
But heart to heart doth answer true
In the old world or in the new;
Though earth were in its dewy prime,
Or mark'd, as now, by hoary time.
The same its yearnings and its dread
Towards the unforgotten dead;
Its deep, sweet sense that still a tie
Links those who live and those who die,
And souls, though sever'd from their clay,
Have fellowship with us who stay.
The same its cares—its strife for bliss
In a being that shall follow this,—
Its hopes for sympathies above,
Purer—but still *like* earthly love.

Like pearls of priceless worth,
These yearnings, hopes, this strife for bliss,
In a being that shall follow this,

Are given to all on earth—
Deep buried in the holy cell
Of the human heart, and, auguring, tell
Of a spirit-life when flesh shall fail;—
The flesh?—'tis but a gauzy veil,
And light breaks through with slight control
Like Heav'n's pure day-spring upon the soul.
Yet man hath ever felt

That 'twas an evil thing to die!
To leave a beaming love-lit eye
'Neath which he long hath dwelt,
And coldly from the bosom part
That hath been the true home of his heart,
And leave the warm sun and the day
To fellow with the dark, cold clay.

Was it not the heart gave birth
To that wild, beautiful conceit?
To soothe the shuddering soul, so meet,
When severing from its earth;
And parting from the love-lit eye,
And learning all it means to *die*?
Oh what a world—a heaven of bliss
It were to hear in hour like this
A voice, known, heard, and loved before
Call from the misty spirit-shore!
And how our souls would fly away
From their storm-beat, tatter'd tents of clay!

How oft the waking heart
Doth hear a voice in the silent night
Call to it from the world of light

To share its better part;—
Some sainted soul,—the loved, the lost!
Oh! they call to us, the sorrow-tost,
From their blissful and their halcyon rest
To come away and with them be blest.

*Yet wait we still!—There is one, more dear,
Must call, and then our souls shall hear;—
That only voice whose gentle breath
Can calm, soothe, sweeten, even Death.*

Maine.

ELIZA.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY,

SKETCHES OF INDIANS, AND LIFE BEYOND THE BORDER

By a Captain of U. States Dragoons.

CHAPTER XXI.

A year before—in 1831—there had been a military expedition to the Upper Mississippi, to remove forcibly the Sacs and Foxes from their old country in Illinois (their birth-right which they had sold for a mess of pottage): and now again, as if irresistibly and fatally attracted to the homes of their youth and the graves of their fathers, they had revisited, but peaceably, the forbidden land East of the Mississippi. The militia (that *prosopopœia* of weakness, waste, and confusion) had been called out; about 300, well mounted, had left an encampment on Rock river—it is said in a kind of frolic—under a Colonel Stillman: they came upon a few quiet and inoffensive Indians, and murdered several of them in cold blood; they afterward came in contact with a large body which they attacked; they were repulsed, and retreated at speed in utter confusion; sixteen Indians pursued them many miles and speared eleven of their number; the rest, throwing away their saddlebags and flying before this force, did not draw rein for about forty miles: they reported that they had had a bloody battle with 1500 warriors! After bringing on the war in this style, the militia under Brigadier Whiteside retired to their homes.

To Brigadier General Atkinson of the army had then been assigned the conduct of the war, and the organization of an army of volunteers to coöperate with his regulars; he had established his headquarters and rendezvous near the head of navigation of the Illinois river; and had sent an order for two of the four companies at Fort Leavenworth to join him there, with a view to their junction with six other companies of the same regiment then in camp on Rock river.

The two named companies of our battalion were ordered to embark as soon as possible. Believing that the time had come when gunpowder would be burned, I offered my services as a volunteer; and they were accepted.

We departed within twenty-four hours after the arrival of the steamboat, and in forty-nine more, were in St. Louis, taking on board arms and provisions: the next day we departed for the Illinois, and, in two more, disembarked at Gen. A.'s encampment at the rapids.

It is these rapid and exciting changes, with their uncertainties and hopeful anticipations, and these sudden and unexpected meetings with old friends and companions, under novel and enlivening circumstances, that lend a seductive attraction to the service, even in a time of peace: and, faithful to that happy law of our natures which causes us to forget pain, and to remember and dwell on the bright points of the past, we doubtless owe the cause of those regrets and repinings which are said generally to haunt the minds of officers who resign their commissions for other pursuits.

However eligible and pleasant had been my situation at Fort Leavenworth, a seclusion of two and a half years had produced a longing for the *unseen*,—a desire for change; and what had not five days brought forth! A visit to a city,—the rapid motion of 900 miles,—and, contrasted with our former quiet, the bustle of a camp of several thousands of men on the eve of a campaign;—and above all the unexpected meeting under these exciting circumstances, with many very dear and long absent friends! Those five days,—and above all that last evening of my arrival, were worth years of humdrum existence:—over the long interval of years; over the chaos of events, it comes back warm and bright with a pleasure which causes me to linger as I write!

Next morning, I was in the midst of the multitude of citizen volunteers, who were as active as a swarming hive; catching horses, electioneering, drawing rations, asking questions, shooting at marks, electing officers, mustering in, issuing orders, disobeying orders, galloping about, “cussing and discussing” the war, and the rumors thereof. Here was a fine harvest for the humorous;—and one might have passed the day in giving quizzical answers to absurd questions;—there was no immunity; the General in his tent could not escape the intrusion of these raw fellows, who had no more idea of the first principles of military respect and subordination than they had of Frederick's campaigns. “Are you Colonel of the artillery?” asked one of them of Lieutenant A., who was acting ordnance officer. “No, I'm commander of it.” “Beg your pardon, *General*.”

There was an unfortunate circumstance attending the organization and services of the Illinois militia;—important elections were pending; all candidates of course took the field, and unfortunately were candidates *there*; and in the execution of their duties, the enforcing of disagreeable regulations and constraints, were the subjects of this mistaken extrinsic influence. The strict and impartial performance of *duty*, is the basis of all military popularity.

A remarkable exception to the general censure was the brave and indefatigable Colonel E., who stern, exacting, and even harsh when it was necessary to be so, was a model of energy and en-

duration:—happily I can add, that he soon after received the highest of those civic honors, which so many aspired to: he was elected a senator in Congress.

My services as a volunteer were in the market; and I was offered the appointment of aid-de-camp to one of the three militia brigadiers, with the somewhat tempting rank of major; I did not fancy the connexion: but I lent my unavailing assistance to one of his staff, who spent several days in abortive attempts to produce a morning report: he was then furloughed for the duration of the campaign, (and doubtless has been well paid for his *ardent* services.)

The organization of the volunteers was painfully slow, notwithstanding daily information of Indian ravages. But at last, on the 19th of June, our brigade was reported ready for service: it was very complete—on paper,—for they even had paymasters and their mates;—it being well understood that they would never handle any but their own pay. The same day this brigade and our two companies of infantry, marched with a provision train for Dixon's ferry on Rock river: we were commanded by the gallant old General Brady; who had come as a volunteer, and was soon after assigned to the command of a division. We passed over a fine country of woods and prairie interspersed; but the soil was rich and soft; and our progress with heavy laden wagons was tedious.

The volunteers on this short march gave us a fine specimen of what was to be expected of their services. They had been ordered to take on their horses some twelve or fifteen days' rations; on the second morning's march they raised the cry of "Indians! Indians!" when several hundreds without orders, or the least order, galloped out of the column, and scattered at full speed over the prairies;—on joining again several miles beyond, it appeared that they had all thrown away the encumbrance of provisions: it was said to have been a manœuvre for that object. We arrived at Dixon's June 23d. Here we found entrenched on the North side of the river, six companies of the 6th, four of the 1st, and two of the 5th infantry: the volunteers encamped on the South side, and we joined our regiment: I then received a staff appointment.

Here was another delightful meeting with my own regiment, and old 1st infantry companions at Jefferson Barracks; though delay was irksome, it was to me a delightful camp.

Rock river, here about 100 yards wide and not fordable, is a beautiful stream: its glassy waters glide over white sand and pebbles; its rich and verdant banks present every variety of natural beauty; savannas, slopes, gentle hill, and rocky bluff, prairie and grove, presented a varied picture beyond all imitation or improvement of art.

It was not strange that such a country, bound to

the very heartstrings of the Indian by all native associations, and all the pleasures of his free, sporting, and untrammelled life, should possess for him fatal attractions; fatal, when the dollar and cent interests of the unsympathizing whites demand the letter of the hard-driven, if not fraudulent, bargain.

This was the point of final arrangements for the campaign: five days after us, arrived Alexander's 2d brigade, which encamped with the 1st on the opposite side of the river; the next day Gen. A. with his staff, and Henry's 3d brigade also, arrived.

The night after this junction, about nine o'clock, a heavy and continuous discharge of fire-arms took place in the militia camp; and soon after its commencement the horses broke loose, and more than a thousand of them ran scampering over the prairie hills. The roar of the fire-arms, and the flashes of flame which they gave out in the darkness, and which lighted up the river between us—the noisy rush of the horses over the hills—and the other adjuncts to the scene, which any one may well imagine, made us believe, as we hurried together, that the devil was certainly let loose amongst our militia friends. The firing was redoubled and became the regular discharges of battalions; the General, astonished and uneasy, despatched a company of regulars in a Mackinaw boat to ascertain the cause: the officers on reaching the camp, witnessed a singular scene; a whole brigade was regularly paraded and firing in the air as regularly as they knew how, while their General, mounted on a tall stump, was endeavoring to argue them out of it; but their perseverance was not more extraordinary than their commencement; and neither was ever explained: their General finally damned them to all posterity, and resigned his commission in violent disgust. The firing came to an end, as all things must.

The next day was spent in hunting horses; many of which were injured by rushing in the darkness against Dixon's fence. The Brigadier was induced to resume the exercise of his commission.

About this time Galena was the scene of some extravagant proceedings; it was much exposed, and might with little difficulty have been captured and destroyed by the Indians, had they possessed a little more enterprise and daring; the inhabitants present were in a state of complete panic, and the most unbridled disorder; martial-law was declared by the notorious Stillman, or one of the companions of his hegira: but it may be presumed that the martial-law entered as little as the civil into their crude conceptions of order. They owed their safety to the timid inaction of their enemy.

Brigadier General Henry having marched North to form a junction with Col. Dodge, who had raised a mounted battalion of the miners, the 1st and part of the 2d division of the army decamped

before the end of June, and ascended the left bank of Rock river. A day or two after we passed the ground of Stillman's defeat and race, we saw parts of the scattered garments of the slain; in front of the creek on which the Indians had been posted, the ground was boggy; a circumstance peculiarly unfavorable to the action of horsemen; but militia, or Western and Southern militia, though they never become cavalry, will never turn out, it would seem, otherwise than mounted. The horse is an encumbrance in warfare, unless his rider is ready and skilful in the use of the sabre.

The army marched Northward about a week over a fine prairie country intersected by many bold streams, skirted with woods; crossing many well-worn old Indian trails, and passing the ruins of several ancient villages; seeking, I suppose, the fastnesses of the enemy, without any very definite information of his actual situation; although the mounted men were scattered far and wide by the General, in efforts to make discoveries.

At one time, indeed, some of the staff seemed to believe that they knew the exact position of the enemy; and on the information of certain guides, actually sketched a map of his strong hold, intrenched among swamps and morasses; the approach through which marvellously resembled the schoolboy puzzle of the walls of Troy.

About the 9th of July, at the noonday halt, the General called an informal council of war; having received information that Black Hawk and his warriors were strongly posted some eight or nine miles in our front; he proposed, we understood, this question: whether the army should then advance in the expectation of arriving much fatigued before the enemy, and near night-fall; or, encamp, and advance to the attack very early next morning!

The army advanced; and performed a march of near ten miles, without passing water on the prairies; the sun was fast sinking, when we approached an extensive wood: and so soon as the advance had struck it, we heard and saw an irregular discharge of fire-arms; our bait-horses were immediately picketed in a body, and left under a guard; and the infantry hastened to advance in column; while we all were in the very pleasant belief that we were marching into a decisive combat: never were troops in better spirits, when it is considered that a minute before many seemed exhausted by fatigue and thirst;—on entering the woods under these circumstances, it became known that the fire had proceeded from a body of irregulars,—chiefly Indians; in front of whom a deer had run a kind of gauntlet. Every circumstance had conspired to assure us of an approaching action; and slowly and unwillingly were all convinced of the truth; so that in the dispositions for the night-camp—which was established very soon after, near a pond—some, in the blind obedience which discipline exacts of the most eager, only recognized the preparations for

battle; and when I assigned to a company commander of the 6th, his camp-ground, he inquired of me the position of the enemy!

We were afterwards strongly confirmed in a belief then held, that the Sacs and Foxes were that night encamped within two or three miles of us: in fact two of us on this occasion offered our services to the General, to proceed on foot and endeavor to discover his position: but it was not approved of.

In this camp one of the militia sentinels was so nervously vigilant as to shoot a friend. This is not a very uncommon occurrence among them; and they are supposed by some ill-natured persons to be generally more dangerous to their friends than their enemies.

Being near the enemy, and in the vicinity of his favorite retreats, the infantry next day moved to a better position, which was near at hand, and the volunteers were detached in force in different directions to seek him: but they met with no success.

The day after, the army marched by Lake Koshkonong, and took up a strong position beyond on the bank of Clear-water creek, not far from its junction with Rock river. Opposite was a very extensive and almost impenetrable tamarisk swamp: nevertheless a substantial bridge was commenced next morning; and evidently under the observation of the Indians, for two of our men were wounded.

Riding that day alone in a wood, a little distance in advance of a column, my discipline was sorely tried; a noble buck approached me and stood several moments within pistol shot; my hand almost before I knew it, had grasped a holster pistol; but I resisted the temptation, only to hear, immediately after, some of the irregulars popping away at him as he ran past.

One day was spent in camp on Clear creek; but the bridge was not quite finished, when the next morning the march was resumed; our course was up the Clear-water, as near as swamps, bogs, and some very difficult miry branches would permit. When these occur in a low prairie they require much labor to render them passable: if not bridged, the banks are dug, and much brush and long grass deposited; over these trembling causeways, each horse seems to consider his passage an adventure; and many a rider too; their awkward mishaps repay in amusement the pioneers for their extra work; the streams are very deep, with abrupt quicksand banks, covered to the verge with sod. One of them I attempted to leap; but mistook for my point of departure, a tuft of grass for a substantial sod, and of course tumbled headlong in. I then, wet as I was, committed a double imprudence; first, in riding at a very slow pace—which was no exercise at all; and then, on getting into my tent, changing all my clothes; the consequence was a very violent cold;—almost the only one I ever took in camp.

I observed to-day a fair specimen of the great advantages which the front holds over the rear of a column of march; we passed some remarkable springs;—little grassy mounds in a savanna; the first comers drank of crystal and very cold water bubbling over the rim of something very like an immense emerald bowl; but before the last arrived, they had become mere mud holes.

The whole march of some twelve miles, was in view of the tamarisk swamp. Our camp was pitched on a slight elevation near the Clear-water. A council of general officers was called, and it was decided not to cross and penetrate the swamp at this point; nor to move further in this direction.

Accordingly on the following day, a counter-march was made; and the army retracing its steps, passed beyond the mouth of Clear-water, and encamped on the shore of Lake Koshkonong; which is an enlargement of Rock river.

The provisions of the army were very nearly exhausted, and the consequence was a temporary suspension of operations, until a further supply could be drawn from the nearest dépôt; this was Fort Winnebago, distant about sixty miles. The division of mounted volunteers was ordered to march thither and draw fifteen days' rations, which they were to transport on their horses: whilst a convoy was to be despatched to our camp.

A slight breastwork was thrown up round this camp; and the troops were also employed in building two block-houses, and a connecting picket-work to serve for a dépôt.

I do not attempt to give more than a mere sketch of the actual operations of this campaign: for, not having been in the General's staff, I was not "in the secrets of the cabinet." I did not harass myself in seeking, by cross questions, scraps of intelligence; or, in eternally discussing and criticising operations founded on intelligence and exigencies, of which the critics were generally in profound ignorance; or, in volunteering advice to any of supposed influence, who would listen, as some one or a few officers did, and seemed to suffer as much uneasiness, as if they had borne a load of responsibility equal to that with which many adverse circumstances seemed to overload our commanding General.

It was, however, impossible to mistake the causes of this delay, when a prudent General and an able staff were evidently blameless. It was generally reported, and not contradicted, that the volunteers had been improvident and wasteful to the degree of leaving in certain camps rations that had been issued, by the barrel, in unbroken bulk! And again, the militia convoys were incredibly timid and unmanageable; provision trains could not be got on; one was abandoned by guard and drivers, within two or three miles of our position here, in consequence of their having imagined that they had seen an Indian or two: thus were

good plans thwarted in despite of the great exertions of the quarter-master department; which was indebted to the militia for an active and energetic head.

Whilst the infantry lay here under these circumstances, I well remember reading in a National Intelligencer—which some express-man had brought to camp—a speech made by a Western senator, who branded the regular army as the "sweepings of cities," &c. &c., and extolled the frontier men—militia—rangers—(our friends, the volunteers,) as infinitely superior; men who would be "here to-night, and to-morrow fifty miles off;" who would "subsist themselves," &c. Verily your politician excels in humbug!

CHAPTER XXII.

After a delay of four or five days in camp on Lake Koshkonong,—waiting as before stated for a supply of provisions,—and for the mounted volunteers to supply themselves at Fort Winnebago,—a provision train arrived under the conduct of the indefatigable quarter-master-general March, and we were joined by one brigade of the militia. Next morning the Army decamped, and marched once more—in a heavy rain—over the same ground of its former march and countermarch. At night we had not advanced so far as on the first occasion, and we were forced to encamp on a piece of ground of slight elevation—a sort of island—amid the creeks and their swampy and overflowed bottoms. We were soaked to the skin;—the rain still fell,—and fuel was scarce: I was in a small tent with the commanding officer, in rear of one of the regiments composing one front of the encampment; it was late and very dark; I had fallen asleep on my blanket. Perhaps soon after, I was aroused by a rushing, rumbling sound, as of an earthquake,—and quite as quickly as the consciousness of the dangerous cause, found myself standing astride our little fire, with sword and cocked pistol in hand; and saw,—hemming us in on all sides,—the glaring eyeballs and arched necks of hundreds of horses, wild and trembling with excitement, and crouched almost in act of dashing over us; I stood at desperate bay, with finger on trigger: it was indeed a moment of great peril,—but it was passed in safety; and the horses became instantly calmer as they heard the voices of their masters; many of whom came boldly among them. They had been picketed in the other end of an enclosed parallelogram;—Indian yells had been heard, when they took fright, and rushed in the direction of our regiment, which, at the first alarm, had formed their line,—and as they came thundering on, had faced inward among their fires, which, glittering on their arms, had served to arrest their course, which had not acquired its full momentum; they were thus thrown round our tent, which, mistaking it for a

more solid barrier, they had managed to avoid in their first career, and we were saved. It was the custom in like cases to spring to a wagon or tree; but neither was near us on this night:—but an officer told me that he had sprung up one of the latter just in time to save himself, as the horses rushed under him and against his legs as they hung down.

Next morning many horses were missing, and others injured. In the course of the night, an express, which had pushed through under its cover, from the depôt at Koshkonong, brought to the General important information; and a second counter-march was ordered at day-dawn. The General had been informed that in returning from Fort Winnebago, Brigadier Henry, in command of his brigade, and Dodge's mounted battalion, had discovered the fresh trail of the whole body of the Sacs and Foxes moving Northward, and had marched in pursuit.

This day we passed Fort Koshkonong, in a cold and beating rain, and forded Rock river below the lake,—it was nearly swimming,—and half dead with cold and fatigue, encamped on the right bank.

This encamping after a weary march,—particularly in a rain, or when it is late,—is the most trying part of a soldier's life; the day's labors would seem but then commenced; every earthly comfort has to be worked for, as much as if they had never been obtained before; and one's labors are retarded, and depend upon the will and motions of others:—details are to be furnished; guards mounted; camps laid out; baggage unloaded,—and how often is it to be waited for!—delaying every thing; tents are to be pitched; wood to be cut; water to be brought, frequently from a great distance; rations to be distributed, then cooked; arms to be cleaned; inspections made;—but above all,—with cavalry,—forage to be procured, issued, and fed; and horses to be groomed, and watered often in almost inaccessible places.

After urging my poor horse over all kinds of obstacles—assigning their ground to the companies—communicating orders to their commanders, and *hearing* the snarls of an occasional grumbler—I had still before me the duties of the regimental and grand guard parades. What wealth is there in a cheerful spirit! A good soldier never grumbles (if he can help it);—when his rights or comforts are invaded, he pursues the most quiet, firm, and effectual mode of redress.

Next forenoon we met expresses, who bore the news of an action on the banks of the Wisconsin, where the enemy was overtaken, and said to have been roughly handled; a gallant fight it was represented to have been. That evening we formed a junction with the brigade and battalion of spies, at the Blue Mounds; whither they had *retired*, after their glorious victory, to meet us. It would be

difficult to give a full idea of the proud, but modest complacency with which they all agreed—for they *must* tell the truth—in extolling the intrepidity and coolness exhibited in the battle; how they had, for example, cried out in the midst of it, “come forward, boys, and draw your ponies;” by which they had playfully expressed their intention of appropriating to themselves those little animals; (which the Indians found so useful that we could not learn they had been persuaded actually to part with any of them.) “Wisconsin Heights” fairly promised to prove a watchword, before which “Tippecanoe,” &c. might hang its head;—“pity it was, we had not been there; but they could not help it,—how could they, if the Sacs *would* allow themselves to be used up!”

After all their boasting, the simple fact was, that Black Hawk, although encumbered with the women, children, and baggage of his whole band, covering himself by a small party, had accomplished that most difficult of military operations,—to wit, the passage of a river,—in the presence of three regiments of American militia! And they were now gone—the *victors* could not tell us whither.

The next day the whole army marched to resume the pursuit and cross the Wisconsin; it encamped at night at Helena, on the left bank of the river. Here a delay of a day or two occurred; arising from the extreme difficulties encountered by the commissariat of so large a force in an uncultivated country; and one very deficient in the means of transportation; and the only calculations that could be made as to the next operations were, that they would be in an almost impassable wilderness!

Between Rock and Wisconsin rivers we marched amid the most beautiful scenery I had ever beheld; a varying succession of prairie and forest; of hill, vale, and mound, so various in form, and abrupt, yet smooth and green, that it might be imagined the sudden petrification of an ocean storm. Again, the soft face of gentle slopes; with groves and trees in the semblance of parks and orchards; and little prairie fields, presented the picturesque and peaceful appearance of a highly cultivated district, whence the dwellings of man alone had unaccountably disappeared.

On a nearer approach to the Wisconsin river there was more wilderness and sublimity; we marched along lofty and narrow ridges, and beheld every where broken and jagged peaks—dark and profound abysses, (bearing evident traces of volcanic action)—vast rocks disjointed and scattered;—all seemingly in the confusion of some great catastrophe. But amid this sterile grandeur, we caught glimpses of green and sunny landscape, which seemed warmed and brightened by the effects of contrast. Descending as we approached the river, we followed a remarkable prairie valley, straight,

level, with steep green sides, or banks, presenting an extraordinary uniformity for five or six miles. Again, very near the river, we saw many isolated sugar-loaf hills towering several hundred feet in the air; covered with grass; dotted with pines; and showing in places their rocky structure. Their summits commanded noble views; the bright and swift river winding among rugged mountains; and beyond far away, its wide savannas, and noble forests; which, in this wild and scarce explored region, filled our minds with the exciting ideas of the discovery of a new country; and which, in its summer dress, seemed to greet our approach with smiles.

Such is the scenery of the valley of the Wisconsin, from which it was our ungracious errand to drive the original possessors; who, like spectres haunting the scenes of their nativity and warm attachment, were destined to atone in blood for their only fault or misfortune, that they loved not wisely, but too well.

A post was established at Helena; and the army crossed the river July 28th, and marched in a northern direction, in the expectation, doubtless, of soon falling upon traces of the retreating enemy. If so, they were soon realized; for we were still in the low grounds of the river, when being with the van, I witnessed the discovery of the trail; which led to a singular and amusing little scene;—suddenly I saw Col. D.,—who was riding in advance with the General,—draw his sword and spur forward with great animation, riding hither and thither—gazing on the ground, and uttering unintelligible exclamations;—the General, though evidently quite ignorant of the inspiring cause of this eccentric proceeding, in a kind of blind sympathy, galloped after the Colonel, following him quite closely in his course, which became a series of circles, narrowing down to a point, where, sure enough, was the plain fresh trail of the whole tribe. Imagine a pointer circling in search of the hole of a ground-squirrel, with a young one following, nose to tail, in an attempt at imitation, and then imagine them metamorphosed into horses, and on their backs,—of one, a portly and grave Colonel sword in hand—and of the other, a dignified and still more portly General!

The column here turned to the left, following the new course, which led down the prairie bottom of the river.

We had now a good laugh on one of the General's staff, (a fine fellow and a great favorite he was!) who, absorbed in geological researches, or in search of the picturesque, had ridden far in advance, and continuing the course which we had first taken, passed without knowing it, so large a trail (which we were seeking); and was then to be seen a mile or two off, on the summit of one of the singular conical hills of this country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Now followed a forced march over a country, which, although we had but little anticipation of it, we found to present almost insuperable difficulties to the passage of an army; a march which was perhaps as trying to the perseverance and endurance of the troops, as some we read of as remarkable in the French and revolutionary wars: though doubtless surpassed in these respects by some performed by that "Hannibal of the West," Gen. George Rogers Clarke. It was through a district said to have been unexplored by whites; and certainly remarkable for a combination or juxta position of the primitive, alluvial, diluvial and other formations, almost unheard of, in geology. It lies between the Wisconsin, Pine and Kickapoo rivers; and was said to have been entered by Black Hawk in the belief that the army could not follow him; if so, he paid dearly for his mistake.

All but provisions and baggage of the first necessity, being left with every wheeled carriage, and taking as it were, a temporary farewell of the sun and his cheerful light, we forced our way into the bramble and thicket of this gloomy forest. We followed the narrow trails made by the Indians through undergrowth which could only be passed by patient and painful effort. The first day we forded Pine river, all but swimming for horses and in the face of such other obstacles, that an ambush must have led to great disaster. Afterwards for several days we toiled over a seemingly endless succession of lofty hills so precipitous, that it was frequently necessary to use the hands to assist the feet. After ascending such a hill, perhaps 300 feet in height, we would find ourselves on the verge of an equally abrupt descent; then a valley from a quarter to a half mile wide, to the foot of the next hill; but in the valley we invariably found a bog, and a miry creek; half the army as pioneers would then, with axe, hatchet and spade, labor at causeway and bridge; over which horses and mules struggled, making desperate but not always effectual efforts to extricate themselves.

At night our encampments, or places of rest, were on all manner of ground, and in every shape: fortunate the individual who found—if any did—a spot not too steep or rugged to lie on with comfort;—and the nights were very cold, though mid-summer: once there was a frost.

I have not mentioned the flankers;—so necessary when the column was lengthened out, as if in a 40 mile defile;—their obstacles, which the instinct of the Indian avoided in making their trail. I will not enlarge upon.

What a situation—to which there seemed no end—for an army! How differently considered by the General and the subordinates who could laugh at personal difficulties and dangers; and who, if life even were endangered, were involved

in no harassing responsibility, threatening reputation and honor!

How unenviable is rank and power thus (in our Indian wars) continually struggling against obstacles and the oppressive sense of responsibility! The exalted consciousness of well-used power, warming and ennobling the mind, is denied him; or is overpowered and depressed by a struggle against disheartening difficulties, which he *knows* his government and his fellow-citizens will not, and cannot appreciate. Even the pomp and circumstance of arms,—flattering to the lesser feelings,—are denied him. To this picture there is no brighter side. Fame, glory are not accorded to the conqueror of Indians! How *substantial* then, should be the government rewards of so much labor and suffering, in the cause solely and exclusively of the country! A leader of an army into a *fair field* of battle with a civilized foe, exalted by the hope of glory—which, like a bright spirit of the air, seems to beckon on!—by a happy effort, or a happier accident, occurring amid the confusion of battle, and beneath the smoke, (which, oh! how often, obscures and veils forever the deciding stroke of some inferior,) achieves a victory, and becomes famous.

But Black Hawk and his band: Unhappy tribe! Flying from their foes, did the warriors witness with stoic apathy their wives and little ones famished, exhausted, diseased, and left to die on the road-side! Every earthly tie severed—all humanizing feelings, attachments, sympathies, outraged, embittered, destroyed;—every hope and passion merged in revenge;—why did not a desire to end a wretched existence in a glorious death, halt the red warrior on the hill-top? Appealing to the avenging spirit of his tribe, why did he not on his *NATIVE* hill-tops, make the acceptable offerings to liberty, of blood, and of life?

Is this wretched love of the most wretched existence implanted in the human heart, an evidence of Unchangeable Omnipotent Will? Not so:—for the more elevated by faith, patriotism, love of glory, and the many ennobling sentiments of our most tutored and exalted state, then the less does this selfish influence control us.

But my subject;—do these fancies and fine words belong to that? Alas, I know not:—when the memory of that unhappy flight was recalled;—when I saw again all the evidences of suffering and starvation;—the corpses, not of warrior only, but of poor woman,—lying as they fell by the trodden path,—how could I confine my thoughts, or their expression, to unmoved description?

Why did not the Indian chief leave a chosen body in these fastnesses, where natural obstacles could well nigh defeat the progress of an army? That he had scouts that marked our progress, can scarcely be doubted; but why he did not avail himself of their information that we had, or act upon

the strong probability that we would venture, among these morasses, dense thickets, and precipitous defiles, and oppose to us some small force, seems inexplicable:—at the Wisconsin he had covered well his passage; and when we overtook him on the Mississippi, we were met by a small body of keen warriors, who accomplished much with a similar object. Here a small force could have retarded pursuit at every step; could have compelled us to condense our march, and continually make formations on ground almost impracticable for any manner of military manœuvre, and where the horses of the volunteers would have proved a very great embarrassment; endless converts must have kept us in constant ignorance or uneasiness, as to the amount of his force; an ambuscade might have been formed every mile. It may have been that he had calculated, with supposed certainty, our inability to overtake him East of the Mississippi; a want of provisions may have been an obstacle; may have rendered it impracticable to leave a large force;—though he certainly had many horses (some of which were eaten); and a dozen good men could have effected the purpose.

An ill-judged confidence of security is the stumbling block of warfare. But there was certainly a great deficiency of natural abilities for war continually manifested by the Sacs. There has been many an Indian warrior—unless they have been greatly overrated in our histories—who could, with their means and opportunities in this campaign, have made us pay dearly for every success. (Though doubtless had regulars been opposed to them at the passage of the Wisconsin, a fatal blow would have been struck.) A Philip, a Guristersigo, a Tecumseh, a Kiokuck or an I-e-tan, would have destroyed Galena;—would have taken Fort Winnebago;—would, on many occasions, have run off and captured all the horses of the volunteers;—would have taken or destroyed provision trains guarded by these gallant knights of the *whip*;—and finally, would have brought to this pass a force sufficient to have fully covered a retreat of their families and all their baggage far beyond the Mississippi river, if not to have inflicted a severe check to our arms. Very incapable would I have pronounced that captain of our army, who with a hundred men could not have repeatedly thrown our army into great confusion, and have disputed for weeks the passage of these fifty miles.

It was stated that the General for the four days, during which we contended against these dangerous obstacles, with the whole Sac force but a few miles in our front; was in a state of great anxiety and apprehension for the result: and was any thing but desirous of an opportunity of striking them on this ground.

We emerged on the 31st from these gloomy forests into the gladsome light of the sun, in an open pine grove, on the bank of a fine little river,

which we scarcely knew then to be the Kickapoo. No great change of circumstances ever had a pleasanter effect upon the spirits of an army; vast, high prairies were before us; the sun shone brightly, and gleamed from the crystal waves of the pretty river; the refreshing prairie breeze whistled merrily through the leaves of the pines; there were indications in the enemy's deserted camps, that we were close upon him; and probabilities favored the belief that we would engage him on the prairies; and in a fair field and open daylight, settle with him the long account.

And here it must be confessed, that all were in profound ignorance of our whereabouts; as individuals, we were certainly all "lost;" and perhaps none knew the distance or direction of the nearest point of the Mississippi; but, as an army, we were in high spirits, and only wished to find the Indians whose trail we were on.

Next morning we early commenced what promised to be a forced march; our course lay over high prairies, with but little timber in view; but they were broken by deep and abrupt, though grassy vallies, and in these ran streams and springs, bold, transparent, and of almost icy coldness; beautiful brooks abounding with trout, which we could see every where darting about in frolicsome security.

This march did indeed turn out to be a long and weary one of full twenty-five miles. We saw several corpses—in every-day dress—lying by the trail in the open prairie; and where pack-horses had fallen exhausted, they had been slaughtered; and nothing but the hoofs and the contents of the belly left. It was clear that the Indians had suffered from hunger; but could not have famished, while they retained horses—as they did—to take off much baggage. At sunset we arrived on the ground which they had that morning abandoned; the fires still smoked. Here I saw a dead warrior, who had been placed in a sitting posture, with his back to a tree; he had been painted red as if going to war; and—his arms folded—he seemed to bid us grim defiance even in death. Few might look on unmoved,—none could ever forget that dead warrior in his paint!

We learned that the magnanimous volunteers, being in advance and having discovered an old Indian in this camp, had extracted some information from him, and then coolly put him to death.

An army which in summer encamps at the going down of the sun, eats dinner and supper together about 10 o'clock at night; at 11 on this occasion, we received orders to march at 2 o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER XXIV.

After three or four hours of rest, we were roused on the 2d of August, and marched at dawn of day. The order for the early march had been

received by the volunteers after they had turned out their horses: this explanation was made of the circumstance that they did not march this morning for an hour or more after the mounted spies and infantry.

The sun found us marching over very high prairie hills in view of a vast extent of country; there was a mighty valley, and the forests of its lower level indicated the great river. Soon we saw a long and devious bank of fog rising white as snow in the sunshine, and evidently marking its course. A bright, rosy summer morn shone over this scene of beauty and repose—as quiet and as peaceful as if man had never been there: at the creation, there could not have been less indication of his presence, save the measured tread of an armed band, speeding on to awaken the echoes which had slumbered from eternity, to the sounds of confusion, strife, and bloodshed.

Soon we saw a staff-officer gallop past towards the rear, and heard him report that the enemy was drawn up in the open woods in front to receive us; immediately the men were ordered to leave their knapsacks, with the baggage, under a small guard; and the infantry were formed in one line in extended order, and again advanced.

Perhaps to the uninitiated no battle was ever intelligibly described; perhaps none such ever gathered from a description, aided by drawings, a clear and full idea of the manœuvres and main incidents of a battle;—the greatest difficulty is to preserve the unities of time; but in fact, it is beyond the power of genius—whose main attribute is expression—to express that which was never fully formed in idea. Let us consider the obstacles in the way of the commanding general, who must generally have much the best opportunity of seeing or conceiving all the acts and scenes of these great tragedies. First, the extent of the lines—of the field of battle; second, intervening woods and hills, which must almost always conceal much that occurs; third, the smoke, the dust, and the distance; fourth, the simultaneous occurrence of distant and unconnected events, confused and complicated in their action; fifth, the impossibility of conveying an idea of the shape of the ground: and then there are many difficulties in making his description (report) of what he has seen or conceived;—a disinclination to tell the whole truth, which, in matters unimportant in the result, might be disagreeable to himself or others; details might render his narrative inelegant, or might establish a connection between unpleasant causes and agreeable effects. How many actions are decided by the original acts of subordinates! It is a merit in all commanders of corps to improve sudden opportunities or openings, which, it may be, there is not a possibility of the chief commander's seeing.

As to those officers who are more engaged in

the fighting, it is next to impossible that they can have even a general idea of proceedings beyond their immediate sphere.

The General arranges and directs the first blows: but then amid the noise, the smoke, the dust—the thunder of cannon—the deafening rattle of small arms—the rushing of squadrons—the thousand commands, all uttered as loudly as possible;—in a word, the darkness and confusion of the combat, generals, colonels, captains, and sometimes lieutenants, sergeants, and even privates themselves,—all more or less act a part of their own;—the soldier in battle, is something more than a mere machine.

Gen. Henry Lee was a man of genius; a good scholar, a fine perspicuous writer: he had studied his profession, and was one of the best soldiers bred in the revolutionary war; he commanded an independent legionary corps; and yet he fails to give a definite idea of Greene's battles, in which he acted a conspicuous part—and where only two or three thousand fought on a side. Gen. Greene gives his account of them in his reports:—his enemy a materially different one; Lee differs from both; whilst the editor of his work—his son—undertakes to correct *him*, and differs from all.

The following is substantially an extract from the report of the skirmish which now occurred (2d August, 1832), on the bank of the Mississippi, just below the mouth of the Bad-axe; and which closed the "Black Hawk war:—"

"And at dawn I marched with the regular troops under Col. Taylor and Dodge's battalion, leaving Posey's, Alexander's, and Henry's brigades to follow, as they were not yet ready to mount—their horses being turned out in the evening before the order to march at 2 o'clock was received by them. After marching about three miles, the advance of Dodge's battalion under Capt. Dixon, came up with a small party of the enemy, attacked and killed eight of them, and dispersed the residue; in the meantime the troops then with me were formed in order of battle, the regulars in extended order, with three companies, held in reserve; Dodge's battalion was formed on their left. The whole advanced to the front, expecting to meet the enemy in a wood before us—Posey's command soon came up, and was formed on the right of the regulars; shortly after, Alexander's arrived, and was formed on the right of Posey—a position at the time considered of great importance, as it would intercept the enemy in an attempt to pass up the river. Not finding the enemy posted as anticipated, I detached Capt. Dixon, with a few of Dodge's spies to the left, to gain information, and at the same time sent one of my staff to hasten the march of Henry; soon after another was despatched with orders to him to march upon the enemy's trail, with one of the regiments of his brigade, and to hold the remainder in reserve; finding the enemy to be in force in

that direction, his whole brigade was ordered upon that point. The order was promptly executed by the brigade, having in its advance the small body of spies under Dixon, who commenced the action, seconded simultaneously by Henry.

"The enemy was driven across several sluices down the river bottom, which was covered with fallen timber, under-wood, and high grass: the regular troops, with Dodge at the head of his battalion, soon came up and joined in the action, followed by part of Posey's troops; when the enemy was driven still further through the bottom to several small willow islands successively, when much execution was done. The main body of the enemy being in the bottom, and adjoining small islands, Alexander was ordered to move with his brigade to the point of action; but from the distance of his position he came up too late to participate in the combat, except two companies of his brigade, that had previously joined the brigade under Brigadier General Henry.

"The small body of spies of Dodge's battalion and Henry's brigade, from their earlier position, shared more largely in the combat than those who, from the distance they had to march, consequently, came late into the engagement. As soon as the enemy were slain and dislodged from the Coillero Bars, the regular troops under Col. Taylor, and a company or two of volunteers were thrown on board of the steamboat *Warrior* that had just arrived, and were landed on two adjacent islands to scour them of the enemy, assisted by a detachment from Henry and Dodge's commands on the river bank. Some three or four Indians were found and killed."

This report shows that sometimes in military affairs "the last shall be first," as witness Henry's brigade: while "Capt. Dixon, with a few of Dodge's spies," were looking for the Indians, the line of regulars—who were in the utmost impatience—were halted in the open woods near the edge of the bluff, for more than half an hour (it seemed an age): this was the ground where the Indian scouts, or rear guard, had been defeated and slain, as we saw. When we were at last ordered to advance, we threw ourselves down the high bluff, which was not quite perpendicular; and in the act of descending I saw the Indians far below, scampering through the woods, and occasionally firing. After crossing by-logs, and wading several sloughs, with a general discharge of fire-arms in our front, a halt was ordered, and a very difficult change in the order of the column commenced; for what purpose Heaven does *not* know. During this strange delay, a staff-officer of this column—finding his words or advice had no good effect—went on, accompanied only by a bugler; following a path which soon led him to the river bank, he there found two mounted officers, of whom he inquired where the enemy was? He was told in an island opposite, and was

further informed that the water was fordable; this officer immediately ordered the bugler to sound "Relieve skirmishers;" hoping thereby to attract the brigade of regulars: and soon after he saw it marching past 200 paces from the river; he moved toward it, and with much difficulty made himself heard by its commander, to whom he gave his information; after a slight pause, he was told "it was too late now," (he was afraid of another counter-march!) but advised to take in the reserve which followed. And on he went due South. The staff officer succeeded in securing the reserve—three companies led by a Major—whom he conducted to the bank, and jumped in; and, though a tall man, found himself breast deep: the battalion threw themselves in after him, and waded to the island, where we lost five killed, and several wounded;—the best set-off possible to the claim which the militia were inclined to make, that (in consequence of our long halt) they had done all the fighting. The army just then was not popular.

In this island I rescued a little red Leila, whom I found in very uncomfortable circumstances. I felt some rising symptoms of romance; but the fire, mud and water, or rather I believe her complexion, soon cooled them, and I sent her by a safe hand to the rear.

I was as much interested in a keen lad of a soldier, (of the 6th,) whom I had known of old, and had seen jump in upon a wolf at bay, when its eyes shone like balls of fire; he had now picked up a glaring Indian sash, and put it on; and behaving very gallantly, was probably mistaken for a Captain, and was shot through. Six or eight weeks after receiving this dangerous wound, he left a comfortable hospital without leave, and joined his regiment six hundred miles off!

And now, above the incessant roar of small arms, we heard booming over the waters the discharge of artillery; and lo! the steamer *Warrior* came dashing on! It was a complete surprise, and had a very fine effect; we had not dreamed of a steam-boat; wandering so long through unexplored swamps and forests, where nothing so bright as the idea of steam had ever entered; nor had the party on the boat the slightest expectation of finding the army here. A Captain went to the shore some distance below and waved a flag, when he was saluted with a discharge of grape, which covered him with a shower of limbs and leaves.

The fog had stopped the boat, or the whole tribe would have been in our hands; and wo! had been unto them! I saw a wounded infant wailing over the dry dregs of a slaughtered mother.

At 3 o'clock, after breaking our fast with some crackers and butter which we found aboard, the steamer was crowded with troops, and we steamed among the many islands, which result here from the mouths of two rivers—the Ioway being oppo-

site;—and how well had Black Hawk chosen his point of crossing, being destitute of transports. After dispensing grape and canister right and left very impartially into the islands, we landed on the largest, and scoured it completely in extended order. Large numbers had evidently but just left it; but we found but two men, whom the cannonade had driven into the branches of large trees. Instantly without orders, the volunteers commenced firing, and a hundred guns were discharged at them; I saw them drop from limb to limb, clinging—poor fellows—like squirrels; or like the Indian in the "Last of the Mohicans." A fine young Menominee, who was by my side, ran forward, tomahawk upraised, to obtain the Indian honor of first striking the dead—I lost sight of him;—a few minutes after I saw him stretched upon the earth;—he had been shot in the back by a militia friend! It was hard to realize; a moment before he was all life and animation, burning with hope and ambition; now, there he lay with face to Heaven, with no wound visible,—a noble form, and smiling countenance—and but a clod of the earth!

He was buried with honors in the same grave with our soldiers. Our total loss was five killed, eighteen wounded, including two officers; that of the Indians was reported "about one hundred and fifty men killed"—forty women and children, seventy horses, &c. &c. captured.

SCHOOL DAYS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. KAMRA.

'They will return no more.'

Would they could come again—

Those childish days, when we two sat together
Through the long hours of the summer weather;—
Watching sometimes the rain that cool'd the window pane,
Or, (as we heard the shy approaching foot
Of her who taught our "young ideas to shoot;"
With a still quicker motion bending o'er
The task on which it was our daily lot to pour.

Would they could come once more—

Those schoolgirl-days, of History, Globe, and Grammar,
How gladly would each scene in *Life's* young Drama
Again be acted o'er;—again we two would pour
O'er the dull page of shilling, pence, and pound,
Or neatly stitch the new bright sampler round.
Methinks, *dear friend*, 'twould now be bliss to stay
In that old school-house, through the livelong day!

Would they could come once more—

Those pleasant days of soft and sunny weather,
When thou and I went hand in hand together
After school-hours were o'er, that green hill to explore—
Robbing the thorn-tree of its scarlet pride,
Or gathering wild-flowers from its grassy side,—
While far and wide with lightsome hearts we flew,
To catch the yellow butterfly we had in view.

Would they could come once more—

Those golden days:—O, swift flew they, and pleasant—
We had no thought save for the passing present;
We sought not to explore the Future's far-off shore;

Enough for us to know that each day pass'd
Smoothly and haply, sure, we thought, 'twould last—
And why not, when no graver wish was ours,
Than a new swing, bird's nest, or bunch of flowers?

They ne'er will come again—
Those frolic-days of childhood's merry morning;
Ere we were rul'd by pride and fashion's scorning.
Experience proves how vain it is to keep the chain
Of our first thoughts bright and unbroken still,
When we allow the world to enter us at will,—
And Time hath taught us by his sober rule,
That we have pass'd the days of children when at school!
August, 1842.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART VIII.

Period embraced from 1636, to 1657.

Paul Lascaris Casteldard, great bailiff of Monasco, who succeeded De Paulle, was seventy years old at the time of his election, and of fifty-three years standing as a monk—having, by his great family interest and royal descent from the Emperors of Nice, obtained his admission into the convent at the early age of seventeen.

This Prince commenced his reign most prosperously. The Count of Ventimiglia, a near relative, flattered by his election, bestowed on the Order an annual income of two thousand crowns, which were to be appropriated solely for the maintenance of an extraordinary galley, to be called the St. Peter. The Grand-Prior of Venice gave a like sum for the support of another vessel, to be known by the name of St. Nicholas; and Schieffelt of the German language, founded the commandery of Breslaw, and endowed it with a princely revenue.

The Grand-Master, wishing to increase his military force, had the natives enrolled in regular battalions commanded by younger Knights, and instructed in European tactics. These soldiers, soon after, became so skilful in the use of fire-arms, and so trustworthy in their conduct, that Lascaris was induced to call the celebrated engineer Floriano, into his service, for the purpose of enlarging his fortifications—being persuaded that in case of an invasion, they could be well defended by his native troops. Those immense works, which now remain without the walls of Valletta, to call forth the admiration of all military men, were planned by this person, and justly bear his name.

Some Maltese commanders, who were sent to Sicily in 1637, for a supply of corn to prevent a famine with which the inhabitants were threatened, were obliged to return with their ships in ballast—the Governor having refused them permission to take in their ladings, and ordered them out of his

harbors. The council, either not knowing or pretending not to know the reason of this refusal, sent an envoy to Naples for the purpose of having it explained. Nati, who went on this mission, met with a favorable reception from the Viceroy, and was allowed to purchase a large quantity of wheat, which he shipped without the payment of the usual export tax. Unfortunately, his galleys were overtaken by a heavy storm in the Straits of Messina, and being deep from the nature of their cargoes, labored so much, that the crews were obliged, for their own safety, to throw overboard the most of their ladings. To make up the deficiency caused by this disaster, the vessels were again despatched to Sicily for further supplies. But the Maltese commander on coming to anchor at Syracuse, hearing from one of his friends that an embargo was to be laid on his ships, immediately got under way, and, with the assistance of a favorable wind, made his escape, though exposed to a heavy fire from two batteries. This singular conduct of the Sicilian governor caused a great excitement in the convent, as it was the first time “in its whole history, that their standard, either at sea, or on shore, had been treated in a hostile manner by any Christian power.” Montalto, the Neapolitan Viceroy, observed, when called upon for an explanation, that he could not be answerable for the conduct of his officers, who from their distance, were in a measure out of his control; and if the Knights felt themselves aggrieved, they must lay their complaints at the feet of his Royal Master, to be adjudicated and arranged by him. An appeal having therefore been made to the court at Madrid, the Maltese ambassador could get no redress. He was told that the Order had leagued itself with the French, a people with whom the Spaniards were at war, by permitting them to capture vessels in the channel of Malta when under their guns, and also by allowing the monks of that language to enter into the service of France, though bound by their oaths never to engage in Christian warfare.

Though the Grand-Master strongly protested against the truth of this statement, and declared that throughout the contest between these two great powers, he had observed the strictest neutrality; yet the Spanish monarch would not be satisfied, or allow him a supply of corn from Sicily, until he should give him some signal proof of his friendship. This opportunity was not long wanting. De la Carte, a French commander, having captured a Spanish vessel off Gozo, attempted to anchor in Port Siroc; but, being fired upon from its batteries, he was obliged to get under way in a crippled state, and carry his sinking prize to sea. The King of France, greatly incensed at this hostile treatment to one of his subjects, which he termed an act of treason, readily took the advice of his ministry; and, seizing on all the possessions of the Order in his dominions, annexed them to

the royal lands. This matter, before it was amicably arranged, became a subject of a long and arduous negotiation. Soucre, who was the Maltese ambassador at Paris, obtained great credit for his skilful management of this delicate affair; and the convent to repay Monsieur De Lomenie, the Secretary of State, for his valuable services on this occasion, made his son a member of the institution, and gave him the rich commandery of La Rochelle for his support.

The dense clouds, which had, for a time, been hanging over the destinies of the Order, now began to dissipate; and Castelard, as he advanced in years, was enabled to rejoice for a short period, at the success of his administration, and the noble achievements of his arms. Charolt, when cruising in the Mediterranean with a squadron of six galleys in 1638, fell in with an Austrian vessel, and learning from her commander that he had passed only the day before a large number of Tripoline merchantmen bound to the Eastward, crowded all sail in pursuit, and overtook them. The Christians, running down in the midst of this fleet, without expending a single shot, laid themselves alongside of the five corsairs which had been sent for its protection; and, throwing themselves on their decks, brought on a hand to hand conflict. La Becasse, the Infidel admiral, was a Marsilian renegade, and had formerly served as a pilot on board of the same ship which captured him. Falling into the hands of the Turks, he was induced, by a promise of promotion, to change his religion; and, by his activity, daring and success, he soon rose to the highest rank in their service. Well aware that in case of defeat, he would be tried and condemned as a traitor, he placed himself at the head of four hundred soldiers, and fought with a desperation and courage which cost many a mailed warrior his life before he was conquered. The illustrious Knights, De Viontessancourt, De Malmaison, De Saubolin, De Biancourt, D'Isnard, De Piccolomeni and De Sousa, had all fallen, before Marcel de Chataauf succeeded in disarming his enemy in single fight, and dragged him a prisoner on board of the St. Peter, which this monk's brother commanded.

Charolt returned to Valletta with twenty prizes, many of them with valuable cargoes. This was a most fortunate cruise for the Order. By the proceeds of this capture, which were deposited in the treasury, Lascaris was enabled to recall the spurious coin, which he had been obliged to circulate, in consequence of his great expenditure in the public works.

The Jesuits, who from the time of their first settlement at Malta, had been famed for their talent and intrigue, made themselves particularly obnoxious to the monks in 1639, by an officious interference in their affairs. Some of the younger Knights, wishing to check the undue influence

which these priests had obtained over the Grand-Master, and also to restrain them within their proper limits, seized the opportunity presented by the carnival season, to appear masked in their habits, and ridicule them in the eyes of the people. Lascaris was so far obliged to notice this unjustifiable freak, as to command those who had engaged in it, to confine themselves for a time to their dwellings. But the other monks considering this much too severe a punishment for so trifling an offence, went in a body to the Jesuits' college, and driving out its inmates, threw all their furniture and books upon them as they retreated. On the appearance of an edict for the expulsion of this society from the island, the riot was quelled. Eleven of its fifteen members immediately left for Europe. The four who remained kept themselves closely concealed until the excitement had passed.*

* Padre Rylo, a Pole by birth, and a Jesuit by profession, is now in Malta, and causing no little excitement. The Maltese are greatly divided in their opinions respecting him. A large majority of the most influential persons in the island—if we look to birth, education, and rank—are ranged among his friends. The bishop, with a majority of the priests, are his enemies, and would gladly be rid of his presence. We shall try to explain how this schism occurred between the priests, and their flocks; and being unprejudiced, hope our account will be given correctly.

We well remember this Jesuit father on his first arrival. His fame had preceded him. His intended visit was known. Hardly was the steamer with which he came, at anchor, before a deputation was sent to congratulate him on his coming, and to tender him a cordial welcome to Malta. On his landing, all classes went to see him. The judge and the beggar, the bishop and the barefooted Capuchin, alike met in the narrow passage which led to his humble apartment. This reception, as kind as it was unexpected, tempted him to defer his departure for a time, and try to turn his popularity to the advantage of his Order. Was he to blame for this? Who, as a Missionary, would not have done the same, had he found so promising a field for his labors? Several young men came forward, and expressed a wish to become Jesuits. They were examined, and sent to Rome for their education. Numbers of unhappy women were anxious to confess, and Padre Rylo remained for hours in his confessional cell, to give them spiritual comfort. He was requested to preach, and did so, only asking that the Jesuits' church, which had been closed for years, might be opened for his reception. The government made no objection, and thousands went to hear him. Hearing so much in the Padre's praise, we were induced to go with some friends, and listen to his discourse. On entering the church, we observed his hearers, standing, sitting, or kneeling, as they could find room for themselves or their chairs. A deadly silence prevailed, and as the preacher walked back, and forth on his well carpeted platform, all eyes were turned upon him, and not a word was lost. We were not surprised that the Maltese should have been led away by the ease, address, and language of the speaker. They were charmed by his oratory, and became the willing captives of his creed. Converts enough had been made in a fortnight, to form a congregation, and money enough could have been easily raised, to lay the foundation of a church, a convent, and a college. But the government was opposed to these measures. It was feared that the revenues of the island might be reduced, should the society ever lay claim to the property which belonged to the Jesuits at the time of their

In 1640, the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt gallantly carried the Maltese squadron in the port of

Golletta, on the coast of Barbary; and, after a hard contest, cut out from under its bastions six

suppression. Hence its opposition, and the failure in part of Padre Rylo's plans to introduce his Order in the island.

On the Padre's first visit to Malta, one circumstance only transpired to mar his popularity with a few families of noble rank. A young Maltese, the son of a Marquis, became attached to an English lady, who was residing with her sister in Valletta. It is said that so long as his parents supposed her wealthy, they favored their son's attachment; but when engaged, and it was found her fortune was small, they came out in opposition, and forbid him to marry. The young lady, whether to overcome any obstacles which the Marquis might have to his son's marriage with a Protestant, or from a religious conviction, left the faith of her fathers, and was baptized in the Catholic church. Still the opposition was continued on the part of the parents; and, the young man, doubtful how to act, sought Padre Rylo, to ask his opinion. Being told he was bound in honor to fulfil his promise, the parties were married. Can it be believed that for this advice, the Jesuit is condemned, and accused of creating dissensions in family circles; his enemies giving it as a reason, why he should be expelled from Malta, at the present time. The young couple are now living in Italy. A son and heir to the Marquisate, has been born, and their parents been reconciled.

The day of Padre Rylo's departure arrived; and, he left the island, much to the regret of its inhabitants. Going to Syria, whither he was sent by the Propaganda as a Missionary, he labored several months among the Catholics of that Mahomedan province. His mission, we think, resulted unfavorably. We form our opinion from a letter, which he sent to Lord Clifford after his departure from that country, in which he thus remarks:

"I beg you to thank Commodore Napier for the motion he has brought forward in behalf of the Christians of Lebanon. The affairs of Syria are in a desperate condition."

This last sentence has proved prophetic. We are aware that when it was written, a revolution had already broken out between the Druses and Maronites on the mountains of Lebanon. But since then, many of those beautiful villages, which dotted this mountainous region, have been levelled to the earth, and thousands of their inhabitants have perished. The rugged paths over which the weary traveller now passes, are covered with bleaching bones—the remains of those who either fell in their retreat, or whilst attempting to defend their families. A wild Albanian guard, is now stationed among the ruins of Christian towns, and defiling the churches of our Saviour with their Mahomedan rites.

Truly "the affairs of Syria are in a desperate condition;" and England, in our opinion, is alone to blame. With the muskets taken from the Armory of Malta, and gratuitously distributed by Commodore Napier to those mountaineers who went to receive them, this revolution in the mountains of Lebanon was fomented, and this wretched state of things produced. Syria and the Holy Land, might now be Christian provinces, and their inhabitants no longer the slaves of Infidels, was not England opposed to a division of the Ottoman Empire. Still this same power, under the plausible plea of wishing to abolish the slave-trade in Christian countries, would interfere in our domestic relations, and interrupt our commerce on the African coast. In this policy of the British Cabinet there is either inconsistency, or insincerity. Slavery is a curse whether on the shores of Syria, India, Africa or America. But England certainly cannot defend it on the ground of policy, in one quarter of the world, where men are doubly slaves to Mahomed and their masters, and discountenance it in Ame-

rica, where they at least have one blessing, that of being connected with the Christian church, and supplied with religious instruction.

But, to our subject. During Padre Rylo's absence from Malta, nothing of moment occurred. But, when he came back, the Jesuits' church was again opened; and though he preached two hundred times, still, to the last, the same anxiety was manifested by his friends to hear him. His church was always crowded. Nothing could have been more gratifying to the preacher, than this constant attendance on his service. This very popularity, however, caused the persecution which resulted in his downfall. The Government were informed that the Jesuit "father" did not confine himself, when in the pulpit, to proper subjects; that his discourses were of a political character, and his instructions to the Maltese, of a nature that might prove at some future day, detrimental to Her Majesty's interests in these possessions. How this information operated on the minds of the Queen's council, is best shown by quoting Padre Rylo's words, to Lord Clifford, in the same letter, to which we have once before referred.

"Well, on the 3d of March, I was sent for by the bishop, and informed that by order of the Government, he was obliged to suspend me. I bowed in resignation to the sentence, although it was given without a trial, or any previous admonition."

When the Jesuits heard of their father's suspension, and of the refusal of the Government to grant them the "Albergo dei Cavalieri Italiani"—as a college for their children—their anger knew no bounds. They were ripe for a revolution. At least we judge so, from Padre Rylo's declaration, that it required all his energy and persuasion, to prevent them from breaking out in "a violent and illegal commotion." Singular it is, that the officials of Malta were not aware of this excitement, until it was made known to them through the columns of a Catholic paper in England. When this information arrived in the colony, military precautions were useless. The dangerous period had passed. And the Jesuit's influence, it is said, had effected more with the Maltese, than the fear of their Protestant rulers.

A Calabrian refugee by the name of Mapei, a canon of the Catholic church, and a man of some talent, was induced to appear in Padre Rylo's defence. Asking in one of his placards, what right the Government "had to interfere in ecclesiastical matters?" he was answered through the police, by being told that a fortnight was allowed him, to prepare for his departure from Malta. By the subscription of a few friends, he was enabled to settle his debts in the island, and pay his passage to England, whither he went. Mapei was a man of no influence with the Maltese, and with his departure, his name was forgotten.

Having extended our remarks to a much greater length than we at first intended, we will now bring our subject to a close. The various attempts which the Maltese have made within the last two years to introduce the Jesuits among them, have signally failed. That the bishop should have become a party with the Government, in its opposition to the wishes of the people, is natural enough. Few men are found so ungrateful, as to oppose the measures of those who have promoted them to the highest dignity, whether it may be in church or state. Personal opinions are sacrificed to policy. The members of the Queen's council must give their support to the Government, or they are expected to resign. A resignation of office might not be so agreeable to the Reverend Bishop, at the age of eighty. He doubtless wishes to pass the remnant of his days, in the Vescoral

piratical craft, all of which he sold for the public good.

For the next four years, the Grand-Master was involved in serious difficulties with his Venetian and Italian neighbors. These powers became hostile to the Order, and seized on its revenues because the council had obeyed the command of Pope Urban VIII. in sending some galleys to assist him in preventing an invasion of the dukedom of Parma. Lascaris, to rid himself of these perplexities, had recourse to diplomatic skill. He instructed his envoy to say that the Pontiff had been obeyed because he was considered by the Knights as their spiritual head; and though their squadron was present, yet the commanders had received strict orders not to interfere in the "tempest of foreign war," but only to act on the defensive. These explanations were deemed satisfactory, and the revenues were restored.

Three galleys of the Order, cruising in the Levant in 1644, fell in with a large Turkish galleon, the commander of which courting a contest, concealed his artillery, and throwing his sails aback, lay to for their approach. The chevalier De Piancourt, who commanded the St. Mary—the fastest sailer, and the best equipped vessel of the squadron—first came up with the enemy, and commenced a furious attack. Attempting to board, he was repelled with a grievous loss; he was obliged to withdraw from the conflict and await the approach of his consorts, the St. Nicholas and Victory. After a seven hours fight, and a terrific slaughter on both sides, the Infidels were routed, and their galleon taken. Six hundred Turks, with their admiral and principal officers, are stated to have been captured, or slain in this engagement. Twelve Knights, including Boisbandran, who had signalized himself shortly before at Golletta, De Piancourt, and the brothers Bouffiers, "youths of sin-

palace. By his conduct his tenure is confirmed, though his popularity is lost.

We regret we can give no such excuse for the conduct of the Catholic clergy of Malta. Their united opposition to Padre Rylo and his measures, was caused by other considerations, than those of respect for the Government, or of attachment to their bishop. Were they jealous of the introduction of foreigners, thinking they might be better educated, and would therefore become more popular than themselves? Did envy have its weight in their counsels? Or was it, that they thought themselves sufficiently numerous as a body to attend to all the duties of their church? If this last was their reason, we can agree with them most cordially. We will even go farther, and express an opinion we have long entertained: We think that if the number of the clergy was reduced one-half, it would relieve the people of a heavy burthen, and prove a popular measure. On this barren isle, we have churches without number, and three thousand priests. How can the Maltese be otherwise than poor?

We have not done with Padre Rylo, or with those who have persecuted him. When the Roman Pontiff to whom this matter has been referred, shall make his judgment known, we shall return to our subject again.

gular promise," with two hundred and fifty seamen, were of the Christians numbered with the dead.

A Turkish lady and her infant—the wife and son of the reigning Sultan—being on a pilgrimage to Mecca, was among the prisoners. Contrary to civilized usages they were held in confinement, though their high rank should have claimed for them an immediate release. The mother soon died of grief; and Othman, her child, becoming a Catholic, entered the religious Order of St. Dominic, and was known until his death by the title of the Ottoman father. When Ibrahim heard at Constantinople of the capture of his galleon, his wife's decease, and son's imprisonment, he swore vengeance against all the powers of Christendom, and sent a herald to declare a war of extermination against the Knights of Malta. Lascaris, having every reason to suppose that this threat would be carried into execution, employed his engineers in repairing the fortifications of the island, despatched several galleys to Sicily for corn, and appointed ambassadors to visit the European courts, and crave, in the name of the cross, a supply of money, troops, and warlike stores, to enable him to defend his possessions.

Though the days of the Crusades had past, and the appeals of the Grand-Master were mostly unheeded, still we find some instances of exertion and spirit shown by noble individuals which are worthy of chivalry in its palmiest days. Viscount Arpajon, a native of Normandy, having purchased several transports, put himself at the head of two thousand vassals, whom he had raised at his own expense, and on his arrival at Malta offered all for the Grand-Master's acceptance. Lascaris, surprised at receiving such important assistance from one individual, which was more than he could have expected from any Catholic monarch, summoned his council, and, with their unanimous consent, named Arpajon Generalissimo of his forces, and gave him permission to appoint his aids, who were jointly to act under him as second in command. Two other Norman nobles, the Counts De Manlevrier, and Francisco Bollo, also became greatly famed for their services on this occasion.

The Ottoman Emperor, having his fleet in readiness, and a large army encamped on the banks of the Bosphorus, first made known to the Christian representatives at Constantinople, that his forces were not collected to make war with "the pirates of Malta," but to punish the authorities of Candia—persons who had shown themselves utterly regardless of the faith of treaties, by opening their ports for the admission and sale of the Maltese prizes, and the refitting of their galleys.

"It was in vain that the ambassadors of France and England, the Resident of the United Provinces, and the Bailo of Venice, protested that the Knights of Malta formed an independent community, for

whose acts no other power could be responsible." Thus the capture of a single galleon involved the Venetians in a war of twenty-four years duration, and caused the siege of Candia, "which was to occupy them a period more than double the term of the resistance of Troy."

Lascaris, finding by this declaration of the Sultan and his minister that he had no cause for alarm, dismissed his allies with the greatest honors.

So anxious were all Christian powers to preserve Candia from its impending fate, that the hostile squadrons of France and Spain were sailing under a neutral flag in the greatest harmony. Had they met elsewhere, or been employed on a different service, they would have greeted each other with a warm cannonade. The Maltese also, pretending to forget the numerous injuries they had received from the Venetian Republic, were among the first to send their galleys to its assistance. Whether the monks, for this action, were entitled to so much credit as they claimed, is certainly a matter of doubt. Other reasons than those of a charitable nature, are supposed to have guided them in their decision. Causing the war in which the Candians were engaged—bound as they were by their oaths never to be at peace with the Turks—desirous of keeping their squadron employed—and aware that where the battle waxed the hottest, there would be the greatest chance of plunder, (which, at this era, was the end and aim of all their expenditures)—how could they have acted differently? Any other course, we think, would have brought upon them the hatred of all European powers, and made them run a risk of losing their revenues in every country.

In 1646, Don Philip, one of the younger sons of the Tunisian monarch, arrived at Malta, bearing letters from the King of Spain, strongly recommending him as a proper person to be made a Knight Grand-Cross of the Order. This request met with a refusal, as did one of a similar nature from Prince Maurice of Savoy, in favor of a distinguished Turk named Jacaya, who had embraced the Catholic religion—was nearly connected with the reigning family at Constantinople, and entertained hopes of being seated on the Ottoman throne.

It was during this year the papal throne became vacant, by the decease of Urban VIII. The Maltese council, hoping his successor, Pope Innocent X., would be more friendly to their institution, sent one of their number to congratulate him on his election, and to make their obeisance to his authority. They were not long left in ignorance of the new Pontiff's intentions towards them. By one of his first acts, he seized upon the Grand-Priory of Parma, and gave it to a nephew of his sister-in-law, named Maldachino, a youth of no personal merit or accomplishments, and without a single claim to entitle him to such an honor.

This unjustifiable action did not pass unnoticed. Lascaris addressed a letter to all the Catholic sovereigns, in which he remarked that those powers which had received the greatest assistance from the Order, were the most ungrateful; and that the Pope, who should be the first to extend to the convent his aid and protection, was the most active in sapping its foundation, and causing its dissolution. Notwithstanding this strong appeal, Pope Innocent confirmed Maldachino in his appointment, and sent him to take possession of a dignity which was not in his power to bestow.

During the winter of 1646, two illustrious commanders accidentally lost their lives: De Guise, by the bursting of a gun which he was proving; and Jay, by a chance shot from an Algerine corsair, which he engaged on his voyage to Venice.

Referring again to the siege of Candia, on which the eyes of all Christendom were turned, we find in 1650 the Maltese admiral, Balbiano, eminently distinguished for two daring deeds: the first, by his brave defence of Fort Martinigo; and the second, by the temporary recovery of a demilune at the bastion of Bethlem, from which the Candians had been expelled by Hussein Pasha, who commanded the Ottoman army. So long as the Turks held this place, the Venetians were kept in continual fear—as their enemies, by undermining, could raze one of their principal fortifications, and thus effect an entrance into the capital of their island. To recover this post, was therefore a matter of the greatest importance; and so dangerous was the service considered, that none but volunteers were called upon to make the attempt. Balbiano, with thirty monks and one hundred seamen, came forward on this occasion; and, considering themselves as doomed men, went to the church, and partook of the sacrament while the service for the dead was performed. Embracing their friends, as they arose from the altar, they buckled on their armor, and left the city to make an immediate assault. It was midnight, and raining heavily when the Maltese found themselves among the Turkish garrison, and killed all with whom they came in contact. The Infidels, taken so much by surprise, and wholly ignorant of the number of their foes, fled in every direction. Many, in their fright, jumped from the walls, although by so doing it was almost certain death. At the dawn of day, the flag of St. John was waving over the demilune; and Balbiano, without the loss of a single companion, was rejoicing at his success. This good fortune was not however long to last. Hussein Pasha, furious at meeting with so unexpected a reverse, hastily advanced with two thousand men, and fired a mine, by which a number of Maltese monks and many seamen were destroyed. The Chevalier De Sales, nephew of the famous Saint Francis De Sales, Bishop of Geneva, lost his life at this time, and found an honorable monument

under the ruins of a fortification, which had been, on the previous night, a scene of so daring an achievement. Balbiano, with a few of his followers who escaped the explosion, returned again to the city.

Most happily we now record an incident of a more pleasing character, than any other which has recently claimed our attention. Lascaris, wishing in 1651 to establish a public library, gave all the volumes he possessed to serve as a nucleus for its foundation. But not finding this measure so popular as he desired, he was compelled to make a law by which it was decreed that from thenceforward, all books found amongst the effects of deceased Knights, should be taken possession by the convent, as a part of its common property. In this manner, a library was formed, and still exists, which, as a valuable collection of the choicest works of ancient authors, is unsurpassed by any other of its size now in Europe.

Continually annoyed as the Knights had been by papal aggression, and always subject, as they were, to the caprices of crowned heads for the enjoyment of their revenues, it is not singular that we should find them willing to engage in a mercantile speculation, by the profits of which they hoped to support the convent, without receiving any assistance from their European estates. The islands of St. Christopher's, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, and Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, being held by a body of French merchants who had become insolvent, were offered for sale in Paris; they were purchased by the Grand-Master, with the consent of his council, on the following conditions:

First, that all debts due the inhabitants should be immediately settled; and secondly, that the sum of five thousand pounds sterling should be paid to the Governor, the Chevalier De Poincy, when the "titles, slaves, plantations, merchandize, ammunition and provisions, were delivered to the officer who should be sent to receive them."

These terms having been strictly complied with, the flag of St. John waved for nearly thirteen years over the fortresses which protected these far-distant isles. They were sold at last, because it was found that the annual revenues were not sufficient to defray the expense of those who were employed in their government. Such was the rapid rise of this property, that within the lapse of a century, many proprietors could be found, "who, from their yearly profits on a single estate," could have paid double the sum which all these possessions cost the Order at the time of their purchase. This speculation was well devised—but as the Knights were neither from their education, habits, or inclination, at all fitted to become tillers of the soil, their project failed.

From this period until the decease of Lascaris in 1657, incidents of only a minor importance occurred. Dying at the advanced age of ninety-one,

after an honorable reign of twenty-one years, his remains were attended with great funeral pomp to the chapel of the French tongue in St. John's church. A splendid tomb, which was erected by his grand nephew to mark the place of his sepulture, now remains—and is, for its chasteness, durability and beauty, admired by every beholder.

GIVE ME THE POWER I SEEK.

BY J. STRONG RICE.

Give me the pow'r I seek, and I will hasp
The lightning, and with bands of thought will clasp
The infinite, and bind them on my will,
To do my bidding. I will bid the still
Insinuating spirit of the dead
Revive—and re-create about the head
Of time-decaying greatness, the halo
That encircled it. Those, who now lie low
Amid the trophies of their power—who died
In a surrounding glory—by the side
Of their aspiring projects—I will give
Spirit, and breath, and beauty. They shall live
Again amid their works. The shaft shall rise,
Column, and capital, before their eyes;
And architrave, and dome, gilded and wrought,
From out the smouldering ruin. The thought
That shaped them—the soul and eye that fashion'd,
Shall rekindle, and the fire impassion'd,
Glow again upon Life's sacred altar.

New Haven, Conn., 1842.

OLD LAWS OF VIRGINIA.

The following are extracted from an old collection of the Laws of Virginia. They appear to have been in force as late as the year 1733, in which year the "Collection" was published at Williamsburg. The first Act in the book provides for the erection of a church or chapel of ease in every parish.

"Chapter XCI. *Divulgers of false news.* (Passed 1661, 1662.)

"I. WHEREAS, many idle and busy-headed people do forge and divulge false rumours and reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of His Majesty's liege people of this Colony,

"II. *Be it enacted*, that what person or persons soever shall forge or divulge any such false reports tending to the trouble of the country, he shall be, by the next Justice of Peace, sent for and bound over to the next County Court; where, if he produce not his author, he shall be fined Two Thousand Pounds of Tobacco; (or less, if the Court think fit to lessen it;) and besides give bond for his behaviour, if it appear to the Court that he did maliciously publish or invent it."

The two following are from the Acts passed in 1662.

"Chapter III. *An Act against persons that refuse to have their children baptised.*

"WHEREAS, many schismatical persons, either out of averseness to the Orthodox established Religion, or out of the new fangled conceits of their own heretical inventions, refuse to have their children baptised :

"*Be it therefore enacted by this present General Assembly, and the Authority thereof,* That all and every person or persons, that in contempt of the Divine Sacrament of Baptism, shall refuse, when he or they may carry his or their child or children to a lawful minister in that County where he or they dwell, to have them baptised, shall be amerced Two Thousand Pounds of Tobacco ; half to the Parish, half to the Informer."

"Chapter V. *An Act for punishment of scandalous Persons.*

"I. WHEREAS, many babbling women slander and scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often involved in chargeable and vexatious suits, and cast in great damages :

"II. *Be it therefore enacted by the Authority aforesaid,* That in Actions of Slander, occasioned by the Wife, after Judgment passed for the Damages, the Woman shall be punished by Ducking ; and if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at greater damages than Five Hundred Pounds of Tobacco, then the woman to suffer a Ducking for each Five Hundred Pounds of Tobacco adjudged against the Husband, if he refuse to pay the Tobacco."

As an Act was passed in 1705 for "the building and maintaining of prisons, pillories, whipping-posts, stocks and *ducking-stools* in every county," we may infer that this last quoted Act was not suffered to remain a dead letter, and that occasionally the husbands of these "babbling women" were ungallant enough to "refuse to pay the tobacco."

SPANISH BALLADS.

A MOOR'S CURSE ON SPAIN.

I.

With tearful eyes, and swelling hearts, they leave Grenada's gate,
And the wind blows fair to waft their barks across the narrow strait ;
They have hoisted sail, and off have gone, the last of all the Moors
Whom bigot zeal hath banished from the much-loved Spanish shores.

II.

The remnant this of those proud tribes who trod on Spanish necks,
Whom, name you to Castilian ears if you delight to vex ;
Now broken, not by sword and spear, but Papal racks alone
They go to found, where Dido reigned, another Moslem throne.

III.

There stood upon that deck a Moor, an Abencerrage he,
Descended from a chief who came with Tarik o'er the sea ;
The wisest sage of that dread age, he could the Future tell,
And make the Deeves bow to his will by the uttering of a spell.

IV.

And there he stood, that aged man, beside the quivering mast,
And saw with eye of fearful light, Spain's shores receding fast :

"Blow, blow, ye winds ! and waft us fast from Xeres' glorious plain,
'And listen all, whilst I pronounce a Moor's curse on Spain.

V.

"Thou hast bowed, Spain, for ages, beneath a Moorish yoke,
'And save Asturia's mountain sons, there were none to strike a stroke ;

'On mountain side, or lowland plain, thy fate was still the same,
'Thy soldier drew dull cimeters, and the Crescent over came.

VI.

"The days which saw our martial deeds, are fled to come no more :

'A warrior-queen now rules thee, and we give the battle o'er.

'No Degri vaults to saddle now, when the battle trumpet calls
'And Abderame sleeps in death beside the Alhambra's walls.

VII.

"I leave to thee my curse, proud Spain ! I cast it on thy clime,

'Thou shalt be the land of dastard souls—a nursery of crime,

'And yet, as if to mock them, and make their dark doom worse,
'No land shall boast more lovely skies than the wretched land I curse.

VIII.

"Thy Kings shall wear no royal type, save a diadem alone,
'And their sovereignty by cruel deeds and lustful eyes be shown ;

'Twere waste of time to breathe my curse ; for, Spain, thy sons shall see
'That Eblis owns no demon worse than thine own Kings will be.

IX.

"And that blind faith thou holdest from the Prophet of the Cross,—

'A faith thy children have profaned, and its better doctrines lost,

'By the lords that faith shall give thee, not less shalt thou be gored
'Because they grasp a crucifix, instead of spear and sword.

X.

"Bright eyes are in thy land, Spain, and thy women lack, no charms,

'But thou art cursed to know no truth in either hearts or arms ;

'Their breasts shall be no pillow for aught that's good and brave,
'But lull in mere illicit love, the sensual priest and slave.

XI.

"Thy sway shall reach to distant realms rich with the sparkling gem,

'But a burning torch, and bloody sword shall thy sceptre be to them,

- 'Till vengeance meet the murderous bands of plunderers
from thy shore,
'And give them of the land they seek a grave of clotted
gore.

XII.

- "The Guadalquivir's banks shall be divested of their
pride—
'The castles of our valiant race deck no more the moun-
tain's side,
'And Ruin's mouldering hand shall sweep to Spain's re-
motest shore,
'And all her fertile regions weep the exile of the Moor."

ARCHÆUS OCCIDENTALIS.

TO THE UNKNOWN.

BY J. STRONG RICE.

Though all unknown, to thee, I tune my lyre,
Which, for a space long past, hath lain unstrung
Beside Ambition's altar. For a higher
Gift than poesy, my spirit hath been wrung;
For Fame, away the instrument I flung,
Nor dreamed that I should take it up again;
Nor will I, when the sound upon my tongue
Hath died, of this last melancholy strain
Which I inscribe to thee. Hope whispers not in vain.

Yet, why my fingers wander o'er the strings
Which I had purpos'd ne'er to touch again,
I know not. But a sense of kindred things
Is moving me—a feeling, which I fain
Would subjugate, yet would not all restrain;
Upon its tide, is bearing me away
To thee, the unseen absent—to the fane
Of a delightful worship—and a way,
Leafy and bud-strewn, opens before me like the day.

And Fancy, by her twilight voice and spell,
Is making me a pilgrim—and I go
Upon the viewless wing of thought, to dwell
Beside the fountains—by the voiceless flow
Of a continual current, which the snow
Of fleeting years chills not, nor binds with cold.
There make I my pavilion, while the low
And lofty drink of the living stream. Gold,
And its curse of selfishness, comes not within that hold.

And thou art with me there, as I have seen
Thee in my dreams—and thy cerulean eye,
With its soft light and spiritual sheen,
Speaks feelingly to mine. My pulses fly
With a forgotten impulse—and the sky
Takes a far deeper azure—and the path
Of the lone moon is brighter, as to thy
Tenderness, I turn me. My being hath
A more extended field—and I forget, that wrath

Has had a habitation or a place
To breathe its spirit. The unburied past,
Wakes from its sleep of years—from its pale face,
Scatters the dust of ages—and the vast
Impression of its life, is caught, and cast
Upon the Future. An unblemish'd world
Lifts up, at the behest of beauty—last
Passages of love, with wild flowers fur'd
In wreaths, about remembered altar-shrines, are curl'd.

Thought issues forth, on its careering flight,
And feeling softens—and the fond heart leans
To its affections—and the blessed light
Of soft eyes mingles, as the passing scenes,
In the sweet drama, fade. Love intervenes—
And fast tears follow—and the trusting hand
Is press'd and plighted—and the lone one weans
Himself from every object, till he stand
Beside the 'unseen absent,' in her father's land.
New Haven, Conn., 1842.

Notices of New Works.

THE YOUTH'S MIRROR.

The best periodical for young people that we have lately seen, is the one called '*The Youth's Mirror*, or *Sabbath School Gazette*,' edited by Rev. W. W. Wallace, M.D. There is nothing in this work to inflame the imagination, so as to render the real duties of a child irksome and disgusting, but quite enough of agreeable stimulus to keep the mind excited and healthy.

We hope, that the good sense of the community will see the necessity of a work of this kind; for, it is now pretty well ascertained, that, with a few exceptions, there are not many works of fiction, which, for the morality of their character, can be safely put in the hands of the young people of our country. Look at the very first page of the work called *OUR MESS*, or Jack Hinton the Guardsman, coming out in numbers, and in so cheap a form, as that even poor children can purchase it. Let every parent see the contemptuous manner in which the young 'Guardsman' speaks of his mother! It is shocking and disgusting, and has no parallel excepting in Bulwer's *Pelham*; in the very first chapter of which work, the mother of the hero is pointed out as an adulteress, or rather as intending to dishonor herself; and she is only prevented from it in consequence of her husband detecting the *fille de chambre* with a bandbox! All this told gratuitously by the hero, *Pelham*, the son himself!

We were very much amazed at the time, that this gross piece of immorality and brutality escaped the eye of the public censors. If their voices had been heard on that occasion, the author of *Charles O'Malley* would have thought twice, before he showed up his hero, his young Guardsman, in such disgusting colors. Where was the necessity to represent his mother in so contemptible a light? "In a deep recess sat, or rather lay, a graceful but somewhat *passée* figure. Her rich dress, resplendent with jewels, while it strangely contrasted with the careless abundance of her attitude—this, fair reader, was my mother!"

The hero then describes the Count de Gramont, and finishes him off by telling his '*fair readers*,' that this Count acted "in the double capacity of adviser of my father, and admirer of my lady-mother." This is beastly—pardon us the expression—but there is no word to suit the brutal levity of this woman's son. In the course of his story, on the same page, he says his mother gave a *tragic* start on hearing that he was going to Ireland; and when his father, after a sort, reprimands her and his '*adviser*' for their extravagant expectations, Jack, the hero, makes her tell her husband that he "is too absurd." The Count then tells *Miladi*, "that the Provinces," where the young Guardsman was going, "were not so bad; for that I once spent three weeks in Brittany very pleasantly indeed; oui, par dieu, (in English, by God,) its quite true. To be sure, we had *Parlet* and *Mademoiselle Mars*, and got up the *Precieuses*

Ridicules as well as in Paris." "The application of this very apposite fact to Ireland, was clearly satisfactory to my mother, who smiled benignly at the speaker."

Such are the morals instilled in the minds of the very young—all of which they get at the cheap rate of a penny for a chapter full. The effect of an international copy law (not that we mean at this time to advocate, or oppose one,) would be to put a stop to the inundation of such demoralizing works. It is to the mother that the world looks for the moral instruction of the rising generation; but if she be thus forever held up to contempt, what influence has she over the young and tender minds of her children? We shall pursue this subject more at length at another time, and conclude this article by strongly recommending the 'Youth's Mirror, or Sabbath School Gazette,' to the fathers and the mothers of our country; trusting that they will avail themselves of the assistance which the Editor has it in his power to give them, in the virtuous and useful training of their children. Each paper contains eight quarto pages, and the terms are only one dollar a year. It is published at No. 9, Spruce-street, New-York.

Digest of the Laws respecting real property generally adopted and in use in the United States: embracing, more especially, the law of real property in Virginia. By John Tayloe Lomax, one of the Judges of the General Court, and formerly Professor of Law in the University of Virginia. In three volumes. Philadelphia: John S. Littell, Law-bookseller and publisher, No. 23, Minor-street.

This is an excellent work by an excellent man and upright Judge. It is an improvement upon Cruise's Digest, which though cumbered with much that is entirely useless to the American Barrister—yet, for the want of a better work relating to the law of real property, has found its way to the library of almost every American Lawyer. Taking that for his guide, the Judge has thrown overboard the mass of useless matter that is crowded in between its lids, retaining only those parts which apply to the system of jurisprudence in the United States—and supplying the deficiency from his own ample resources of legal lore. Judge Lomax has incorporated in his Digest, the materials from the statutes and adjudged cases in Virginia; affording thereby a practical and complete exposition of the law of real property in this State, and which will apply almost with equal aptitude to similar laws in other sections of the Union—the mere local laws of Virginia occupying but a very small portion—perhaps 50 pages, of the whole work. Judge Lomax deserves much at the hands of the profession for this work, and we hope that some member of the Bench or Bar will take the time to do that justice in a review of the book, which cannot be expected in a mere notice of this kind; and which, had we the time, we have not the qualifications requisite for so learned a labor. It may be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker & Morris.

RANDOM SHOTS AND SOUTHERN BREEZES, containing critical remarks on the Southern States, and Southern Institutions; with semi-serious observations on men and manners. By Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, author of "The Revolution of July," "Frenologias to's Travels in the Moon," "Reminiscences of Bear-hunting in Moldavia," &c. &c. In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers; 1842.

It would have been somewhat strange, twenty years ago, had an actor, in his journeyings from the boards of one city, to those of another, been found 'takin notes.' But in these go-a-head times, it is not so; for what was strange in 1820, is no matter of marvel in 1842. Guns will shoot longer stretches now than they did then—they load faster—shoot oftener, and carry more—Then, batteries were fired above water, now, they are exploded below—then, wrecks went down at

sea—now, Colt sends them up. Our author is an actor, and employed his leisure hours while on an engagement at the South, in book-making. He tells of the stage—relates anecdotes—discusses men, manners and things—remarks upon social institutions—the state of society at the South—and gives here and there a little of every thing. His book is just such an one, as one can best read when he has a spare hour on his hands, and he feels at a loss how to fill it up. This is the book for any one so situated. It is neither very clever nor stupid—a mixture of wheat and chaff, which he who winnows, will sometimes think the gleanings are worth the labor. It may be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

AMERICAN POETRY.

Tecumseh; or, The West Thirty Years Since. A Poem, by George H. Colton. New-York: Wiley and Putnam; 1842.

That the present is an age of improvement, all may say; that it is not an age of poetry, all can feel. A disposition to gage every thing by weight and measure, and estimate its value in current coin, is the prevailing spirit of the day. "For what's the worth of any thing, but so much money as 'twill bring?" seems to be the standing motto in the heart, if not in the mouth, of all "matter-of-fact" appraisers. They seem to have forgotten that there is such a thing as soul, and such a value as immortality. The iron age of materialism has been growing strong—it has been weighing down and crushing all the gentler and nobler feelings of the heart, raising the throne of sense and substance on the ruins of sentiment and idealism. This philosophy has entered deep into the bosom of society, till every political sage and every practical wiseacre has made that blind guide, "Cui bono?" his triumphant test, his infallible ordeal for every thing new. If he is told of the uncertainty, the narrowness of his criteria; how things of the greatest good work by the most silent and secret influences; how effects may be too vast and too common to be seen at a single glance, or too lasting to be all appreciated in a single generation—he replies, in the unbelieving and selfish spirit of the times,—“what is a thing that cannot be seen?” or “what is the future to us?” 'Tis a solemn truth that much of the boasted discoveries and improvements of the last and present centuries, have been only of that kind which regards man, as a mere animal—his material and perishable being—his food, drink, and clothing.

We are far, indeed, from underrating such knowledge—we would give it the full measure of its deserts;—but let it not assume the arrogant claim of the only thing needful. The inventions in modern art, by shortening the time spent in procuring the necessities for the body, have given more hours for the wants of the mind; they have actually lengthened life, and lent new means to make it happier. This is the great glory of mechanical ingenuity and labor-saving machines; and let it be their praise. But has such always been the effect? And has the good brought no new evil? or has the laborer, after all, been bettered? Serious questions; and, we fear, to be answered unfavorably, or at best doubtfully. The powerful have gained more power, the wealthy more wealth;—enterprise has been drawn into wider combinations, and value thrown into still more unequal heaps. The amount of labor has been increased, for improvement developes new objects of labor; and though still faster increasing, mechanical power may have made fewer laborers in proportion to the whole people than before, yet it has made those few greater drudges. If the vaunted improvement of the present day, had taken the labor equally off from all, and given equally to each the time saved, then it had been so far a blessing; but it has been otherwise. Was the hard worker of a hundred years ago, less happy

in his toil than the machine worker now? More in the pure, open air of Heaven,—oftener by his *own door*, in his family, by his hearth-side, he plied the simple instruments of his craft, and sung his song; and, when the night came, he rested. And he was healthy and strong—his sleep was sweet and his wakings fresh and early. But how is the task of his brother, the machine worker? More cheerless, more tedious, more unmitigated, and more destructive. Often pent up in a dim, sickly apartment, and bound close as a criminal to the whirling-wheel—his brain stunned by the jarring din, his body diseased and wasted by want of proper exercise and air; or, confined to some necessarily fatal occupation, or prisoned in the damp and poisonous mine—he breathes an atmosphere of death; and must feel the startling truth (if his iron bondage has not deadened all thought and feeling,) that every breath he draws in, becomes a baneful foe,—gnawing away the tender thread of life, silently yet surely, with speedy and fearful fang. For weeks and months he hardly looks upon the sun, and when he does, he gradually *unlearns* to look upon it with pleasure, till life has lost its sense of enjoyment, and saves but the keener consciousness of its pain. These things, perhaps, *might* not of necessity be so; but in all probability they *will* be, as long as a selfish money spirit usurps every better feeling.

But the influence of materialism has been felt in other things—in its disdain of literary pursuits, and especially its hostility to all poetical inspiration. And it is not strange that it has been so. What less able than a sensual philosophy, to estimate the noiseless workings of that most imperceptible worker, poetry? What less congenial than a self-bounded, earthly spirit, to that divine emotion which draws man out of self, to sympathise and commune with other beings and things—*humanizing* and *widening* while it exalts the heart, and bids it seek in others' happiness its own? Hence, in our country, particularly, the poet has been pointed out by soulless or unthinking utilitarians, as a useless member of society; and in their barren vocabulary of political economy, poetry and poverty are almost synonymous. Too true, alas! and shame be theirs who have made it so. Need any one then inquire why America has not yet produced any great poem? Shall any wonder that her Bryant, her Dana, her Halleck, her Percival, and many other distinguished sons, have done so little? Let it be replied, little has been their reward. Until a national taste shall foster and encourage, there will be no great national bard. But the lot of the American muse has been still harder—disparagement abroad. Great Britain especially has, till within a few years, been foremost to depreciate and demean our native writers. She seemed to think it incredible that such a quality as genius could possibly exist on this side of the water. This unjust and ungenerous feeling was prompted, no doubt, from our peculiar relations to her—from chagrin for the past, and somewhat from jealousy for the future. Her exiled children, born and nurtured with her own brave and free spirit, had rivalled her arms; inheriting the energy of mind, and uttering the same noble language, might they not some day, also rival the long-earned glories of her literature? An unfriendly feeling was natural—natural that while, as a parent, she must have been secretly gratified at the rising promise of her young offspring, she should openly censure with all the ill will of a mortified rival, and all the unfairness of a suspicious superior. But censure, and from such a source, is often better than praise. It leads to the scrutiny and correction of faults, while it stimulates to stronger efforts for excellence. No has it been with us. Foreign envy and disparagement have but spurred our ambition to overcome the one and disprove the other.

But the poetic spirit of our land has had to contend with even greater discouragements. Most of our soil has been

but just won from the wilderness; our nation, new risen, from its cradle. No people can attend much to the gratifications of the mind, when their whole life is one continual struggle for the wants of the body. To force savage and stubborn nature to blossom and bear for human necessities,—to wield the axe, the spade and the plough,—to tell forests, drain marshes, lay out roads and build cities, is one thing;—to wield the pen and cultivate the taste and imagination, another; and the *first* must always precede the *last*. Also, in a new and rich country like ours, where fortune gives enterprise a hundred hands, to speculation a hundred eyes, and to both a thousand paths, where internal improvement is the great desideratum of legislators, and money-making the great aim of all, as ever has been in a country like this;—where, in fine, there is such an *unsettledness* in domestic and state affairs, such frequent emigrations as almost to make our character *nomadic*, there will be little leisure and less inclination for the higher and less palpable objects of literature.

'Tis impossible, in the nature of things, for it to be otherwise; nor would it be desirable, if possible. The deep and silent studies of the mind; the more refined accomplishments of genius and intellect, can only thrive well in a fixed and quiet state of society—undisturbed by the hurry and bustle of business, and unperplexed by the excitement of gain.

But already many of these evils complained of, are passing away, and signs of a brighter era are rising to view. Our society is becoming more stable—public opinion more enlightened, and a national taste more correct and independent,—not waiting for the judgment of others before it dares give its own. The old wounds and embittered recollections which have too long and unhappily estranged two kindred people, time, that all curing physician, has been successfully healing and obliterating. American Literature is beginning to be better appreciated both at home and abroad; and, in proportion as it is honored, it is growing more worthy of honor. Poetry too is rising from the night of neglect and the load of obloquy under which it has so long suffered, and begins to find something like patronage.

Even British critics, grown more candid and liberal, can now take up one of our late proscribed versifiers with other feelings than affected surprise or sneering contempt. Year after year our history grows older, and the realities of things past are growing more dream-like and poetical. Shall it be said that we lack a golden antiquity—those inspiring memories and venerable relics—that hallowing beauty which time and time alone throws kindly and half-reluctantly over all he destroys—those peculiar treasures of the past, which make up so large a part of the enjoyment of the present? Much of this, it is true, we want. Though day by day, the spade and the plough-share are turning up fresh records of the *ancient* greatness of this *new* western world, though the very soil which we tread, is the sepulchre of buried cities, and the death-ground of departed empires; yet we are shut out from every feeling save the interest of a blind curiosity, in their fortunes and their fate. They arose and flourished, and went down in silence and darkness, unregistered; and left us but to idly speculate, or ignorantly sigh over the dust of the one, and the nothingness of the other. But we have all other materials for the inquisitive and inventive mind; all that lavish nature can give—earth in her most picturesque and varied, her fairest and sublimest features—Heaven in the contrasting beauty of all its climes. And time we have said, the wizzard time, is coming to our aid. The “dim and religious light” of Eld, is silently deepening, like a rich twilight, around the scenes of our early annals—and the perils and sufferings and triumphs of our pilgrim forefathers, the battle-grounds of our patriots, and the graves of our heroes, are becoming enshrouded with a more holy and reverential

memory. How many a throbbing tale of our infant settlements, our border struggles, our forest wars, and our glorious revolution, yet remains to be told, to waken the worship of future patriotism, or the curious interest of other days?

But no part of our history is better suited for grave narrative or romantic song, than the fate of the red men—once lords of this broad land, a numerous and noble race—now the scattered and fading relics of degenerate tribes. Victims of wrong, and heirs to misfortune, they have been slowly sinking away ever since the first step of the white man was planted on their shores. Their doom is written on the past, and it can be darkly yet truly read in the future. Philanthropy may strive to arrest their downward steps and save the remnant from their fate, but sooner or later it must come—the race will disappear and be lost from earth forever. Yet if we cannot save, we can at least do them justice,—the easy justice of preserving their memory,—giving full meed to their virtues, nor harshly dealing with their vices.

We rejoice that such justice has lately been done in many an excellent history; still, yet much remains undone. But it is strange, with all the discouragements we have enumerated, that a poem, built on such a theme, has been so rarely attempted. Save the beautiful but imperfect tale of "Yamoyden" and the recent one of "Pocahontas," there does not exist, so far as we know, any story in metre, by any native pen. Such an attempt has, however, again been made in the work before us, and we hail it with pleasure.

To draw some of the striking traits of a most remarkable and most unfortunate people—to blend with them some of the stirring incidents of our last frontier wars, and the features of the country whereon they befel—to write each and all into one great whole, and weave them into the bright and many-colored web of song—such has been the undertaking of our author,—an attempt of no little boldness and difficulty; and as such we applaud the spirit which dared, though we may not always give our unqualified praise to the hand which executed. The hero who gives name to the poem, was the most wonderful of all his race—the silver-tongued, the lion-hearted chief, the brave, the noble and generous Tecumseh—he whose eloquence and wisdom could rouse and unite in one great cause, tribes hostile to each other and to himself, throughout the whole length and breadth of our country, and whose skill could marshal and guide them in battle. Born and bred a savage, he was yet one of those few mighty spirits to whom preëminence belongs.

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding
The birth-hour gift—the art Napoleon
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions, till they move as one."

Rivalled only in strength of genius and vastness of purpose by his prototype Philip, and equalled by him in his short success and ultimate fall—the character of Tecumseh, though hardly prominent enough in the story, is well drawn: a fine contrast to that of his brother the prophet. The one high and open in resolves, prompt and manly in their execution; the other dark, crafty and cruel in design, treacherous and tiger-like in deed—a hypocritical friend, and an unsparring foe. The tale is one of love and war, (alas, that things so different should so often be together!)—full of wild and desperate adventures, strange events, and hair-breadth escapes, from all of which the side of right and virtue is finally triumphant over prostrate wrong and villainy. The hardships and hazards of the daring pioneer—the horrors and carnage of warfare in the wilderness—the peculiar manners and customs of savage life, are well, and generally faithfully depicted; and many descriptions are beautifully pathetic, and even sublime. There are, however, some

defects, both of plan and expression. In the first place, the metre, notwithstanding its frequent use by Scott, Byron, Southey and a thousand others, or rather in consequence of such use, is, to our taste, badly chosen. The slippery ease of its structure betrays a writer into carelessness, and tempts him to spin out his lines. And this has led to a second fault in our author—too great length,—the very fault of Scott himself. If brevity be the "soul of wit," it is the very soul of beauty and sublimity, and above all in poetry. Besides, in no age of the world has *compression* of thought been so sternly demanded of all writers, young and old, as at the present day; when the tide of ever-new coming works grow so fast and overwhelming, that even the *review* and *magazine-knowledge gatherers* almost despair of wading through such a sea of literature, and keeping up with the "march of mind." Another blemish, which adds, in no small degree, to the length of our author's poem, is the profuse description of natural scenery—a common fault of young and many old writers—which, though often finely drawn, clogs and confuses the thread of the narration. But "*de gustibus non disputandum*"—so we are willing to waive the objection of metre, a mere matter of *taste* after all, while the *length* of the poem is so varied and relieved by new and unexpected incident, that it seldom drags heavily.

There are a few other slight defects—some careless and hasty rhymes, and occasionally a passage—undesigned no doubt, which shows the writer's intimate acquaintance with Byron, Scott and Wordsworth; but these are trifles, and to be mentioned only as a passing hint for the future; not because we lay much stress upon them, but because there are many trifle-sticklers who do. To exhibit the spirit, style of *variety*, rather than the scope and unity of the poem, a thing impossible in our brief essay, we select a few random passages.

The following is a good portrait of a villain—the base De Vere—such as would not need much search to find in our day:

There came a stranger wont to roam
O'er the wide world without a home;
A weed upon the face of things,
Drifting where'er the billow swings
To vice hereditary heir—
His morals gaining every where;
But, like a pebble of the ocean,
Grown polished by continual motion:

* * * *

A being without aim or end,
Polite to all—to none a friend. p. 21.

The following is the picture of a burning prairie:

The prairie was on fire! Afar
With semblance of destroying war,
In army widening as it came
On strode the vast, consuming flame.
A league away, and on each hand
Beyond the utmost ken, and fanned
By swift hot airs, in massive sweep
The lofty columns, red and deep,
Wide-waving rushed—with furnace glare
Wreathing their spiral arms in air,
Or bending to the earth; and, where
The withered grass was searer grown,
Long lines ran forth and blazed alone;
And ever flames like steeds of fire,
Did mount and lift them high and higher.
Fast, fast they came! the earth before
Was swept with a continuous roar,
That filled all heaven; above them high
Glowed tremulous the heated sky,

As one great furnace, when, upsent,
Flaked cinders strewed the firmament ! p. 58.

The heroine, the captive Mary, thus deplores the fate of her lover, one of the heroes of the story, who she supposes had been drowned.

SONG.

It is in vain my sleepless soul
Hath asked for thee at morn and eve,
Or when the Night her starry scroll
Unrolled—'tis left alone to grieve.

It is in vain my wearied thought
May fly from world to world for thee ;
Unless the dim cold past be sought,
Thou never art restored to me.

But Memory is faithful yet,
And still presents thine image near ;
For how can it with years forget
The hours, which are forever dear ?

Most sad to me is waking light,
When I with loneliness remain ;
But dear the still and dreamy night,
For then I am with thee again.

I saw thee borne beneath the wave,
To darkness hurried from my eyes ;
And thou from out that watery grave,
To me thou never shalt arise.

Oh ! on what bright, beloved star
Hear'st thou the mourning strain I pour,
That I may watch its face afar,
And fly to it when life is o'er !

Cease, cease my song—thou art but vain !
My heavy heart—be still I pray !
Or break with this thy throbbless pain,
And let me pass to him away ! p. 23.

The fleet of Perry, drawn up on the lake on the morning of the battle, is thus described :

Oh ! fair and brave was their array
As on the unconscious deep they lay,
Their broadsides gleaming to the sun,
Their tall spars rising one by one,
Their topsails round the high masts curling,
Their ensigns on the breeze unfurling.
Beauty and terror ! Mighty things
They seemed, that, with their folded wings,
Reposing on the wave all night,
Had flown not with the morning's light !
They breathe not—but there is a breath,
Hushed deep their glorious forms beneath,
That from those hundred mouths can blast
Their foes with terrors strange and fast :
Yet fair on Erie's blue they rest,
Slow heaving with her heaving breast. p. 240.

The following description of Tecumseh's grave, ends the poem :

By Thames' dark and wandering wave
There is a rude and humble grave.
In place of mausoleum high,
The hoar trees arch their canopy ;
Instead of storied marble shining,
Are loose gray stones in moss reclining,
And ages laid along its side
One chieftain oak in fallen pride.
No evil thing, 'tis said, has birth,
Or grows within that lowly earth—
Or, if they may, with reverent love,
Do Indian hands the harm remove ;
But there the wild-vine greenly wreathes,
And there the wild-rose sweetly breathes,

And willows in eternal gloom
Are mourning round that lonely tomb.
And oft at morn or evening gray,
As fondly Indian legends say,
Nor such her theme for scorn,
Slow circling round on dusky wing,
Or on that huge oak hovering,
With plumage stained and torn ;
A solitary eagle there appears
Watching that silent tomb, as pass the cloudy years.

p. 292.

It is generally easier and more tempting to spy out and censure an author's defects than to appreciate and commend his beauties, and hence it is more common with critics. We would hope it is otherwise with us, and we do not set ourselves up for critics. We would not embitter the pleasure we feel in reading a book by a too cold and nice search after deformities ; and especially in the case of a young author ; while we kindly pointed out the errors which experience will correct, we would as candidly acknowledge the excellences which genius alone can give. The poem before us lacks much of being perfect—but with all its imperfections, it is superior to any and all of its native predecessors. It is an evidence of a better day of poetry—a harbinger of still higher and more faultless undertakings—a source of gratification to the author for past and of encouragement for the future. We would add our voice to that encouragement, and advise all lovers of poetry to read for themselves what we have so inadequately described.

THE VIRGINIA BAPTIST PREACHER, is the title of a new monthly that has been started in our goodly city. The want of such a work has been long felt by the Christian denomination of which it is the organ. We congratulate our friends—for we have many and valued ones among those who worship in this church—that the work has fallen into the hands of so able an editor as Elder H. Keeling. So far, the work has given very general satisfaction, as its subscription list can testify. Its tone is elevated and Christian-like, and it bids fair to realize the object for which it was called into existence—viz. to advance the cause of morality and religion. Subscription \$1 a year, payable in advance.

PELHAM ; or, the adventures of a Gentleman. By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. New-York : Harper & Brothers.

When Pelham was first published, it fell almost still-born from the press. It was three or four months in existence on the other side of the water, before it attracted any notice from reader, puffer, or reviewer. At the end of that time, it grew suddenly into favor—had a great run, and has well sustained its popularity ever since—so well indeed, that after the lapse of some fifteen years or more, we have it now brought under our steam presses, and sent forth to all parts of the country by those enterprising publishers—the Messrs. Harper—at 25 cents per copy. Pelham is a book that has been much read ; it is not without its admirers—but we think it only *less* poisonous than some other works from the same pen. It is for sale at the well-furnished Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker & Morris.

THE MAID OF THE DOE : A Lay of the Revolution. By an United States' man. Washington : Robert Farnham. New-York : Samuel Coleman ; 1842.

The object of the writer of this little volume is noble and patriotic ; it grows out of the very laudable desire to make his readers more familiar with many thrilling and interesting scenes of the Revolution, by portraying them in verse. He rhymes smoothly enough ; and there are some noble passages. His scenes are principally laid to the Southward of Mason & Dixon's line. The work may be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

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NO. 14.

THE HUNCHBACK: A PENNSYLVANIA STORY.

BY ARCHÆUS OCCIDENTALIS.

CHAPTER VI.

A man of the cities, and his savage heart; A man of the forests, and his mildness; Sunset on Lake Ontario; The time—June, in the year 1778; The scene—the peninsula formed by the river Niagara, where its waters mingle with those of the lake, and which goes by the name of Fort Niagara.

This is a region fraught with great and classic interest to us of the Young Republic; for here, Freedom, contending for her birthright, performed deeds of the highest emprise. It also affords a grateful theme to the student of general history,—to him who delights in the annals of wild nations, Goths, Tartars, Huns, Turcomans; for, here was the home of their more than equals—the Iroquois or Six Nations, the wisest and bravest people found in North America at the first discovery. Here too were fought some of the early battles of that great people with the French. It is a spot also of much natural beauty, and famous in the days of Champlain, La Fontain, Charlevoix, Jacques Cartier, La Salle, and others of the early French *voyageurs*, for its magnificent scenery; and, above all, for that sublime cataract which has no compeer.

Beneath one of those gigantic oaks, which might have witnessed in its infancy, the dance, the love-conference, the council-fire, and the bivouac of the Lost Race,—of that great extinct people, who are not so much as named in the earliest legend of their successors—whose works remain to astonish and perplex the present occupants, sat three men engaged in conversation of an earnest and animated character. Two of them are white men, and the third is an Indian chief. Of the first two, one is a man of rather small stature, and of sinister aspect, whose eye seeks the ground whenever you address him directly,—this is Colonel John Butler, the well-known tory leader, famous for his ferocious and sanguinary disposition, and his terrible deeds of blood. The second is a prominent actor in every frontier atrocity—Major Warrender, also of the tory party. The third is that famous warrior, Brant, or as he loved to call himself, Thayendanegea, the Iroquois chief. He is a man of lofty stature and majestic mien and deportment—Few handsomer men have lived,—and his face is rich and magnificent to a fault. When he appeared at the British court in his garb of Indian

chief, he drew all eyes upon him by his singularly splendid and imposing appearance.

Of all the distinguished Indians who have flourished on the Western continent at any time with which we are acquainted, none have equalled this one for wisdom, valor and high chivalric feeling, and resolute daring and perseverance. He is, beyond doubt, the greatest man the savage tribes of North America have ever produced. Pontiac was cool, brave and resolute; and Philip, the darling of New-England romance, was bold and subtle; but the career of both, and especially of the latter, whilst opposed to the white people, was replete with errors and mistakes. Not so that of the Mohawk chief, who was in truth a better general and abler tactician than any of his associates in the Northern campaigns of 1777 and 1778. He was, withal, a man of mild disposition; and controlled, as far as practicable, the natural thirst of his people for rapine, and their addictiveness to bloodshed. He practised benevolence and mercy: he even inculcated morality and religion. He was temperate and sober—just and upright in all his dealings, and governed his passions, especially the dominant one of his race, Revenge, to the admiration of all who knew him. His behavior to General Herkimer at Unadilla, when he had him completely in his power, hemmed in, surrounded, and all egress cut off by five hundred of his bravest warriors, was as noble as that of Demetrius Policartes to the people of Athens, when he had retrieved his fortunes after the battle of Ipsus. Though acting, it is believed, with the full knowledge, that it was in the contemplation of that general to cause his assassination, he refused to use the advantage his superiority of numbers and position gave him; and granted—in fact—an honorable capitulation to an enemy powerless as a child. At a signal from the angry and irritated chief, the shrill war-whoop rang through the forest, and warriors sprung up from each leafy covert, painted with all the fierce devices which denotes a state of belligerency. One word from him, and not one of the whites would have lived to tell this story. With a magnanimity little practised in the wars of our Revolution, he forgave his opponents, and permitted them to return in safety to their friends. In various other instances, and generally throughout that conflict, he was found an advocate for mercy. On one occasion only—the ravage at Minnisink—he appears to have been in heart and deed, the veriest savage. A stain rests on his memory for his share in that transaction—Remove this, and he may not fear comparison with any man of his time serving in the armies of Britain.

Few men, moving in an equally narrow orbit, have lived, whose memory has gone to later generations more deeply execrated than that of John Butler. It is undoubtedly a fact, that his disposition and genius enabled him to refine upon the barbarities of his Indian allies—that he went beyond them in cruelty—augmented their stock of natural craft and guile—instructed them in new and hitherto unheard-of tortures. It has ever been thus of renegades to faith, both religious and political. There is something in apostacy,—I use the word in its scriptural sense,—which unfits the mind for divine contemplation and works of faith;—something in treachery, however conceived, or for what purpose, which perverts, blinds and enervates—dims the finer perceptions, weakens the intellectual energies, and warps the mind from a correct bias, if such were its original tendency, to contemplate fraud, cruelty and oppression, as the best means of attaining desired ends. The student of history needs not to be reminded, that renegades have ever been remarkable for deeds of blood; nor will his pointing to that glorious Apostate, Julian, militate against the opinion I advance. It cannot well be otherwise. As the treason of apostacy must, for self-preservation, go uncontradicted and undoubted, he who commits it, is obliged to signalize his devotion to the new cause by waging bitter and relentless warfare against the principles and men of the old. In political warfare, expect every subterfuge, meanness and cruel expedient from the traitor: where religion or its counterfeit is the cause contended for, avoid particularly the apostate, who, having once forfeited the highest principle of the human heart, Truth, is never to be trusted again in aught that concerns men of integrity and honor. Every page of our Revolutionary history, the campaigns in the Carolinas, Tryon's expedition, the treasons of Benedict Arnold, prove the first part of my assertion: for the truth of the second, I refer to the ecclesiastical history of four thousand years.

It seemed from the gestures and impassioned pleadings of the white men, that they were persuading the chief to some act of which he did not entirely approve. Apparently he was one who thought for himself; and, in judging words, weighed the motives of those who uttered them—never coming to hasty and inconsiderate conclusions. His gestures—not his face—seemed the index to his thoughts;—when they gave utterance to any thing at variance with his sense of propriety, he springs convulsively from the ground, reseating himself composedly when they conform their sentiments to his own high and generous standard.

They rung the usual changes upon "rebellion"—"treason against the mother country"—"scalps," "plunder," "vengeance,"—to which Warrender added something about a "fair lady amongst the mountains, whose smiles were worth a million."

"They talk of savages," said the chief, with a correctness of speech and accent which, more than any other cause, gave him the reputation of being a half-breed,—*"talk of savages—talk of Indian barbarity and blood-thirstiness—even paint us, with pen and pencil; and such portraits! Well! the Indian does take a lock of hair from a forfeited head, the white man scalps the heart; the Indian tortures a lump of clay for a brief hour, the white man inflicts eternal tortures on the mind. I was born in the depths of the woods, and rocked in a cradle of bark; my father was a Mohawk, and my mother a Shawano"*—*fiere tribes both—none fiercer on this side the grave, and I have lived all my life with my people, and been of their secret councils till I came to be, myself, their sole council. In all my acquaintance with red men, and I am now thirty-six years old, I never heard as much cool mischief planned as you two white men have planned in one half hour. You are planning, one of you, to cut up an entire people—plunder, destroy, exterminate a defenceless colony; and the other, to burn down the house that had a chimney corner for him in boyhood—lop the friendly hand that pointed out the true path to the Happy Fields—destroy the peace and fair fame of her that loved him;—and yet, they are to be found who mourn over the cruelty of red men, lament that they take scalps, and send a man in black to exhort them to do so no more. Bad! very bad! all this, but such is the nature of the false-deceiving, spotted white man. The Indian takes a lock of hair from a forfeited head, the white man scalps only the heart!"*

"You rail bitterly against white people," said Warrender, "though men say you are half white yourself."

"Ah! they say so! do they?" said Brant. "I think I have heard that they say so, but he who affirms it in his own person—in my presence, has not been found yet. Do you say so?" he continued, with a half intentional, half careless handling of the glittering tomahawk in his belt, and such a composure as precedes an earthquake. "Does brave, bold, fiery Warrender—fit foe for Thayendanegea to grapple with—does he say so?"

"No! he has no occasion to say it—If he had, Brant, he would say it, spite of the hatchet," answered Warrender fiercely. "But you know me, say you are the son of Sir William Johnson."

"I boast of no such lofty origin," said the chief, with dilated nostril and heightened color. "Thayendanegea is no man's bastard,—he stoops not to claim a debased lineage. He is the son of Brant, who was a Wolf of the pure Mohawk blood—he is a man of the forest, and not an old woman of the towns. No," he continued in a lower tone, as, replacing in his belt the hatchet which in his moment of passion he had flourished around his head with

* It is said by some that Brant's mother was of the same tribe as his father.

furious gestures, he sank to the earth again, "I am that loathed and execrated and plundered, but *feared*—aha!—thing, an Indian, pure as he came from the hands of his Maker. By hard study I have mastered the language of white men, and imbibed something of their literature, and thence in their phrase I am civilized. I have *read* their Bible, and that, with them, makes me a Christian: and yet I feel every hour, and never more than in the frenzied one just past, that after all I am nothing but a savage—a kind one, perhaps, but still an unregenerate savage."

"Let us have no more of these quarrels," said Butler; "I can spare neither of you. What do you think, Thayendanegea, of the plan which Warrender here has chalked out?"

"Too bloody! too bloody!" answered the chief. "You are pleased to laugh, and to exchange significant glances because I disapprove of it for that reason, but I do. Look you both, I am in arms for the King of Great Britain—his crest is on my button—his broad seal is in my pocket—I hold, and you know it, no mean commission in his service. I have said to Scalp-buyer Hamilton, that I and my warriors will faithfully fight his battles till his refractory children shall again submit to his rule. I have promised for the Six Nations, in my quality of great chief, that no reverse to the arms of the Great King shall lose him the faith and services of my valiant warriors. But I have never promised, that I will go as far in blood and carnage as John Butler, and his friend, Major Warrender. I have said nothing that binds me to follow bad men in a crooked and tangled path, with an end hidden in darkness."

"He calls us hard names, doesn't he?" said Warrender to Butler, with a sneer. "Heard you ever the devil preaching before, John?"

"Once only," answered Butler dryly, "and that was when you read a chapter in the Canticles."

"My covenant was," continued the chief, "to make war on *men*, and not on defenceless women and children. Men, I am ready to meet when and where they list; women I would not see in my war-path."

"What eminent personage was it, Butler, that Satan, once upon a time, fell to rebuking?"

"Mother Eve's crony, Sin, I have heard," replied Butler, adding in a low voice—"Warrender, be advised, and restrain your wit. If you provoke Brant by a single taunt more, your life is not worth five minutes purchase."

"I was to bring up my warriors to the counter-scarp, if need should be—I bargained for the hottest fight, keeping in view the customs of my people the whilst. If you said to me, 'Thayendanegea, we want your aid to drive a flock of boblinks from a wheat field,' I had gone with a better will, and a higher estimate of the glory to be acquired."

"Am I to understand, then, that you decline

giving us your aid in the proposed expedition?" demanded Butler.

"Alas! I have no choice," answered Brant mournfully. "My influence has failed to arrest the hot fever prevailing amongst my warriors. If once they mark out a clear war-path, man is powerless to control. I remember Fort Schuyler and the events of last year, and that Sir John could not have restrained the spirit he awakened, had he chosen to do so; but he didn't. My people have raised their war-cry, and I cannot restrain them. With my good will, the Tories should enjoy both the glory and the profits of the enterprise you contemplate."

"But, Chief, we are promised the aid of the regular troops," said Butler. "See, here it is in black and white, under the seal of the Governor of Canada, who always makes good his word."

"Ah! the aid of Sir Guy! Well! we shall see."

"And you will go with us?"

"I must," he answered gloomily, "I must be with them—to restrain, if possible, their fierce natures—to induce them if I can, to spare."

"Ha! ha!" broke derisively from both his companions.

The Iroquois chief looked at them attentively for the space of a minute without saying a word; but his was the expressive silence of deep and absorbing contempt. With each successive moment, the knowledge forced itself upon him to the exclusion of all doubt, that the mere touch of the Tories was absolute contamination. He found himself a very angel of peace and purity compared with men of the class of Butler and Warrender, and his surprise and wonder and loathing were faithfully expressed in his gestures, and would have been seen in his countenance, had daylight permitted. Let men say what they will, and we know there have been skeptics on this as well as other matters, Brant was a noble fellow—a very "chief" of Nature's most elaborate moulding:—every page of authentic history proves it.

"Look you," he said, after a fit of deep musing, "on the fourth day from this I will meet you at Tioga Point with four hundred warriors, and aid you if I may. It shall never be said that Thayendanegea shrunk from an enterprise to which he had pledged his aid; nor shall it be said that he suffered his hands to prowl uncontrolled, prompted by Colonel Butler and Major Warrender to worse deeds than the most savage Indian nature ever dreamed of. Yet I had much rather you called me to some honorable enterprise—to strife, where man meets man and conquers him—cunning encounters cunning, and baffles it, and the swift foot overtakes the slow one, and the patient heart plods on till it tires out the uncertain aim. The fair field and the stand-up fight, and the nodding plume, even if it nods over a hearse, and the burial of the fallen in the darkness of night with a feeble torch,

and the roll of the drum—such is the strife that Thayendanegea covets, and may such be his end when he dies.”

Another moment, and the Chief was gone.

“Brant has become a craven, I fear,” said Warrender.

“Pshaw! you know better,” said Butler—“You know that a braver man never put foot on God’s earth than Joseph Brant. We have gained by the interview all we want; he will go with us, and we want nothing more. His influence is all potent to move his bands into conflict—he is powerless as a child, when once they see blood. With the first war-cry—with the first scalp, human power ends. They have been called ‘wild sons of freedom,’ and faith! they are nothing less. I wish you had seen them when we cut up Herkimer at Fort Stanwix last year. St. Leger was a devil of a martinet at all times, and then he had got some confused notions of mercy in his noddle, but the Indians paid no more attention to his commands than they would have done to the charming notes of a jackdaw. Brant’s name will attract the boldest and bravest of the Iroquois, who, in the proportion that they are boldest and bravest, will laugh at all the checks and restraints he proposes to place upon them. I shall taste revenge on those d—d Connecticut interlopers, and you, Warrender”——

“A beverage all the pleasanter for being compounded of three ingredients—love, revenge, and avarice. How I will!—Ah! you shall see.”

And who was Major Warrender! Three years before, a wounded white man, accompanied by a band of savages, presented himself at Fort St. John on the Sorel. He was sick, hungry, and ragged; with wounds cicatrized, but not healed—their fever increased by struggles in some cause, apparent but unknown—of a spirit as bitter and reckless as ever tenanted a mortal bosom. As soon as his wounds were healed, and he became capable of enduring fatigue, he took arms in the Royal service. His great strength and activity, and, upon the very first occasion that offered, his reckless daring, his unconcealed bitterness towards the Americans and their cause, procured him immediate promotion in the new service; and, with unexampled rapidity, he rose to the rank the prefix supposes him to have obtained. True, a more unprincipled man never breathed, but he could torment a miserable prisoner with the skill and relish of a savage, and hence lead them with a thread of gossamer:—he made himself very agreeable to the ladies of the garrison, and, as woman ‘rules the camp, the court, the feast,’ her influence, combined with that insidious promoter of half the bad actions in the world, *Policy*, caused his elevation over the heads of many less gifted with ‘tongue and face.’ But we must do him the justice to say, that he was as brave a man as ever lived;—was foremost in every action; and headed every forlorn hope and

sortie with the same *gaieté de cœur* with which he captivated the ladies at the table of Sir Guy. The Indians would follow him, when and where they would follow no body else,—the Tories, now organizing for that inroad just hinted at, and soon to be chronicled in deeds that, let us hope, will find no counterparts in all future time,—the Tories found in him a fitting instrument to carry their bellish designs into execution. From all these causes he was even more powerful than Butler with the British and their Indian and Tory allies.

And here we leave him within four days of the muster-call to that terrible exploit, which rivalled all that Procopius has related of the fall of Tirmium and Singidunum, or that Zingis inflicted on Neisabour and Herat.

CHAPTER VII.

Doth knowledge make us wise? doth ignorance render us harsh? doth beauty make us vain, or the loss of it less conceited? Know, man, that all vice and frivolity have their root in the secret soul.—*The Lay Preacher*.

In the same month and year, and but four days later in time, and but an hour earlier in the day, on a small eminence just below where the Chemung pours its meagre tribute into the broad Susquehanna, sat three other men, discoursing with as concentrated an interest, and apparently as fully impressed with the magnitude of coming events. As in the other case, two of them are white men, and the third is an Indian. One of the white men is the nameless person who came so opportunely to the rescue of Mary Walmesley, as mentioned on a previous page, and there designated as the “Scout;” and his companion, as the reader, no doubt, suspects, is the brave and sententious Chengachook. But he bears that name no longer: he has subscribed to the doctrines of those excellent Moravians, Conrad Weiser, and Count Zinzendorf—visions of Blest Shades and Happy Hunting Grounds are exchanged for one planted on the Rock of Hope—he is now “Indian John.” But the adjectiveness of his race to metaphor is still conspicuous—he has added to his Indian name, with reference to his first introduction to the house of the good Quaker, a somewhat elaborate epithet—he is now “John of the November Night.”

The third individual is a short, fat man, with a very red face, and as little hair on his poll as a monk of La Trappe. He has also a most peculiar gait, resembling very much that of a man whose life has been spent on salt water, and who with difficulty divests himself of the habit of walking which its rolling and convulsive motion imparts. His dress is as peculiar and outré as his gait—it consists of military boots, femorals, vest, and neckerchief, together with a copious sash—and the blue cloth roundabout, set thick with pearl buttons of a sailor, the black glazed hat, common in that same profession, from which float two ends of ribbon

quite long enough to have served for the banderol or pennon of a lesser knight in the days of chivalry. He has a habit, however, which I have never heard those knights charged with—not even when they belonged to Cafferland,—he chews tobacco, filthy man! and expectorates on the green and flowery sod, midst violets and crocuses and daisies and white honeysuckles—a filthier fluid, a more venomous poison, than the cuttle ejects when pursued by a fish of prey.

"What a lovely place this is," said the scout admiringly, "and how little a man would ever want to change it, if it wasn't for them wicked Mingoos and their friends, so much worse than themselves, the Tories. The arth is a perfect bed of flowers—and look! see! how the river falls over them little ledges; and isn't it charming the way yonder willow drops its long arms into the quiet water at its foot? You've nothing like this in the towns, I know."

"Nothing jist like it, but many things as wonderful in their way, Master Scout," replied the other. "In Philadelphia you may go on the wharves, and see strange sights, you may, Natty."

"So I 'spose, Kurnel."

"That word Kurnel an't to my liking, and doon't sound at all well in my ears, though Polly and the gals are in raptures with it—Medusa Eunice, specially, stands an inch higher in her stocking feet every time she hears it. A vain soul is Medusa Eunice. 'Captin' sounds a deal better in my ears, perhaps because it is what I am most used to. When I went them woiges to St. Kitts"—

"Where is St. Kitts?" asked the curious woodsman.

"Why don't you know—in the West Ingees—half a league N. W. from Nevis, with an intricate channel atween them; and if you do attempt to sail through it without a pilot, take devilish good care of Booby Island Rock, or you are done for."

"Nan!" ejaculated the simple listener, very much bewildered.

"If you are bound into Basseterre Roads, give the S. W. point a birth of a mile and a half, and steer N. N. W. and N. W. by N $\frac{1}{2}$ N., and there isn't any more danger than in sarcumnavigating that toad stool. You may anchor in 7, 8, and 9 fathoms water with good bottom, veer out, sarve, and bunk,—but you don't hear."

"Yes, I do," said the scout—he might have added that his capacity for hearing considerably exceeded the degree of comprehension.

"Coarse sandy bottom, with Fashion Fort bearing N. E., the Half Moon Battery N. W. by W., and the town N. N. W. and there you are, and may turn in and snore for a wager."

"And you have really been on the sea, the deep, salt sea, and where for days and days you see no land?" demanded the woodsman.

"Why, man alive! I told you before, I was a sai-

lor from my fourteenth year, and followed the seas so closely, that of all my eight children I never heard the first squeak of one. I never left the ocean a week at a time, till I came to govern Snickerdam—and a cursed, troublesome, sneaking, low-lived set of fellers I've had to rule over. I had rather spin spun yarn out of old junk, with a head sea and a ricketty winch, than to be governor another year."

"And an't the sea very salt?" demanded the scout.

"Salt! just about of the consistency of a lyin in woman's gruel. Ah! what a sanctimonious toss of the head that was! You doubt my word, I dare say!"

"No, I wasn't doubting your word, Kurnel, or if you do really like better, Captin', but I was thinking there's much wiser folks than them that put their trust in frail sticks of timber, fastened together by wooden pins, with now and then an iron one."

"Don't believe one word of that—been on the ocean, man, boy, and hobby-de-hoy, thirty-five years,—never was wrecked—never was overboard against my will—never heard all hands called without turning out, nor t'other watch called without turning in—nor never, in all my life, missed 'leven o'clock when the licker was good. The ocean, friend scout, deserves a better character than they give it."

"Wo's me; but it's sheer blasphemy that I am speaking, when the same God is over all, and always near us. But how does the sea look—the salt sea, I mean! and how does it act?"

"Much like the water in the Great Lakes, Natty. You will see as troublesome weather, and will have as much reefing and handing on old Erie as you will have off Georges'; and yet I've seen some tough storms in my time on the ocean. When I was in Dobbin and Krout's emply in the Speedwell"—

"Hist!" exclaimed the scout earnestly. "John, what is that?"

The Indian laid his ear to the earth, and listened. "I hear feet, he answered—"heavy feet—light feet—much feet—men's feet—hossees feet."

"Talking are they, John?"

"Some tongue loud—some tongue low—some no tongue—white men much tongue—red men no tongue."

"How near are they?"

"Killdeer (alluding to the scout's rifle which went by that name), shot 'em twice"—meaning that the distance was two gunshots.

"Which way are they going?"

"Come from yonder," pointing northwardly—"going there," intimating by the gesture their course down the river.

"Sure enough, 'tis the inimy," said the scout—"tis the varmints we hearn on, Butler and Brant and their gang."

"What is to be done now?" asked the other.

"That is for you to say," answered the scout—"I sha'n't pretend to take the lead. I know I've my gifts, yes I know I've my gifts; but they don't rank before the Continental commission."

"What is the use of talking about a commission when there is nothing to command?" remarked the other pettishly.

"And besides," pursued the scout, "you've seen sarvice with Old Ethan at Ty, and brave sarvice it was I've hearn, and very holdly you tuk the fortress. And you was at Gansevoort's side, last August, when he sent them brave words to St. Leger—Ah! them was brave words. No, I'm nothing but a scout—I do think a pretty keen one, but still nothing but a scout."

"I can fight, I know," said Pepper, for the reader will already have seen that it was he; "and so can a cur, and a weasel, and a rat—any thing can fight except a woman, and she can scratch, and that is close aboard of it. But it is cunning and a knowledge of Indian habits that we need now. With the Devil two gunshots off, and that if John speaks true, is his acteval distance, courage is of no more use than preventer braces to a yard when the sail has blown away."

"If I do take upon me to advise a Kurnel in the reg'lar army, it is because the 'casion is pressing," said the scout. "I know I've my gifts, and it's true that I do know the ways of them varmints, the Mingoes, better than most men, perhaps—can do more to sarcumvent them than any body in these parts, excepting Indian John. Listen, John, and tell us what you have now."

The Indian listened as before: "One gone, one stay—hoss no go—No Tongue pass on—Jabber, Jabber stay behind—red man the adder, white man the moose—one creep, and no be heard till he sting, t'odder one no hide any how no where—head taller dan any tree—body fin no thicket. Red man gone down river—white man fall tree, and go sleep where he be."

The scout made clear whatever was too idiomatic in the Indian's speech for the comprehension of the worthy Colonel. "We must let your friends down river know in no time," said he, "that heavy clouds are coming up, and that a dreadful hard tempest they threaten. But 'tis all in the hands of One—yes there's One over all, yes there is, and we'll put ourselves into His hands, and He'll take care of us according to His own wisdom and justice and marcy, and then it can't go wrong with us."

The simple man, and such simplicity as his was, immeasurably of more value than the wisdom of Solomon, if coupled with guilt and crime—the simple man bent his knee to the earth, and remained for a minute in mute adoration of the Being to whose decrees he so fervently subscribed.

"We must be at the Settlement by daylight," he

said falteringly, as he rose and wiped the sacred dew from his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

Old friends, and old scenes; the recurrence of a dream of youth; a perilous path, with an end in darkness.

Our narrative now returns to the quiet habitation of our friend Walmesley on the banks of the Susquehannah. As far as regards external matters, field, forest and mead, and herds and flocks, and solemn grandeur of mountains, and brilliant sunsets, and clear, sweet air, and the other delightful accompaniments of country life—"Nature's copy seemed eterne." Apparently not a leaf had stirred, nor a twig been shaken by the wind for six and thirty lunar revolutions;—not a patch of mountain scenery varied—the bright, gorgeous sunsets streaming through the same gaps in the Western mountains—the river as briak and merry as ever—the flock gathered at nightfall to the same sheltered lea—the herd congregated in the same numbers on the favorite hill-side. The wise maxim of the farmer's life, which, practised, elevates him to a competence—perhaps wealth, and, omitted, reduces him to penury and want,—"a place for every thing, and every thing in its place," had found its exemplar in the worthy Quaker; for, every thing beneath his roof and on his farm was conducted with such order and method, that the laborer of five years before, could, upon reëngagement, find the implement he wanted in the spot where he had left it.

If there is so little change outside of the mansion, there is as little within. In that happy house, where all the finest affections of human nature, the sweet charities of human life had their home, which the Virtues never left, nor the Vices visited, there was, in truth, nothing to change. Least of all people under the sun, do the members of that sect subscribe to new opinions—new rules of action—new modes of enjoyment. They are prudent, industrious, patient, sober, charitable; but their attachment to their tenets and practices, takes the shape, at all times, of bigotry; and when they are in the ascendant, quite of persecution. With them, the *status quo* obtains as much as it does in peace-making diplomacy. And Mr. Walmesley was one of the last of his sect to change the tenor of a life,—to undo in old age what had been well begun in youth, and beautifully carried out in succeeding years. The habits of virtue and piety—the sentiments of hope and faith—the practices of endurance and resignation, were now no more to be removed, than the mountains whose summits were visible from the windows of his dwelling. Men have fallen from their high estate when they were past the years of "Lord Angelo," but such was not George Walmesley.

This only may be noted as change in that mansion: that his sweet daughter, with increasing

loveliness, is less cheerful than before; and that her eyes, bright and beaming as ever, are frequently dimmed by a tear. Her cheek, they see, grows thinner and paler, and her walks more lonely and abstracted. She sits more in her chamber, perusing, with strained eyes, certain old papers, whose import we know not, but can guess; she resorts more to old haunts—favorite resorts of hers in times past when there was one to bear her company.

In vain have her friends reasoned with her upon the obvious cause of her grief and melancholy. "Has she not had," they say to her, "abundant cause to thank Heaven that she is not his wife! Does she not know his unworthiness?" And they have brought before her eyes, numerous instances within the scope of their own observation, of misplaced love met and conquered; they have painted the happy days that shone upon the warm affections that clustered around a spot hallowed by another—a happier and not less fervent love. But they have not succeeded in their object. Where the passion has been real, and not a mere creature of a romantic fancy, it never can be overcome. If we have loved truly and fervently, we can never bring ourselves to regard its object with unconcern. Be offended as we may, the very depth of our anger so disproportioned to the cause of offence—our haste to substitute favorable constructions for the first impulse—our readiness to anticipate the apology, even to accept one lame or impotent—perhaps to be put off with none,—all prove that we serve the tyrant yet. There will be a latent kindness—a hesitating tenderness of manner—an accent mellowed by fond recollections—an eye beaming with irrepressible feeling,—all to attest unconquered love—a passion vindicating its former sincerity by inexpugnable signs. What! though the memory does come back to us, coupled with firm conviction of his or her unworthiness, though we feel ourselves plundered of all joy and hope, though we have been made to bear a wound that will fester through life; still, if we have loved truly, we cannot forget, and cannot hate;—the waters of oblivion roll not for us. I believe as firmly as I do any thing in this life, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, one single week, or at most a month, suffices for the cure of hearts, by courtesy, and according to formula, called "broken;" but in the hundredth instance the sentiment survives Time, the great leveller of men and their passions, and stands forth—a lonely beacon on an unfrequented coast—to prove that there are such things in men and women as truth and sincerity, and deep and abiding faith,—as Constancy that will not yield to adverse circumstances—as Love that lasts till death, and perhaps survives it. But of the great mass of what are called "attachments"—pah! I laugh to think of them, slight fivers they are—caught from the curls of a mustache,

or the graceful disposition of a set of ringlets—whims, hatched out of Stults' best set-off, or Madame ——'s happy tournure. These affairs are never fatal: they rank in mortality with the pimple that demands a "patch."

Pennsylvania is a mountainous region, and her scenery is surpassingly picturesque and magnificent. I speak not so much of the wild sublimity of the inaccessible summit—of the savage grandeur of the scenes amongst which I first drew my breath, as of the quiet beauty of the delightful valleys those ridges embosom, and which sometimes burst upon you so suddenly, and teem with such unimagined loveliness, as to cause thrills of rapture to chase each other through the most sober bosoms. The rivers which pass through the many gaps in the links of the Apalachian chain, are the most picturesque in North America. They lack but the charm of association, and the aid of classic pens, to rival in the world's estimation, the more bruited of the elder continent. The Juniatta winds its way, now through shelving and rocky banks, and now through most beautiful meadows—The Monongahela, rich with historical legends, flows noisily along, fringed with alders and grapevines, and ivy and crimson columbine; and, glory of all, the broad, broken, irregular Susquehannah leaps, at times, with tremendous strength, through chasms faced with eternal ramparts of embattled rock, from whose fissures sprout the pine and laurel, and then for a space, floats along as quietly as a healthy child exhausted with play, and having fretted its hour, drops into its evening slumber. I have read of the Happy Valley of Rasselas and Theveritus, and Bion and Moschus could only have written their sweet *idyllia* with wondrous beauty spread out before them; but they saw, I am persuaded, not a tithe of the wondrous charms these same valleys display. Make the time morning, and the season summer, and from those giant peaks survey the eastern horizon—see the flocks and herds grazing the emerald pastures, and the sturdy reaper plying his task in the yellow wheatfield, and the blithe mower his in the scented clover,—and tell me, can'st thou conceive that the wide earth hath a lovelier scene!

Of all these beautiful valleys, say, travelled reader! which wouldst thou name as ranking first in loveliness—upon which wouldst thou indite pastorals—in which find themes best adapted to song and madrigal! Thou hast as much beauty—of another nature, to choose amongst, as the Dardan prince on Mount Ida, and, perhaps, thy choice may be as difficult and perplexed as his when deciding between the rival queens. But were I the umpire, not a minute should I hesitate in giving the preference to Wyoming—fair—gentle—lovely—sweet Wyoming! devout and rapturous theme of poet—naturalist—divine—historian!—Wyoming so graced by natural advantages—so unfortunate in its

whole history—so replete with present beauty—so fraught with bitter recollections!—Wyoming with thy wave to-day, bright and sparkling—to-morrow, empurpled by a living torrent from the veins of thy sons and daughters—at once Arcadia and Thracia—Tempe to-day, and Sahara to-morrow. I have seen in my wanderings, many beautiful scenes—my eyes have beheld many of the elysiums of the Old World, and nearly *all* of the most conspicuous in the New; but never yet have they feasted on such loveliness, as when standing on one of the mountains that girdle this valley on either hand, I have trembled with enthusiasm—been silent from depth of admiration—wept from excessive joy at its wondrous, its scarce earthly beauty. Vale of Evesham! waters of Keswick! landscapes of Tuscany! slopes by the “arrowy Rhine!” for what do ye justly claim preëminence over this elysium of my own bright land!

And here, close by as it were, in the centre of this lovely spot, was the home of the fair being, whose unhappy fortunes my story chronicles. Meet was it that one so pure and lovely should be the bird of such a paradise, and never with greater appropriateness could one be called the “daughter of the soil.” “The Passion Flower,” says the ‘Manual for a Lady’s Garden,’ “must be planted in a rich, warm spot—it is tender, and will not stand the winter.”

It was now that for the first time, we began to fear for the life of our common darling. She moved about from day to day in her household cares with seeming alacrity, and no manifest outbreak of sorrow; but he is not half way through the first lesson in philosophy, who has yet to learn that the heart may be bursting with grief, whilst the nerves, schooled to endurance, remain calm, and the face wears no appearance of sorrow. But there was sufficient indication of her great unhappiness to make us fear for the end. Her manner was too uncertain and fitful to indicate repose of the secret soul. She would join in our conversation, at times, with ready cheerfulness, and maintain her part in it with animation—She would say those sparkling things for which, in earlier days, she had been remarkable, but it was easy to see that there was an under current of recollections at variance with her assumed manner. Frequently in the middle of a lively dialogue, the tears would rush to her eyes, and she would escape to her chamber, apparently to perform penance for the wrong done the truth of her heart. The name of Ramsay was never mentioned in her presence, nor the most remote allusion ever made to him. Alas! how little such precautions avail to subdue an unhappy passion. Whilst memory remains to tell us of the gifts and pledges of young love, and the hours of meeting and parting, and particular tones and words of endearment; and whilst there is the sunset we admired together, and the moon we wor-

shipped for the minutes it lent us to whisper our sweet secrets in,—how *can* we forget! If, to calm her troubled spirit, I lured her out to admire with me the budding beauties of the spring, and to gaze upon that which has more power to soothe a lacerated heart than any other of God’s beautiful pictures—a summer morning vista,—the little brook by the grapevine, brought a sigh—and the stile at the rustic grotto, a blush—and the bank of moss-roses, a flood of tears, and I would find myself obliged, gently, to urge her return. She took no pains to recall his memory—Of his gifts not one did she voluntarily preserve; but every thing around her, had a voice to remind her of him she loved.

Mr. Walmesley was a good and pious man, and he was also a wise and prudent one. He knew better than any person I have ever seen, how to soothe sorrow, and pluck the rankling arrow from affliction. He saw the conflict in the heart of his daughter, and knowing how much society may do to heal wounded affections, and that banishment, for a time, from the theatre of unhappy events and agonizing recollections, is the best cure for those same wounds, he determined that Mary should visit a dear and valued friend, who lived in the town of Wilkesbarre, — miles from his own dwelling.

Wilkesbarre was a pleasant place;—his friend had a large family of young persons of both sexes—of very cheerful tempers, who saw much lively company; and if gladness ever revisited her heart, the Quaker believed the step to ensure it must be taken now, and the train laid at once at the fireside of Joseph Bidlack.

To the house of Mr. Bidlack he carried his daughter, or rather I carried her for him, in the month of May, 1778. It may excite some surprise, that he should have allowed her to go in that direction, whilst he could have sent her to a safer spot—to Philadelphia, perhaps, to a safe place certainly. It was now the height of our struggle for independence, and the present promised to be a most bloody campaign. We feared no irruption from the regular army warring on the seacoast; *our* danger was to be apprehended altogether from the Tories and savages on the Northern frontier, arrayed by the sagacity, kept together by the prudence, and directed by the wisdom, of that wisest but most merciless of British commanders, Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of the Canadas. The character of those savages, and the nature and extent of the influences at work there, promised bloody deeds soon. On that frontier were found the Six Nations, of all the Indians in North America, unquestionably the wisest and most warlike—the tiger of the Bengal jungle gifted with more philanthropy, the fox with less cunning, the lion with less audacity. They have been called the “Romans of the Western world.” I have not learned at what period of Roman history the com-

parison is intended to apply, but if it mean to the inhabitants of the seven-hilled city, at any time antecedent to the time of Camillus, I shall use the freedom to assert, that the Iroquois were infinitely their superiors. But then I must remark, that I am no great admirer of the Roman character,—have but a poor opinion of the vaunted Brutus and Cassius—of eloquent Cicero, and witty Horace, and stern Cato. I deem that our veneration for that warlike people would have undergone a great abatement, if the nations who opposed them in their march to universal dominion, had possessed annalists of equal power to portray events, and greater truthfulness to delineate character.

It was Mr. Walmsley's fault, as it was that of his sect generally, to rely too much on their character of universal peacemakers. He believed that what the great apostle of his creed, Penn, found so easy of performance, could not be difficult for those who professed his tenets, and followed his rules of conduct. That great man, wisest of all legislators, for he found means to execute penal laws without a vindictory clause, had left it a demonstrated problem, that justice and benevolence would subdue the most savage natures, and lure them back to gentleness and mercy. He brought those stern men to obey his laws, with as much ease as a lady falconer of the twelfth century would lure back her escaped bird; nay, had the same lady-fair, by a mere motion of her finger, brought the bird to her jewelled wrist, at the moment of his striking the quarry, and ere he had inflicted the blow, it had not been a more wondrous victory over brute nature, and savage instinct, than that of the immortal Penn over the restless occupants of the wilds he came to enfranchise. He found them as little penetrable to gentle influences, as the heart of the oak whose limbs canopied them at the far-famed Treaty;—in ten years they had become the gentlest and kindest of savages, the mildest and most conciliatory of wild men. Meeting ever with kindness—seeing every promise made good, both in the spirit and the letter—justice done to all—no particular favor shown to the strong—no special injustice practised on the weak—punishment tempered by mercy, and thrift controlled by charity and benevolence,—they grew, by the persuasive eloquence of example, to be almost like those they imitated. This miracle was performed on the Delawares. The Iroquois, never having had a William Penn—never having been placed in contact with such gentle influences, retained all their savage fierceness, and went into the strife of the revolution with precepts of an opposite tendency, urging them to blood and havoc—with British emissaries inciting them to carnage, and glorying in the foul reputation.

It was arranged that I should stay at Wilkesbarre, whilst Mary resided there. This was a pleasant arrangement for me, for as I grew older,

I took increased pleasure in society, and social intercourse. The timidity of my early youth wore off, and with it, the suspicion that I was the object of dislike and ridicule. It is inseparable from human nature, that one who knows that he is remarkable for deformity, should not, for a while, and until he has learned to estimate the actual weight it has with the world, imagine every laugh levelled at him; but if the sufferer possess good sense and sound judgment, the apprehension will speedily disappear; and if an occasional taunt do pass, he will soon see that it proceeds from a weak mind, and it will therefore give him no pain.

The benefit anticipated from a change of air and scene did not take place—the catastrophe was heightened with a fearful rapidity. At once upon removal, her melancholy took a deeper tone—her abstraction and listlessness increased—her cheek grew paler—her eye every day less lively, and more downcast—with, at times, a light that seemed the gleam of incipient insanity:—but the decline was the most rapid I ever saw. By the middle of June she was so weak as to be compelled to lie down upon a couch for a considerable part of each day. Her father and mother were at her side upon the first intelligence of her increased illness; and as our family were now all here, Mr. Walmsley, for our greater convenience, took a small house just out of the village.

Never did human nature, never did Christian faith take a more beautiful shape than it took in this little household. The sweet sufferer, the most lovely thing I have ever seen in this world, grew each day more radiant with beauty that seemed not of this world—so celestial and unearthlike;—and then so meek, tranquil, and resigned. No word of complaint, no exclamation of pain broke from her lips;—there was none of the querulous impatience that usually attends a disease that wears out the physical form, whilst it leaves the mind unimpaired—perhaps brightened, for so have many acute writers contended. She knew that she was dying; but as life had ceased, long since, to have any charms for her, so death had no terrors.

The father and mother gave evidence of the same resignation. She was their only child—other relative they had none—nothing to love besides her on this side the grave; and yet it was only in their pale cheeks and ceaseless watching, that you could see that they realized the full extent of the impending calamity. For myself, I must admit that I bore it with no attempt at composure. No brother ever loved sister better than I loved Mary—I could almost have died to save her. Now I saw her going to the tomb, and nothing could I do to arrest her immediate journey thither. A few days more, and we would follow this beloved being to the bourne from which there is no return.

One only source of gratification presented itself at this time, and that was the daily increasing prospect that our delightful valley would not be visited with the horrors of war. Messengers came, and brought us tidings that the projected invasion of Wyoming was given up. The reports were so fully credited, that a great portion of the men capable of bearing arms, left the valley to enlist in the Continental army. The deep cunning of the plan to disarm us both of men and vigilance, belonged, beyond doubt, to Butler and Warrender. They it was who planned the whole expedition. So deep was our security, that, down to the very moment of attack, we had no suspicion of our danger. That we were not slaughtered in our beds was owing entirely to the native sagacity of one man—our old friend Pepper.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the afternoon of the last day of June, in the principal apartment of the house numbered 101½, Water-street, Snickerdam—the “½,” in the opinion of the Dutch boatmen, signifying that the town itself was half mud and half water—sat the Misses Medusa Eunice and Circe Leah Pepper, daughters of our old friend, *Capt* Saul, exchanging sighs and glances with a gentleman of very handsome features, fashionable appearance, and most agreeable manners. As the family of our worthy friend, the cidevant master of the Schooner *Speedwell*, in the St. Kitts' trade, have received but a brief notice, I shall seize the occasion to introduce this portion of it, by courtesy, the most amiable, the marriageable daughters, to the notice of my readers.

I will begin the description, by premising that there was in this family such a commodity of names as never was seen in any family before. The mother, as I remarked in the earlier pages, was a very weak and ignorant woman, and withal a great reader of ultra-romantic stories. By an unfortunate chance, she had alighted on a volume of — “*Offid's Maltomorphus*,” so she called the book, and “*there was the names for her*,” whilst the father, being sensible and practical, went to the puritan vocabulary of the village, where he was born, and where Jethro and Peleg, and Seth and Faith, Temperance, Ruth and Leah, were popular and cherished names. Each stood entrenched in the right each claimed to name the child, and there could be no other expedient thought of to reconcile the dispute than to give each child two names beside the patronymic. But the chief oddity of the thing was the oddity of the choice on the part of both, Medusa being the name of a belle in ancient times, whose hair looked best under a nightcap; and Circe, that of another beauty of old, much addicted to potent cups, and to dabbling in other witchcraft than that proper to the sex. And the choice on the part of the father,

must have been made before the ameliorating influence of the brandy and water was felt. Amidst the many beautiful names to be found in the Scriptures—Sarah, Mary, Martha, Rachel, Anna, to select Eunice, Dorcas, Leah and Tabitha, betokened more obtuseness of intellect, than our friend really possessed.

Besides the Misses Medusa Eunice, and Circe Leah, whose business it was to entertain the stranger especially, Mrs. Pepper came to the door occasionally, and loitered to say a word to encourage and enlighten: and once to inquire of the daughters, “if the Kurnel had promised to send his adecong to say when he would come back!”

“Your husband is in the army then?” asked the polite stranger.

“La! yes—bin down to Head Quarters—la! yes, been expatriated from his own domicile for four long months, but he come back, and 's now off 'pon the look-out for Brant, and them dimmy-gogs of his, as scalp so many innocents like myself.”

“*Innocents*, indeed!” said the stranger aside; and then remarked blandly, “if he travels for business, he will find it quite too warm; if for pleasure, of just the temperature. You spoke of an aid-de-camp—your husband is in the army then?”

“La! yes, Kurnel in the Wrigglers,” (Regular.)

“I should have known it,” remarked the gentleman with a graceful inclination of the head. “The epaulette not only communicates a polish to those who wear it, but to their families also—even to their friends. It gives an easy and graceful confidence, and a flow of conversation which is quite captivating.”

“There, gals! do you hear that!” said Mrs. Pepper quite aloud. “There's nothing in Snickerdam that'll come along side of this ere youngster for politeness.”

“I have been many times indignant with my revered parents,” he continued, “that they should have withstood my inclination for a military life, although they did bestow upon me the highest calling man may have in this vain and transitory world. You see I wear the garb of the clerical profession.”

“I see you got a new black shute,” said Dorcas Circe, “and it's wery fine cloth too, I see. It cost, I dare say, a pound ten, an ell Flemish, (Miss Dorcas was deep in arithmetic at that time.) Shall you stay and preach for Mr. Follywhack next Sabbit?”

“I am not able to say at this moment, but I rather think not. There are points of difference between us touching eucharistal matters,” replied the graceful stranger—“if Colonel Pepper were at home I might.”

“Odzuckers! how glad I am,” said the talented matron—“why I 'spects the Kurnel to-night some, and to-morrow morning sartin.”

"It is difficult, I have heard, to calculate for military men," remarked the reverend gentleman; "if he's engaged in actual service, he has scarcely the command of his own time. He may be a prisoner, madam."

"Prisoner! not he—no fags! why he's got the Scout, and Indian John, which was a Delaware Chief, they say, when Penn come to this country, and you can't supprise them with an amboush any more than you can catch a weasel in a long nap."

"The distance may prevent his return."

"He's only gone up to the Falls to look out for the Injans and Tories, which ar a threatening Wyoming with a wisit."

"Indians and Tories! how's this!" demanded the reverend gentleman.

"Yes! and what's more, headed by John Butler, and the salvage chief, Brant. Siace Wednesday two weeks, there has been a story on the tapers (tapis), that Butler mediagtated an innervation of the walley. Now husband heard on it on Head Quarters, and comes home to look arter the matter. Says I to him says I, let people stew their own parsnips, let the miller grind his own grist; don't you go anear them there walley folks—stay at hum, and purtect your own—show your pin-feathers for your own chickens, says I. But men aint fond of listening to their wives, more's the pity; and the consekins is, that one-half of the time the fat is all in the fire, more's the pity."

"I know but little of military matters," said the reverend gentleman with a smile; "but I should think that the folks of the valley were numerous enough to defend it."

"My man says not. You know there has been full three hundred drifted into the Wrigglers, and gone, half to dust and ashes, 'fore now."

"Still I should think there was a sufficient force remaining to defend it. I have somewhere seen it stated that there were eleven hundred fighting men in the settlement."

"Botheration, stranger, and what o' that, when a hundred of them are Tories, and a hundred more ready to join the strongest! Saul says, that if Brant and Butler are sixteen hundred strong, and fight, he says, like hell-born devils, as they always do—I'm using Saul's very words, they'll sweep the walley from eend to eend, he says, in two days' time."

"Not, I should hope, with such brave men as Colonel Pepper to lead them, aided by the talents and experience of Washington's generals."

"Washington's generals! why Zeb Butler leads them, and he is nothing but an old woman, and Nat Dennison isn't a pinch of rapparee better. Perhaps 'tis my excessive purdeliction for my husband that makes me say it—but fags! I do think that Old Saul Pepper is the only raal good hoffer in the Walley. He fears nothing. In the terriblest tempest you ever did see, when I've bin sha-

king like one with a tartan (tertian ague she meant), he has sot and laughed at it most provoking."

In this and other cheerful and interesting conversation they sat for a couple of hours, and pleasant hours they were no doubt. The reverend gentleman spoke of the times most feelingly, deprecating almost with tears, the civil war raging, and the atrocities committed by the marauding Tories, about whom he expressed himself with rather more bitterness than his sacred calling would seem to admit of. He regretted, very much, the absence of the brave head of the family, but professed his belief that they should meet nevertheless. Miss Medusa Eunice could scarce restrain her tears, when, professing good cause for his immediate and somewhat abrupt departure, he took his leave. His warm and affectionate manner at first, had flattered them into the hope of an event never yet accomplished in the Pepper family—the union of two bodies by the connecting link of marriage. For, although the head of it was a colonel, and a most popular colonel too, and that his Water-street speculations had put him in possession of large wealth, and though no girls since the flood had tried harder to achieve the captivity of eligibles than the Misses Pepper, two or three only had come to woo, and nobody to wed. Clytemnestra Ruth, the third daughter, had *almost* realized an offer—she had actually understood a question, put as a direct proposal for the preliminary company-keeping, and had referred the supposed suitor to her father; but the gentleman declared seriously, that, in her agitation, she had entirely mistaken his question, which was simply the time of night.

The stranger had not been gone more than two or three hours, when Colonel Pepper returned home. He heard them discuss the merits of the stranger—his fine figure, handsome face, beautiful clothes, &c.

"Oh, Paa! sich a nice man you never did see," said Circe Leah.

"A wery purlite gentleman sartin," said Mrs. Pepper.

"What was his height, Eunice?"

Miss Medusa Eunice replied with a description as accurate as memory permitted.

"A spy, by —," said the colonel. "I see it all, and there's nothing that any one of you knows that he don't. He has sifted you sweetly. Bad! bad! Have you any suspicion, Polly, what is to happen shortly?"

Mrs. Pepper, applying her small modicum of wit to the desired scrutiny, and meeting no response from the intellectual oracle, answered "no!"

"Then I will tell you, my wife," said he, whilst the tears coursed his broad and manly cheek, through which time was beginning to plough deep furrows—"in less than forty-eight hours the whole force of Tories and Indians will be upon us. They

number three times as many men as we, and are commanded by brave and resolute men—we by officers entirely unfit for the responsible duties they have assumed. If we are defeated, and small hope is there for us—merciful God! what scenes will ensue. Polly, this very night you and the children must go down river, and remain there till the danger is past.”

“And will you go too?” demanded the wife tearfully—for though very weak and silly, she loved her husband.

“No, Polly, no! I return to our little army in less than two hours. I am here only to provide for the safety of my family: that accomplished, I rejoin my friends. And if your fine clergyman be he I suspect it is—the bloody Warrender, *with an alias*, I’ll keep to myself for the present; d—n me if I meet him, if I don’t pay him the debt I owe him, sanctimoniously, all upon the nail, and no stallments, as Rhenebeck says when he tells the funny story of our first acquaintance and negotiation.”

In two hours, the Pepper family were floating down the river—all save the veteran head, and he was in his march to rejoin the small band of doomed men awaiting the onset.

CHAPTER IX.

Happy should we deem it for the honor of humanity that the whole account was demonstrated to be a fable.—*Annals* 1779.

On the 2d July, 1778, the disposition of the rival parties contending for the possession of the valley of Wyoming, was this:

At the distance of one mile from the head of the valley, stood Fort Wintermoot, so called after a bloody Tory, who had made himself conspicuous in this and many other instances, for his ferocious counsels, and cruel conduct. Of this fort, the invading force—sixteen hundred strong, of whom four hundred were Indians, on the evening of that day, took possession. Colonel John Butler may be said to have commanded-in-chief, though the obedience yielded to him by his savage auxiliaries, was of the slightest texture, and least possible amount. From this fort, and *point d'appui* of their strength, small scouting parties were sent out as well for purposes of general plunder, as to procure provisions for the troops, and forage for the horses. It was an object, and in all warfare it is a legal one, to spy out the land, and its plenty or nakedness, its weak points, and strong defences, and assailable men, and therefrom to deduce the strategic policy of the prospective campaign. We have the assurance of contemporary history to aid my own recollections of the time, that bribery was freely resorted to—that “secret service money” was no more spared here, than it was by Horace Walpole or Cardinal Richelieu. The ease with which spies traversed the valley without detection,

proved not less the imbecility of one party, than the cunning of the other; and, I fear, a readier acquaintance with the charms of British gold, than has been suspected or recorded.

On the west bank of the river, just below Monockonock Island, and some three miles above Fort Wyoming, there was a fortification of little worth, to which the people of the valley resorted for security on this occasion. In this fort, which took its appellation of “Forty Fort” from the names of the forty settlers by whom it was built—in most chronicles it is known as Kingston—in this fort, were hastily met, on the morning of the third, the bone and sinew of the settlement—a band numbering something less than four hundred, the bravest, and most active of the whole population. Small parties—just enough to kindle signal fires and bar gates, were left in the other forts,—the remainder of the entire force of the valley was assembled here.

The reader will admit, that I was not framed for warlike deeds; yet no man within the belt of mountains that encompasses Wyoming, had weapons on his thigh for its defence, sooner than the Hunchback. It was impossible that I should rise to the dignity of a hero, or emulate the exploits of a paladin; but I had as much to lose as many a man of complete proportions and a nobler form—friends tenderly, dearly, beloved,—my little all of temporal wealth, and my share of civil rights and liberties, outraged and violated by the proud nation, who were the prime movers to the present invasion—the chief directors of all the atrocities of those who led it—eager participators in all the frontier scenes of blood and carnage. I know further, that I am not so unapt at martial exercises as I may seem. Though I have, and know it, hideous features, and know that my stature is that of a dwarf, yet I have great corporeal strength, and, moreover, I feel that I am not deficient in—nay, that I have more than my share of courage, intrepidity, firmness, coolness, and resolution—the qualities that make the soldier—and, with experience and opportunity and Luck, in which I am a firm believer, the conqueror. I went into the strife of that hour with a pulse as true as if it had been of steel, tempered in the great smithy of *Ætna*; and it never fluttered for a moment throughout the struggle.

A council to determine on our future course of action, was held very early on the morning of the third. There was here a very great disparity of opinions—some were for awaiting the attack in our fortress, while others were for taking the initiatory step in offensive warfare. All agreed, that the fortunes of Wyoming stood or fell by the councils of the morning, fashioning the policy of the next two days. All felt the importance of giving advice, and yet felt how much he had rather the duty devolved on another—a common predicament

of the mind when great events are being annealed. When the great game of life and death is to be played, a generous and high-souled man will rather double his own stake, than recommend a heavy forfeit to another. The advocates for offensive warfare contended, that whilst no augmentation of our own force could take place, (for, from whence could recruits come!) the enemy, having nothing in his rear to obstruct arrivals of fresh troops, and with the weakness of the settlement known throughout the whole Northern region, might expect great accessions of force, and a constant accumulation of the means of subsisting it. They contended, that the enemy whilst strengthening themselves, would weaken the valley force, unless immediate attack were made; that the harvest just beginning to ripen, would never be gathered by those who planted it, and winter would set in on a starving and houseless population.

Those who were disposed to rely on the strength of stone wall and fosse, (and of this number were brave old Pepper and myself,) contended, that to attack an enemy of three times our number, was not valor but rashness and foolhardiness, and would be followed by certain defeat—by the destruction of the settlement—by the carrying away into slavery of our wives and children—by torture;—in truth, by almost annihilation. If we remained within the fortress, those so remaining were safe—a nucleus around which would gather all the dispersed elements of resistance, reorganizing for sorties, sudden attacks, and all manner of formidable resistance. But the party for war, like that for which Lemprarius raised his voice, prevailed. I know there have been many who assert that Colonel Zebulon Butler and others, were, from the beginning, traitors, and counselled in accordance with a compact to deliver up the settlement. That both Butler and Dennison were weak and imbecile men, and utterly unfit to lead men to battle, I admit; but I profess to believe them honest and faithful, and doing all that could be done by the light of a very feeble lamp.

At the dawn of day on this eventful morning, the garrison left the fortress in order of battle under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler. The fort occupied by the enemy was but three miles distant. It was wished to reconnoitre the ground occupied by the enemy, and volunteers for the duty were invited. The Scout and Indian John would have been worth their weight in gold upon the occasion, but they were absent on another duty.

There was in Snickerdam a wild Irishman, by name Mike O'Grady. In the exuberance of his mirth, and with an eye to fun solely—for never other cause was known to impel him to action—Mike O'Grady came out with the troops to find entertainment in bush warfare. He was a merry, good-hearted fellow—the pet and “darlint” of young and old. He was continually in a scrape of

some kind or other, but his dexterity in working himself out of them, and in converting misadventures into favorable events, was the theme of constant delight. He drank more whiskey, sang better songs, had more pugilistic set-tos, and made more blunders and friends, than any man in Snickerdam—perhaps in all broad Pennsylvania. There wasn't a man in the whole mountain region, ignorant of the especial qualifications of the Wild Irish Boy, and of his witty sayings, and *jeu de mots*.

With the usual grimace and mock bow, Mike O'Grady stepped up to Colonel Butler, and offered his services as a “reconnautherer.”

“Did he know the ground?”

“Didn't he?”

“Had he been upon it?”

“Yes, an unther it too!”

To hear him talk you would have supposed that he knew to an unit, the number of grains of sand there were in the whole of Kingston township. And this is the great fault, barring shillelahs and potteen, of the tight-hearted son of Ireland. He professes that which Newton and Bacon failed to obtain, Universal Knowledge. He will give you the course and distance of a place he never heard of in his life, on a road he never travelled. He will assert familiarity with a language of which he does not even know the characters. He is the great finger-post on the highway, the only infallible and ever-ready respondent in science, the true head “wrangler” in all recondite debates. Oh, Patrick! Patrick! with thy wit, and liveliness, and intellectual quickness, what wouldst thou not become, what fail to perform, were modesty and discretion added to thy other qualities!

He was not sent on this important errand without the earnest protest against his being so employed, of the shrewd and sagacious Pepper. But John Butler, like other men dressed in a little brief authority, found too much pleasure in his unwonted rule not to cling to it with the utmost pertinacity. He would have his way, and Mike O'Grady went as scout. The orders he received were as definite, precise, and as much to the purpose, as those given by Dogberry to the watch in Much Ado About Nothing.

And well did the scout enact the character of a rollocking Irishman. Had proclamation been made with trumpet throughout the valley, that Abraham Pike and Mike O'Grady were going out, in the capacity of spies, to discover the whereabouts of the enemy, the subjects of their espionage would not have been better prepared to receive them. They reported, that they found the invaders reposing in perfect security—an *Indian on the war-path reposing in perfect security!* Having made the discovery with about the same attention to secrecy, that a nymph of the *pave* uses with her lovers, or the boatswain when he pipes to grog; and, having fired upon two Indians to notify them that there

was powder in the American camp, and no mistake, Mike O'Grady and his associate returned with merry faces to head-quarters, and reported a surprise of the enemy's camp very practicable.

At break of day we left the fort, and began our march towards the entrenched position of our enemy. Butler was chief in command. We found them drawn up in order of battle, their left resting on the river-bank, their right protected by a swamp. Associated with John Butler in the command of the invading force, were most of the Tory leaders and partizans, who had rendered themselves conspicuous and terrible in the frontier war. Our own column was displayed, to use the official language, in "corresponding order," as if there can be correspondence in the movements of opposing armies, when one of them outnumbers the other in the proportion of four to one. Being so much our superior in number, it followed that their line was more extended than ours, and thence the certainty of their outflanking us. They could do it whilst holding back half their force,—a fact, which places in yet stronger light, the folly of the whole *modus operandi* on our part. The ground where the battle was fought is broken and uneven, covered with pine woods and dwarf bushes, hiding the movement of troops, and leaving to conjecture what should be known with certainty. In the parlance of the country, this is Abraham's Plains—a spot which time will consecrate in remembrance of a thrilling tragedy.

Zebulon Butler commanded the left, and Nathan Dennison the right. But why should I particularize the incidents of this mock battle? Many have narrated them, and as I know, with greater accuracy than usually attends such details, when such intense party bitterness is mixed up with them. In less than ten minutes, it was not simply a defeat that we encountered: it was a race where only a few of the fleetest escaped—a rout most perfect in its kind. At no time did our people show the spirit or achieve the deeds, which, even if our numbers had been equal, would have given us victory. The whole of this campaign, so brief and bloody, from the first gathering of the settlers to the last musket fired, displayed nothing but pusillanimity, impotency, idle rushing into danger, and loss of all presence of mind when there. No trait of common sagacity—no spark of common courage warmed our troops—No remembrance of the stake depending,—wives and helpless old age, and still more helpless infancy, exposed to the tomahawk—the pecuniary gains of toilsome years devoted to the flames, lent life to troops, that, like the Welshman, mistaking moods and tenses, "*would* be drowned, and nobody *should* help him." It was like a play of foils against broadswords—The yells and war-whoops of the savages paralyzed our men, till they seemed incapable of resistance.

There were some who bore themselves like men

in this battle, and none fought more bravely than the old St. Kitts trader. There were peculiarities in his mode of fighting which deserve mentioning for their novelty. He fought without hat, shoes, coat or waistcoat—and, in extreme cases, without a shirt, with a silk handkerchief bound tightly around his head, and his trousers rolled up to keep them out of the dew. Thus attired, nothing could stand before him a minute. For the whole space of the conflict, wherever it raged fiercest, wherever the yells of the savages rose loudest, there was to be seen one attired as I have described him, and with an enormous pigtail projecting at least a foot from the proper region of pigtails, doing deeds that few martialists could do. It was remarked that, on this day, his warfare was peculiarly demoltory and aimless. Men guessed that he sought in the ranks of the enemy, one doomed to pay a deep debt of vengeance—to settle now a long arrear of wrath and hatred. It was difficult to detect countenances, for the greater part of the Tories were disguised to resemble Indians; but once, when our eccentric old friend was exchanging passes with a savage of large stature and fine proportions, he was heard to address him as "Major Warrender," which the other, momentarily lowering his point, answered to. The combatants were speedily separated in the melee—a disappointment for which Pepper appeared to feel little appetite.

Of those who retreated from this disastrous field, some escaped by swimming the river, others fled to the mountains. At least two-thirds of those who came into the field, left their bones to bleach upon it. A portion of those who escaped from the first encounter, took refuge with their wives and children in Wyoming Fort. Invested by Butler, on the succeeding day, it surrendered on articles of capitulation. The story of the treachery of the besiegers—of the massacre of the entire population, with even greater barbarities than before—of all the horrid circumstances attending it—the cool murders of brother by brother, and father by son—the story is too revolting to be told in a publication that has female readers.

One death only I must pause to mention and deplore—that of the poor Irish lad, the cunning spy, Mike O'Grady. He died as full of heroism as a martyr of the early church, fighting bravely to the last, and probably the merriest victim ever tormented at an Indian stake.

CHAPTER X.

FINALE TO THE TRAGEDY.

The borough of Wilkesbarre lies North-East from the battle-field, distant ten miles. Thither, on the loss of the battle, Pepper and myself retreated with the afflicting tidings. We were not the first bearers of the sad intelligence, however—the news had preceded us half an hour, borne by

those who had taken no part in the contest, awaiting the event from a safe and convenient hill, half a mile distant. With the hope of obtaining mercy by unreserved submission, the people of the village had resolved to offer no defence, demand no conditions. As "those," saith the proverb, "whom God wills to destruction, he first deprives of understanding," it would have shorn the lesson of a portion of its deep philosophy, had this remnant of the valley people displayed wisdom, good conduct, or other redeeming trait. They did not; and the lesson went down the stream of time as perfect in its kind as any thing I have read of.

Let me paint to you, my readers, the scene we saw in the Quaker's cottage on our entrance. It is a mournful one, but man was made to mourn—out of God's mercy, doubtless; for "it is good to be afflicted." On a low couch, on each side of which sat a parent holding a cold and shrunken hand, lay my more than sister, apparently in the last stage of human existence. The change, that a week had wrought in her, was sad to behold. A feeble voice articulated so as to be understood with difficulty, called me to the bedside—her mother surrendered her place to me; and once more, reposed in mine, the little hand that I had pressed so oft in brotherly fondness.

"Does dear Mary know," I inquired of the father, "that in a couple of hours this dwelling will be visited by the terrible bands who have deluged the valley in blood?"

"She knows all, and, as I think, comprehends fully our situation," he answered. "Poor child! she is past all human fear as thee sees."

The eyes of the sweet sufferer to whom our conversation was perfectly intelligible, were turned towards me, and a slight motion of her lips indicated a wish to speak. I leant down my ear to catch the last accents of a soul just passing to its final abode.

"I am going home, my dear brother," she said feebly. "It is my wish that you should remain with my dear parents as long as they live. Promise me this, and I shall die easier."

I replied, as well as my tears would permit, that her command should be a law to me, and the more as my affection for them, independently of her wish, would chain me to their side as long as they found pleasure in my society. "Is there any further command, dear sister, to be laid on one ready to execute it at any peril?"

"It may be thy fortune, my brother, to meet with a wretched man bearing the name of Robert Ramsay. If thee does, say to him that the greatest pang Mary Walmesley felt in her dying hour, was the knowledge of his sinfulness and depravity. Say to him, that could I know he were repentant, I could die easier."

"Trouble not thy pure mind in this solemn hour,

my beloved child! with one thought of that bad youth," said the good Quaker.

"Father!" said the dying girl, "forgive me this weakness, as I hope my Father in Heaven will. I have never ceased to remember him—aye, dear father! and thou wilt not chide me for it *now*—too fondly, and I cannot forget him in my dying hour. Thee knows that I refused to be his wife—it is the truth, father! that I die rather than be so. But I feel and know that the victory I have achieved over my heart, will be accepted by my Redeemer as an atonement for my remembrance of him in death; and the prayer of my last breath, that he may be reclaimed from his evil ways, and come to lean, as I do, on God and his Crucified Son."

The failing speech of the dear girl had merely enabled her to bring to a close, in semi-tones and broken accents, the dying declaration of her truth and constancy. What more she might have added, I know not; but at the moment, the shout of the terrible foe, just entering the village of Wilkesbarre, broke on our ears, and gave other employment to our thoughts. The Quaker urged both Pepper and myself to seek a post of safety with the distracted crowds, who were flying from the valley in pursuit of a hiding-place. But we refused to listen to the kind counsel. Both of us were resolved to take a lesson of faithfulness from the dying couch, and remain to share the fortunes of our friends, with whom, for so many years, we had been on the kindest terms of intimacy and confidence.

"We shall have a visit from them as soon as they have plundered and burnt the village," said Pepper. "The moment they lack occupation, or want for sport where they are, they will make a diversion to us."

This was trite information to us, so well acquainted with Indian habits. We all expected their visit, and only erred in supposing it would be procrastinated so long. The words were scarce out of his mouth, when we heard shouts—momentarily growing nearer, until the last was uttered at the door-latch.

It was lifted without ceremony, and in a breath of time the small vestibule or entrance hall was filled with Indian warriors. One who appeared to have complete command over them, advanced—for a moment, with a proud and firm step, and then, for some unknown cause, like a fiery horse, checked in mid career, came to a sudden stand, faltered, and *backed* to the door. He was a man of a noble form and step, a shade darker than his comrades, and the garb he wore was in the best style of Indian costume.

Of all the men I ever saw, Pepper possessed the greatest share of native sagacity. It was impossible to deceive him in matters either trivial or important. To him, every occurrence was as clear as those waters we read of that are transparent to

the depth of a hundred fathoms. He saw, with the first glance, that this was no Indian, but a white man in disguise; and the same rapid and unerring perception enabled him to name instantly, the individual assuming it.

"Do you know the leader of this gang?" he asked of the afflicted father, in a low whisper.

The Quaker replied, that he did not.

"Robert Ramsay! I marked him to-day in the fight, and knew his walk at once. And he is, moreover, 'Major Warrender;' for, be assured the Tory leader so terrible for the last two years on the whole Northern frontier, is no other than the bold, bad youth we knew in years past as Robin Ramsay, with a new name, but with the old heart."

The suspected man now came to the side of the Quaker. "There is death in the house of my white father!" he said with a voice we could remark was husky and choked with emotion.

"Speak in thine own style, Robert," replied Mr. Walmsley. "All disguise is useless—thou art no Mingo: we know thee well."

As he said this in his peculiarly solemn and impressive tones, a visible tremor took possession of the stranger. It lasted but for a moment, however; the next he tore the mask fiercely from his face, and stood before us, without disguise, the man we believed him to be.

As the mask left his features, a strong beam of sunlight lit them up, and a low cry of horror and anguish came from the dying maiden. There was lent to her from that Great Source, which is the Fountain of Life, renewed strength to raise herself a little from the couch. "Support me for a moment, my brother!" she said to me, "and let me look at the well-remembered face for the last time. Robert, I am going—a few minutes more, and I shall be in the land of spirits. There is a strength lent me, I feel, not for myself, but for thee. I reproach thee not with my wrongs and outraged affections—I forgive thee, Robert, in the hour of death, forgive thee; and do Thou forgive him, Oh God!—but repent, Robert, repent! I see," she exclaimed with sudden ecstasy, "Heaven opened, and behold! the Joys of the Blest! and the Glories of the Lamb! Repent, Robert, repent, and come—to me—in that bright and glorious home. I have been true to thee—I have loved—no other—thine, and thine alone. If thou wilt forsake thy bad ways, I will be thine—thine in Heav—en."

As she gasped out the last words, she fell back dead on the pillow.

"This is a solemn scene, Robert," said the good man. "Yet inasmuch as the flesh is nothing, the soul all, her death were cheaply purchased if it procured the life eternal of blessedness for thee. May I hope the lesson will not be lost upon thee?"

If there was a thought given by the sinner to repentance, it was of the briefest possible duration—a mere cloud passing over the face of the moon.

"Who parted us, dotard?" he exclaimed in the most terrible frenzy of passion I have ever seen. "She loved me—you heard her say it with her dying breath, and our love was mutual—she rejected me, because you bade her. Of a sect whose hypocrisy is deep as the ocean, whose pretensions to sanctity are the source whence, to add to their broad acres, you have caused your daughter's death, and your own. The hour has come for which I have toiled for years. Know it is I, that planned this expedition—I, that found in John Butler a willing partner—in Jo. Brant a reluctant, but still, thanks to my own wisdom, an efficient aid. I have thrice visited this valley as a spy—even condescended, for the sake of revenge, to listen two full hours to the silly gabble of the fools, Saul Pepper calls wife and daughters. Revenge has come at last. Ho! at the door there! enter!"

A stalwart savage responded to the call.

"Prepare the stakes," said Ramsay—"three, do you hear, and pile high the faggots around them. You shall have a feast, my brave Mingoes—there shall be, if not a feast of reason, at least a *flow of souls*. The taciturn Quaker, the talkative Sailor, and the learned Hunchback, full of wise saws and modern instances, will be such a trio as Mingoes never yet yoked for a saturnalia—Supercalia were the truer name—the sacrifices, goats, dog, and a—ha, classic Rhinebeck! am I right?"

"This comes of your nonsensical lenity," said the undaunted Pepper to the Quaker. "Do you remember, five years ago, I would have clipped the wings of this vile braggart but for you! He had made himself responsible to criminal law, and he should have gone to the gallows, d—m me, but for you."

Nothing in the legends of my native Hartz of the revels of the demons who haunt them, could possibly have equalled the conduct of the savages whilst they were preparing the stakes. They shouted, laughed, sang, jumped, ran races around the house—singly—in pairs, and in squads—but I cannot find words to depict their excessive joy, and the devices they adopted to make it known.

Presently the door opened, and Ramsay, with two or three of the stoutest of his associates, entered with cords. True to his principles to the last, and yet as full of nerve as a martyr, the Quaker silent and passive awaited the result. Not so Pepper and myself. We knew that resistance could not possibly make our fate worse—without it, the most terrible torments awaited us—resist, and life might be ended by a single blow—torture escaped by a simple act of courage. Twice we beat them out of the house; but numbers and brute force prevailed at last. A blow on the head from a bludgeon, dealt from behind, laid me prostrate. My recollections of the next ten minutes are very imperfect. When my senses returned, Pepper, wounded and bleeding, but unconquered and un-

conquerable, using his tongue in a torrent of biting words, stood bound to the stake—Mr. Walmesley, naked from his waist up, but meek, patient and unresisting, was awaiting the like operation. My clothes had been torn from me during my trance, by no scrupulous hand—That I had been spared death was undoubtedly owing to the peculiar feeling the savage has for any thing deformed or *stricken*. Probably I should have escaped altogether, but for the malice and hatred of Ramsay.

"What has *thee* to say now?" asked Ramsay, deridingly, of the Quaker.

"Nothing, Robert," he said meekly, "but to utter a prayer for thy speedy conversion, and then I go to my beloved daughter who cannot come to me."

"Utter thy prayer quick then, for thy race is run."

"I will, Robert, I will. Merciful God! as the last words of that pure soul thou hast just called to thy bosom, were for thy regenerating grace on this great sinner, so let my own petition to thee, Most Merciful God, in the same cause, be added to hers, and may it be accepted by thee. Pardon him, Father! for he knows not what he does; and Thy will be done forever and ever!"

"My will first!" exclaimed the wicked man.

But God chose that moment to vindicate his own power and glory. The impious assumption of the Great Attribute of the Divine Being was scarce made, when there came the quick sharp crack of rifles from a wooded eminence a little on our left; and three savages—one of them just applying the fire to the faggots that encompassed Pepper, and another doing the same deed for Mr. Walmesley, fell dead without a struggle. A moment of indecision in the survivors gave our unseen allies time to reload, and two more of the savages fell victims to the same unerring aim. With scarce less swiftness than the leaden messengers of death, those who gave them their fatal currency were upon us. One stroke of a friendly hatchet severed the cords that bound the old master of the Speedwell,—the liberation of the Quaker was accomplished with equal speed. In a breath, the fierce old sailor was re-armed and raging, but no change could be remarked in the countenance of the Quaker.

"Turn, hellhound, turn!" cried Pepper, without ever having so much as heard of Macduff. The call was directed to Ramsay, who gave indications of retreating. "Stop a few minutes, do now—I want to pass a few compliments with you. Wo'nt you stay and preach for Mr. Follywhack next Sabbath, d—n you!"

"Hist! what is that!" exclaimed the scout, who was one of our deliverers. "There's help coming to them. If you would save your lives, you must follow me instantly. Too late! too late! and we are lost."

Three mounted Indians, one of them of a tall and particularly commanding demeanor, rode rapidly on to the lawn. Never have I seen a handsomer man than this last—never one whose port was more noble and majestic. Every action was grace itself. His horsemanship was as perfect a specimen of equestrian skill as ever graced a knightly encounter of chivalry. His burnished arms glittered like silver. They were those, with which a soldier of wealth and high rank would delight to deck himself. In addition to these, he wore in his belt of curiously variegated wampum, the characteristic tomahawk, which, in its texture and finish, resembled an elaborate sword blade of Damascus steel. A rich plume nodded over his lofty forehead.

The deep silence, which pervaded both parties during the temporary cessation of hostilities, was first broken by the stranger chief. Turning to Ramsay with a face livid with suppressed anger, he bade him survey the valley through which, for a time, the triumph of hell was complete and resistless. In every direction, as far as the eye could reach—East, West, North, and South,—in front, and in rear, the work of destruction was going on—The triumph of Tory malice and Indian cruelty, reigned unopposed. The villages, after a butchery of almost every soul in them, were in flames, as were also the greatest part of the farm houses and rural habitations, in the whole valley for its entire length. The fields of grain, nearly ready for the sickle, had been set on fire and consumed where they grew; the herds mangled, and with their tongues cut out, ran bellowing madly with anguish:—but no pen can picture the horrors of that hour. And from time to time, above the roar of the flames, and the crack of musquetry, rose the terrible yells of the infuriated bands of mingled Indians and Tories, who were changing one of the fairest spots of earth into another Campania.

"And this is your foul work, Warrender," said Brant, fiercely.

"It is indeed—I acknowledge it—I am its parent," answered Ramsay with an audacious smile.

"You have deceived me, doubly deceived me," said Brant: "first deceived me by promising mild and honorable warfare, and, secondly, by procuring my absence from the battle-field by a cunning and basely-forged lie—aye, Warrender, *I say it, a lie!* Had I been present, victory had not less been ours; and we—I mean myself, for disgrace cannot affect one so vile as thou art—had been spared the infamy, which this outrage will entail through all time on its perpetrators. And scarce can speech or future deed of mine wash out the blot, or clear my character from the mist that must shroud it, till good men shall arise to vindicate Truth and Brant. I feel I shall ever be contemned of all just and honorable men for that, knowing as I did, the

foul hearts of the traitors to God and man, whom men call Tories, I leagued with them—trusted to them—breathed the same air with them. But this shall show I am a Mohawk yet: What! ho! is there one of you all that has just cause of quarrel with this bad man, and would take a brave mode of settling it?"

In a second of time, Pepper's shoes, hat, neck-cloth, waistcoat and *shirt*, were a rod from him.

"See if you preach for Mr. Follywhack next Sabbath, d—n you," said he, taking the quid from his mouth, which, with him, always denoted a fatal extremity of purpose. "There are points of difference between us," mimicing the tone of the other, at the celebrated interview between him and the Pepper family—"s'pose we settle 'em now!"

At this point of time, Chengachcook, or Indian John, stepped suddenly forward: "I claim," said he, "the life of this warrior,—it is mine—forfeited to her who lies sleeping yonder. Many years since, I came sick and wounded to the cabin of this good man. There was in that cabin a little bird, chirping on the boughs, and singing the sweet songs of childhood. It fluttered around me; it perched at my side; it all but nestled in my bosom:—the Great Spirit never created any thing more beautiful. It was there, and by its aid, that I got food, got rest, and went on my way strong—that before the moon grew old, I had six scalps in my belt, torn from the quivering crowns of Mohawk warriors. Aha! (the hand of Brant stole convulsively to the hatchet, but he withdrew it hastily, though the fierce dilation of the nostril continued,—and his passion was, with difficulty, repressed.) Before I left the good man's cabin, I promised the little bird to bear, evermore, her kindness in remembrance. I have done so—she has been ever the one bright star in Chengachcook's sky. Once I saved her: the Great Spirit was angry and took her to himself. I come now, and find *no* fire on the good man's hearth; the bird of beauty, with its little heart broken, can sing me no more sweet songs. I have had no revenge—I take it now."

With that, he drew his bow, from which he would not part on his conversion, with great rapidity, and sent an arrow to the heart of the miserable man. That done, his war-cry rang through the glades, and he stood in expectation of an immediate attack from the hereditary foe of his race.

"He has been justly served," said Brant, with no movement indicating an attack. "On me, be the guilt of his death, if guilt there be. I am here," he continued, addressing himself to our party, "to put a stop, if possible, to the terrible scenes, to which, God knows, I am no party. I suffered myself to be deceived by the lies of him whom justice has overtaken at last, and have been absent for many days. Since I had reason to suspect that I was deceived, I have neither eaten nor slept, but have journeyed hither night and day.

Alas! I have reached the battle-field too late—too late! Yet what I can do, shall be done. The forests around us are full of your miserable people flying from the barbarity of our bands, to death, by starvation and fatigue. Go you, all of you, without parole, without promise, without return—on Thayendenega be the peril of your release,—go, comfort, and save! I will do all I can to arrest further massacre!"

"Your name," said he, turning to me, "I have heard of before, as a just person, and as one delighting in converse with the wise men of the Past, and dwelling chiefly amongst books. I would that your heart could learn the truth of mine, and *feel* that I am guiltless of this blood. I would not that my name should descend to future ages, darkened with the infamy of this most atrocious massacre. Join me then in prayer, and afterwards lend your aid to make it effective, that an advocate shall arise to do justice to my fame."

We employed ourselves, for some time, according to the humane suggestions of the Mohawk chief. In that wilderness, which has since gone by the name of the *SHADES OF DEATH*, we found many of the poor wanderers, and alleviated much distress. The sufferings of many had been past telling, and some alas! past remedy. We found women and children without male protector or guardian, actors in the late struggles, dying of wounds, with none to bathe their parched lips—women dying in the hour of parturition, or living through it to see their new-born babes perish for lack of sustenance: but the sufferings were terrible, indescribable, and unequalled. We saw many prowling bands of Iroquois, but the friendship of the Great Chief had been effectual to spare us collision with them.

We were absent about a month—at our return, few of the hostile Indians remained in the Valley. A fort was constructed for us to retreat to in case of emergency, of which Pepper was the actual head, though Zebulon Butler retained the nominal superiority. A desultory warfare continued for near a year—a war of mutual extermination, neither party giving quarter, but shooting each other down with as little hesitation as a sportsman uses when firing into a covey of partridges.

In the next year, when General Sullivan made his incursion into the Indian Country, Pepper, high in command, and most deservedly so, for his merits as a partizan leader were become widely known, accompanied the expedition. He took two of his sons with him then,—Praxiteles Job—by the boys, abbreviated, first to Prax. and then to *Flax*; the latter he bore through life; and Ajax Seth, whom the same cunning mutilators of names, transformed to Eight Jacks. Both of the youths became renowned Indian fighters: Flax was killed at St. Clair's defeat, and Eight Jacks fell triumphant at Wayne's victory. Before Sullivan would permit

Pepper to join him, he obliged him to subscribe to what Pepper called the "New Act of Conformity." He was to wear his hat, shoes and coat, no matter how hot the battle, or warm the weather; but he was to retain or discharge his quid of tobacco, as best suited his own inclination. When the General, with great kindness of manner, for nobody was more popular than the old sailor, requested him not to use so much profane language, he replied, "He'd be d—d if he swore again for the whole campaign!" and he is said to have kept his word. He became eventually a general, and continued to drink brandy, tell stories, and describe the location of "Booby Island Rock," and the intricate channel between "St. Kitts and Nevis," till he was more than ninety years old.

And for the comfort of maidens falling into the yellow leaf, whose hope deferred is making the heart sick; and, moreover, in further verification of the proverb, that "there never was a Jack without a Jill, and if one wo'nt another will," let me state that, finally, the wedding bell was heard to tinkle gaily at the far-famed mansion, No. 1014, Water-street. It was Clytemnestra Ruth's good fortune, at last, to have the *time of night* asked of her in the form of words best adapted to her wants and wishes. And as "it never rains but it pours," two months after, Mr. Newrum, the grocer, carried off Circe Leah for "good and all." About the same time, Medusa Eunice became the third wife of the Reverend Mr. Follywhack, and went through the "go-to-bed-supperless," "lie-still-to-be-humbled," and "get-up-to-be-slapt" evolutions of a step-mother's drill, to the admiration of all Snickerdam. Hersilia Hippodamia Tabitha, the youngest child, on account of an extra touch of Nature's rouge, commonly known as the "Red Pepper," never was married. She was a cross child. If she really did go to lead Pluto's apes, poor apes!

The story of the Scout has been written in books, that will only perish with the land whose legends gave them birth. No character of modern times surpasses it in interest. I hope the friend who brought him out, will not be offended with me because I claim to have known him.

I remained the companion of my dear friend, the Quaker, as long as he lived, which was but a little more than three years. Mrs. Walmsley followed her daughter to the grave in less than six months. At my friend's decease, he left me all his wealth. It made me a rich man, but took away none of my melancholy. I restored the mansion and every thing around it, to the exact condition in which the irruption of the savages found it. In that state, I have kept it ever since. Change has not visited it,—time has impaired none of its beauties—the neatness, order, and regularity of its day, of former ownership, are with it still. The little couch, where the pure in heart had the visions which are now glorious realities in heaven, is hidden still by

the same russet curtain—the harp she won from her father's rigid faith, by a resistless smile and kiss, keeps its old place by the wall. I did not these things from love, for I was wise in time to avoid a sentiment, which, to one of my disposition, must have been death. I did it from a friendship as deep and enduring as ever visited mortal bosom. From this mansion, I shall be carried to my last home, which, if the executor of my last will be faithful, and with my whole wealth I have bribed him to the trust, will be at the feet of the father and mother, and by the side of my dear lost sister.

Mrs. Pepper lived many years, but never recovered her admiration of a clerical dress! It may be mentioned as a pleasing trait in her character, that she retained to the last her "excessive purdification" for her husband. She died of a disease called "*Asidulation of wind on the brain.*" See Paalmanazar, book 73, page 749.

"A BOON, A TALISMAN, OH MEMORY GIVE!"

We are parting now, sweet sisters; this may be our last farewell—

Perchance, within my childhood's home, I never more may dwell;

Or it may be, that the Providence which still hath been our guide,

Again, in health and happiness, will place us side by side. I shrink not from the will of Heaven—whate'er that will may be,

My trust is in his boundless love, who rules our destiny; But many a link of earthly love hath chained my spirit here,

And I fain would be remembered in the home I held so dear.

Will you think of me, sweet sisters, when I have passed away?

I know ye may forget me thro' the turmoil of the day; But when the sunset glory maketh loveliness more bright, And lendeth to the lowliest thing, its rich tho' transient light;

When Fancy, in the passing clouds, may trace th' enchanted bowers

Of fairy-land, its rocks and glens, its palaces and towers— When one by one, ye watch the brilliant pageants disappear,

And twilight deepens into night, and still ye linger here; And dream the dreams of olden time, beneath my favorite tree;

Sweet sisters, let the hour I loved, recall your hearts to me.

I would not have you dwell upon the sorrows we have known;

The tears, alas! how often shed o'er loved ones earlier gone—

The withering hours of secret grief, whose struggles we repressed,

While we calmly wore the quiet smile that spoke of hearts at rest—

Of the weary midnight watches it hath been our lot to keep

Beside the restless couch of pain, whence suffering banished sleep—

Of the vexing words, that ever were repented soon as said;
I would not have you think on these, when I am with the dead.

But when the balmy breath of Spring shall waken bird and bee,

And merry music once again is heard from every tree;
When brighter eyes are gazing on the flowers that once were mine,

And fairer fingers garlands of their brilliant blossoms twine;
When lighter steps are roving through the haunts I used to love,

And gayer voices echo in their gladness thro' the grove;
I would not have my memory a mournful one to be—

But, sisters, let these pleasant things recall your hearts to me.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES.

Naples, July 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR:—I promised, before I left the United States, to give you some account of Naples. It is a field so thoroughly explored and so often described, that I can do but little more than repeat what has been often said by others. Here is the favorite hunting ground of the tourists: the old and the new world from each of its states, sends here an annual quota of antiquarians, painters, naturalists, philosophers and men of pleasure. And here is abundant food for all. The eternal city, herself, affords not such variety of interesting antiquities: no where is there such profusion of enchanting scenery.

Here are the shores of Homer and the topography of Virgil; the lovely scenes which inspired the muse of the Mantuan bard, and which received their reward in the descriptions of his verse. Here wandered Ulysses; and here labored Hercules. In these environs, the Cumæan Sibyl composed her oracles; and the curious may yet see the dread cavern, from whose "hundred doors," issued as "many voices," echoed through the vaults, when the Priestess gave her responses to the inquiring pilgrims at her portals. Here Æneas consulted, before he passed to Avernus, and made his descent to the realms of the Hades. Pompeii and Herculaneum! they stand alone, the wonders of the world. Baïæ, Cumæ, Misenum, Pæstum are all in this vicinity, with their fields of ruins, their mouldering temples, crumbling columns, relics of villas and palaces, and their endless poetic and historic associations. The hills and the vallies, the cliffs and the headlands, the convents and churches, the castles and palaces, each has its history; the scene of some adventure, the theatre of some crime, the subject of some legend, or the place of some tragedy.

But the most remarkable feature of this region is the character impressed on it by Nature. Beautiful beyond any thing which is seen in other lands,—

clustered with visions of enchantment,—bathed by a tideless sea, whose ordinary quiet harmonizes well with the delicious softness of the shores,—invested with an atmosphere whose usual transparency seems vacuity itself, giving to objects a brilliant distinctness and an apparent proximity; yet, all these mild attractions are combined with another trait in the landscape, which gives an awful and sublime interest. Every where around you are presented the mementoes of those terrific fires of earth, which here escape from their prisons, devastating and destroying these delicious scenes. The mountains, the plains, the shores, the islands are all volcanic. Even the houses which you inhabit, and the streets on which you walk, are all of lava.

Here is presented a spectacle unique and imposing. A city reposing at the foot of a burning mountain, rearing her palaces and her towers upon a surface, which we have every reason to believe, conceals, at no great depth, the boiling lava rolling to and fro in Nature's great laboratory,—a surface, under which the thunders of heaven are reverberated in the caverns of earth,—a surface, often trembling, shifting, changing from the tempestuous fury of these great mysterious fires of our globe. Earthquakes, rivers of flame, and showers of ashes are but ordinary spectacles. The lake of to-day becomes the mountain of to-morrow, and the mountain sinks into the lake. The ruins of time and man are mingled with the ruins of Nature.

The Lucrine lake, so renowned among the Romans for its fish and oysters, situated within five or six miles of Naples, has been the theatre of one of these remarkable changes. After an earthquake of terrific violence, the earth opened on its shores, and then succeeded a volcanic eruption of three days, which converted a portion of the lake and the adjacent land into an elevated mountain of three miles in circuit. During this eruption, showers of cinders fell at a distance of twenty-foot miles, and the village of Nipirgola was swallowed up in the abyss.

The lake of Agnano, three miles distant from this city, is an example of another kind. Here the volcano has sunk into the lake. A high line of precipitous mountains, surrounds it on all sides, rising far above its surface, being the exterior of the crater once filled with fire, now occupied by water, whose effervescent surface seems boiling with the half smothered fires. This appearance is probably merely the result of an escape of gas from waters, which are highly charged with various mineral substances, and which present, at different depths, different qualities. Avernus is another case of the same kind; but here, the transition had taken place before the period of history commenced.

In the vicinity of these lakes, is the Solfatara, the Forum Vulcani of Strabo. This was an active volcano in the twelfth century. The crater is now

covered over, but upon casting a stone on its surface, the sound is echoed far and wide in the immense caverns below. There are still crevices from which issue sulphurous smoke. Such is the heat of the surface that the manufacturers of sulphur and alum, by digging a few feet into the earth, boil their pots by the fires of Nature.

This is a new application in this utilitarian age of Vulcan's furnace, an application rather derogatory to this ancient factory of the thunderbolts of Jupiter.

It is believed, that this volcano communicates with Vesuvius; for, it is observed that when the action of the one increases, the other diminishes. When there is an eruption of Vesuvius, there seems to be almost an extinction of the fires of Solfatara; and when there is but little movement in the former, the heat and smoke of the latter are augmented.

A Neapolitan Savan has written an essay to prove, that Solfatara is the veritable mouth of the infernal world. If that world were material, it might well be, for it would be difficult to conceive a scene of more thorough desolation. Its summit exhibits at present, the shape of a deep bowl scattered with many colored sulphurs, the cracks steaming with suffocating smoke, and the earth hot from the hidden fires.

The eruptions, at the same time that they overwhelm and destroy, seem to disperse the principles of fertility; as Nature, in her ordinary operation of decomposition, lays the basis of subsequent production. I have seen in no country such a luxuriant soil, such abundant and vigorous vegetation. The earth too, like every thing else here, seems in love with beauty. When not in cultivation, it throws up in rapid succession, growth after growth of lovely flowers called the *Zena di Savoro*, from its almost perpetual culture; it often produces three crops at the same time. One sees the rank wheat springing amid exuberant vines, and these hung in graceful festoons from tree to tree. Thus grain, vineyards, and forests are all combined, and all seem abundantly sustained by this fruitful soil. The husbandman often deposits, the day after reaping his harvest, in the same field, the seed of succeeding crops to be gathered during the same year. This teeming surface seems not to weary of such exorbitant demands, but to manifest a strength and vitality akin to her interior energies.

It is a curious fact, that the citizens of this country, when their habitations are destroyed by an eruption, rebuild in the same place. These terrific fires do not fright them from their localities. Portici rests upon Herculaneum; and seven layers of lava intervene between the ancient city and the modern. In Torre del Greco, in one of the recent eruptions, the fiery current swept through the streets. In some places the houses arrested the stream, and it accumulated in the rear against the

walls and at the same time poured through the spaces, between the buildings. And now, one sees here, lying in great masses, floods of lava hard as silex, in the midst of habitations, the frightful mementoes of their dreadful vicinity. This building, living and reposing in such close contiguity to these great safety valves of the fires of earth, produce, in the mind of a stranger, feelings of wonder and of horror. But from the lava, there is ordinarily but little danger to life. Its passage is so slow, that there is no difficulty in escaping from it. In one of the late eruptions, an English visiter who had ascended the side of the mountain, found himself between two streams of the rolling liquid, which had united below him and which he saw were closing on him. In the eagerness of his curiosity, he had not sufficiently attended to his safety. In this alarming situation, he determined to make the effort to cross the smaller stream. Strange to say, he passed without injury. The lava had coagulated to such a degree, that though still in motion, in the rapidity of his passage, he produced so slight an impression on its surface, as to escape without material suffering.

In the various ejections of these volcanoes, the mineralogist may find some of the most beautiful specimens of his science. Nature exposes her most secret recesses to view, and pours forth, for the inspection of man, not only lavas of every variety of color, and apparently of material, but also various stones and minerals rare and curious. But at present, I will say no more of volcanoes.

This is the country, you know, of Magna Grecia. It still contains many memorials of the Greek colonists, and has a population, resembling, in many of their characteristics, their Greek ancestors. The fusion which has taken place from the combination of so many races, the mingling of Aborigines, Saracens, Moors, Normans and the great Roman race, all have not effaced the Greek impress. The same taste for the arts, the same love of intellectual amusements, the same humor and acuteness, and quick susceptibilities to all impressions, are among their distinguishing traits. Even in the humblest avocations, you constantly perceive some trace of fancy or of taste. The marketman, who takes his cherries to market, binds them in handsome curves and mingles them with various flowers. Bouquets are presented you in the streets by the poorest of the poor, culled, collected, arranged and variegated with a beauty which "Shenstone might have envied." The peasant girl, from her scanty wardrobe, will always show something either in the fashion or the material of her apparel, which evinces her love of the picturesque; something which reminds one of the drapery of the old statues. The huckster, who sets up his little stall at the corner of a street to vend ice-water, orangeade and lemonade, will cover it with wreaths of oranges and lemons of many colors, interspersed with lovely

flowers. Walk upon the mole in the afternoon, and you will see animated groups of the lowest orders, gathered round declaimers of Tasso, or some of the old poets, who comment as they declaim, and whose auditory seem to enter fully into the pathos of the story and feel an absorbing sympathy with the "donna" or the "cavalieri" of their preference. It is said, they interest themselves so deeply in the different personages of the "*Gerusalemme*," that sometimes, they engage in combat to vindicate the respective claims of their favorites. When the character of these groups is recollected,—being composed, for the most part, of boatmen, fishermen and persons of that class, whose hard earnings afford them only the means of a scanty subsistence,—this taste is remarkable. In England or the United States, you would find such regaling themselves at a gin shop. Here, the little which they can spare, goes to the reciters, the improvisatori and the cheap theatres. Their excitable natures need not the aid of alcohol; and it is a curious fact, that it is only known here as medicine. Lemonade, orangeade, and the light wines of the country form the beverage of all classes. There is probably no city in the world, not even Paris, where the theatres are so generally attended. They seem to constitute one of the necessities of life with the Neapolitan. To supply this demand, you find the price of entry, in some of them, so very low, that there are few who cannot afford the expense.

It is a curious fact, that jugglers and all the legerdemain craft make an utter failure in Naples. They remain here only a day or two, when "their occupation's gone." During the time when fire-kings were the fashion, one of these personages arrived here from Paris. Two days after his first exhibition, one of the Lazzaroni gave a specimen, in the *Largo di Castello*, of his incombustible properties at a reduced price. In a short time, every street had its Salamander, and his Parisian majesty retired discomfited from the stage. This is the ordinary result, whenever any of these charlatans appear here.

On entering Naples, one is struck with the extraordinary vivacity of the people. Situated in the *Campagne Felice*, their gay countenances seem to verify the appropriateness of the nomenclature. Every day appears a fête; the animated crowds who fill the streets, seem all in pursuit of pleasure; their brilliant skies seem reflected in their joyous countenances, the lovely views which are presented on all sides seem to animate and elevate their imaginations, the delicious air which they inhale to intoxicate them with pleasure. They partake of the character of the region which they inhabit. An excessive vitality seems the attribute of both. Their vivacious gestures, exuberant animation and excessive action are in harmony with the place. Their character is as "volcanic as their soil."

Here is the realization of the poetic idea of "the blood's lava and the pulse's blaze." The subterranean fires which approach so fearfully near the surface, the lava floods which roll from *Solfatara* to *Vesuvius*, and *Vesuvius* to *Solfatara* under the crust of earth which supports Naples herself, seem to have communicated to the ardent race which walks the earth above them, some of their own burning intensity.

Here are the elements of a noble national character. Their development depends upon the legislator. They are powerful either for vice or virtue. The same basis of character often exists in the hero and the bandit. It gives to virtue its highest energy, to vice its last tinge of atrocity. Such materials do not admit of mediocrity. The ardent temperament, quick susceptibility, vivid imagination and intrepid spirit are apt to carry their possessors either to the lofty summits of glory or infamy.

I speak only of the great elements of character. The influence of the institutions, political and religious, which have so long existed in this country, in developing, modifying and directing these elements, I do not intend to discuss.

It has been too common with the Anglo-Saxon race, particularly the English branch of it, to depreciate the Italians. This is the result of various causes, partly religious antipathy, partly ignorance of their literature, which is but little studied in England, and partly that pride and contempt which great conquering nations usually feel toward those from whom power has fled. It is true, that at present, the Italians have but little political influence among the great powers of the world. Their division into small states, together with other causes, renders them feeble when compared with the five great powers of Europe. Their empire has departed. Those who were to their barbarians but a few centuries since, can now dictate to the conquerors of the world. But though short of their strength, they are still worthy of our respect. Under favorable circumstances, they would emulate the glory of their great ancestors. They have still the same elements. We owe to them civilization, the preservation of literature during the dark ages, its revival in the middle ages, and we still acknowledge their supremacy in the fine arts. Rome too still wields her spiritual empire, and the majority of the civilized world acknowledge her authority and yield her obedience.

America owes to Italy a peculiar debt of gratitude; for, it is to one of her sons that we are indebted for the discovery of our continent. And this debt may well be increased by studying, in the history of her republics, those experiments which have been here made of free government. From these rich stores we may derive principles for our guidance, beacons for our warning. There is probably no history from which America could gather

more valuable lessons in her career of liberty. The struggles of classes for exclusive power, the conflicts of proprietors and non-proprietors, the reckless proscription of parties, and the deprivation of whole orders of their civil rights, might well teach us to avoid those rocks on which they were wrecked.

This country, the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, has been in a state of improvement since it ceased to be a dependance of Spain. The population has augmented, and all their resources have much increased. At present, the population on both sides of the strait of Messina, amounts to 7,600,000; that of Sicily being 1,787,000. This gives about 181 persons to the square mile. According to the statistics published here, not quite half of the country is in a state of cultivation, the rest being occupied with water courses, cities, forests, mountainous tracts, &c. If these were half, we should have 383 inhabitants upon the square mile of arable land throughout the kingdom.

From this territory, his majesty derives an annual revenue of 28,000,000 Ducats, about \$22,400,000 of our currency; his revenue, exceeding at present that of the United States, while his territory does not quite equal two thirds of Virginia.

I was surprised in looking into the statistics of the country, to find so small a portion in cultivation; that part which I have seen, that is to say, from this place to the Roman State, being arable, apparently in the ratio of ninety-nine parts to the hundred. But I am informed that in the Southern part of the boot, and in Sicily, there are large tracts uncultivated. This is not to be wondered at, upon reflection, as there is a land tax of from 24 to 25 per cent upon the products of the soil. That country must be fertile indeed, which can give 24 per cent of its products to the King, pay the rent of the proprietor, and then reimburse the farmer.

The power of the monarch is absolute. There are no constraints upon his will, except public sentiment. This has great influence here as every where else. No monarch really wields unlimited power, especially since the events of the French revolution. All feel the necessity of conciliating the good will of their subjects. Nothing is more terrific than an enraged populace. All the bars and bolts; all the guards, and all the armory of earth, cannot protect the object of their 'wrath, when a people is thoroughly roused and incensed. I am happy to say, that the present sovereign exercises his power with mercy. Inhumanity is no part of his nature. He manifests a strong anxiety to improve his dominions, and advance the interests of his people. He is engaged in various public works worthy of the spirit of the age. His unremitting exertions in the improvement of his capital, his rail-roads, the provision which is made for the poor, the removal of the beggars who for-

merly disgraced the city from the streets, all do him honor. The exemplary attachment and fidelity of the royal pair, and the morale which they endeavor to inculcate on this subject, exert a happy influence on a society not always used to such salutary exhibitions.

Although the general effect of the French revolution has been to produce some feeling of insecurity among crowned heads, the changes made by them in Italy during the period of their dominion, have increased the powers of the sovereigns. They diminished the strength of all the other orders in the state, and in the same ratio augmented that of the chief. They broke up the feudal system, and relieved the monarch from all fear of resistance from the great and powerful Barons. This, I am aware, is considered by many as depriving the throne of a support. I do not agree in that opinion, but concur in the oriental idea, that these pillars of royalty are more to be feared than desired. This policy had commenced previous to the time of the French. In 1792, three fifths of the kingdom were in possession of the Barons, and a large part had been in the hands of the Monks and other ecclesiastical bodies. By a royal decree, the Barons were then allowed to alienate their possessions, and the lands thus sold became allodial. The government itself became a large purchaser to promote these alienations. The power of the church had also been curtailed, and much of its wealth wrested from it. In 1772, eighty-eight monasteries in Sicily were suppressed by a single edict. The Jesuits had been expelled, and their property converted to the use of the state. Marriage had been declared a civil contract; and the Pope, attempting to interfere in a divorce of the Duchess of Madaloni, was officially informed that the subject was beyond his jurisdiction. The inquisition had never obtained a footing in this kingdom. But when the French arrived here in '99, they proceeded at once to eradicate feudal privileges, break up all the monasteries and convents, destroy entails and primogeniture, introduce French laws, and in truth produce a grand "bouleversement" of society. "Old things were done away, and all things were become new." The short lived Parthenopean republic was the result.

It may be mentioned as a remarkable fact, and one going far to falsify the charge that has been made against the Neapolitans of cowardice, that when Championet reached this city, on the occasion just mentioned, with his legions flushed with victory, and eager for the rich spoils that were so near their reach, an undisciplined mob, without regular arms, without leaders, without any organization, kept the French in check three days, and prevented their entrance within the gates of the city. The King had fled to Sicily, and his troops had dispersed.

During this occupation and the subsequent reigns

of Joseph Buonaparte and Murat, the taxation of the people was more than tripled. This too has given no small increase to the power of the sovereign; for, the same ratio, has, for the most part, been preserved. Thus with a tremendous augmentation of revenue, with no longer any apprehensions from the Barons, who are now powerless; with a church no longer formidable; with a people harassed by conscriptions and political persecutions, deceived and exasperated by promises of a constitution, which had never been fulfilled, the Bourbons had cause, when they returned to these realms, to be grateful to the French for the changes they had made.

Since the restoration, the Jesuits have been restored, and monasteries and convents established.

I must leave you, at present, with these "disjecta membra" of the various subjects I have touched. When I have the leisure, you shall hear from me again.

I am, very respectfully,

Your friend and obedient servant.

DR. FRANKLIN.

The following is a copy of an original letter from the venerable Franklin, to a minister of the Gospel in the Southern part of New Jersey, which has been recently discovered there, among some old family papers. It is a composition perfectly in the manner and spirit of that great and worthy man.

Philadelphia, June the 6th, 1765.

DEAR SIR:—I received your kind letter of the 2nd inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you continue the cold bath, the effect it has. As to the kindness you spoke of, I wish it could have been of more real service to you; that you would always be ready to serve any other person, that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round; for, mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. For these kindnesses from men, I can therefore only show my gratitude to God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren; for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator.

You will see in this, my notion of good works; that I do not expect to merit heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness, infi-

nite in degree, and eternal in duration; we can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He, that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a great plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures, we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so the happiness of heaven! For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, or the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God, who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness, I may well confide, that he never will make me miserable, and that the affliction, I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit.

The faith you mentioned has doubtless its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I desire to see it lessened in any man; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have seen; I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit, no holiday-keeping, sermon-hearing, or reading, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

The worship of God is a duty, the learning and reading may be useful; but if man rest in hearing and praying, (as too many do), it is as if the tree value itself on being watered, and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Our Good Master thought less of these outward appearances than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of his word to the hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commandments, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected his work. The heretical, but charitable, but orthodox priest and sanctified Levite, and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, who never heard of his name, he declares, shall, in the last day, be accepted, when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves on their faith though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be neglected. He professed that, he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion, that there were some in his time so good, that they needed not hear even for improvement; but now-a-days, we have scarcely a little parson who does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministration, and that, whoever omits this, offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and firmness. Being your friend and servant,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

LINES,

Suggested by Lord Byron's upon the same subject.

A smile is too oft but the Hypocrite's mask,
The emblem of flattery or fear;
The true badge of Sympathy, all that I ask,
Is the moist eye gemm'd with a Tear.

A sigh is oft heav'd by deceivers that feign,
When the bosom's untroubled with care;
But true friendship sincere repays us again,
When the eye is suffused with a Tear.

Vain words! ah how useless your manifold art,
Your sweet sounds may beguile but the ear;
The language of Nature that touches the heart,
Is feeling that speaks in a Tear.

The wanderer, destined o'er ocean to rove,
When the blue cliffs of home disappear.
And ocean's broad wave wafts the bark from his love,
Bedims his sad eye with a Tear.

The gale bears him homeward; upheaved from the ocean,
The land of his love re-appears,
Then wrapt in her arms in the depth of emotion,
He moistens her bosom with Tears.

But ah! when disjoined by Eternity's ocean,
Love mourns o'er constancy's bier;
Lone, sad and forsaken, the last act of devotion,
Is to drop in the grave a warm Tear.

J.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ARMY,

SKETCHES OF INDIANS, AND LIFE BEYOND THE BORDER

By a Captain of U. States Dragoons.

CHAPTER XXV.

The poor Sacs and Foxes were now the martyrs of a peculiarity of nature, generally attributed to dogs, but common to men. They were going down hill, and might have looked out for bites or kicks. The Sioux followed them after this retreat, and slaughtered 140! The General very humanely issued positive orders to stop the further effusion of blood.

It was singular, but 'tis true, that the regular brigade had been unaccompanied by an army surgeon, since the opening of the campaign; a citizen physician alone attended us; fortunately, in the Warrior, came up surgeon B., who immediately had his hands full; and an Indian child with a broken arm or finger was turned over to our doctor, whose treatment of it was laughed at.

It is to be hoped, that the women and children fell by random shots; but it is certain that a frontiersman is not particular, when his blood is up, and a redskin in his power.

The Sac band was broken up, root and branch; with their horses, very much of their baggage was lost; their valuable copper kettles; their knapsacks or "kits" of private effects; even their sacred war

gourds, containing the teeth of the drum-head fish, were left on the ground; a volunteer found 500 dollars in specie in a bundle; taken probably from Stillman's men, in the *saddle-bag retreat*.

The steamer Warrior returned to Prairie du Chien, and again came up, before we left the ground of the action: it brought up, among other rarities, a stray dentist from the East; who gathered a rich harvest of teeth taken from the Indian dead;—doubtless some very fine Eastern personages now rejoice in savage ivories.

Never was a fine dressed man so out of place—not to say out of countenance, as another passenger, whom we saw tripping about over our dirty and rugged encampment. It reminded one of the lordly messengers to Harry Percy: for, though few of us smarted with "wounds grown cold," the "outer man" among us had suffered terribly from brier, brake, and bog. "I say, Fitz, what 'critter is that?" "It's Major ——'s nephew." "D—n Major ——'s nephew; what business has such a thing here?" How very ridiculous is a dandy in the woods!

Would that a Carle Vernet could have sketched our Indian pony auction;—the back-ground of this picture, a Mississippi bottom, for such a pencil, would prove a rare and worthy subject: but the student of the human countenance—of passion, of suffering, despair, could possibly never have such an opportunity as in some women prisoners which I saw. I shall never forget the unmitigated expression of pain and despair in a face, at the same time in some sense utterly inexpressive. I verily believe she heard or saw nothing around her; her mind seemed to wander over a past and future, where all was blank or fearful.

On the third or fourth day, we embarked, nothing loth, on the Warrior for Fort Crawford, about sixty miles below. We had several Winnebago Indians on board; one I remember was a bit of a dandy, and had a taste for *personal* ornaments; he wore, for instance, crooked over his forehead, the finger of a fellow savage, secured round his head by two strips of skin which had once connected it with a hand and arm. As we rounded to, at Prairie du Chien, we saw some dead bodies (which had floated sixty miles), when one of these fellows was so eager as to discharge a rifle ball close by the faces of a row of us standing on the guard; and among others, the General's, who exhibited a strong disposition to have him pitched overboard; the patch struck and blistered an officer's face. And now followed the exhibition of an awful specimen of human nature (if the nature of an old blood-thirsty squaw can justly be placed in that category): we saw several canoe loads of these red fiends contend in a race to reach these dead bodies, for the satisfaction of taking the sodden scalps of corpses four days in water.

All knowledge being founded on experience and

comparison, I believe the Infinite beyond human conception; but its nearest approach might be found in the comparison of a Rebecca with one of these hags;—one of these beastly excrecences of Nature, which for our sins, to teach the lesson of humility, or for some inscrutable purpose of the Almighty, are suffered in some slight semblance of humanity, to exhibit on earth the deformity of sin and hell.

We pitched our tents on the inhospitable sands which here abound, and awaited as patiently as we might, the progress of events.

General Scott arrived with an aide. He had been sent from the East with a small division of regulars to reinforce and take command of the army in the field; he had met with terrible disaster and loss from cholera, on the lakes; and though not very distant at Chicago from our position on Koshkonong—when he announced to us his approach—he had magnanimously refrained from assuming a nominal command, which would have deprived General Atkinson of the credit of closing the war; of which the impracticableness of the militia, and the intrinsic difficulties of the campaign—for which no allowance was made by an impatient chieftain, wrought upon by the ignorance and criminal folly of demagogues—had thus well nigh robbed him.

Hundreds of brave soldiers fell before that terrible scourge, the cholera; at that time many Northern physicians confessed a total inability to afford relief. Gen. S. was on the lakes in a steamer crowded with troops, when the pestilence raged among them; and this confinement to a comfortless boat must have rendered it ten-fold more trying; surgeons and officers alike—all that were well—devoted themselves to the care of the sick. Thus to face deliberately a certain and inglorious death, to avert which no exertion of courage or abilities could avail, tests more severely heroism of character, than the fiery trials of war.

The unavailing loss of so many good soldiers reminds me of the speech of an Indian. About ten years ago, the Pawnees of the Platte lost nearly half their population by the small-pox: they were visited by their agent, Major D., who witnessed the most horrible scenes. The poor wretches were utterly ignorant of any remedy or alleviation; some sank themselves to the mouth in the river, and thus awaited the death which was hastened: the living could not always protect the dying and dead from the wolves! Their chief, Capote Bleu, exclaimed to Major D.—“Oh, my father, how many glorious battles we might have fought, and not lost so many men!”

My old Colonel and myself were destined to another luckless adventure in our little tent on these treacherous sands. A violent storm of wind and rain rose one night, and first aroused—after severely stunning me by a blow on the head from a

green ridge pole—and him, by blowing a wet tent in his face by way of counterpane. We thought it after midnight, and the prospect was blue enough. The Colonel fumbled for his segars, and swore he would smoke off the rest of the night (the Colonel was a smoker): “it will never do,” said I. “But it must do; we could never raise a light. Confound that tent pin! William!” (William, lucky dog, was at the fort, of course, gambling.)

“But we could find our way to the barge.”

“D—n the barge—not military—we should break our necks or be drowned. I tell you, sir, I shall sit here and smoke till morning.” (The Colonel was a little Turkish in his philosophy.) I left him, not to his fate, but to seek the steamboat barge. After running over a sentinel, (I forgot my own countersign,) and falling down a sand-bank, I gained at length the barge cabin, when I found it was only ten o’clock. I ordered a berth prepared, and returned with a decanter of brandy; meeting with no difficulty in finding the Colonel, who was puffing away at a segar, which blazed like a beacon; my report, and the first fruits of my success, so mollified the old gentleman, that he suffered himself to be conducted to a comfortable bed.

Soon after, the regulars moved by steamboat to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, where they encamped.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Here, after a short interval of rest and comfort, we were destined to face suffering and death in new forms, and infinitely more trying than any other to which we had been exposed. By the approach of the remnants of the Eastern division, we were well convinced that we were to be exposed, and unnecessarily, to the fatal ravages of the cholera. In vain were arguments multiplied, as to non-contagion—conviction did not follow; and all we could do, was to resign ourselves with what grace we might, into the hands of fate. After the pestilence had exhausted itself among these troops, they had been put in motion across the prairies for this post; when, the campaign being over, they could serve to swell the command of the new general commanding, and add to the pageant of the treaty, or settlement of the affairs of the now subdued and humbled Sac band.

They came; and soon after their arrival, the terrible disease broke out with new virulence; it was uncontrolled; there was no shield from the danger; science confessed itself at naught; temperance shrank appalled at its impotence, while drunkenness and exposure met swift destruction; all felt its effects; but to be seriously attacked was certain death: the first forty died to a man. Fort Armstrong was converted into a hospital, whence all that entered were soon borne in carts, and thrown confusedly—just as they died, with or

without the usual dress—into trenches, where a working party was in constant attendance; and it is a fact that an officer in charge of it, making inquiry as to some delay on one occasion, was answered that there was a man who was moving, and they were waiting for him to die. Your mess-mate at breakfast—you heard with little concern for him—was buried at the going down of the sun.

A stout, unappalled heart,—a moderate use of brandy, with an unchanged diet, were proved to be the best reliances for safety. The first sensible check to the ravages of the disease, was occasioned by a man's escape alive from the hospital; his appearance in camp—terribly shaken, and half flayed as he was with rubbing—by restoring confidence, had undoubtedly a most salutary effect.

'Tis strange how soon, in such scenes, the heart of man becomes callous. Self-love dries up the sources of sympathy, which, under *ordinary* circumstances of bereavement, are ever ready to overflow.

As I wandered one evening among the half deserted tents, I saw two friends, who, about to retire, were bathing their limbs with spirits, and bid a jesting defiance to the king of terrors. Over one, the angel of death then hovered, and had marked him for his shaft! Brave heart! that night were you stricken in the pride of youth and promise.

I remarked there, certain men who had spent much of their lives amid the trials and dangerous adventures of the farthest West,—men, who, led into such scenes by their enterprise, and there hardened in their bravery, and schooled to meet the worst emergencies with calculating firmness, now, when exposed to the cholera, were among the most timid: they found terrors in this new foe, which no bravery could defeat, nor skill could elude; to which the accustomed discipline of their lives could offer no barrier. One of these who bore a character for insensibility to danger, was offered a high-flown compliment, which he did not appropriate: "Mr. G. you are the bravest of the brave; you are under no obligation or restraint, and can fly if you chose; but you do not." "General!"—was the candid reply—"you are very much mistaken; I am devilish afraid to stay here; but more afraid to run for it; for, if I should be taken on the way, I should stand no chance."

A certain doctor from the mining districts, who happened to arrive here, fancied that he had cured many cases of the cholera, and could do so again. Well, he had certainly brought his talent to a good market; and Gen. A. sent him with me to the hospital; he went boldly in, and doubtless was very ingenuous and confident in his belief; but never was a poor fellow so suddenly undeceived, or quickly induced to confess an error. He was a ghost; his nose seemed to grow blue, and his jaws to collapse; the use of his feet and hands were

alone preserved to him; with one of the latter he seized his hat, with the other the door, and the benefits of his science were lost to us.

He is not deep in human lore, who will be shocked and surprised to be told that ere these scenes had ceased, their impression could not prevent nights being passed by parties over cards and brandy, amid all the exposure of irregularity and dissipation in a cold tent. The care for self, or for others could not prevent the recklessness which grows out of such circumstances. And what is there so terrible or so painful, to which we do not soon become reconciled by force of custom?

Gen. A. had offered a reward of twenty horses for Black Hawk; and accordingly he was soon captured by some Winnebagoes; and the old gentleman, with some other distinguished men about this time, came down in irons aboard a steamer. Great preparations were made to receive such distinguished personages; but the managers of the steamer had no taste for the Rock Island latitude; its atmosphere was not agreeable; and after much puffing and backing in mid-river, they gave us the go-by, and were off for St. Louis.

The Indian war and the cholera over, I felt a longing for other scenes. Fort Leavenworth again had attractions; and leaving the grand army to play its part at Indian councils, and to witness the usual one-sided treaty (in which the Sacs and Foxes added the best slice of Iowa territory as an indemnity for the expense and trouble of exterminating their friends, Black Hawk's band,) in company of some others, I took boat and departed.

And now, the accursed disease seemed to have spared me when there was a chance of medical aid, only to seize me when there was none; its symptoms fast grew upon me; there was not even a medicine-chest aboard.—I hunted up some chance doses of medicine, and scraped out all that had the appearance of calomel, and swallowed it; but to little purpose. I landed in St. Louis in rather a precarious condition; one of the first persons I met in the streets was a physician, who was struck and seemed alarmed at my appearance; he immediately prescribed an immoderate dose and sent me to bed. Next morning he repeated it; he seemed bent upon trying his hand; and probably thought, that kill or cure, it would be well to put a period to symptoms of cholera in a city with a clean bill of health.

However I escaped from him and the disease, and quickly departed; having strictly charged a negro servant to burn all the woollen clothes which I had brought with me. This good intention his cupidity probably defeated, as I afterward accidentally learned he was one of the first victims to the visitation of the pestilence which soon followed us.

Returning from my visit to Fort Leavenworth before the end of autumn, I once more found myself, with new duties and old friends, at Jefferson

Barracks; a post, which the ever-varying policy of the government had shorn of its original glory, when it was a "school of instruction" (rather a reserve station) for several regiments, and had now cut down its garrison to a battalion of one.

The society this winter was small; and unfortunately some of it had found such attractions or connections at St. Louis, as to destroy the unities of sentiment, motives and pursuits, which constitute the happiness of a small self-dependent community.

The winter quietly passed, and with the spring of 1833 new views, and the opening of a new career for some of us were the occasion of a severance of the old and happy ties of association and attachment to a regiment, whose fortunes for five years I had shared: among whose members I had formed and enjoyed the warmest friendships. It seemed the signal for a general breaking up in the honored regiment. Not long after, many, weary of the inactivity of peace, or disgusted with mismanagement, favoritism, and the discredit thrown upon them from sources whence they should naturally look for support and encouragement—mortifications and evils which they shared with the army—resigned their commissions, and entered the lists with the active world around them: and they failed not to meet with prizes; among which may be mentioned the station of General-in-Chief in a sister republic. Wherever our fortunes carry us, few will cease to cherish recollections of our ancient association as members of the 6th regiment of infantry! And many have since shed their blood like water, and died upon the battle fields of Florida:—their memories are embalmed in the hearts of their old comrades!

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MISS L. A. P.....

Thy brother,* for his country, braves
The dangers of the sea,
The howling storm, the dashing waves
That roll triumphantly.

His country has his heart and hand,
His home his thoughts and cares—
He serves his own his native land,
No foreign foe he fears.

When sailing far from all he loves
Upon the ocean blue,
The sweetest thought that in him moves
Is that of home and you.

With motives pure and honor bright
His country to sustain,
Could he not in the storm at night,
In truth and faith exclaim—

*J. H. P.....

"Blow on, ye winds! ye thunders, roar!
Ye lightnings streak the sky!
Ye waters, dash from shore to shore!
Ye waves, roll mountain high!

"I do not dread the Fate's decree,
I know it will be just;
My country sent me out to sea,
So in the Fates I'll trust.

"Yet if Fortune thinks it right
To make the sea my grave,
I'll sink and drown this stormy night,
My country but to save."

Thus to his country would he give
His hopes all bright and high;
Thus for his country does he live,
And for it would he die.

T. J. E....

FRANCES AND FANNY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The world may say what it will to the contrary, I contend that love is the master passion of life. It is the exciting cause of all our actions, whether for good or evil, whether in the agitating career of ambition, or in the cares of domestic life. We feel it gradually creeping into our hearts in childhood; we are sensible that it fills our whole soul in manhood; and we know that it continues its gentle influence, during the remainder of our existence. The mellowed charm of old age arises from the benign offices of those we have forever attached to us; our ease and comfort arise from the presence of the last best gift of Heaven. And he, that has never loved, can have no true friends.

For my own part, I cannot say how early I began to love; earlier perhaps, than most boys, for I had but few objects of affection. I lost my parents, when an infant; and no nearer connexion was left to me than a cousin about my own age. But my love for her was that of a brother,—very different in its nature, from that which I felt for others. I had very tender sentiments for, at least, half a dozen little girls, all older than myself though, before I was fifteen; but, it was not till I was about twenty, that I understood what love meant; and yet, I knew nothing of the full force of the passion at that time. I was in my twenty-fourth year, when the reality came upon me. Heavens! what an animating principle it became—what firmness it gave to my step—what vigor to my intellect—what fervor to my devotions—what energy to my whole character! A new light burst upon me, and filled my whole soul. Even inanimate objects seemed imbued with the feelings which agitated me. A book spoke in the tender accents of a friend. The humblest flower breathes of early

spring, when the hope of a young heart promises a long life of happiness.

I was the last man in the world, that should have suffered so absorbing a passion to overwhelm him; for, in the first place, I was very fastidious in my notions of women; and, in the second, there was nothing to check the career of this one mighty, overpowering sentiment. I was rich, and my own master; and my estates were in such honest hands, that I had not an anxious thought. Occupation might have sobered down the intensity of the feeling, but I had literally nothing to do. Jealousy, which, even in my boyhood, laid the foundation of many a care, was now likely to bud out afresh and torment me; for, idleness nourishes the green-eyed monster. But I found that it must be a whirlwind to uproot the passion which now took possession of me.

My great wealth would, of itself, have been a passport to the best society; but I was besides, well born, and well educated. There was no fear, therefore, that I should be neglected by fashion and duty. In consequence, I was subject to no mortifications, and had nothing disagreeable to encounter. Three years residence abroad added to my facilities. I had every thing, in short, that the most ambitious man could desire. There was no impediment in the way of my aspiring to the hand of the finest and fairest in the land; and, what young man, situated as I was, could help being aware of his position and advantages?

When I returned from Europe, I found my pretty cousin happily married—happily for *her*, I mean, for there was a strong, direct contrast in the characters of Sophia and her husband, which, in their particular case, was essential to their happiness, whereas it would have made me miserable.

I never saw greater harmony where all, apparently, was discord. They liked no one person or object in common; yet they loved one another tenderly. And, having watched them narrowly, I could fully believe Sophia, when she said, she was perfectly happy. Happy in her sense of the word, she certainly was, but it was not of a nature to satisfy me.

Mr. Woodley, her husband, was a lawyer of good standing; he was clear-headed, methodical and quiet in his ways, without a particle of romance in his composition. He loved order; and, in every thing that related to his own comfort and convenience, or to the respectability of the house, he was scrupulously exacting and imperative. If affairs did not go on with perfect regularity, he quietly attended to them himself.

But Sophia knew all this before her marriage; it did not break upon her suddenly. On the contrary, it was often the theme of conversation. They had ample time to discuss it, and to get accustomed to each other's ways, for it was an engagement of three years, Mr. Woodley being too poor

to marry. The moment I was of age, I gave him the agency of my estates; and this, with a rising practice, enabled him to make Sophia comfortable. But money produced no alteration in their temperaments or habits. I heard the same gentle reproof and remonstrance from him, and the same good humored promises of amendment from her, as before their marriage. I was glad to perceive, however, that Sophia was more in the habit of accommodating herself to her husband's orderly ways, and of consulting his tastes, and that she did not fret or excuse herself, when he complained of her inattention and carelessness.

"Walter," said Mr. Woodley to me, "you must certainly begin to think of marrying. A man of your wealth makes but a poor figure in the world by himself. I want to see you at the head of a family."

"What," said I, "you think I shall then be better off than I am now—you, that are drinking a cup of coffee that does not suit you, because your wife forgot to order hot water on the table to weaken it—and no boiled milk as a substitute?—it has been so three mornings in succession."

"Because I happen to have a thoughtless wife," said he, smiling good-naturedly at Sophia, "does it follow that you are to have just such another?"

"Oh, James," exclaimed Sophia, "does not your coffee suit you? Benny, how careless in you to forget the boiling water. But it is my fault; I must certainly get up earlier; yet seven o'clock is an early hour, too."

"Yes," said her husband, "it is early to you who rise a few minutes before seven; but Walter and I have been up a long time—and then, to drink such strong coffee as this—if there was tea on the table, I should —"

"Say no more," said Sophia laughing. "I shall make an effort to-morrow morning, and all will be right. No, no, cousin, do not let my poor house-keeping hinder you from marrying; there are greater obstacles in the way than what arise from such defects as mine."

"And pray, what are they, Sophia?"

"Why your own fastidiousness, and a certain mean fear you have of being *taken in*. Nay, you need not redden, nor look so angry; it is all true, nevertheless. I dare say you have never yet broken the matter to yourself; but these are your sentiments, depend upon it. Women understand these feelings well."

"I own that I am over nice in my sentiments respecting your sex, but I deny that I have the fears you attribute to me."

"Well, let that pass; my saying yes, and your saying no, does not prove any thing. No one likes to think ill of himself. But answer me this—have you ever seen a woman exactly suited to your notions? Was there not, in early days, some drawback, something to excite disgust, before you had fairly fallen in love?"

"Yes, and I wonder who it was that opened my eyes to all the imperfections of the little belles, that I fancied I was in love with! But all that nonsense was not love; my time has not come yet."

"It is nearer than you imagine, Walter; for I know the very woman that will suit you."

"Come, that is something—it quite enlivens me—where does she live!—do I know her?"

"No, you do not; she lives in retirement, though in the city; and I can tell you, that she is as beautiful as an angel, and as gentle as a dove; in short, with the exception of wealth, of which you have enough already, she is exactly the one to suit you."

"Now listen to me," said Mr. Woodley: "I grant all that Sophia says of her young friend Fanny Fielding, but you would infinitely prefer her cousin Frances. There is a woman for you, Walter—the Gods can grant nothing better, nor more beautiful; a high-minded, generous spirited creature, with an excellent education and a very superior understanding. She is wealthy too, quite enough to make her a prey to some fortune-hunter, if she were not blessed with good, sound, common sense. I have the management of her Belmont estates, and I often see her; so I speak understandingly."

"Upon my word, Woodley, you are quite enthusiastic. Why, Sophia, he has caught a little of your romance. But is this lady really very handsome and accomplished?"

"Yes, more so than the heart of the most ambitious man could desire. I think her perfect, although Sophia finds some little fault. In one thing, however, we agree, and that is that you are to be left unbiassed. We have often talked the matter over, and came to the determination not to talk of either of these ladies, until we returned to the city. You have had time to rest and look about you since your return; and now, you must fairly give yourself the chance to win one or the other of these lovely women; but mine is the one for you. All I shall further say is this: that Miss Frances Fielding is all that your most sanguine hopes could desire—If you do not marry her, my opinion is, that you will never marry any other."

"Well really, my dear husband, I begin to feel a little jealous—I never heard you so eloquent in any woman's praise before. Well, cousin, we shall soon follow you to the city, and then you shall be introduced to the two fair cousins; but I predict that you will fall in love with dear, gentle Fanny. Miss Frances is very charming and all that; but, to tell you the truth—James, let me speak, I did not interrupt you—she has the same, a *little* of the same fear that you have; she is afraid that her wealth will be the magnet to draw lovers around her. Now, my dove-like Fanny has no wealth—absolutely nothing, excepting the income which her cousin allows her. Fanny is an excellent house-keeper,—that praise, you will allow her, James, for you did not find fault once, during the month

she spent with us, when I was in such a weak state of health."

"No, there was no room for fault-finding; I was delighted with her quiet, methodical ways; but still Miss Fielding is my favorite."

"Well, well, let Walter see them both, and I will answer he will admire Fanny the most."

"I shall not give up to you, Sophia; he will, beyond all comparison, prefer Miss Fielding; you forget how divinely she sings; you forget her graceful dancing; her harp; her piano; you forget how charmingly she reads, and how well she converses."

"Yes, dear, but then she is haughty, and, I think, a little suspicious, and I may add she is often obliging to others. To us, to be sure, she is all condescension; but only recollect how you have been mortified at her refusal to play or sing, or dance. As to the harp, she certainly plays exquisitely; and her fine bravura style of singing is very delightful; it surprises and enchants us, but still I infinitely prefer one of Fanny's little tender ballads; *her* singing goes to the heart. James and I never can agree in our estimate of these two women; but we have changed characters here, for he should admire my gentle dove, and I should rhapsodize about her cousin. You will judge for yourself, however, and you are far harder to please than either James or myself. I see how it will be, you will go from one beauty to the other, and finally choose my favorite. Dear, sweet, gentle, beautiful Fanny! Oh Walter, you will love as man never loved before."

Although differing on minor points, yet James and Sophia had cultivated tastes, and loving them both, it was very natural that I should be influenced by their opinions. I became, therefore, exceedingly anxious to see these peerless beauties. As to fortune, I never thought of it for a moment; in fact, I rather preferred a woman without it. To be sure, I had my dreams of subduing the proud beauty, and I was desirous too, of making the gentle Fanny love me; yet, somehow or other, these dreams always ended in my loving her better than her rich cousin.

I established myself in the city, suitably to my income, renewing my acquaintance with those that I knew before I went abroad, and making new ones. They were all pleasant fellows, and, of course, devoted to me. I frequently heard the praises, the extravagant praises of Miss Fielding, her beauty and accomplishments; all the world were in raptures with her; but it generally ended in her being so cold, so haughty, so indifferent, so capricious. No one spoke of her gentle cousin; I should not have known of her existence, had it not been for Sophia. Her being poor and out of the fashionable circles was sufficient to keep her unknown.

My cousins were slow in their movements; and I wrote to hasten their arrival. I had purchased

a pretty house for them and furnished it neatly, intending it as a present and a pleasant surprise. I really desired to have such kind-hearted, loveable characters close to me, and I longed for home feelings again, for I was tired of heartless sycophants; besides, to tell the truth, I was impatient for an introduction to Miss Fielding and her cousin Fanny. I might have been introduced to Miss Fielding at once, but I promised to wait until my cousins came to town. In fact, I had taken up the idea that I should be better received and be on a more pleasant footing, if introduced by the Woodleys.

It so happened, that I saw Miss Fielding the very day after I despatched the letter, and I was electrified by her surprising loveliness; and although taken by surprise, I felt, at once, that I was a lost man. My heart fluttered like a bird just caught; and it was with the greatest difficulty, that I could prevent my companions from seeing the agitation I was in. Could I divine that she was immediately to take possession of my whole soul—that I was to have no thought independent of her image? It was too true. For the first time, I felt the power of love.

I saw her accidentally, at a riding school, having sauntered in one morning with a young man whose sister was learning to ride—by the way, he intended this sister for me, I could see it in all his manoeuvres. Miss Fielding would have been singled out of a thousand, for her beauty, grace and dignity, and she never for a moment lost the recollection that she was in public. I examined her, at first, critically, but I could discover no fault, and I thought Woodley's praise fell far short of the truth. Her eyes were large, of a deep blue and beautifully set,—the very eyes to love and be loved, full of intelligence, modesty and dignity, and yet, there was now and then, a glance or two which indicated haughtiness, a sort of *Noli me tangere* look, which kept off all those who were disposed to approach her, from the sweetness of its general appearance.

Her nose and mouth were exquisitely formed, and I never before understood what was meant by a noble brow. In short, she was the most perfect creature my eyes ever beheld; her figure, air, and manner all corresponded—all was in harmony. The fashion then was to wear very short dresses; and, of course, feet and ankles were as much seen as face and hands; but Miss Fielding made no display, although by mere accident, I saw the prettiest shaped foot in the world. Thank Heaven! I did not see her ankles. As to her hand, it was peerless. I saw that several times, for her glove was off, as she was untying a knot in the strings of her friend's bonnet.

There was nothing studied either in what she said or did, but every movement was bewitching—There were beauty and loveliness enough to set a man frantic, who had no hopes of winning her; and, that my chance was small, I could infer from

the dismal, desponding feelings, which were fast creeping over me. Hitherto, it was a sort of *veni, vidi, vici* affair, when I undertook to love, and I scarcely ever had a doubt; but, alas, I felt that I had never truly loved, or doubts would have arisen. What an ill-looking fellow I had all at once become! I looked around, and saw a dozen who appeared infinitely more worthy of her than myself, if good looks were the criterion; and, as this was the first time in my life that my heart was truly touched, so it was the first time, that, I ever knew what the pang was of being humbled.

She did not ride; I thanked heaven for that too. She disliked the display of it in public, not only that it attracted notice from its singularity, but that it was a dangerous exercise in consequence of the preposterous length of the dress. She had, when in the country, broken through the ill-contrived fashion, and wore a dress of ordinary length, so arranged, as that neither the wind nor swift motion disturbed it. Why do not rich and fashionable women, with the power in their own hands, act in a sane and prudent way? If they *are* the leaders in matters of dress and taste, why must they do outrage to all a woman's feelings? Women, who are not firm enough to be independent, would follow the steps of those they look up to, as well in a modest feminine way, as in the present reckless style. Miss Fielding had just *come out*, as the phrase is, and I saw at once, that she would be a glorious example to her sex, who were already watching her eye.

Of course, I did not see her ride, yet, though I knew her objections, there was neither word nor look that implied a censure on those who were pacing or galloping round the ring. On the whole, I was rejoiced that this opportunity occurred, as I could watch her motions unobserved, and at my ease—at my ease!—alas, no, I foolishly thought so at first, but I was soon in too great a tumult to analyze.

As far as I recollect, but all was a misty confusion, there were many eyes watching her also—and I felt assured that many hearts were doing painful homage to her charms. There was no hesitation in yielding the palm of beauty to her. No one ventured to criticize; there was not a whisper of fault; and, what was best of all, there did not appear to be the slightest envy. The beauty of person and mind were therefore yielded to her at once, but the men thought her cold and haughty, and the girls thought her disobliging—how glad I was to hear this. “I dote upon her *one day*,” said a pretty girl near me, “and on the next, I am frozen up; so I shall fear to get introduced to her.”

“Just look at her,” said my enamoured friend, Headley; “she has quietly moved away from those young men who were getting too near her. It is more than I would dare to do, either in her own house, or in public—She hates a crowd, and I can see by

her uneasy manner, that she wants to go away. I will answer for it, she is never seen *here* again. Look at Miss Foley; she has jumped from her horse and is surrounded by a dozen idle fellows already. Only hear how they all chatter. They would not venture on such gabble as that with Miss Fielding; and yet, she is very cheerful, and is the first to promote rational pleasure. Miss Foley is what you may call a rattle, and will dance and waltz and ride six days out of seven without fatigue of body or scruple of mind."

"Does Miss Fielding waltz?" said I.

"Yes," said Headley, "delightfully; but never with men. This, I think, carrying the matter too far—and yet, putting myself out of the question, for I believe I only thought of my own disappointment—to confess the truth; I should not like to see a sister of mine waltzing with such impudent fellows as you and I are."

"Is she good-tempered?"

"Do not stare at her so, man. There—now, you have done for yourself; she has beckoned to her friends and they are all moving off. I wish you had kept your eyes to yourself."

I hurried out, just in time to see her get in the carriage, and when the door closed, it seemed that sunshine and happiness had left me forever. I felt enough to convince me that this was not to be old Caesar's short-hand way of managing things, but a regular, steep, up-hill struggle, with scarcely a foothold or a bramble to keep me up—There was—I knew and felt it, I saw it in long perspective—uncertainty, perplexity, a tedious pilgrimage, and perhaps I would not be allowed to worship at the shrine after all.

"Well," said Headley, as I stood gazing after the carriage in this moody state of mind, "have you come to any definite conclusion? have you resolved to break a lance with me and try your fortune with this paragon of woman?—for, I see the charm works."

I started, finding how foolish all this must have appeared to a looker-on; so I forced myself to laugh and talk of other matters, and finally succeeded in gathering up my stray thoughts. "Pray, Headley," said I, "do you know Miss Fanny Fielding, this peerless lady's cousin? what kind of girl is she?"

The young man fairly shouted out. "What," said he, "do you think there is no chance with the rich cousin, that you inquire so earnestly about the poor one? Indeed, you will have no difficulty there. Fanny Fielding will snap at you in a moment. As to beauty—yes—she may be called pretty, and her complexion is certainly fine, at times, too; her eyes resemble those of her gifted cousin, but you cannot hope to see two such magnificent looking creatures in one family."

"No, I do not suppose it possible," said I, "but still Fanny may be handsome."

"Well, some people *do* call her handsome; but I do not. She belongs to all the begging societies in the city—*female* begging societies—and of course, all the young men shun her. Some one wanted to introduce me to her; but I refused, as she expects her visitors to buy some of the trash that she is constantly making for these societies. I have often seen her. She has that sort of pinched up look and hard manner, which women acquire who are regularly trained to the business. As I live, there she comes. Come away, Percy; for she knows several of the young fellows here, and she would just as readily ask us for money for one of her societies, as if she were introduced to us—and Jack Oldham would take pleasure in introducing her. Let us be off, for if she gets hold of you, nothing less than a hundred dollars would satisfy her."

I was dragged away, although I had a great desire to see the lady of whom Sophia had spoken so warmly; but Headley's account of her, really astonished me; for, neither James nor his wife hinted at this; yet *he* surely would have done so, if it were so glaring a fact as Headley represented. Of course, no one will be surprised that sleeping or waking, I thought only of the beautiful Frances, and her power over me became absolute. My cousins staid in the country a longer time than I expected, and my impatience was beyond all bounds.

CHAPTER II.

At length the Woodleys came, and I could scarcely wait to hear their praises of the house and furniture. The very next day, they took me to the lady's house; and, from that hour, I lost my personal and mental identity.—Walter Percy,—as I formerly considered this young gentleman,—was no more; and I had not made up my mind what I now was—I never in fact thought of myself.

My ingenuity was forever on the rack, to devise plans by which I could see her daily. I went about as in a dream, shunning every body, lest they might be in the way at a moment when I could get access to her. She was a superb creature, see her when and where I would; but she showed to most advantage, when in her own house. It was there, that I felt the full force of her character and talent, in the natural and suitable way, exactly to suit my nice notions. I discovered that she understood several languages, and that her reading was far more extensive than mine—I sighed over the time that I had wasted.

But Miss Fielding was not accessible at all times, particularly to the young men, who, from their standing in the world, might claim the privilege of visiting her. She was often cold and inattentive, and I fared no better than the rest. It could not be said, with all my boasted pretensions, and my wealth, that I was more favored than any of those who were less eligible,—although, from her ini-

macy with my cousins, it might be considered that I had additional claims. Nay, I was never permitted to see her in the evening, because it was not customary to allow young men to visit the family circle in a familiar manner, and she gave no evening parties.

I called there one morning; and, to my surprise, she was alone. How this happened, I could not tell; for, when her door was open to receive visitors, her rooms were crowded. Her manner to me was polite, but freezingly cold, and I felt uncomfortably enough, though I tried to appear at ease. An Italian book lay on the table near me; and, on commenting upon it, I spoke in Italian; but though she understood the language and could converse freely in it, she answered me in English, thus checking all attempts at familiarity. She made no display herself, nor did she tolerate it in others; yet, strange to say, reserved as she was, my respect and love for her increased.

A note was brought to her, and I observed that she blushed deeply while reading it; and I thought she was agitated. After a few seconds, she recovered her composure, and observed, carelessly, that it was from her cousin; and, to my surprise, she asked if I had ever seen her. I told her that I had not, but that Mrs. Woodley promised me the pleasure. "Well," said she, smiling and yet blushing at the same time, "you shall soon see her; we are so very different in our ways, that we are not together so often as I could wish. She never sees company in the morning, for that is her time to transact her business; and it is of such a nature as to occupy much of her time. Now, I find it more convenient at this present time, to attend to my affairs in the evening; particularly as that time suits Mr. Woodley best. My cousin, on the contrary, is at leisure in the evening, so if you have a desire to become acquainted with her, I will break through my rule and call there some evening, or break through *her* rule, and call there in the morning, should you like to accompany me."

Should I like to accompany her! I was too much taken by surprise to answer immediately, and she haughtily drew up her beautiful head. "I understood from Mrs. Woodley," said she, "that you were very desirous of an introduction to my cousin; I beg your pardon —"

I hastened to undeceive her, and earnestly begged for the honor of attending her at any time, telling her that my confusion arose from the recollection of a conversation that occurred a few mornings before.

"Did it relate to my cousin?" said she, looking as cold as possible.

"Miss Fielding was passing at the moment," said I, "but not near enough to distinguish her features, particularly as her veil was down. I was very desirous of knowing whether she resembles you. It was Mr. Headley, who spoke of her; and he

would not allow that there was any thing more than a slight family resemblance. Is she thought to look like you?"

This was the first approach towards familiarity that I had ever attempted; it was graciously received.

"Why, yes," said she, "I think she does look like me, perhaps more than cousins generally do. She is of my height, with hair and eyes of the same color as mine, and her forehead is thought to be exactly like mine, as well as the contour of her face; altogether, we *are* alike certainly. But, Mr. Percival, she is my superior in many respects; she does not waste her precious time in idle conversation with idle people, as I am frequently forced to do—nay, you must not include yourself in this remark; the Woodleys"—and her neck, face and forehead were in a beautiful glow—"the Woodleys do not consider you as an idler. It appears to me, however, that young men of great wealth and talent should distinguish themselves in some way or other, in some useful way I mean; do you not think so? Many a good mind has gone to wreck from not having profitable occupation."

And this was all! this was all the good that could be said of me, "that I was not an idler!" I was humbled enough, and the bewitching creature saw it too.

"Do you know, Mr. Percival," said she, "that you got in this morning by accident! Oh, pray sit down, and look less angry and mortified. I will explain the thing to you. I am to have a few friends to dine with me to-day; and in consequence, gave orders to be denied this morning. Brooks, whose business it is to attend to these calls, was absent for a few moments, and the waiter, not knowing my orders, admitted you. Do me the favor of dining here. I shall have about a dozen friends."

Of course I was only too much gratified, and bowed my acknowledgment of the honor.

"Will you amuse yourself with looking at these prints, or will you take your leave? I have letters to write to people in England, and the vessel sails to-morrow. I dine at four."

I left her at once—so cool—so collected—so perfectly master of her thoughts, and I submitting to it all like the veriest slave! I went to the Woodleys to give vent to my spleen and vexation. Sophia laughed, and James qualified; but I was in no humor to be laughed or reasoned out of my pettish fancies.

"Upon my word," said Woodley, at length, finding that I had worked myself into a fit of strong excitement, "you are the most unreasonable man I ever saw. Did you expect she would fall in love with you at first sight! You have done wonders already:—what! asked to dine there, and on such a short acquaintance too. You have yet to learn, my dear Walter, that women, especially those who are young, beautiful, talented and rich, are not so

prone to accept a lover at the first offer, be he ever so gifted."

"I have no desire that she should fall in love with me, as you say; but I think that a man with some pretensions, having such warm friends, too, as you both are, to say a good word for me, ought to be treated with more—that is—in short, I am a fool and there is the end of it. I can perceive that there is no hope of an introduction to her cousin through her means. I saw that at a glance, from the peculiar little toss of her head—there will be no condescension of *that* kind from her."

"Why, Walter," said Sophia, "who could imagine that a trifle of this kind would nettle you so much? Did not I tell you that Miss Frances was a high dame, cold and haughty, with all her beauty and talents?"

"Yes, *you* spoke rather disparagingly, and, on the whole, I think more highly of her than you do.—What a sweet-toned voice she has, an educated, well-modulated voice! I think you scarcely do her justice. You led me into an error, too, respecting her cousin Fanny, *your* favorite. Your praise of *her* was quite as unwarrantable as your dispraise of Miss Fielding."

"Pray, why do you suppose that Fanny is not the perfect creature I represent her to be? You have never seen her."

"No, but Jack Headley says that she has—as he expresses it—a pinched up, mean expression of face; that she is a society beggar; and that she occupies all her time and thoughts in procuring funds for the young men who are to be educated for the ministry, as if they could not labor for themselves. Is not this, in truth, her character and business?"

"Her *sole* business? No, not exactly. My dear husband, what *are* you laughing at? you are wondrous merry, considering that you have not dined. Business! what is Fanny's character? I do not think that her affairs need be canvassed by any one, seeing she troubles them not. For a young woman without a family, her time is well employed; though I must say, I should prefer that she worked for her own sex, such as really want assistance. I think with my husband and other sensible people, that these young men would be more respectable, if they supported themselves. Why, here is my dear husband; he wrote in an office six hours every day for three years, just to get money enough to pay his board, and see how many physicians of eminence have taught school to defray their expenses while studying, and in fact, after they were admitted to practice. I blame Fanny for this, as it is a mistaken charity; but you are wrong in imagining, that this is her sole occupation. She works for the poor, also; and if she had money to give away, she would prefer that mode of charity to all others; but she has *not* enough. Indeed, all her income proceeds from her cousin, who is a

dear, generous creature, that I must own. Why, she allows Fanny five hundred dollars a year, and a pretty house and garden. Fanny and aunt Barry, as they call her, live very comfortably on this income."

"What," said I, "only five hundred dollars a year! That is a very small sum."

"You should recollect that Miss Fielding has a number of people dependent on her. As to Fanny, I shall say nothing more in her favor, until you see her. Jack Headley has never seen her in her own house; and, as to her laying her visitors under contribution, that is one of his fables. Young men, who do not like to give their money for charitable purposes, are very apt to turn women into ridicule. If *they* would attend to such matters, women would not go about begging for money."

"Come, Sophia," said James, "you have said enough. Walter is quite cooled down from the heroics—take him to see your favorite—go this evening: she keeps early hours, and the contrast between the cousins will be more perceptible, if he sees them both in the same day."

"No, no; not this evening, for he is to dine out, you know, and such a dinner party with all his excitable feelings, will unfit him for any thing else. Besides, Fanny is really engaged."

"Well, to-morrow, let it be. We are to go to a party at Mrs. Stanley's, but we can see Fanny before we go. Walter, you go to the Stanley's, do you not?"

"Yes, for Miss Fielding is to be there. I was fool enough to ask her hand for the first dance, but she gave me to understand that she was engaged for as many dances, as she thought would suit her, and all this she dealt out to me as if she had been queen Victoria. Pray, James, is she never off the stilts?"

"Oh, scandalous! how you run on, Walter. Much as I prefer Fanny, I cannot bear to hear you speak thus of Frances—Only think, if she were to hear you talk in this manner—Why, my dear husband, what ails you? You are smothering a laugh, and you act like one demented."

"I am laughing at my good luck, for Miss Fielding has made me agent of all her estates. So what with that, and the agency of our good cousin here, we are now quite independent."

"Yes, but, dear, you are not apt to laugh out in such style at a piece of good luck. If you go on in this manner, we shall leave you behind, when we call on Fanny."

James promised to keep his joy within bounds; and I promised to go with them; for, it was a matter of perfect indifference where I went, or what I did, when out of the sight of my divinity. I hastened to my lodgings to prepare for four o'clock. It was a mild, bright day, and every thing within and without, took its hue from the warm sunshine. I made my appearance at Miss Fielding's in a much

happier temper of mind, than I left her in the morning.

She received me coldly; so coldly, that I began to consider whether I could not, by some possibility, have made a mistake in supposing that I was invited. All the attentions that could be spared from her distinguished guests, were lavished upon one of the most consummate fops in town; a fellow, without a particle of brains and scarcely tolerated, though rich and well-born. He kept up a constant clatter about cameos, studios, billiards and the best kind of black satin stocks; and there this peerless, gifted creature stood listening to all this nonsense, sympathising with the ape, because he dreaded that these villainous stocks would soon grow out of fashion.

I therefore took my seat—the farthest from her too, she having assigned the place to me—with a ruined appetite, and a bitter spirit, losing an excellent opportunity of conversing with a very sensible man on one side, and a very charming woman on the other, the wife of a foreign minister. Miss Leston was near me, too; and she had one of the sweetest and most gentle voices in the world. Her singing was very fine too; and, until I saw Miss Fielding, I had half a mind to fall in love with her.

Yet ill at ease as I was, no one could help acknowledging that Miss Fielding presided with ease and dignity; of course, she was an object of profound admiration to all who were present; even the foolish fop never took his eyes from her, although his bald chit chat was addressed to his neighbor.

"How long have you known Miss Fielding?" said I, as he took his seat next to me, when we went in the drawing-room.

"I saw her yesterday or the day before, for the first time. I am but just beginning to live; I fancy we shall be very intimate. You see how I am distinguished already, invited to a select party and all my little nothings received so graciously."

My indignation was too great for speech. What! this silly prate-a-pace, this nothing, to be on such familiar terms with one of the most reserved and haughty women in the world, slighting, nay, entirely overlooking me! I who was, vanity apart, so infinitely his superior, and more on an equality with herself! It was not to be borne any longer. Highly exasperated, I approached her to make my bow, pleading an engagement for retiring so early. But see what poor imbeciles we lovers are: in one moment, her look—one glance of her eye, disarmed me.

"You are not going, Mr. Percival!" said she, in a calm, quiet, yet decided manner. "You are a fine judge of music, I hear, and you must pronounce judgment on my new piano; we shall go to the music-room presently."

Surely, there was nothing in this speech to elate me; but I was elated. We took coffee, and then

repaired to the music-room; whilst I, poor silly fellow, thought no more of my engagement, for I really had one, though not of much importance. Presently, Miss Leston was at the piano, and though it seemed rather *outré* to sing so early in the evening, for it was scarcely seven, yet the young lady ventured. The voice and the piano were pronounced excellent, and Miss Leston was asked for another song; this she declined, unless it were a duet, and that some gentleman would accompany her. Miss Fielding, who was standing next to me, begged that I would oblige them, as she knew I often accompanied Mrs. Woodley; so I could not refuse, though I scarcely hoped to get through with credit.

Our performance was pronounced capital, and all were loud in expressing their pleasure, all but Miss Fielding and Mr. Mosely, who whispered several times during the song. The fellow had the impudence to fall in with us at the end of the second part, and his voice swelled out in the finale; and one of Miss Fielding's whispers was to compliment him upon the richness and fulness of his voice!

Miss Fielding should, in all courtesy, have sung first; but etiquette was laid aside, and Miss Leston was very amiable and quite willing to sing first or second. But the lady of the house was now called upon, and I raised my eyes suddenly to her face with the expectation of hearing a cold refusal. To my surprise, however, she was gracious; and, never in my life, had I been so transported. We all listened with a deep, thrilling interest, and our silence was not broken even for a minute after the song was ended.

Now, I was possessed with a new fancy, quite as tormenting, perhaps more so, than any that I had yet experienced. The vexations and bitterness of the hour had passed away, and I asked myself what claims I had to the particular attentions of such a woman, so far my superior—so far superior to every one else. What right had I to dare to love her even, much less to expect her love in return? It was evident that she had no desire at present to change her condition; her civility to Mosely, and others of his class, arose—I could plainly see it now—from the conviction, that her friends would understand her motives; for, their utter insignificance screened her from the reproach of encouragement. To young men of talent, wealth and pretension, she was as cold as an icicle. I should not have supposed there was any thing personal in her neglect of me, but the tumult of my soul deprived me of the counsel of my understanding. So I became reconciled, as it were, to the perverseness of my destiny, and resolved to love even without hope. This was misery certainly, but a gloomy quiet kind of misery.

But whether talking or singing, whether musing or listening, the eyes of every one were rivetted on

her beautiful face. How she bore all this without becoming vain and overbearing, astonished me; for now, that I could reason on the subject, her coldness was a blessing. I could not perceive, that this universal homage had the slightest effect upon her actions or conversation—she was as artless and unaffected as a child. There was no vanity, no display, no wish to distinguish herself, although, in argument, she was energetic, and maintained her opinions with firmness and modesty.

Has any one observed the difference in voices? The voice is as capable of education in speaking as in singing, and I wonder that this has not become a subject of discussion. There ought to be teachers of intonation in speaking, as well as of melody and harmony in singing. Miss Fielding had, by nature, a sweet silvery-toned voice, and its clear ringing remained perceptible to our senses long after the sound had ceased.

Throughout that day, what a conflict had I undergone! Mosely had laughed and chattered and shown himself to every one in the company, and every one laughed with him in return—his good humor was uninterrupted, his enjoyment complete. I had been in the same society, partaken of the same hospitalities—yet, what was the result—a series of mortifications and disappointments! It was the demon love—for to me, he was a demon which tyrannized over me, and gave a jaundiced color to all that passed. I found that I was not in the slightest degree necessary to Miss Fielding's happiness; I had not one attraction for her!

I wanted to hear her sing again. There is nothing so composing to a lover's feelings, as the voice of the lady he loves, even if she love not in return. She had sung a rich beautiful song, a bravura; but I wanted to hear a tender ballad, or one of Burns' touching Scotch songs; but these foreigners had no taste for such delicate, heart-stirring music; they admire that which dazzles and surprises. Accordingly, they supplicated for an Italian song, and one most difficult of execution. It was one which required all the skill of a Malibran to execute, and in which, at one time, she nearly failed. I trembled with apprehension, but I might have spared myself the pain, for she went through it with the greatest ease, unfalteringly. We were, as before, entranced, unable from intense delight and admiration to bestow those praises which it was so natural to give. Wonderful creature, so perfect, so graceful, so fascinating, yet so incapable of loving!

The remainder of the evening was passed by me in a confused reverie, scarcely speaking to any one excepting in monosyllables, so that the party there, no doubt, called me a dull, stupid fellow. It was time to depart, and Miss Fielding bowed us out, in the most agreeable manner, and apparently, as if she had been at the head of such an establishment all her life. I moved away with the rest of the

enchanted guests, not even distinguished by a separate nod.

CHAPTER III.

"Well," said Sophia, the next morning, "what sort of a visit was it! How did you like Miss Fielding on a nearer acquaintance! is she a goddess still?"

"I had a very comfortless time, I assure you; and for my part, I cannot tell what to make of her. A man of sense, as I flatter myself to be, is of less value in her estimation than a fool. I am very much disappointed, that is all; and I doubt whether I shall ever see her again by design."

"Yes, you will call there to-morrow," said Woodley; "say the same things of her when we next meet; see her again the first opportunity; continue to be madly in love, as you are this minute; offer her your hand within a month—and perhaps—be married next spring; that is what you will do. Go with us this evening to see Fanny, and then dream of Frances; for, all this will come to pass."

"If I am silly enough to expose myself in the way you suggest, I deserve to be rejected; for most assuredly that will be the result. You both agree in thinking, that she does not believe in a disinterested attachment; but is she not aware of her great beauty, her superior talents, her great natural gifts—in short, cannot she believe that a man may love her for herself alone, for pure, intellectual worth! Why, I should worship her all the same, if she was as portionless as her cousin Fanny."

"I can scarcely tell what she thinks exactly; but she had a woful example, some disastrous ending of a love affair between two of her friends, the young man proving mercenary and breaking his engagement, when the lady lost her fortune. This happened while she was in Europe, and it has made an indelible impression. But persevere, and you will conquer at last, a few trifles must not discourage you."

"But how shall I approach her nearer? You talk of a month! Why I doubt whether a twelve month would get me as near as a smile. I wish you could have seen, how collected she was when we arose to leave her last evening. I must confess, I wanted to see a little more diffidence. There appeared to me, now that I think it over, that there was too much *display* of ease, and she hates display—out with the thought; do not remember that I said it, Sophia—She was perfect throughout, and it was only her indifference to me in particular, that makes me cynical. Perhaps I should have been better pleased, if she had shown more timidity; even some little mistakes, or awkwardness would have been more agreeable to my feelings; and yet, what a fool I am to be thus contradicting myself. I wanted to see a perfect woman, and here is one; yet I am finding fault."

"Now Walter," said Sophia, "drive all this

out of your head, and give all your thoughts to Fanny; remember, we go there at seven, and only stay half an hour."

"Drive Miss Fielding out of my head! How can I do that, when she is fixed so firmly in my heart? That I admire her, is too cold a word; she has bewitched me, I think."

At seven, I was at the Woodleys'; and we proceeded to the house of Miss Fanny Fielding. On the way there, I again referred to what I had heard concerning her fondness for societies, and I begged Sophia not to turn the conversation that way, lest, in a fit of absence, I might say something to hurt the lady's feelings.

"I never heard the like in my life," said my cousin; "what if she does work for the poor, is it a crime in your eyes to be charitable? Oh James, stop laughing, will you. Pray, has any one else made you an agent that you are so merry?"

"No, but I am so much amused with Walter. How you can refrain from laughing at his rhapsodies and his queer notions of Fanny, I cannot tell—Here we are."

We were shown into a little dingy, stinging looking parlour, by an elderly lady in an old-fashioned cap. She was sitting at a table, sewing, it appeared to me by the light of *one* tallow candle, and in the corner, close by the fire, sat Miss Fanny Fielding.

The introduction on my part, was not without embarrassment. Two things conspired to create the confusion in my mind; one was the frequent conversations we had about the young lady, and the other was the strong likeness to her cousin. The outline of her face, as Miss Fielding stated, if I could judge by the dim light of the tallow candle, was exceedingly like hers; but in many other respects there was a marked difference. The hair was darker, and hung over her face in one mass of ringlets; and Sophia asked me, in a whisper, "if it was not beautiful." Her dress was a plain dark silk, and she wore over it, a black silk apron, with large pockets, which appeared to be well filled—full of pin-cushions and watch-guards, I presumed. A large white muslin cross-barred cape so nearly covered her bust, that I could not tell whether it were fine or not; and to crown all, she had on a pair of thick common looking gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off!

Miss Fielding was always elegantly dressed; and her hair, of which she had great profusion, was braided across her polished forehead, with the utmost neatness and simplicity, and put up behind with exquisite skill, varying every few days, and yet always beautiful. She never wore gloves in the house; I had therefore the delight of seeing her charming and delicately shaped hands; they were perfect as to form, and as white as possible. On the back of the right hand, near the little finger, were three black moles, contrasting most beautifully with the brilliant whiteness of the skin. Her

cousin Fanny might have hands equally perfect, but they were shrouded in those odious gloves. If I detested any thing thoroughly, it was cropped or truncated gloves. In the present instance, it was an emblem of the impoverished thrift of her occupation.

But prejudiced as I was, against the poor girl, I could not help perceiving that Headley must have had his impressions of her, second hand. It was some unwilling giver of cents, who had so misrepresented her; for I saw nothing of that pinched-up expression and hard manner. On the contrary, her voice struck me—she spoke low, however—as being so very soft and musical; there was such gentleness, so confiding and persuasive, that if she had at any moment asked for the whole contents of my purse, for some charitable mission to the moon even, she should have had it in welcome.

Then her eyes! I never could have resisted an appeal from those eyes, only seen in timid, momentary glances when her conversation was necessarily directed to me. Miss Fielding's eyes were as beautiful as eyes could be, and full of the fire of genius; but there was such ease of manner, such self-possession, that the charm of timidity did not belong to them; and her voice, though truly feminine, silvery and sweet, had not those tender touches, sinking so deep in the heart, as her humble cousin's! The delicate, confiding tones of Fanny's voice, I never forgot. Her cousin's voice, always rich and melodious, was heard distinctly, and never faltered; but Fanny seemed afraid to trust the sound of her's to the next neighbor; and I observed, that she had to clear her throat almost every time when she spoke—she a beggar!

The room was very plainly furnished. How different from the magnificence of the richer cousin! Five hundred dollars a year was a mere pittance, when the great income of Miss Fielding was considered; Mr. Woodley said it was from sixty to seventy thousand dollars a year. Sophia thought that five hundred dollars a year and the house rent free, was a generous gift; now that I had seen the lady, I pronounced it niggardly.

What a singular feeling came over me, while looking at this innocent girl! Even the odious occupation of begging for money, had not injured the simplicity of her character. When I heard one of the softest and gentlest voices in the world, accompanied always with a blush, utter sentiments in which a critical ear and taste could not detect a fault, I censured her cousin for not sharing her fortune with her. But when I thus brought Miss Fielding's image before me, I could see nothing to condemn, but her indifference to me. She appeared, as she was in reality, a beautiful and wonderful creature,—her features bright with intelligence—her spirit buoyant with the freshness of youth—and her conversation and manners full of wit and sense.

When I had thus conjured up her brilliant image, and recollected the loveliness of her temper, and the dignity and rectitude of her bearing, it was sinful to suppose she could be unjust.

It was now past eight o'clock, and I became impatient to go; for we had to dress for Mrs. Stanley's ball; so I privately showed my watch to Sophia. We arose, and the stiffness of the meeting seemed to wear off while standing. There was more ease and a fuller flow of conversation, than at any time during the visit. Woodley was chatting and laughing out, a very uncommon thing for him, when in company. Sophia lingered with more last words, and Fanny took courage, once, to look in my face, while asking Woodley a question.

"Well, Fanny, love," said Sophia, "when shall we see you again? will you come to our house to-morrow evening?"

"I would, with the greatest pleasure," said this voice of music, "but aunt Barry has a cold, and dares not go out in the evening. She would feel too lonely if I left her behind, so I must stay at home; but come here when you can."

"Oh, we shall hinder you, I fear," said Woodley: "your workbasket has been laid aside and that will get you out of credit with your lady President, as I think you call her."

"Never mind him, my dear Fanny," said my good-natured cousin; "we shall be here again very soon, depend upon it. As to James, he is all fun and frolic of late, having now such an addition to his income. While he is engaged with Miss Fielding, Mr. Percival and I will come round and talk with you and aunt Barry."

Fanny blushed and bowed, and so we parted—hurrying home to dress, and in the midst of it all, perplexing myself with the striking likeness between the cousins. Then came the mixing up of what Jack Headley told me, and what I had seen myself, and do what I would, there, before me, was Fanny the hard-featured society beggar, and Fanny, the timid shrinking girl, with whom I had just parted.

It was nearly ten o'clock, when I entered Mrs. Stanley's rooms; there was a large and brilliant assembly and a blaze of light. Of course, I looked around for Miss Fielding, and although prepared for it, I was vexed at heart to see Mosely leading her up to the first cotillion. Her dancing was just what I expected, graceful and animated. When the dance was over, I followed her to the sofa in the vain hope of engaging her for one dance—"it was not in her power," she said, "as she was engaged for the whole evening."

I told her, that I had that evening been introduced to Miss Fanny Fielding. She looked at me with frigid indifference, and asked "if she and her cousin were as much alike as had been represented."

"No, you are not," said I; "at first I saw the

resemblance very strongly, but towards the end of the visit, it disappeared."

"But, Mr. Percival, our eyes and hair are alike, and our height corresponds; these could not have changed during the interview."

"I do not think either the eyes or hair are of the same color; your cousin's are darker; and as to height, I cannot judge, as she stood up only a few moments. I should not, however, suppose she was so tall."

"But our voices are alike?"

"Not at all, not the least alike, although every now and then a particular intonation startled me. I have heard the voices of more distant relationship still more alike. She is a beautiful woman, but I should think that a braid would become her better than curls; yet they suit her style of face too."

This was all the conversation that passed, for her partner claimed her hand, and there was nothing half so inviting as to watch her graceful movements through the dance.

As this was a splendid ball,—the coming-out of Mrs. Stanley's daughter, all the ladies were beautifully dressed. Miss Fielding, however, was said to be dressed in the best taste, and there was no hesitation in pronouncing her the handsomest woman there. Her diamonds were brilliant, but not large. How I wished I were at liberty to place a very superb diamond of mine, in the little cluster which rested on her polished forehead. But miserable fellow that I was, there would be no hope ever to see it there. I had the pain of knowing, that I never occupied her thoughts beyond the moment she was speaking to me. I had not even the good fortune to hand her to the carriage, being anticipated, while musing, by that officious fellow Mosely.

As Woodley predicted, I was at her door the next day, but did not get in—she was engaged. My cousins were not at home; and of course, I did not see Fanny in the evening, for they did not return till late. I lounged about, tried to read but could not, and went to bed at ten, thinking myself an ill-used unhappy man.

A drunken man—just drunk enough to know his situation—puts on a look of solemn gravity to disguise himself. A man in love, as I was, and foolishly *fixed*, as was my case, has as great a dislike as the drunkard, to let others see the mortified, scattered and deranged state of his intellects. I cannot, now, help laughing at the trouble it cost me to assume a calm and careless air. Woodley said it was frightful, and advised me rather to get up a pensive cast of countenance, as my eye and other features were not in good keeping with the character I thought proper to assume.

I should have despaired, had it not been for my cousin James. "See her as often as possible," said he, "and she will get accustomed to you;

your devotion will remove her coldness, and a knowledge of your character will remove her scruples. She knows that your principles are good, and that wealth and a perfect freedom from restraint have not rendered you a profligate. I know that she is daily in the habit of hearing your character contrasted with others, and never has it been coupled with a sneer or a doubt."

"But she suffers Joe Waterford and Philip Mosely—the first a simpleton, and the other an arrant coxcomb—to be on an easy footing with her."

"Yes, she does; but recollect that there is not a single doubtful character among her visitors: no dissipated heartless creature, be he ever so rich or talented, gets admittance to her. You never see Mr. — nor Mr. — there; they called, but Brooks knew them and had orders not to let them in. If all women would act as Miss Fielding has done, there would not be so many heartless profligates in the world. Women have a great deal in their power, if they would only exercise it. You see that women in general, among the fashionable classes, admit such men to their parties quite as freely, as if they were exemplary husbands. Miss Fielding is right; she sees no difference between a man's perjuring himself—which he does by breaking the oath he took at the altar—in this way, or in a court of justice. But this arises from the fact, that men themselves are very lenient when one of their fraternity goes off with his friend's wife; whereas, if he perjured himself at an election, he would lose caste entirely."

"Yes, that is true; and I honor Miss Fielding for taking so noble a stand. A woman like her, rich, and perfectly mistress of her own actions, can dare to do good or evil with impunity. Our fashionable girls are aware of this, and prefer to do evil; they absolutely redouble their attentions to a man who has acted basely with regard to a woman; and if he happen to be a married man, they say among one another, that they 'do not wonder at his loving another woman, for his wife was such a stupid ugly thing.'"

"Well, I am glad that you see the thing in this light, Walter; your respect for Miss Fielding will increase in consequence."

"And Fanny?" said I, "how does it happen that she is not annoyed by the visits of the idle and unprincipled young fellows about town? for, she is beautiful and fascinating."

"Fanny *never* sees visitors of this description; her situation in life is too humble. She is only known among them, as a young woman belonging to charitable institutions; and as all profligate men are mean and selfish, they shun her as they would pestilence. A married man who keeps two establishments, or a young roué, who purchases the society of a poor, weak, ruined beauty, cannot afford to bestow a few shillings to keep an *honest* woman from starving. As to our Fanny, in particular, I

tell you that she *never* begs for money, her charities are the labors of her own hands; and Miss Fielding gives her large sums to distribute among the poor, much more than Fanny could get, if she laid every young man in town under contribution."

"I am glad to hear that so near a connexion of Miss Fielding is so worthy of her; but I think it a stigma upon her character to allow of such constant visits from those two weak young men, Waterford and Mosely."

"My dear Walter, they are not men of bright parts, to be sure, but they observe all the rules and decencies of society. They are rich and have nothing to do but amuse themselves. Still, they have an honest pride of character; and a woman is safe under their protection. Headley is a little brighter in point of intellectual capacity, but he does not pay a strict regard to truth; yet his falsehoods are not of a dangerous character. For instance, he did not see Fanny Fielding on the day you first saw her cousin, but he wanted to talk and it mattered not what the subject was."

"I have heard many of those heartless, selfish young men turn Joe Waterford and Phil Mosely into ridicule, for what they term *want of spirit*; but we shall see who will be the most respectable at the age of forty. I need not say all this to you, for your tastes and habits place you above such paltry feelings. I began by encouraging you to persevere, and to assure you that Miss Fielding does not class you with the dissolute, dissipated young men about town; if she did, you would never enter her doors. Believe me, she is only distrustful. No woman, gifted as she is, both personally and naturally, and so rich withal, can doubt her claims to universal admiration; her fear is that she may be deceived, and fall a victim to some heartless creature who will win her affections for the sake of these wordly advantages, and my dear Walter, you appear to me to be possessed of the same fears."

"You and Sophia think I have those fears, but I am not aware of it. As it respects Miss Fielding, I cannot deny that my respect for her has increased by what you say. There are moments, however, when I am not so sure that she is exactly the woman I should have selected for a wife, had I known her character before I fell so madly in love. I have cold fits at intervals, and more frequently since I saw her cousin. I now fancy that her manner is not natural, and that the charm of diffidence, tenderness, devotedness, does not belong to her nature. I do not agree with you in thinking that when she does love, her affections will have all the ardor and romance that I require."

"Well," said Woodley, pettishly, "if that is your opinion, go to her cousin. Fanny will come up to all your ideas of romance. She is diffident, tender and devoted enough for a higher toned lover

even than you. As to Frances, I tell you now what I have told you from the first, that she is a perfect woman both in mind, person, and feminine affections. I do not deny this praise to Fanny; only that there is a loftiness of character in Frances that I never saw equalled. Do you think Fanny as handsome as her cousin?"

"I could not judge well, by the light of a single candle; but her blushes became her, and her manner certainly was modest and graceful. Why, in the name of goodness, does she wear those horrible gloves? They are absolutely disgusting, and they look as if they had been worn a long time; very probably a cast off pair of Miss Fielding's; and now that I have worked up my mind to bring all this to light, for I assure you, I have let it decompose me greatly, I must further insist upon it, that Miss Fielding shows a mean spirit in allowing her lovely cousin to live in such a pitiful way—only look at her small income!"

"Small, do you call it? why, when we married, Sophia and I should have felt more than grateful for such an income. You forget that the house and furniture is her gift likewise, and that aunt Barry has an allowance of three hundred dollars a year."

LINES.

BY MRS. E. J. JAMES.

Waken! O waken, from thy world of dreams,
And call thou back each vision wandering heart!
No more be led by Fancy's picture-gleams,
Nor linger in the fairy realms of Art.
Thy thoughts have been too much with the Ideal,
Now turn thee to the Real.

No longer in the radiant atmosphere
Of Poesy, spread thy still up-striving wing,
It cannot soar where all is dark and drear,
Around the throne to which it erst did cling.
In silence fold thy weak and wounded pinion,
No more to have dominion!

Thou know'st, O heart! how, on thy mouldering shrine,
Faded and dim each early offering lies—
Prompting for aye the spirit to repine,
While every yearning aching cold replies—
How many hopes that swept thy ambitious Lyre
Have lost their glowing fire!

How oft and proudly have thy pulses thrill'd,
When brightly-thronging images of thought
The busy brain evoked; O, now be still'd
Those eager whispers which can bring thee nought,
Save the sad knowledge that all is but *seeming*,
Then waken from thy dreaming!

Life hath too actual grown, yet thou my heart
Would fain its stern realities enchant
Even though thou seest thy loveliest dreams depart,
From the harsh path they will no longer haunt.
In this dim world of cares thy bright Ideal,
Hath pal'd before the Real!

Then hasten from thy visionary world,
Thou hast had thy dreams of Glory, Power and Fame.
In dreams thou hast a dazzling scroll unfurl'd,
And on it graven an immortal name!
In dreams too worn the wreath of Love's bright weaving,
Oh! *false* was each believing!

That time with all its dizzy joys is past,
And now another holier task is thine;
Thy earthly life grows pale, and waneth fast,
Then turn thy thoughts to Heav'n, O heart of mine!
Lift up thy voice from the low couch of sickness
For strength to aid thy weakness!

Pale is the once red lip and health-hued cheek,
Clouded and heavy the once kindling eye—
While the faint step and fainter pulses speak
In warning whispers of a time to die!
There is no help save in the Great Physician—
To Him lift thy petition—

For strength, my heart, to break the clinging bands
That even yet would bind thee down to earth:
Yield to the soul that all-beseeching stands,
And pleadeth for a newer, nobler birth.
Let all thy dreams, desires and thoughts be given
To win thy rest in Heaven!
October, 1842.

THE ELOPEMENT.—A TALE.

During the Summer of 1824, while passing from my native county to the house of a relative in the county of Nansemond, I stopped at one of those old and venerable brick churches, (it being the Sabbath day,) which we sometimes meet with in Eastern Virginia. Built during the reign of George III., some of them still retain pretty much the appearance they had eighty years ago;—with high-back pews of substantial oak, and a lofty pulpit of the same material, the baptismal font on one side, and the communion-table in front. Just out of doors was the graveyard—generally at the North end; at the South end you entered an open portico, above which was the vestry-room; and, above that, a high steeple, on the top of which were two large iron keys, crossing each other at right angles. In the midst of fine old oaks, these dilapidated churches now stand. It was at these places of worship our forefathers would congregate, with pious intent of hearing Bible truths expounded, by parsons, who, for the consideration of so much tobacco, would leave kindred dear, and cross the "black waters."

The day on which I stopped at the above mentioned church, was intensely warm, and the spreading oaks cast a most inviting shade to the weary and fatigued. Some of the cattle from the adjacent fields had sought refuge under it from the piercing rays of the sun, the locusts were singing their long shrill notes, while the dove cooed in mournful accordance.

Alighting, as most of the congregation had gone

in, I walked to the graveyard; a part of the wall which once enclosed it, was still standing, while the remainder was overshadowed with tall grass.

Whilst engaged in reading the different inscriptions, to the memory of the infant of six months, as well as the revolutionary soldier of eighty, I was arrested by the sound of a female voice very near, which I supposed to be the earnest invocations of some pious mother, who, bending over the grave of her infant babe, was calling upon God to make her heart as pure as that of the little sleeper's below.

But my impressions were instantly banished, when in the act of stepping back, by perceiving two old women sitting very close to each other, engaged in deep and earnest conversation; partly concealed by the tall grass, and partly by a small erect tombstone. My attention was immediately arrested, by one saying to the other, in a very audible voice—

"Ah! I remember the night well enough; never did I hear the wind blow so hard, or the rain fall so fast, and he, poor young man, I thought would have gone beside himself. Yes, though you see him standing there now, looking so like a ghost just out of one of these graves, he was, that night, when he first got to my cottage, so gay and so handsome; and his voice did sound so sweet, when he said, 'Mrs. Jenkins, have my servants arrived yet with the carriage? I am afraid we shall have a storm to-night, it lightens so to the North.' 'No, sir,' said I, 'though I have been looking for them this last half hour.' Never did I see features change so quick; they looked so dark and terrible; his large black eyes, which before seemed to speak, as well as look love, almost flashed fire; and, stamping on the ground, he exclaimed, 'By heavens, not yet!' then turning suddenly around, walked out. Returning in a few minutes, he inquired if I had seen the signal from the river. 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I saw a white pocket handkerchief hanging from the window of the second story of the house, a little before sunset.'"

At the conclusion of this sentence, I indistinctly heard the other exclaim, "Ah! dear young lady, she little knew what a horrid death she would soon meet with."

Their voices sank so low, I could hear nothing more. It was however certain, that the object of their conversation was near. This narrative existed my curiosity, and determined me, if possible, to discover the personage to whom it related. I had not proceeded many paces, when I observed a gentleman rise from the ground and lean against a large cedar, whose boughs overhung a plain marble tomb, by the side of which he had been kneeling. Apprehensive that my presence might disturb his hallowed thoughts, I turned a little off, and busied myself in plucking the flowers, that grew in wild abundance—remaining near enough

to see that he was a man past the middle age of life, of a thin visage, and rather above the medium height; his large black eyes still retained the fire of youth, while his hair denoted premature age; his dress was a plain suit of black. Whilst endeavoring to discover the botanical name and class of one of the flowers, he approached, and accosted me as follows:

"Sir, you seem to be a stranger in this habitation of the dead."

"Yes," replied I; "it is my first visit here. I am always fond of walking in a graveyard, and reading the various epitaphs; they afford more subjects of serious meditation than a treatise on mortality twice as large."

"Indeed they do," replied he; "that marble slab, just under that tree, has caused me more thought these five and twenty years, than all the incidents of my life together."

"Perhaps it is the resting-place of a sainted mother, or sister, or"—

"No! it is not," said he, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper.

By this time we had approached close to the grave. I read the following epitaph:

"To the memory of Lucy; only child of Oscar Normand, who departed this life, July 20th, 1801. Age 17.

"The spring of life had just begun,
When a wintry cloud obscured the sun,
And all was darkness then."

"That little verse," said he, "speaks a tale of woe."

What I had gathered from the old woman, and his own melancholy appearance, made me curious to know the circumstances of the death of the young lady, over whose grave we were standing. Observing that it seemed a relief to him to converse on the subject, I said, "If it is not painful or tedious to relate the cause of the young lady's death, I should be pleased to know it."

"It will be painful, yet relieving for me to do so," said he. "In narrating the melancholy tale, however, I shall have to go back to 1773, when Oscar Normand and my father Frederick Carlton, two years before the disturbances between Great Britain and the Colonies commenced, sailed from Liverpool and landed in New-York the 3d of June. Each having connections in Virginia, they bent their way hither, a few weeks after their arrival. Being college-friends, they determined to purchase lands in the same neighborhood; which, however, they did not do—my father being pleased with the interior of the State, and Normand with the flat lands near the Chesapeake. The year after my father located, he married a young and beautiful lady; but death soon severed their union, as she survived my birth but a few days. Despairing of again enjoying the same conjugal felicity, he never afterwards married. Short-

ly after my birth, my father, actuated by the noble feelings of justice and patriotism, joined the continental army, which was arduously struggling against the oppressive yoke of Great Britain. Distinguishing himself at the battle of Guilford, by his valor, he received many encomiums from General Green, and was then attached to the staff of La Fayette, whose army was at that time cantoned in Virginia.

"About this period, Normand married a wealthy heiress, by whom he had a daughter, an only child, whose remains are now resting beneath this little mound.

"A man of violent passions, proud and haughty in the extreme, he retained all his national prejudices. When told of the laurels his friend Carlton had gained at Guilford Court-House, with a sarcastic smile, he was heard to murmur, 'Renegade!' A circumstance which happened soon after, forever blighted the friendship of these old companions. At a dinner given to La Fayette and his officers, at Louisa Court-House, Normand, who had been up to settle a tobacco plantation in the neighborhood of the Green Springs, was invited, for the purpose of meeting his old friend Carlton. They met; and, for a while, all political opposition was forgotten, as they talked of their love-scrapes and college-days in Old England.

"The announcement of dinner, however, put a stop to their conversation. As politics was the leading topic of all assemblies at that time, that theme was soon introduced. And many were the toasts drank on that occasion, to the success of the American arms, and the good faith of France and America; among which my father gave the following: 'May we never sheath our swords, until Britain has acknowledged our Independence, and humbled her haughty arrogance before the American Eagle.' Loud and unanimous was the applause that followed, save from Normand, who sat in mute silence, scowling darkly upon his old friend; the wine he was in the act of drinking, was placed upon the table untasted, and, in a voice half-suffocated with anger, he said: "I think, Frederick, your uncle, Sir Henry Carlton, would have cause to rejoice in so promising a nephew, could he now see and hear you. Indeed, I am disposed to think, could he have known as much, he would have made an abler defence on the part of America, a few days ago in Parliament, in reply to the Earl of Carlisle. I suppose, at the end of these hostilities, you intend to turn saint and parson, and declare a war of extermination against the devil and his imps."

"Oscar," said my father, "such language is unprovoked, and particularly improper from you, knowing as you do, that I have ever treated you as a gentleman, friend, and brother. Should you ever utter such insolence again, that friendship, which now shields you from chastisement, will be a frail protection."

"The lion roused from his lair, or the maniac taken from the object of his hatred, never evinced more rage than Normand. His features swollen with passion, he sprang from the table, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, levelled it at my father. Several of the officers made an effort to wrest it from him, but Normand was too quick for them: it was fired; my father sank motionless on the floor. In an instant every sword was drawn, many rushed at Normand, but were stopped in their purpose by some one saying, 'he is dead!' Turning aside to see if the sad intelligence were true, Normand made use of the opportunity. He left the room in haste, and mounting his horse, was out of sight ere he was missed from the room. Medical aid was immediately procured. What little hope lingered in the minds of my father's comrades, was soon banished by the physician pronouncing the wound mortal: 'The ball,' said he, 'has passed near the heart, and more than probable, has cut the large artery that conveys the blood to it. That, however, will be determined in a few minutes. Should the blood continue to flow as profusely as it does now, he must sink; if we can succeed in stopping it, there is hope.'

"Every effort was made; bandage after bandage was taken away saturated in blood, that had flowed so long in friendship to one who had spilt it so rashly. Life seemed to be ebbing fast. His companions-in-arms had assembled around, to see a brave man die. The physician again examined the wound, his countenance brightened. 'There is some hope yet,' said he, 'the bleeding has somewhat abated.'

"In half an hour, that life, which seemed to glimmer so faintly, gradually revived. The physician directed him to remain in bed at least three weeks, without moving, and to use the lowest diet. At the expiration of five weeks, he was sufficiently restored to ride out. About that period, La Fayette received orders from General Washington, to meet him at York-Town.

"My father, though still debilitated by his wound, attended him, and there participated in the triumph of our arms. At the conclusion of peace, my father retired to his estate to superintend my education; which he continued to do for ten years. He then determined to send me to England, to go through a collegiate course of studies. With a heavy heart, I sailed on the 10th of May, 1791, and landed in Liverpool in the month of July. I prosecuted my studies at Cambridge four years, at which time I received a letter from my father, requesting me to make a tour of Europe. I set off immediately, intending to get through as soon as possible, for I had become anxious to see the best of fathers. I had not, however, proceeded farther than Rome, when I received letters from my father, desiring me to return home, as his health had become extremely bad. I embarked

in a few hours, in a packet bound to Charleston; which city I reached after a long and tempestuous voyage. I hastened home, and, to my infinite joy, found my father nearly restored.

"I now come to a period of my life, which promised the full realization of happiness; I mean that period of one's life, when the gentle rays of love first break upon the heart, awakening all the softer passions of the soul, and calling into action feelings hitherto dormant—inducing one to believe, that true happiness is no phantom. But, alas! the sunshine of life was soon darkened. Just as I thought perfect bliss within my reach, the shadow vanished, and all that remained was darkness and night.

"A few months after my arrival at home, I visited the western part of the state for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of its medicinal waters.

"The sun was slowly sinking behind some of the lofty peaks of the Alleghany, as I was descending a long and rugged declivity, at the base of which gently flowed one of those deep, narrow rivulets, that empty into the Shenandoah. The sun had been shining intensely all day, and my horse appeared much fatigued from the day's ride. While I sat carelessly on him, giving him the reins, in an instant I was nearly thrown, by his springing suddenly forward. With difficulty I recovered myself sufficiently to stop him. On looking around I discovered a coach, drawn by four horses, descending the hill at full speed. The postilion had been thrown from his seat. I indistinctly heard the scream of a female, as it passed me; death appeared inevitable. Ere I had time to reflect, the horses, with one bound, sprang into the centre of the stream, drawing the coach in after them. They were drowned; and so would have been the travellers—a gentleman and his daughter—had I not, at great risk, rescued them. With much difficulty, the young lady was restored to consciousness. Just at this moment, the carriage that conveyed their baggage arrived, and took them to an inn a short distance off, to which place I accompanied them, little dreaming the fatal consequences that would ensue from impressions made on me that night.

"By the time my new acquaintances had changed their apparel, supper was announced. They appeared quite happy at their escape, and were profuse in their acknowledgments to me, whom they regarded as their deliverer.

"'Indeed, sir,' said the young lady, addressing herself to me, 'but for your timely assistance, at the hazard of your life, we should now be as insensible as the poor horses that rushed, so alarmed, with us into the water. And all I regret is, that Papa and myself can never compensate you for such great kindness.'

"'You can hardly call it kindness, madam,' replied I, 'for common humanity would prompt the

coldest heart to rescue a fellow-being, when placed in such a perilous situation; and more particularly when beauty calls for aid.' The concluding portion of the sentence I designed that she only should hear.

"A crimson blush instantly mantled her cheek, as she resumed her tea. 'I think, sir,' said her father, 'more than common humanity is required, to induce one to risk, at such great hazard, one's own life. It requires, also, for the sake of others, that noble presence of mind, so rarely found, and on which a man can only rely, when placed in such sudden emergencies.'

"'I had not time,' said I, 'to reflect on my own danger.'

"The alarm and fatigue soon induced my acquaintances to retire; other reasons caused me to do the same. As soon as I reached my apartment, the incidents of the day rushed upon my mind in rapid succession. The frantic speed of the horses, the loud splash of the water as the coach plunged in after them, the awful silence that ensued—and, (what left the most vivid impression upon my mind,) the rescue of two fellow mortals from sudden death, one a young and beautiful girl, just embarking upon the summer-sea of life. I knew not from what cause my diffidence proceeded, but every effort I made at conversation, after she was sufficiently restored, failed; my mind became abstracted. I had an imperfect recollection of similar features, and I almost fancied I had heard the same voice before; but no, that could not be, I had never seen one half so beautiful, nor heard a voice half so sweet. And already, strange as it may appear, I was thoroughly impressed with the idea that my happiness depended upon her.

"All my roving thoughts were concentrated upon one object. A vacuum within was filled, of which I had never before known the extent. That heedless indifference to my success in life, of which I was before conscious, forsook me. A new stimulus succeeded; in a few minutes I was revolving in my mind, splendid success at the bar—for I was then a student at law. All the alluring avenues of fame spread open before me. I wanted the applause of but one, and that one stood before me, divinely beautiful. I burned to achieve something worthy of her. But one approving look from those heavenly eyes would have more than compensated me for the most arduous undertaking. Such were my feelings, and such, I believe, are the feelings of all, when love first sheds its influence upon the heart.

"I believe we all love, ere that passion finds an object to feed upon. So soon as we arrive at a certain age, we form some beau-ideal—we sketch some fancy portrait, which we fondly cherish, until we find the fair original. And thus it is that love is frequently so instantaneous. Often in my fond dreamings of connubial happiness, have I por-

trayed to myself the image of one who might, in after years, become the object of my heart's idolatry, but scarcely dared to hope that I should ever behold her mortal counterpart—so angelic was the vision. But never in my wildest fancy, had I ever beheld such perfection, such incomparable grace and elegance, as in this beautiful water-nymph. There was, too, a native sprightliness of mind, that fascinated all who conversed with her, inspiring at the same time such respect, that not even the most volatile dared to venture a sally of low or unmanly wit in her presence. She was rather above the usual height ; her long black hair fell, in ample ringlets, upon a neck of perfect symmetry ; her eyes, of the purest jet, sparkled through silken lashes of the same color. Upon this peerless being did my thoughts rapturously dwell, until sleep for a time covered all in oblivion.

"Next morning I was awakened by a servant, saying that the gentleman below had sent him, to request of me my name and residence, as it would be a source of considerable gratification to be in possession of the name of one whom he should ever esteem, as having preserved the life of himself and daughter. I sent it to him ; and immediately commenced dressing, hoping to be in time to bid adieu to her, who had made such an indelible impression upon feelings long indifferent to beauty's charms. Just as I reached the portico, the coach, which they had procured, rolled away. I had but one glimpse of those lovely features ; it was a delicious moment ; she waved a smiling farewell. With straining eyes I followed the coach, as it wound along to the summit of a small mountain in front of the inn. It then darted suddenly off. The spell was broken.

"I immediately sought the innkeeper, to ascertain who were his guests of the preceding night, but he was a man more anxious to know the length of his guests' purses than their names. I then interrogated the servant who, that morning, had brought me the message. He said that the gentleman's servant had told him, that he was a Mr. Noland, and that they expected to stop several days in Lexington. As you may well imagine, I was not long in making up my mind, to set off immediately for that place, which I reached after a journey of two days. On my arrival, I learned that a ball was to be given at one of the principal hotels, in celebration of the fourth of July. This was pleasing intelligence ; for, I thought it more than probable I should there see this beautiful young lady. With feverish anticipation I waited for the appointed day. The hour arrived to make preparation for the occasion ; a tremulous sensation ran over me ; a nervous indecision seized me, of which in spite of all my efforts, I could not divest myself.

"At an early hour I set off, and found quite a large assemblage ; but in vain did my eyes roam

through the apartments in search of that angelic form. Presently a noise was heard at the farther end of the room ; on turning round, I beheld those never-to-be-forgotten features. As she passed down, our eyes met. I thought I saw her color change as I bowed. I immediately sought for some one who could give me a formal introduction ; and fortunately found an old acquaintance, who informed me she was a Miss Normand, daughter of Oscar Normand, of Eastern Virginia.

"It would be in vain to attempt a description of my feelings. The implacable enmity Normand had ever borne my father, since that unfortunate dinner in Louisa ; and my instrumentality in saving the life of himself and daughter ; and more than all, his certain opposition to my becoming her suitor, were thoughts of a second. There was a sudden transition from delicious hope to utter despair.

"*'I think, Mr. Carlton,'* said she, *after my friend had introduced me, 'our first meeting would have been a sufficient introduction without any other. For my part, I feel almost as well acquainted, as if I had known you from childhood.'*

"*'I was apprehensive,'* replied I, *'that you might think I was presuming too much on services that any one would have rendered, placed in similar circumstances ; yet I shall ever look back, as the most fortunate event of my life, to the incident which enabled me to rescue Miss Normand from peril.'*

"*'I think sir,'* said she, replying only to the first part of my sentence, *'your modesty prevents you from placing the proper estimate upon your generous efforts ; indeed, when we think of the whole affair, there is a good deal of romance in it. You know we frequently read in novels of ladies being saved from watery graves by young gentlemen,'—'And then becoming desperately enamoured,'* said I, finishing the sentence.

"At the conclusion of this remark, a young gentleman requested her hand in the dance. In silent admiration did I stand and gaze upon her, as she gracefully moved off. Once or twice her eyes glanced at the seat that I occupied, but were instantly withdrawn, while a slight blush ensued.

"I walked out to indulge my feelings in the open air ; but, returning soon, I found her in one of the apartments adjacent to the ball-room. She informed me she had ordered her carriage, as a slight indisposition had determined her to return home. The servant returned in a few minutes, saying he could not find the driver. I offered to escort her home, if it was not too far to walk.

"The animating sound of the music gradually died away as we walked on. The moon shone with unclouded brilliancy, while I, with rapturous feelings, declared my unchangeable love, and called upon God to witness my unalterable vows. Ere we reached her boarding house, she had consented to be mine. The blissful feelings of that moment were, how-

ever, soon displaced by others of a more corroding nature. Her father met us at the door; a haughty frown darkened his brow, as he said, 'This is Mr. Carlton, I believe.' I bowed, and immediately withdrew.

"I had scarcely reached the street, half suffocated with rage and mortification, when I paused to consider whether I should not return and demand an explanation of his conduct. The dastardly manner in which he had nearly murdered my father—the service I had so recently rendered him—were thoughts that rushed upon my mind. I became almost frantic; but he is the father of Lucy, said I to myself! Can I do any thing that would grieve her? Moreover, I remembered that Normand had done nothing that would justify an explanation; for, though repulsive hauteur be more goading than a direct insult, yet, according to the worldly code, silent resentment is the only atonement to the wounded feelings. I returned to my hotel to ponder over the incidents of the night. Early next morning I received a letter from Normand, the purport of which was as follows:

"Sir,—I extorted from my daughter, last evening, a reluctant acknowledgment of your declaration of love, and of the pleasure it gave her. By virtue of a father's right, I dissolve the engagement, and require of you never again to renew the acquaintance with Lucy Normand. Such ungenerous use, sir, of the claims you have upon my gratitude, will ever be held in abhorrence by me, should you persist in an affair so repugnant to my wishes. My objections, sir, to your becoming allied to my family, I deem it useless to state.

I remain, yours, &c.

OSCAR NORMAND.'

"I was not much surprised when I read the letter, aware of his hatred to my father. I determined, however, to see Miss Normand as soon as possible, and know if it was her wish that our engagement should be dissolved. An opportunity of so doing occurred a few evenings after: while walking the avenue that led from Washington College, I met her. Our meeting at first was rather embarrassing from so unexpected an interview. I desired her to take a seat with me, on one of the many benches that were scattered on the lawn. She directed her servant to remain where she was, while she did so. 'Miss Normand,' said I, gently taking her hand, 'in a letter I received from your father a short time ago, he informed me my attentions to you met with his highest displeasure; and that he deemed the bestowal of them an ungenerous use of the claims I had upon his gratitude. I have sought you ever since, to learn from your own lips if our plighted love and sacred vows should forever pass into oblivion!'

"'Would you have me disobey him?' said she, as the tears glistened in her eyes.

"'Would you rather obey the stern commands of a proud father, than follow the inclination of your own heart? Alas, I am fearful your love is not strong enough for the emergency.'

"'You wrong me, Mr. Carlton,' said she, bursting into tears.

"I was mortified that I had doubted her attachment, and softly breathed in her ear,

'Oh weep not thus, my gentle girl,
No smile of thine has lost its spell;
By Heaven! I love thy lightest curl,
Oh! more than fondly well.'

"'Miss Normand,' continued I, 'there is but one alternative, and that is an elopement. If fifteen years have not obliterated your father's prejudices, (for I see no other cause of objection than the rupture he once had with my father,) it will be in vain for us to wait for farther time to efface them. Never can I subject myself to his repulsive scorn, which I know would follow, were I to ask his consent. Under circumstances like these, when it is folly to expect paternal consent, and where the parent has no reasonable cause for objection, and where the happiness of the child depends upon his acquiescence, I can see no reason why you should not follow the teachings of your own heart. We had better decide now; perhaps it will be our last interview.'

"She finally consented, after considerable importunity, to an elopement; but severe was the conflict between love and filial duty.

"I now come to a part of my history which fills me with grief and remorse, even at this distant period. She left Lexington a few days after our interview, on her return home, and I soon after set out for my father's.

"About a fortnight after my arrival, I wrote to her, and proposed that on the night of the 3d of September, she should meet me at the bottom of her father's garden, where I would be with a boat to take her over the river to Mrs. Jenkins' cottage, and there a coach would be in readiness. A few days, however, before I wrote, I had visited Normand's neighborhood, and there discovered this Mrs. Jenkins, whom I recognized at once as a former tenant of my father's. I immediately put her in possession of my secret, and the cause of my being in the neighborhood. She informed me she was apprehensive an interview would be impossible, for she had understood, since Normand's return, that his conduct to his daughter was much altered; that he would not permit her to ride out without an escort, nor walk farther than the bottom of the garden. This induced me to designate that spot for our meeting.

"From that time to the 3d of September, days lengthened into weeks. A gloominess took possession of my mind. I was continually filled with dark presentiments, which I found it impossible to

dispel. I however started in unusually good spirits, on the appointed day. After getting within fifteen miles of the cottage, I directed the servants to take the river road, until they came to a small Ordinary, and there inquire for Mrs. Jenkins, while I would take a nearer one, through the forest, but not so good. I reached the cottage a little after sunset. The time for the arrival of my servants came. I waited an hour longer, but nothing could be seen or heard of them. I became almost frantic with impatience, for it was impossible to cross the river without them. Ten o'clock, the appointed hour came, just as the coach made its appearance; the delay having been occasioned by their taking a wrong road.

"In a few minutes we were pulling with all our strength, against an adverse wind and current. A dense bank of clouds, which had ominously threatened, for some time, from the Northwest, muttering a continued roar of thunder, gave alarming symptoms of an approaching storm. This, with the certainty of my being half-an-hour later than the appointed time, made my impatience almost insupportable. As soon as we reached the shore, the solitary form of Miss Normand made its appearance from behind a large weeping-willow, that overhung the stream. I urged her to delay not a second, for the storm was then setting in with terrific violence. We instantly shoved off; and every nerve was strained to the utmost.

"On looking around, I discovered that we had not proceeded twenty paces in as many minutes. Never did I witness such an awful scene. The thunder roared with unparalleled fury, and the forked lightning seemed to play upon the waves, which emulated each other in height.

"I soon found, that it would be madness to persist any longer with such inexperienced hands, and therefore ordered them to return to the shore with all speed. In doing so the boat troughed;—a second more, and all was over. As we went down, I seized Miss Normand by the arm. We were however soon thrown up by the waves, and were about to sink again—perhaps to rise no more—when I indistinctly heard the sound of voices on the shore, and shouted at the top of my voice for aid. A boat was instantly sent out for us by Normand's servants. They informed me, that their master having missed his daughter about an hour before, had been in search of her ever since. As soon as we were taken into the boat, I discovered, by a vivid flash of lightning, that my worst apprehensions were too true. That life which I had once preserved, was then soaring far above the storm."

My narrator could say nothing more; his voice became stifled with sighs. I pressed his hand in silence, and mingled with the crowd that was then leaving the church.

MINSTRELSY FROM YANKEE LAND.

[We have been at some pains to collect these beautiful little pieces of poetry. Their simple strains breathe a melody that falls gently on the ear like the low sweet sounds of distant music. Though written some time since, we now offer them to the public, for the first time, in a collected form. They are the production of a young minstrel in 'Yankee land,' whom we hope soon to have the pleasure of bringing again before our readers with his 'harp and lute.']—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

I.

SUMMER EVENING MELODY.

Go forth! the sky is blue above,
And cool the green sod lies below;
It is the hour that claims for love
The halcyon moments as they flow.

The glow-worm lends her twinkling lamp,
The cricket sings his soothing strain,
And fainter sounds the weary tramp
Of footsteps in the grassy lane.

Go forth, ye pallid sons of care!
Too long your thoughts to earth are given,
To-night, sweet music haunts the air,
And fragrant odors breathe of heaven!

II.

VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

Not a leaf on the tree,—not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell, and blossomed the rose;
And hushed is the cry of the swift-darting swallow,
That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented brier,
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened the vale,
And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sear on the frost-colored pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain,
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its frolicsome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest-branches,
And gather about me, my children in glee;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me.

III.

OUR YANKEE SHIPS.

Our Yankee Ships! in fleet career,
They linger not behind,
Where gallant sails from other lands
Court fav'ring tide and wind.
With banners on the breeze, they leap
As gaily o'er the foam
As stately barks from prouder seas,
That long have learned to roam.

The Indian wave with luring smiles
Swept round them bright to-day;
And havens to Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way;
Ere yet these evening shadows close,
Or this frail song is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing northern deep,
Where glimmering watch-lights beam,
Away in beauty where the stars
In tropic brightness gleam;
Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
Or blows the stormy gale—
On to the water's farthest verge
Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
That swells beneath the sky;
And where old ocean's billows roll,
Their lofty pennants fly:
They furl their sails in threatening clouds
That float across the main,
To link with love, earth's distant bays
In many a golden chain.

They deck our halls with sparkling gems
That shone on Orient strands,
And garlands round the hills they bind,
From far-off sunny lands;
But Massachusetts asks no wreath
From foreign clime nor realm,
While safely glides her ship of state
With Genius at the helm.

IV.

CHRISTINE:—A MELODY.

She stood, like an angel just wandered from heaven,
A pilgrim benighted away from the skies,
And little we deemed that to mortals were given,
Such visions of beauty as came from her eyes.

She looked up and smiled on the many glad faces,
The friends of her childhood who stood by her side,
But she shone o'er them all, like a queen of the Graces,
When blushing, she whispered the oath of a bride.

We sang an old song as with garlands we crowned her,
And each left a kiss on her delicate brow,
And we prayed that a blessing might ever surround her,
And the future of life be unclouded as now.

V.

I'VE LIVED UPON THY MEMORY.

I've lived upon thy memory—
I knew that thou wert mine
When first I took that trembling hand,
And pressed those lips of thine;
And now I care not what my lot
On life's wide shore may be,
So I may look upon thy face,
And dwell, my love, with thee.

I've lived upon thy memory
For many a long, long year,
And though I loitered on the road,
My heart was ever here;
Beneath another sky I've slept—
It was my fate to roam—
But all my dreams of happiness
Were made of thee and home.

Oh! I have wandered many miles
Far o'er the beauteous earth,
But never passed a sunnier land
Than that which gave me birth—
Where blooms the fairest rose of all,
Down in a quiet glen;
It is mine own—that little flower
Hath called me back again.

VI.

SACO FALLS.

Rush on, bold stream! thou sendest up
Brave notes to all the woods around,
When morning beams are gathering fast,
And hushed is every human sound;
I stand beneath the sombre hill,
The stars are dim o'er fount and rill,
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away;
Dash on, bold stream! I love the roar
Thou sendest up from rock and shore.

'Tis night in heaven—the rustling leaves
Are whispering of the coming storm,
And thundering down the river's bed,
I see thy lengthened darkling form;
No voices from the vales are heard,
The winds are low,—each little bird
Hath sought its quiet, rocking nest,
Folded its wing, and gone to rest,—
And still I hear thy waters play
In welcome music, far away.

Oh! earth hath many a gallant show
Of towering peak and glacier height,
But ne'er beneath the glorious moon,
Hath Nature framed a lovelier sight,
Than thy fair tide with diamonds fraught,
When every drop with light is caught,
And o'er the bridge, the village girls
Reflect below their waving curls,
While merrily thy waters play
In welcome music, far away!

VII.

TO ALEXINE, IN HER FIRST YEAR.

'Tis said, my little promised one,
The fashion is with men,
To toast quite young their lady loves,
And billet-doux to pen.
But don't you think it very queer,
That I should make such speed
To sit me down to write these rhymes
For one who cannot read?

And yet,—and yet it may not be
A matter of surprise,
For many stranger things befall
Young ladies with black eyes.
Perchance your own may scan this line,
On some far-distant day,
When they are glistening in their prime,
And I am turning gray.

And will those playful orbs, so bright,
Smile on me then as now,
And will you come so willingly,
When years have decked that brow?
And when your pulse is beating quick,
And mine is falling fast,
And when this cheek has lost the glow
Of youth, which cannot last—

Say, sweet one, will you come and sing
As now you seem to do,
Some stirring song, or plaintive note
Of love so kind and true?
Alas! alas! I fear the set
Of childhood's radiant star,
Will leave me bowing in the sphere,
Where nice old ladies are!

Yes, dearest! that keen archer's hand
Your cousin's form will bend,
And you'll 'obey, and honor' him,—
But only 'as a friend.'
You'll come to him for sage advice,
At that sweet time of life,
When you are thinking to become
Another's blooming wife.

Ah! at the wedding, I shall be
One of the drollest sights,—
A prim old-fashioned gentleman,
In spectacles and tights!
Well, be it so,—and if my days
Are gladdened by your smile,
Your doting, gray-haired kinsman will
Be happy all the while.

—VIII.

THE TREASURED HARP.

All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold except his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for, some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice.

Irving's Sketch Book.

Go, leave that harp!—twined round its strings
There's many a magic spell:
Leave that untouched,—the strain it brings
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain!—all else beside,
Go scatter to the wind!
The chords that won my home a bride,
No other home shall find.

It hath a power, though all unstrung
It lies neglected now,
And from her hands 'twill ne'er be wrung,
Till death these limbs shall bow!

It hath no price since that sweet hour
She tuned it first, and played
Love's evening hymn within the bower
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,
And whispers of the calm moonlight,
Are trembling from the wire;

Still on my ear her young voice falls,
Still floats that melody,—
On each loved haunt its music calls,—
Go! leave that harp and me.

—IX.

SONG,

OVER THE CRADLE OF TWO INFANT SISTERS, SLEEPING.

Sweet be their rest, no ghastly things
To scare their dreams assemble here,
But safe beneath good angels' wings,
May each repose from year to year.

Cheerful, like some long summer day,
May all their waking moments flow,
Happier, as run life's sands away,
Unstained by sin, untouched by woe.

As now they sleep, serene and pure,
Their little arms entwined in love,
So may they live, obey, endure,
And shine with yon bright host above.

X.

SLEIGHING SONG.

O swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When boofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

O! the raging sea, has joy for me,
When gale and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

—XI.

TO ALMEDA, IN NEW-ENGLAND.

Tell me not of greener mountains
Far away in other lands—
Nor of "Afric's sunny fountains
Rolling down their golden sands,"—
These few flowers, to me, recall
Fairer visions than they all.

Strange, that things which soonest perish,
Dying oft with close of day,
Memory will most fondly cherish
When their bloom has passed away—
Storms cannot efface forever
Bounding barks from youth's bright river!

Then lady, take this idle sonnet,
Fragile though the lines may be,—
I'm thinking of a Quaker bonnet,—
I wonder if you'll think of me
Next season, when you fold with care
This crumpled leaf to curl your hair!

—XII.

VESPER MELODIES.

How dear to me that evening song,
So gently rising o'er the lake,—
Nor harp, nor lute, nor minstrel-throng
To me, can sweeter music make.

It falters now! ye rippling waves
Float on your billowy breasts the strain,
And rest not till the anthem laves
The pebbles at my feet again.

Oh, wind and wave but serve me fair,
And bring Almeda's song to shore—
And ye may hold your revels there,
In noise and foam till night is o'er!

—XIII.

TO ONE BENEATH THE WAVES.

Come back from Memory's mourning um,
And bless my sight again;
For, oh! in restless dreams I turn
To clasp thy hand—in vain!

I bid thy gentle spirit come
And look once more on me;
But thou art slumbering where the foam
Rolls madly o'er the sea.

Alas! how soon our better years
To tempest winds are blown,
And all our hopes and joys and fears
Alike, are widely strewn,—
She rests in yonder village-mound,
Who should have been thy bride,
And thou art sleeping 'neath the sound
Of ocean's flowing tide.

XIV.

TO A CHURCH STEEPLE.

Welcome! my ancient friend!
Thrice welcome to my sight.
Where falls thy shadow I shall wend
My willing steps to-night.
Around thy base I played
In childhood's thoughtless glee,
Old spire, again tow'rd thee I've strayed—
Dost thou remember me?

Pleasant the first faint ray
Of morning light appears
To those who wait the coming day,
And watch through many tears;
And sweet the evening star
Gleams from the shadowy sky,
On mariners, who've wandered far
From land with weary eye.

So breaks upon my path
Thy tall familiar form,
A cheering look to me it hath,
Like sunshine after storm;
And quick as lives a thought,
Or bird skims o'er the vane,
My heart leaped up, when memory caught
Thy slender top again.

Welcome! my ancient friend!
Thrice welcome to my sight,
Where falls thy shadow, I shall wend
My willing steps to-night.
Thanks, thanks—out on the sea
Thou wast a greeting home,
I knew thou would'st remember me,
Old spire, I come! I come!

XV.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod, low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her,
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining,
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved, in tears, are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

XVI.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

"If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again! how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remembered strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!"

The fragment of a pleasant song
Is murmuring in our ears,
And we would fain the sounds prolong,
Though much they move our tears.
They breathe a low and pensive lay,
But one we love full well,
For oh! it sends our thoughts away
To many a bright and happy day
In that lone quiet dell.

The simple voice that warbled then
Is hushed, and all is still:
And notes that echoed thro' the glen,
Are dying on the hill,—
Yet sometimes Fancy wakes the strain,
And floats on Memory's waves
The music of that voice again,—
But ah! we linger all in vain
Among the village graves!

MR. WASHINGTON IRVING,

MR. NAVARRETE, AND THE KNICKERBOCKER.

In submitting to our readers, in March 1841, and in May of the present year, our commentaries upon Irving's *Life of Columbus*, and upon the indebtedness of its author to Don Martin Navarrete, we endeavored to keep ourselves within the strictest limits of critical propriety. Never having known Mr. Irving, save through his works, we were without personal feeling of any kind in regard to him. Having long and ardently admired his exquisite contributions to our literature, and been taught to think highly of his character as a man, we felt and could feel no desire to do him injustice, to wound his feelings, or sully his reputation. On the contrary, we entertained and expressed, as Americans, a high and just pride in his fame; and while we deemed it our duty, as connected with the literary press, severely to scrutinize his course, in the matter to which we referred, we made it our especial care, as it was our obligation, to treat him with that perfect respect, which should mark the literary, not less than the personal deportment of gentlemen. We call our readers to witness, that we have sedulously clung, throughout, to the line of strict propriety, and that we have been rather chary, than otherwise, of couching our conclusions in the language which facts would have justified. It is true, that after more than a year of silence on the part of Mr. Irving and his friends, we did as we thought we righteously might conclude, that the question had been yielded by default, and we resisted, in plain but respectful language, the right of any man, however eminent, to take the high ground of mute

irresponsibility. Notwithstanding that we spoke without disguise, it was also without discourtesy, and the daily press, every where, in commenting upon our article, adverted most especially to its total freedom from unbecoming virulence and harshness.

With a disposition to do justice, thus fully recognized, and manifested too, in a course so consistently respectful, we must confess that we felt no little surprise, when our attention was called to the July and August numbers of the New-York Knickerbocker. We had thought it possible, that, in the lapse of time, we might hear from some friend of Mr. Irving, and we doubted not that we should find in such an individual, abilities and deportment worthy so respectable an association. When, therefore, we learned that a defence had appeared in the periodical, with which Mr. Irving had been especially and confidentially connected, we might have had our doubts as to the strength of its probable positions, but we anticipated no disparaging departure from controversial decency. We knew, it is true, that the Knickerbocker was a plant of Mr. Irving's own watering; that it lived and had its being only in the shadow of his name. We feared, therefore, that we should find allegiance sworn to his cause, *per fas et per nefas*; yet we were disposed to make much allowance for the ardor of personal friendship. If public opinion had given to the Knickerbocker a right to settle disputed questions by its simple *ipse dixit*, and to put at defiance the established rules of ordinary propriety, the knowledge of prerogatives so unusual and exalted, had not penetrated our Boeotian segment of the Republic. We had, consequently, expected to see conclusions based upon argument and fact, as had been customary in such matters, and we had hoped to find the contest, if contest there were, a strife of courtesy no less than of strength. If our readers can refer, as we trust they will, to the numbers of which we have spoken, they may, perhaps, in some degree, realize our disappointment. The article of July (p. 97) is so perfectly characteristic, that we crave permission to transcribe it:

"It is amusing sometimes to remark the sensitiveness of an envious literary non-producer, touching the indifference with which the public regard his querulous fault-findings. We have a pleasant case in point. Some months since, a writer of this class in the 'Southern Literary Messenger' endeavored with abundant but very thankless labor, to prove that Mr. Irving made no researches for his 'Life of Columbus,' but that without acknowledgment he stole his materials ready prepared to his hand, from a 'Collection of Voyages' by Navarrete a Spanish author. This highly *probable* statement of course excited little attention. Doubtless, seeing at once its drift, few readers of the 'Messenger' gave the article any farther thought; for we remember to have received, some months after its appearance, an anonymous letter from the South,

(could it have been from the critic-man himself!) calling our attention to the awful exposé, and suggesting that Mr. Irving ought to know how his reputation had been demolished, and the public, how wofully they had been deceived. But we had good grounds for sharing the indifference of the public in our knowledge of Mr. Washington Irving, and of the services of his deceased brother, Peter Irving, who was with him in Spain, and who labored so long and so assiduously for him in the archives of that nation. Hence we dismissed the matter from our mind entirely, until advised by the same critical *Nil-Admirari* in the 'Messenger' for May, that as nobody had thought it worth while to assail his position, he considered the truth of his charge conceded; especially moreover as time enough had elapsed for some obscure Spanish newspaper to 'take the cold scent and join in the bay.' We shall take present occasion—perhaps in our next number—to puncture the bladder which our self-complacent critic has inflated."

We are free to confess, that the temptation to administer to the author of such a paragraph the castigation which it so richly deserves, is almost too strong for our powers of resistance. We are only admonished to refrain, by the knowledge that such a production must prove its own best antidote, in the mind of every reader who has not lost in the feelings of a partizan, the earliest and best instincts of a gentleman. The insinuation, which is conveyed by the question in parenthesis, could only have been conceived by one who would deem the fact insinuated, a legitimate and creditable stratagem, and who would not hesitate to invent it, in the dearth of better argument or happier illustration. Our readers would follow us no farther, were we to insult them by pretending to repel it. How far the Knickerbocker is entitled to the high ground which it assumes, it will be our duty searchingly to examine. For the present, we will pass the palpable mistatements and unfounded allegations which are contained above. They will come up in the due course of things, as we progress with the "puncturing" which follows in the August No., (p. 194.) Of that production, it is but fair to say, that it unquestionably supports, to the full extent, the high merit of the announcement which preceded it. What could have been the motive cause of that announcement, is left utterly in the dark; for the article in chief opens by declaring, that the editor's "promise" in July, was the only reason for his exposition in August, and that our "anonymous charges" were "evidently so utterly unfounded, as to require no word of refutation" at his hands. Why then the "promise" was originally made, to "puncture" what was "evidently unfounded," is left to conjecture, and Mr. Irving's reputation is exposed, by his defender, to the bitter reproach of requiring a bulwark of scurrility, against what needed "no word of refutation."

In what follows of the defence, throughout, the features are the same. "Gross charges," "tardy calumny," "malice," "hypocritical disclaimer," "spleen," "artifice and mystification," "impudent and impertinent," "contemptible," "inflated and ungrammatical," "larcenous perceptions," "stingless insect," "impotent and malignant iconoclast"—such are a few of the phrases, epithets and descriptions, which are lavished upon us in all the "mazes of metaphorical confusion." This too by the editor of a magazine, that claims for itself, at second hand, "the very summit of our periodical literature," and which quotes, in a page of self-beatification, in the very same number, a letter of Sir Edward L. Bulwer, to prove to the undiscerning public at home, "the high station which it enjoys," and "the various and graceful intellect which it displays."²

Not to question, for one moment, Sir Edward's sincerity, nor to dispute the palm, which his praise entitles the Knickerbocker to hold, jointly with McGrawler's renowned *Asineum*—we must nevertheless humbly enter our protest against such a style of defence or controversy. In warfare with such weapons, we are neither willing nor competent to engage. They have been long surrendered, by common consent, to the monopoly of the ancient and honorable sisterhood of the fish-market. Any attempt on the part of the Knickerbocker to invade their grey prescription, must be left for settlement between the high contending parties. For ourselves, we have but one purpose—that of meeting the issue which is framed—manfully, boldly, and directly.

It must be observed, however, that we should take a very different position, were it possible for us to suppose, that Mr. Irving could have been, in any way, privy to either of the articles of which we have spoken. Far be it from us to do him any such injustice. We may question the fairness of his historical dealings, but we will not offer him the indignity of connecting him with his defender. It is true that there are some facts which might induce us, if we were suspicious, to fancy that he had furnished his advocate with the material for his defence. Of these—the assertion that he was in friendly correspondence with Navarrete, up to the time of his departure for Spain—might be instanced as an example. In despite of this, however, we will do Mr. Irving the justice to say, that his taste would have rebelled against such a defence—his gorge would have risen at it, whatever might have been the aggravation of his feelings. We have profoundly mistaken his grade of intellect, if he could be deluded into the belief, that he had overthrown a serious accusation by the *a priori* method of calling its author an "insect," an "iconoclast," and a "Nil-Admirari,"—"like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once." His knowledge would, we

are assured, have taught him, that such things belong now only to the worst corners of the worst papers; that such missiles are universally detected, as the solitary arguments of those who feebly defend a miserable cause. He would have known, that it was inexpedient for himself to be quoted by the Knickerbocker, within a few pages of so trenchant a laudation of his merits, as having "recorded high opinions in favor" of that periodical.³ His prudence would have taught him, that the world might suspect so immediate an interchange of amiable offices, and perhaps exclaim with Tom Moore, "There's reciprocity in that!" Above all things, he would not have permitted Sir Edward Bulwer to be mentioned, in the same volume with so effervescent an article on so delicate a subject, for fear that the ill-natured might remember the Baronet's bright creation, Mrs. Margery Lobkins, and taunt both historian and advocate with having neglected her salutary advice to Paul Clifford—"If you want what is not your own, try and do without it; if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinuation, not bluster."

Regarding Mr. Irving then as the unconscious victim of his friend's bad manners, we shall not allow ourselves to be provoked into any disrespect towards him, by the rudeness of an attack, which was obviously meant to goad us from our vantage ground of courtesy. As we stated, substantially, at first,⁴ our attention was originally called to this subject, by conversation with several Spanish gentlemen of high attainments and position, from whom we learned that Mr. Irving had suffered much in Spain, from a supposed want of candor towards Navarrete. The tributes paid to our countryman by the American press, and its total silence in regard to the Spanish work in that connexion, were alleged as giving good grounds of confirmation to the charge. Being unwilling to make such a concession, as to one whom we deemed then the leader of our literature, we examined the subject with a view to Mr. Irving's defence. Unfortunately, we were led to a conclusion directly the reverse of our anticipations. Concurring with Mr. Irving himself, in the expressed opinion, that "were every one to judge for himself, and speak his mind frankly and fearlessly, we should have more true criticism than at present"⁵—we determined that our mind should "frankly and fearlessly" be spoken, upon a subject so interesting to the literature of our country. We knew Mr. Irving as one of the first writers of his day; as the possessor of perhaps the purest and richest style in our language. We knew his popularity, and the risk that we should run in endeavoring to sail against its current. We were aware, that every distinguished man has his hangers-on, as every Pacha his "tails;" and we knew, that such folks are always prompt to seek the

¹Aug. Knick. 205.²Id. Ib.³Aug. Knick., p. 205. ⁴Sou. Lit. Mess., March 1841, p. 238. ⁵August Knick., p. 206.

golden opinions of the great, by the ready exercise of venal tongue and pen. The truth, however, or what we honestly believed to be the truth, was on our side, and we felt it our duty, for the sake of our literature, not to conceal it. While we had no aspiration which could prompt us to envy Mr. Irving, and no "prejudice or pique" which could induce us to injure him, we nevertheless owed him no allegiance. He had not bound us to silence by favors, nor had we a debt of any kind to him, which we hoped to pay by hosannas. We had abiding confidence in the judgment of the reading public, and believed that they would give us an impartial hearing in despite of their preconceived opinions. We decided, therefore, to present our views as the first of an intended series of articles on Spanish literature. The responsibility which we assumed, affected us no farther than to render us especially careful in our adherence to facts which could not be gainsaid. If it were the consequence of such a course, that any reputation should "founder in harbor," a result which the Knickerbocker so feelingly deprecates, we knew that it could only be because of the false colors under which the public might decide that it had sailed, and this was of course neither our fault nor our concern. What we have written, the public have seen. We shall calmly now, proceed to review the grounds on which we rested, and to controvert the few, if any, which have been assumed against us.

Our readers will sustain us in the assertion, that we have never, for a moment, denied the high merit and value of Mr. Irving's History. On the contrary, the text of our first article⁶ contains, in full, the tributes paid to it by Bancroft and Prescott, for a knowledge of which the Knickerbocker which refers to them, is doubtless, as for other information, indebted to our pages. To these, we ourselves added, that the critical world had confirmed, by their approbation, his choice of his subject, and his fitness to do it justice—annexing further our humble opinion, that he "had surely performed his task, with accuracy, judgment, and infinite beauty."⁷ We expressly admitted, that he had "acted wisely and well in availing himself of his predecessor's labors,"⁸ and that he had displayed the highest order of historical merit by combining his materials with taste and talent.⁹ It is utterly untrue, that we did ever stigmatize Mr. Irving's work as merely "*an unacknowledged re-production of Don M. F. Navarrete's collection.*" Precisely in the same category, is the twin assertion of the Knickerbocker, quoted above, that we labored to prove that "Mr. Irving made *no* researches, &c.; but *without acknowledgment, stole* his materials ready prepared to his hand." We challenge the production of a sentence or a word, in any way countenancing such allegations. Our accusation

was, that our countryman had appropriated "without full acknowledgment."¹⁰ We said, that under the peculiar circumstances, it was due to himself, to have spoken more fully and more freely, than would have been otherwise necessary. Our very words were these: "We confess, and with regret, that, *whatever may have been Mr. Irving's intentions*, his preface does not convey, to our minds, any *just* idea of the obligation, which a comparison of the two works demonstrates that he owes."¹¹ To these opinions, we reiterate our unshaken adherence, and we are grossly misled, if their correctness be not, now as before, susceptible of actual demonstration.

First: As to Mr. Irving's indebtedness, and, as a preliminary thereunto, as to Mr. Navarrete's labors:

Having condensed for our first number, the account of Navarrete's labors from his own work, we should deem it unnecessary to go, even briefly, over the same ground, were it not that the defence has been carefully delayed, until time has dimmed all distinct recollection of the matters specified in the accusation. We are charged too, by the Knickerbocker, not only with having "silently appropriated" to ourselves, Don Martin's modest account of his toil, when we actually referred our readers¹² to the volume and page whence we took it—but with (strange to say) both "translating and exaggerating it." How the performance of these two opposite things, at the same time, is possible, is a matter which one, so technical as our opponent, in grammatical purity, may perhaps be able to explain; but we defy any one who can understand the original, to point out the particular in which we have varied a tittle from the substance of its text. Our readers cannot doubt, in view of the spirit of our "puncturer," that if such variances had existed, they would have been duly exposed to their proportionate battery of opprobrious epithet.

Let us then recapitulate: For five and thirty years, Don Martin Navarrete, with his associates, had been engaged, under pay of his government, in seeking out, among the libraries of Spain, manuscripts relating to her elder voyagers. Amid dust and the worm, in war and peace, he had gone on, through all that time, with an industry that never flagged, amassing folio on folio, until, in 1825, he published, as the first fruits of his labor, two volumes relating to the life and voyages of Columbus. These volumes, covering a thousand closely printed pages, contain a learned and comprehensive introduction; the history of the first voyage to America, written by Columbus himself, and occupying near two hundred pages; that of the second voyage, by Dr. Chanca, the companion of the discoverer, with a memorial from Columbus himself; those of the third and fourth from the great man's own hand; together with the narrative of Diego

⁶ Sou. Lit. Mess., March 1841, pp. 236-37.

⁷ Id. 233.

⁸ Id. 235.

⁹ Id. 237.

¹⁰ Sou. Lit. Mess., March 1841, pp. 238.

¹¹ Id. 235.

¹² Id. 233.

Mendez, numerous letters of Columbus, and other illustrative documents, comprising among them nearly two hundred diplomatic papers, bearing upon the subject. Very many of these documents—nay, all the most important of them, were, for the first time, brought to light. All of them were original and accurate—taken from sources which could not be questioned—copied and verified with scrupulous exactness. It had required the united talents of a band of antiquarians, to decipher them from their originals—all the libraries and archives of Spain to furnish them—all the toil of a third of a century, to make the collection complete. The work was just from the press, when Mr. Irving was found in Madrid. In twenty-one months thereafter, his History, in three octavo volumes, came, finished, from his hands!

How much did Navarrete contribute to the value of that History?

The Knickerbocker states, as "the result of a careful examination, that all the facts which Mr. Irving did actually derive from this source, (Navarrete,) *not accessible elsewhere*, would not, collectively, fill six of the twelve hundred pages, contained in his Life of Columbus." Such a statement leaves but two conclusions open to us. Either its author has never read Navarrete, or he thinks, with Fag, in the Rivals, that his little aberrations from the right line are "nothing, unless he supports them." Before we proceed to combat so reckless an assertion, it is necessary that we should make one or two obvious remarks on its language. If, by saying that the facts of which he speaks, would not, "collectively, fill" six pages, the Editor means it to be understood, that the mere enumeration of those facts would not fill such space, we shall certainly not dispute the proposition; for, in the edition which we have (Philad. 1835) of the Life, the united tables of contents of the two volumes do not go beyond six pages and a quarter. If, however, it is intended to be said, that Mr. Irving has not filled six pages, with narrative drawn from materials, which but for Navarrete he would never have known—a simple inspection of the references is abundantly sufficient, as we shall show, to prove the utter groundlessness of the boast. Again: It will be observed that the proposition which we oppose, is particular in its reference to facts, "*not accessible elsewhere*." Can the Editor mean to convey the idea, that Mr. Irving owes no obligation to Navarrete for facts and documents, which are "*accessible*" in other places than his collection? If so, then it is easy to prove that Mr. Irving has no indebtedness at all—for all the documents in Navarrete's volumes are "*accessible elsewhere*," that is to say in the places where he found them. But what would have signified the importance of all those documents, if no one had known of their existence? And what advantage would Mr. Irving have derived from their

being "*accessible*," if Navarrete had not advised him and the world, of their existence, importance, and location? It was easy enough to find them, after he had been told where they were. All discoveries are readily "*accessible*," when the "*open sesame*" has once been spoken. America was just as "*accessible*" before the discovery as after, but still Columbus has some merit in having found out its accessibility. Let us take an example:

In vol. 2., p. 159 of our edition of the History of Columbus, a note will be found, which embodies a slight sketch of Diego Mendez. It is there stated, that "his curious and characteristic testament is in the Archives of the Duke of Veraguas, in Madrid." Now Mr. Irving states, in his preface, that he inspected those archives personally, and the inference naturally follows, that he inspected this testament also, it being an important paper. Of the fact of such inspection, we have, indeed, no doubt. But yet, if we turn to 1 Navarrete's Collection, pp. 314 to 329, we shall find that all the pertinent portions of the instrument, had been faithfully transcribed from the same archives, and placed in Mr. Irving's hands before he began his work. In other places, Mr. Irving quotes the document, himself, from Navarrete. Now, the question is, whether Mr. Irving is entirely free from obligation to Navarrete, simply because the document is "*accessible elsewhere*;" and whether Navarrete is to be left without credit, although he first drew public attention to the paper, published it himself, and indicated where others could find it, if they wished to go beyond his pages? Who is entitled, in such a case, to the merit of industry, research, and learning? The point is too clear for argument. These preliminaries then being settled, we recur to our question: How much did Navarrete contribute to the value of Irving's work?

The History of Columbus contains every new and valuable fact, and the results of every new and valuable discovery, which Navarrete only had promulgated. It contains, in its whole extent, references to but two¹³ original documents not to be found in Navarrete. One of the two is utterly insignificant, and the other was taken from a certified copy, already prepared for another historian. It refers to no manuscript work of any importance, which Navarrete and other chroniclers had not already familiarly consulted.¹⁴ It avails itself, with perfect freedom, of all the narratives, by Navarrete brought to light. In the account of the first voyage alone, it refers to Navarrete, visibly, more than thirty times. In its whole compass, the citations are more than one hundred.¹⁵ Every thing in it, had been said before, save what is derived

¹³ Sou. Lit. Mess., March 1841, p. 235. ¹⁴ Id. p. 234.

¹⁵ We have included some few references, made to manuscripts, printed by Navarrete, and quoted as if from the originals: Vide Lit. Mess., March 1841, p. 235. We know not how far we might go, if we were to carry that plan throughout.

from Navarrete. Mr. Irving, in his Preface, professes only to have examined the Royal Library of Madrid, that of San Isidro, the archives of Vera-guas, the papers of Munoz, and the collection of Mr. Rich. Over the first four, Navarrete's whole compilation and introduction show that he had previously passed; and there is no reference, made by Mr. Irving, to any important fact or document which his predecessor has not given us therefrom. If the library of Mr. Rich were, as the Preface states, his "main resource throughout the whole course of his labors," where is there a reference to a single valuable fact or document with which that library made him acquainted?¹⁶ We have searched carefully for such a thing, and it cannot be found. If it can, let it be pointed out. We pause for a reply. And yet, in the face of facts like these, it is imagined, and gravely too, that men are to be frightened from their propriety by a roll-call of hard names—that a reading community are to have eyes, and see not! It is strenuously insisted, that Mr. Irving, in twenty-one months, did not only "collate all the works he could find relative to his subject, in print and manuscript," but that he did actually discover all the original documents, and make a comparison," as far as in his power!¹⁷ This too, without the interposition of a solitary miracle! It is evident to every honest mind, that such a comparison could only have been made with the documents as published by Navarrete, or as made "accessible elsewhere," by his industry and toil-wasted life. In either case, to whom must posterity award the meed of fame, when they come to render that impartial judgment which can neither be purchased nor forced; which cannot be averted by the assumption of dignity, nor escaped by the small parade of unreasoning denunciation!

We hold ourselves then, fully justified by the facts, in all our positions as to Mr. Irving's indebtedness. A repetition of Mr. Prescott's opinion must place them beyond controversy. The two volumes of Navarrete, says that eminent historian, must be regarded "as *the only authentic basis*, on which any notice of the great navigator can hereafter rest. Fortunately, Mr. Irving's visit to Spain, at this period, enabled the world to derive *the full benefit of Sr. Navarrete's researches*, by presenting *their results*, in connection with whatever *had been before known* of Columbus, in the lucid and attractive form, which engages the attention of every reader."¹⁷

The second question then is—how far has Mr.

¹⁶ The only traces of Mr. Rich's library, which a "careful examination" discloses, are to be found in two copies of the MSS. of Bernaldez—by no means a rare book, and quoted by all historians—and a rare edition of the *Itinerarium Portugalensium* containing a letter of Vespucci, which was and is, without difficulty, "accessible elsewhere." Vide Hist. Col., edit. ut supr., vol. 1, 289; vol. 2, 334 and 250.

¹⁷ 2 Prescott, Ferd. and Isab., 133 in not.

Irving acknowledged his indebtedness to the work, which formed "the only authentic basis of his own!" How fully has he given credit to "researches," the "results" whereof were all that he could add to what the world had "before known!"

In the opening of this part of the subject, we ask our readers to bear us witness, that we never have charged Mr. Irving with neglecting his predecessor altogether. We particularly quoted¹⁸ his language of acknowledgment, such as it is, and contented ourselves with saying, that, to us, it did not appear "quite explicit enough"—it conveyed the idea that the History was "principally the result of his own particular researches, made originally and personally"—it "led the mind of the American reader, to a notion of independence and originality, which did not exist." These views we propose again to verify. We will, however, first observe, that we cannot understand the force of the Knickerbocker's argument¹⁹—that because the names of Irving and Navarrete "go side by side" in the Paris edition of the latter, therefore there has been no harm done. Had Mr. Irving any share in the production of the Paris edition! Has he transferred its introduction to any subsequent edition of his own? Does he any where quote it or refer to it! Has he any where used it, so as himself to place Navarrete "side by side" with himself? If he have not, as is the fact, how can such a thing establish his fairness! He must be tried on his own merits, and so we shall proceed with him.

1. As to his preface, we invite the reader to take it up, as we analyze it, and to judge for himself, whether we treat it fairly, or commit on it the manifold "impudent and impertinent" misdemeanors, which have been ascribed to us, with equal truth and decorum.

Our historian was called to Madrid by Mr. Everett, who desired that he should translate Navarrete's work, then in the press. When that work was published, he found it "to contain many documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of the New World, and which reflected great credit on the researches of the learned editor: still, the whole presented rather a mass of rich materials for history, than a history itself." The work, though precious, was disjointed, and therefore unpromising for translation. Yet, still, the subject was national, and he was unwilling to abandon it. On reflection, he perceived, that there were, in many languages, many incomplete works on the subject, with many valuable tracts existing only in manuscript. He thought that a digest of those materials would be a task at once agreeable to himself, and acceptable to others, and he determined to undertake it. He found encouragement in the facilities about him. The American Consul, Mr. Rich, had a rare and exten-

¹⁸ Lit. Mess., March 1811, p. 233. ¹⁹ Aug. Knick. 197.

sive library which was put at his command, and "formed his main resource, throughout the whole course of his labors." The Royal Library of Madrid, and that of San Isidro, were likewise open to access. "From Don Martin de Navarrete, he received the most obliging assistance, communicating various valuable and curious pieces of information, discovered in the course of his researches. Nor can he refrain from testifying his admiration of the self-sustained zeal of that estimable man, one of the last veterans of Spanish Literature, who is almost alone, yet indefatigable in his labors, in a country, where, at present, literary exertion meets but little excitement or reward." He then acknowledges the liberality of the Duke of Veraguas, and other gentlemen—ending the material portion of his remarks, by saying that "he has diligently collated all the works he could find, relative to his subject, in print and manuscript, comparing them, as far as in his power, with original documents, those sure lights of historic research."

Here, then, the reader has the sum and substance of Mr. Irving's acknowledgments. We do not deny that they contain handsomely turned compliments to Navarrete. But we have shewn that Mr. Irving is indebted to that gentleman for every fact, not "known before," which he details. We have sought in vain, for a single reference to an important original document—from the collection of Mr. Rich, or from any other—which is not to be found in Navarrete, or was not made "accessible" by his toil. We have shewn, that, to have compared all extant works on the subject, with all the documents, would have been beyond human power, in a mere score of months, without Navarrete's assistance. We have proven by facts, corroborated by the testimony of Prescott, that Navarrete's book was "the only authentic basis" on which Mr. Irving could, and did build. Now, we ask, in view of these things—not whether the preface contains compliments—but whether it contains one becoming acknowledgment! Could any one infer from it, the extent of the obligations under which its author was resting? How could Mr. Rich's library have been his "main resource," and Navarrete his "only authentic basis?" And how can he be deemed to have paid his debt, by talking in general terms, of "rich materials"—"great credit"—"self-sustained zeal," and "various" pieces of information? The question is not—has he paid any tribute? but has he paid enough? and of the right sort? Does he, any where, speak of Navarrete's labors, as having guided, lightened, strengthened and sustained his own? Does he put himself and Navarrete "side by side," in the credit of his preparation? No where. It is palpable to the dullest glance, that he first praises Don Martin, in the widest generalities; announces that he forsook his collection for a broader field—for a digest of written works and manuscript tracts; proceeds to

descant on his own "labors;" takes up Don Martin again, for a compliment to his high qualities, in the abstract, and drops him finally, without a syllable of frank confession, to dwell on the more prominent theme of his own "collations," "comparisons" and "researches." Is not the idea palpably conveyed and enforced, that he went beyond Don Martin's work, to find and digest manuscript "tracts" of his own, in addition to those which his predecessor had published? Is it not obvious, that the line is designed to be clearly drawn, between Navarrete's labours and his own, so that the reader may consider the one independent of the other, and above it? Now, as we have said—if those valuable "tracts" were found—if those manuscript "letters, journals, and public acts," were discovered and digested by Mr. Irving, where and what are they? Let the hand be laid on one of them—let the volume and page which they have illustrated or supplied, be mentioned or referred to. We have as yet, seen no one who has been able to point them out—but if they exist, it is surely much easier, and more rational, to indicate them, than to fret and fume through a laboured tirade, in violation of good taste, good sense, and good manners. If, however, no such original discoveries do exist, as the absence of all reference to them must rather conclusively prove, then, we ask, in all reason, whether Mr. Irving's Preface does justice to Navarrete or himself? And yet, because we have, with these things before us, dared to say what is evident, and have not, like the great Sancho, to whom we are likened, been willing to have our eyes bandaged, and swear that we see constellations, "before God and our conscience," we are to be visited by the Knickerbocker's wrath, to a degree as terrible, as that which haunted meek Ichabod, when he thought of Hans Van Rippel's vengeance for the desecration of his Sunday saddle! It ought certainly to be a source of painful regret to us, that we have not a happy fancy, or unscrupulous facility, which might avert so serious a calamity.

But we have not yet done. We now, in the due course of things, have come to:

2. The impression which Mr. Irving's Preface has left upon the public. This is certainly the fairest test of its frankness.

Not only does that Preface convey to our minds, no just idea of Mr. Irving's obligations, but it has been equally uninformative to those of his friends, who have relied on it, without examining for themselves. As we proved by quotation in our first number, which can be too easily referred to,²⁰ to need repetition, the Legislature of the State of New-York, their Committee on Colleges, and the Secretary of State, together with numerous re-echoing periodicals, have laid the whole merit of profound, protracted and original research exclusively at Mr. Irving's door. Of Navarrete there

²⁰ March No. 1841, Lit. Mess. pp. 235, 236.

is neither thought nor word. With the authors of those praises we have no quarrel, for it cannot be supposed, that they had ever seen any of the few copies of Navarrete, which were in the country; their only fault, therefore, was, that of too great confidence. They had their "idol," as the Knickerbocker neatly expresses it, and they were no "iconoclasts." But we must repeat, solemnly and seriously, our utter inability to comprehend how Mr. Irving himself could gather together this friendly incense, and burn it, with his own hand, before his own image. We have before us a copy of the Abridgement of his History, written by himself; entered in his own name, in the District Clerk's Office of New-York, and printed in 1838. Prefixed thereunto, is the whole long list of flattering notices to which we have alluded—the manifold outpourings of friendly admiration. The chief of these—the very articles which honor him most as a son of the State of New-York—claim for him the praise of having, of his own mere motion, sought and "discovered in the libraries of Spain" by his assiduous "*personal* researches," during "*some years* of his life," "the original and unpublished documents," by means whereof "*he* has been enabled to correct the errors, and supply the defects of preceding writers!" That these praises in their extent, are utterly unfounded, and as to Navarrete, grossly and sadly unjust, Mr. Irving himself would not deny. From their having been written and promulged, it is perfectly clear that their intelligent writers derived from Mr. Irving's Preface no knowledge at all—much less a thorough understanding—of his obligations to Navarrete. From the other fact of their being found in the place whence we have taken them, in Mr. Irving's own book, one of two consequences is inevitable. Either they found their way there by Mr. Irving's privity, or they did not. If they did not, as we fain would hope, what apology can be given for Mr. Irving's surrendering his own reputation, and that of his "venerable friend," into the hands of his bookseller, with such strange and reckless readiness? If they did—then we might, but for our own sake, quote the language of the Knickerbocker, and suggest that "larcenous perceptions" be no more mentioned, in this controversy.

But, we are told, that from our decision, and from the incontrovertible facts on which it rests, our opponent appeals to a higher tribunal, viz: to Navarrete himself. It is said that this "venerable friend" (*dulcissime rerum!*) had read the history, and had "avowed satisfaction and admiration." He saw no evidences of "a translation of his book" (a thing, by the way, which we never dreamed of charging,) no signs that it had "served as a text-book," no "juggling promises of unperformed researches." And yet, he had seen all that we had seen and read, with such widely different conclusions. To sustain this portion of the

defence, which is argued with even more than the author's characteristic disregard of fact and propriety, a paragraph is triumphantly paraded from the Introduction to Navarrete's third volume. At first sight, we had imagined that some new and shining light had fallen on the question, but we discovered, upon further examination, that we, ourselves, had furnished the Knickerbocker with this, as with the rest of his newest information on the subject. It is an "unacknowledged" copy, literally taken from a translation of our own, which we published originally, that the public might have the whole merits before them. We beg our readers to recur to it.²¹ They will find, however, that while our opponent was not above making this "silent appropriation" of our "inflated and ungrammatical" labours, he could not consent to leave our typography unmo- lested. Navarrete's admission that Irving had "an opportunity of examining excellent books and precious manuscripts," is duly marshalled in conspicuous italics, while the declaration that "*he had always at hand*, the authentic documents which we (Navarrete) had just published," is reduced from the prominent position which we gave it, to the humility of common type. Most important too, of all, the Knickerbocker has entirely (of course accidentally) omitted our allusion to Navarrete's other assertion, that his work had been "translated" in this country—an assertion taken from the self-same page of his Introduction, with that which contains the passage so carefully transplanted. As we have said, we do not charge the fact of "translation" ourselves, but Mr. Navarrete's idea on the subject, may well illustrate his notions of Mr. Irving's history, when the fact is known, that, save in Irving's pages, there is no compend or version of Navarrete among us.

We are very far from conceding, that any expressions of satisfaction on the part of Navarrete, even if distinctly made, would be at all conclusive of this controversy. No one here can know, how far that gentleman's knowledge of our language would enable him to distinguish between the amiable compliments of Mr. Irving's Preface, and the more positive avowals which the case required. Besides, who can say with what small acknowledgments the Spanish author's proverbial modesty would be satisfied, or by what private tributes, the general expressions of the Preface may have been explained into ample recognition. We have information of a letter which was published in Seville, and which accompanied the gift of Irving's History to Don Martin. We have not ourselves seen the "tract," but if our informant were not in error, its language was less diplomatic than that of the Preface. Perhaps the Knickerbocker can favor us with its republication. In any event, however, inasmuch as the question is not, whether Navarrete is satisfied, but whether Irving is original and fair, we must claim to form our own opinions from

²¹ Sou. Lit. Mess., March No., 1841, pp. 237.

the facts. Otherwise, it were easy enough to blunt the pens of critics, and stifle all investigation. It would only be necessary, that a writer should be careful to take his materials from the works of a modest and placable man. In such a case, the borrower might always claim originality, as the involuntary lender would be too good to dispute it. In matters, however, that concern the public, the rights of the injured party are merged in the claims of universal justice. It is no defence where the Commonwealth prosecutes, to say that the individual pardons.

But is there in Navarrete's paragraph, a word of Mr. Irving's Preface—a single syllable as to acknowledgments or avowals—a hint of surrendering his own position? He begins by referring to the History of Columbus, as "a conspicuous proof that *his collection* will not be useless in the republic of letters." He says, that he himself had published his documents "to enable others to write with truth and correctness." He rejoices, that Mr. Irving was "the first who availed himself"²² of them. He admits, that Mr. I. had "an opportunity" of examining books and manuscripts, and of consulting persons well versed, but does not say how far that opportunity was improved, nor whether the manuscripts and books were at all new, though "excellent and precious." As to his own Collection, however, he is very clear that Mr. I. had that "always at hand." So far, then, as the question of originality is concerned, we do not think that Navarrete's paragraph is a very strong witness either for Mr. Irving, or against himself. He states the facts without gloss or comment, and talks of his subject, not of himself. There is no allusion to indebtedness on the one hand, as contrasted with merit on the other. He pours forth the overflowing joy of a scholar's heart, that his labours had not been all idle, and that the search after truth, which had become his destiny, had been fruitful of profit to the world for which he toiled. It was no time nor place for him to blow a Fontarabian blast for himself. He could not condescend to "stickle for the ninth part of a hair," in the behalf of his personal fame, when he had toiled with the loftier aim of propagating truth for its own sake. Nevertheless, that man must be a wide-constructionist, who finds in Navarrete's paragraph, an admission that his own research was nothing by the side of his successor's superior glory! Don Martin's is evidently the dignified course of one who does not argue against injustice, because his confidence in facts places him above the fear of it, and because he knows that other men will vindicate, what it were weakness in him to be aware of.

The strong epithet of "colorista," applied to

²² "Se haya aprovechado de ellos," are the words—otherwise, and perhaps more properly to be rendered, "took advantage of them." 3 Nar. xiii.

Mr. Irving, by the respectable compatriot of Navarrete, whom we quoted in our last, along with the milder but equally significant remark of Martinez de la Rosa, will go to prove, if need be, that the Knickerbocker cannot settle this question, *ex cathedra*, at least in the other hemisphere. It will be found that capable men will rise up, to defend for Don Martin, a cause wherein he shuns the forwardness of being his own champion. Indeed, to an ordinary mind, not borne away by that high tide of inspiration, which must result from the conscious heroism of "crushing a stingless insect;" or not abstracted in self-admiring contemplation, while profoundly devoted to "puncturing a bladder"—the very Paris edition of Navarrete, which our opponent quotes, would seem perfectly accordant both with ourselves and those Spanish writers. Why otherwise, would Navarrete's work be described in the introduction to that edition, as the "necessary appendage" of Irving's History? If the appendage be "necessary," then it is but fair logic to infer that the thing to which it is appended, would be neither complete nor perfect without it. It seems, however, that the "Pensamiento," in which Mr. Irving is described as a mere "colourer," is "an obscure Spanish newspaper," which has had time to "take the cold scent and join in the bay." If this fact does make the most incredulous reader cry out—*quod erat demonstrandum!* then it is not worth while to reason! We have, ourselves, some difficulty in exactly understanding what an "obscure" newspaper is. Perhaps all papers are "obscure," unless Sir Edward Bulwer, or Mr. Irving, or Mr. Dickens, has written to and of (not for) them. We half suspect, that the Messenger itself may be in this unfortunate predicament. We would, however, respectfully suggest, that this theme of "obscure newspapers," be touched rather lightly in this connexion, for the indirect immortality which Mr. Irving owes to his edition of the Abridgement mentioned above, is predicated, among other things, on the certificates transplanted bodily from eight newspapers, not better known among us, (whatever their conceded respectability,) than is the "Pensamiento" at home. We should be willing, too, to forfeit all claim to credit, if the article from which we quoted the offending word, be not pronounced by competent judges, considerably above the average ability of some very conspicuous periodicals, which quote the assertion and swear to it, that they are "unanimously and universally popular."²³ The article is on American Literature, and is quite complete, as well as sensible and candid. The only defect which we notice is, that in speaking of our light literature, it entirely overlooks the Knickerbocker. This omission of course argues the paper itself unknown, and perhaps in that view, it is "obscure," after all.

We might go on to an almost indefinite length,

²³ Aug. Knick., 1841, p. 205.

in thus showing the weakness and emptiness of the thousand little schemes for "dodging" the question, which compose our opponent's elaborate lucubrations. We think, however, that we have succeeded in establishing beyond successful controversy, our two original positions: first, that Mr. Irving is deeply and vitally indebted to Navarrete; and secondly, that he is far from having made that free acknowledgment, which candor and a just self-regard would seem to have rendered imperative. Our readers will pardon, we trust, the extent which we have given to our views, for we felt bound, from the importance of the subject, and a respect for their judgment, to yield it more than a passing notice. We are well aware of the common trick which has been tried against us, in speaking of "spleen" and "pique;" calling us "censors," "envious" too, and "malignant!"—thus endeavoring to sap the foundation of faith in our honesty, when it was not possible to meet us, successfully, on the facts. Such schemes are very old and intelligible, but still it was our wish to expose them. Some men are not capable of comprehending so abstract a motive, as the love of truth for its own sake; and others are so devoid of fairness, as not to give credit for such a motive, even when they are able to understand it. To which of these classes our opponent belongs, we care not to decide; but we have dwelt on our subject, in order, unequivocally, to identify him with the one or the other. It would have been easy for us to have assumed the "summit of our periodical literature," and to have revelled in that temporary importance, which even the smallest can, for a while, command, simply by assuming it. We could have readily postponed our reply, until men had forgotten the attack, and could then have set up false issues of our own, which we might have "crushed" in a very elephantine way, to the great delight of our "idols," if we had any, and at all events, to our own marvellous and perceptible edification. Yet, if we had done these things, we should have been blind to their evil exemplification in the case before us, and should have suffered like our opponent, from the parallel drawn by men of sense, between the pretension and the reality. We might have preached of "hypocritical disclaimers;" and then, after having reduced a great man's toil of a third of a century, to the compass of less than "six pages," we might have hastened "to disclaim the slightest intention of underrating his work or fame."²⁴ Yet, if we had so done, we know our readers well enough, to be assured that they would have required strong corroborative testimony to have believed us, notwithstanding that we have the advantage, not universally enjoyed, of general good character to sustain our veracity. We might have called an opponent's style "inflated and ungrammatical," and then have deliberately falsified a quotation,²⁵ and put our own bad grammar into italics, as evidence of our own discernment, and his stupidity. But then, we should have trembled to reflect, that our readers had learned the decalogue, or that they might remind us of Byron's critics,

"Whose minds, well skilled to find, or forge a fault."

had no scruples of conscience as to the forging, when the finding would not stand them in stead. It was, of course, our desire to escape all these retributive judgments, and we have consequently made it our business to abstain from clap-trap altogether, and denunciation also, save in self-defence. We have made no inference, without giving the premises wherefrom we drew it—no assertion, without the reference whereby it may be verified or contradicted. We have no where endeavored to hide our dearth of fact, behind insult or coarse insinuation, nor have we striven to conceal the blankness of our cartridges, by the smoke and thunder of a holiday cannonade. Our only "artifice" has been to set down men at their real, not their self-estimated value—to judge of things, not by those whom they affect, but by themselves. If we have been guilty of any "mystification," it has been in avoiding the risk of disparaging ourselves, while we illustrated the disparagement self-won by our opponent. In fine, as we have been likened to faithful Kent, and stigmatised as

"Some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness,"

we of course have an unquestionable right to the good Earl's defence, and say, with pride, that we have never been of

"Such smiling rogues as these,
* * * * * who turn their halcyon beaks,
With every gale and vary of their masters."

And further,

"'Tis our occupation to be plain.
We have seen better faces in our time,
Than stands on any shoulder,"

²⁴ On page 206, *Id.* it is said of a communication. Its grammar is quite as pellucid as that of Mr. Irving's Southern (why this sectional epithet?) critic, elsewhere noticed; as for example, "The laborious student stands on the shore of the stream of life, with his own bark fast moored while Health and Pleasure lift the sails of *theirs* and glide down away from *them*." The sentence thus mutilated, reads in our text, (March No. 1841, p. 238,) grammatically then: "The laborious student, &c. &c. while *youth* and Health and Pleasure lift the sails of *their's* and glide *downwards* away from *him*." Could so palpable a falsification of so plain a text have been accidental? If not, has the Knickerbocker's Editor quite as much reason to be "ashamed of his opponent" as of himself?

We will here observe, that the proofs of the first article, were not corrected by the author, and several errors, (many indeed,) crept in. This will have been especially perceptible to a classical reader, in the quotations. The somewhat singular title of "Navarrete on Spain," was also a gift of the compositor. As to the facts, however, we complain of no errors, and challenge their examination.

²⁴ Aug. Knick., p. 197.

likely, from present appearances, to play the Atlas in this controversy.

A word of Mr. Irving, and we shall conclude for the present. Although we have no idea that it would be in the power of the ablest advocate, to extricate him from the unpleasant position in which it cannot but be perceived that he has placed himself, we do, nevertheless, most honestly and sincerely, wish him a worthier defender than the Knickerbocker. If we had sought of spleen or malice to gratify, there is no conceivable mode in which those feelings could be fed more gratefully, than in seeing him brought down from the almost impregnable prestige of his high reputation, to the valley of the shadow of such protection. Can Washington Irving be dependent upon the poor pension, which a draft in his favor upon Billingsgate will pay! If American Literature has been wronged by us in his person, can it be that she is so poor, as to find no better champion? There is no candid admirer of Mr. Irving, but must feel humiliated by perusing the defence to which we have replied; no man of sound judgment, who can fail to see that it does him a thousand times more injustice, than could the harshest stricture. It begets a feeling of disgust, which may insensibly, though wrongfully be transferred from the advocate to the client. It injures him by creating the impression that he keeps bad company. "Fasting and fustigation," the panaceas of Captain Rolando, may cure the disordered wits, the angry bile, or rustic breeding of his apologist; but sensible and respectable men will not be satisfied, until Mr. Irving disavows the connexion. They will ask for something more than bad temper—something better than hard words, to settle so grave a question. Public opinion may often err, for it too often acts on impulse, and impulse will run wild; but public opinion has this stubborn quality, that it can be neither coaxed nor bullied. It is broad in its scope, searching in its scrutiny, fearless and peremptory in its judgments. It is wise enough to know, that, where abuse begins, truth and reason end. It is honest enough to be above the temptation to flatter—independent enough to spurn the control of whippers-in.

To this public opinion, now, as before, we submit ourselves, appealing to it, and not to the small clique around "our table," to decide whether we have made or not a "highly probable statement." We again disclaim, if it can be necessary, all intention of offering to Mr. Irving the slightest personal disrespect. Had he not been so long silently aware of our earlier strictures, we should not, even now, have continued the discussion in his absence. We shall hold ourselves bound to acknowledge all errors which can be pointed out to us, and to make amends for injustice, when it can be proved that we have been guilty of it, in a solitary instance. Until some such indications and proofs shall have appeared, we shall continue to

entertain our opinions, as well as to express and defend them. Eighteen months hence, if life lasts, we shall be as ready as we are now, to rebuke the violation of common decency, and to show how empty is the assumption of superiority, without ability, information or truth, to uphold it.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART IX.

Period embraced from 1658, to 1674.

Hardly was Lascaris entombed, before the Grand Inquisitor, Odi, came forward to interfere in the choice of his successor. He said he was charged by the Pope, to oppose the election of Martin Redin de Navarre, as he had been guilty of simony and corruption, and was unworthy of the dignity to which the Knights would promote him. The Chapter, neither disposed to obey the Pontiff's protest, nor the Inquisitor's unjust accusations, elected Redin as their ruler, by a large majority. The Grand-Master, immediately after his inauguration, sent an envoy to Rome, with a letter from his own hands, in which he stated, that if his election did not meet with the approbation of his holiness, he would resign his honors, and retire to private life. Pope Innocent expressed his surprise, that a proposition of such a nature, should come from one whom he so much esteemed, and observed, that to satisfy the prince of his friendship, and that the Inquisitor had mistaken his wishes, he should cause Odi to acknowledge the error he had committed, and send a favorite nephew, who commanded his galleys, to compliment him on his well-merited promotion. We might have trusted to the Pope's veracity on this occasion, had we not found a circumstance recorded which leads us to suppose that Odi acted strictly according to the spirit of his instructions, and that his holiness was induced by a bribe to lay the onus of an action on the Inquisitor, which rightly belonged to himself. Bichi, the Roman admiral, who went to Malta on this occasion, performed his delicate mission so much to Redin's satisfaction, that on his departure, he was given the rich commandery of Polinizi, in Sicily, and the Grand Cross of the Order studded with diamonds and other jewels of great value. One author has said of this transaction, "that it is more painful to the conscientious annalist, to record these mean infractions of honest principle, than to chronicle great crimes."

The Grand-Master employed his brief reign of three years, in erecting a chain of watch-towers on the northern coast of the island, to serve as a refuge for the country people in case of a sudden

invasion.* Redin died on the 6th of February, 1660.

Annet Clermont de Chattes Gassan, who succeeded him, was not only famed for his piety, learning and courage, but also for his honorable descent from the Counts of Clermont, who, for a long time, had ruled as sovereigns over a province lying between High Dauphine and Piedmont. Clermont did not long live to enjoy his honors. A wound which he had received some years before on the coast of Barbary, suddenly opened afresh, and proving incurable from his advanced age and the summer heat, carried him to his grave, when he had scarcely reigned four months.

After various ballotings, and no little contention, Raphael Cotiner, Grand-Bailiff of Majorca, came to the vacant throne. The first subject of importance, which claimed his attention, was to aid the Venetians, who were sorely pressed by the Turks in their defence of Candia. For this object, Louis XIV. had sent four thousand men with a company of cavalry, and Pope Alexander VII. had armed and despatched his galleys. Genoa also, nobly came forward on this occasion to assist her haughty rival; and only asked as a compensation for the army and fleet which she offered, that the Venetians would acknowledge her as an equal power. Venice, however, as proud in her decline as she ever was in the zenith of her glory, declined the proffered assistance, if to be purchased on such humiliating terms; and grievously paid for her folly by the loss of a possession, which had already cost the lives of thousands of her subjects, and millions of money uselessly expended. When the different Christian commanders arrived with their squadrons off the Candian coast, they planned an attack for the recovery of Cunea, a town which the Turks had taken. Finding, however, they could not be supported by land with a sufficient number of troops to give them any chance of success, they were compelled to abandon the enterprise, and content themselves with bombarding a few insignificant fortresses which were situated in its vicinity, the most of which they captured. The confederate fleet then put to sea, but not falling in with a single enemy, separated by common consent, and returned to their respective harbors.

In 1661, a corsair belonging to Tunis, and another to Tripoli, were taken by the Maltese, and brought safely in port. Among the three hundred prisoners, were a Turkish Cadi with his son, and an envoy who had been charged by the Sultan with orders to all the regencies of Barbary. The large sums paid for the ransom of these persons, went to replenish the somewhat empty coffers of the convent, while the poorer captives were doomed to take the vacant seats of those of their coun-

* These places are still occupied by small detachments of Maltese soldiers, to prevent smuggling and the infringement of quarantine.

trymen who had expired through fatigue and sickness, when working at the oars in their galleys.

A fever of a virulent nature, which raged at Malta during the fall of 1663, caused the death of the Grand-Master on the 20th of October, its most regretted victim. The Knights of the Spanish language erected a beautiful mausoleum to his memory in the Arragonian chapel, and had engraven on a tablet of marble, the various services he had rendered the Order during his short and glorious reign.

Nicolas Cotoner, the Grand-Bailiff of Majorca, was called by the unanimous wish of the electors, to take the throne vacant by his brother's death. So great a popularity did this prince enjoy, that it was proposed by Don Emmanuel Arrias, who proclaimed his election, to waive the ceremonies of his inauguration, saying that he had been elevated to his dignity by common consent. This is the only instance recorded in the annals of the Order, save that of the Villarets in 1307, where one brother succeeded another in princely rule.

Early in 1664, while the French fleet was employed in the Levant, some Algerine corsairs put to sea, and cruising along the shores of Provence and Languedoc, captured several vessels. Lewis XIV., to punish them for their insolence, and to prevent the like depredations in future, determined to establish a colony on the coast of Barbary, and selected Gigeri, a town situated near the sea, and equi-distant from Algiers and Bugia, as the place best adapted for the fulfilment of his object. The Duke of Beaufort, High Admiral of France, joined by the Maltese commander with four galleys, set sail from Mahon late in the fall, and with a favorable wind, soon arrived at his port of destination. The town and fortress which defended it, being taken by surprise, were easily captured, and the people and garrison put to the sword. A Moorish chief, perceiving that his enemies were erecting fortifications, and intending to form a permanent settlement, collected a large force, and making a desperate attack, so weakened the French, that they were driven from their position, and compelled to retire to their ships in the greatest confusion. Four hundred soldiers, who were ordered by the Duke to cover the embarkation, perished to a man while gallantly maintaining their ground, and after killing thrice the number of their Arab foes.

With the departure of the Christians from the coast of Africa, their sufferings did not terminate. Overtaken by a storm when on their homeward voyage, many of the ships were dismasted, and one ill-fated transport went down, and with her, a regiment of cavalry and all her crew:—a grievous sight to those on board the other vessels, who, without being able to render the least assistance, were compelled to witness the pitching and tossing of the unmanageable ship, and—when she sunk—the struggles of the men and horses, some of which

had broken from their fastnesses, and swam around them.

The reverse which the Maltese met with in this expedition, was soon forgotten by their being quickly engaged in other more fortunate and equally daring achievements. Two Knights, Crainville and Tremicourt—the one commanding the “Dutch Garden,” a ship of forty guns, which he had taken the previous year from the Algerines, and the latter in a small frigate—while cruising off the island of Samos, fell in with a Turkish caravan of twenty-two vessels, six of which they captured, and dispersed the rest. This result, however fortunate from the great disparity of force, was far eclipsed by the daring deed of another Knight, which is of so remarkable a character, that was it not mentioned by many historians, its authenticity might well be doubted. The Chevalier D’Hocquincourt, running at night under the lee of Dolphin island, to get shelter from a heavy gale, found himself at daylight in the midst of a large Turkish fleet, which was carrying reinforcements to Candia. This monk, having bravely answered the officer who summoned him to yield, that his ship would be given only with the lives of those who were on board to defend her, the Ottoman admiral landed a company of archers, and making a joint attack on the Maltese vessel, both from the sea and shore, so riddled her, that in a short time she lay like a wreck on the water. Still her flag was kept flying, and a shot now and then fired to tell her enemies she had not surrendered. The Turks, supposing from the little resistance which was made, that the ship could be easily taken by boarding, armed their boats for the purpose, and rowing alongside, commenced a furious assault. D’Hocquincourt, however, who had at the commencement of the action, sent his seamen below, that they might not be unnecessarily exposed to the showers of arrows which were thrown on his deck, no sooner perceived the Infidels’ intention of boarding, than he had the Maltese at their quarters, ready to repel them. Three separate attempts were made by the Turks, in as many successive hours, to effect a footing on the Christian galley, and as often were they repelled with a grievous loss, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The Musselman commander, rendered furious by his reverses, and mortified that with his whole fleet he should be unable to capture a single enemy, gallantly ordered his captains to open a line, that he might lay alongside and finish the conflict alone. D’Hocquincourt, with the remainder of his crew, sword in hand, coolly awaited the Capitano’s vessel, which, rowed by all its oars, and filled with fighting men, was fast approaching to commence another engagement. When the two vessels met, the shock was so great, that the Maltese galley was forced from under the high land, where she had been lying becalmed, and being at the moment struck by

a favorable flaw, her sails were loosed and set, she making a most miraculous escape. This gallant Knight retired from the contest with a severe wound and a loss of sixty slain—a number equal to one-third of his crew. Well would it have been for him and his companions, had they perished on this honorable occasion—their lives having only been spared for a few months, to be lost by shipwreck on the African coast.

In 1665, the elder Tremicourt, brother of him whom we have once named, and whose sad fate we shall soon have reason to deplore, while cruising off Alexandria with his friend, the Chevalier de Barre, fell in with two Turkish merchantmen, both of which keeping together, tried to escape. Tremicourt, having first come up with his enemies, gave them battle; but in attempting to board, he received a musket shot in his head, and shortly after expired. The Christians, nothing daunted by the loss of their commander, would have soon taken the Infidel galley, had not the Turkish captain most effectually prevented it, by setting fire to his magazine, and blowing her up, with all on board. In the midst of the havoc and confusion caused among the Maltese by this explosion, the other vessel escaped.

When the news of Tremicourt’s decease was received at Malta, his brother became desirous of living only to avenge his death. As soon as he got his galley in readiness he put to sea, and sailed for the coast of Barbary. Four days after his departure from Valletta, falling in with five Tripoline corsairs, he, with more courage than prudence, ran down among them, and opened a brisk cannonade. Having most fortunately succeeded in dismasting two of his enemies, he seized the opportunity while the others hauled off to assist their crippled companions, to withdraw from so unequal a contest, leaving the Moors in astonishment and admiration, at his daring deed. The Maltese, suffering only a trifling damage in this engagement, continued on their cruise. Hardly had they arrived on the coast of Africa, near which it was their wont to sail, that they might make prizes of the small vessels plying between the different ports, before they experienced a hurricane from the Northward, which, notwithstanding all their exertions, drove them on shore and left their galley a perfect wreck. The shipwrecked seamen soon discovered by a roving band of Arabs, were made prisoners of war as they landed, and taken to Tripoli for slavery or ransom. Through the intercession of the French consul, a sum had been named and accepted by the Bashaw, for the release of the Knights, when unfortunately, one of the corsairs which had been dismasted in the recent engagement put in for repairs, and Tremicourt, recognized by some of her crew, was held in bondage. Achmet, the governor, observing that after the information he had received, no contract was binding,

when his head would be made to pay the forfeit of his liberation. Tremicourt being sent to Adrianople (the capital of European Turkey), was taken before Mahommed IV., the reigning Sultan, and interrogated in the following manner :

Sultan. "Art thou the man who with a single ship engaged five of my largest Tripoline vessels?"

"The same," replied the undaunted Knight.

Sultan. "What country gave thee birth?"

"France," replied Tremicourt.

Sultan. "Thou art then a deserter, for the most solemn peace exists between the King of France and myself."

Tremicourt. "'Tis true, I am a Frenchman, but I am likewise a Knight of Malta; and, by that profession, am obliged to venture my life against the enemies of the Christian faith.'"

Mohammed, pleased with his martial bearing, courage and youth, for he was scarcely one and twenty years old, treated him with the greatest kindness, and made the most advantageous offers to induce him to enter his navy. It is even said he proposed to give his daughter in marriage, and advance him to the dignity of high admiral, would he but change his religion and enter his service. The Sultan, mortified by having all his splendid offers refused, determined to see what effect a cruel treatment might have on the unbending spirit of the gallant Knight; he had him immured for fifteen days in a cold, dark, and dirty dungeon, and fed on the most loathsome food.

This period of his confinement passed, he was taken a second time before the Ottoman Emperor, and offered his choice either to become a Mohomedan, and be advanced to the highest dignity, or to suffer by the hands of the executioner an ignominious death. Tremicourt, neither to be bribed by honors, nor driven by suffering to leave the cross of Christ, nobly answered that he would not purchase his life at the price of his soul, and fell a martyr to his resolution. After execution, his maimed and corseless trunk was thrown in the Hebrus,† which washed the walls of Adrianople, while the head was left on shore, to be spit upon by the Infidel women, and to be kicked about as a play thing by their children.

Don Carlos, having, in 1666, succeeded to the Spanish throne, the Grand-Master sent his admiral to Barcelona, to convey the Infanta to her husband, they having never seen each other, and only been married by proxy. For this service, so opportunely rendered, the Emperor expressed his indebtedness in an autograph letter, as did the Empress by a magnificent present. Cotoner also, to acknowledge his loyalty at this time, sent an envoy with a falcon to the Duke of Sermonetta, the then

Viceroy of Sicily, and received in return, a new investiture of the islands which were under his rule.

Monsieur De la Haye, French ambassador at Constantinople, and the Duke of Beaufort, whom we have before mentioned as Commander-in-Chief at Gigeri, arriving at Malta about this period, when on their way to the Levant, were received by a guard of honor, and with a general salute of artillery. This visit is recorded merely to mention that the Duke, declining to give to Cotoner the title of Highness, which he claimed by custom, and as the head of a sovereign Order, was refused a reception at the palace, and left the island without making the Grand-Master's acquaintance.

Employed as the squadron of the Order had been for many years in aid of the Venetians at Candia, and serving as many Maltese monks were in defence of the fortresses which protected the capital of the island, almost to the day of its capture by the Ottoman army, will, we trust, be a sufficient excuse for our saying a word of the termination of this siege, as we have found it recorded in Venetian history;—a siege which, in its "various assaults and valiant sallies, its traverses extraordinary, its rencounters bloody, and resistance vigorous, cost the lives of thirty thousand Christians, and four times as many Turks."

In 1670, Morosini, who commanded at Candia, finding himself deserted by his Maltese, German, French, and Roman auxiliaries, was obliged to conclude a treaty with his enemy, and save the lives of his soldiers by the loss of his garrison.

"Perhaps no clearer image can be conveyed of the profound impression stamped upon the national mind by the remembrance of the terrors of this mighty struggle, than by stating that even to this hour, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, if a Venetian wishes to imply a war to the knife, he proverbially terms it 'Una Guerra, di Candia.'"

The treaty of peace, which was concluded by the Venetian General and the Grand Vizier at Candia, having been ratified by the respective governments, the Grand-Master feared lest the Sultan should send his fleet to Malta, to punish the Order for their interference in the Candian war. To prevent a surprise, and be prepared for any emergency, Cotoner put his fortresses in a thorough state of defence; and with the assistance of Valperga, a celebrated Italian engineer, who had been sent by the Duke of Savoy for the purpose, laid the foundation of those extensive fortifications now known as the Cotonera—in the building of which, the Grand-Master, for a time, beggared both himself and his convent.

A new fort called Ricasoli, after a Knight who

* Boisgelin.

† "Now known as the Maritsa, which receives into its waters, a little above Adrianople, the Hardeus, now the Arda and a little below the city, the Tonakus, now the Tonga."

* So sensible were the Venetians of the services which had been rendered by the Knights, that they allowed them "to appear armed in their towns—a privilege never before granted to any body of men, not even their own subjects."

gave thirty thousand crowns towards its erection, was built on a head land which commanded the entrance of the great harbor. Large additions were also made to La Floriana, a work of much importance, which was commenced during the reign of Lascaris, and left unfinished for want of the funds, which were necessary for its completion.

Nicholas Cotoner, on the 5th of May, 1673, made over all the titles of his West-India possessions to Monsieur Colbert, the Prime Minister of France.*

* When our last article was finished, we did not intend to say more of the West-India islands, or of their disposal by the convent. But having, since then, been favored with a perusal of the last will and testament of Paul Raphael Spinola, who was in 1697, at the time it was written, Prior of Lombardy, and Knight Grand-Cross of the Order, our opinions are changed, and we are persuaded that Cotoner and his council were influenced by other motives than those we have ascribed to them, when they consented to yield the titles of their West-India possessions. We return to this subject again, that we may correct the error into which we were led by following the statements of several historians, whose works we had consulted, and from which our conclusions were drawn.

The Reverend Bailiff commenced his will, by requesting that immediately on his decease, several hundred masses should be said for the salvation of his soul. Well acquainted as we are with the ceremonies of the Catholic church, this request would not have appeared at all singular, had not the aged monk named the sum of a few cents to be paid for each mass, amounting in all to one hundred dollars. Wealthy as Spinola was, it would appear as if he either valued his soul at a trifling price, or placed no confidence in the services of those whom he had hired to pray for its salvation. It may be that the gallant admiral, when cruising on the coasts of Barbary, Syria, Egypt and Turkey, had performed deeds which his conscience would not justify,—and thinking that if his whole fortune was given in masses for his soul, it might be insufficient for the purpose of its salvation, wisely concluded to leave only a few pounds to the hungry priests, who always looked for a remembrance when any distinguished commander died.

Spinola, after bequeathing several large sums, and providing for his numerous servants, among whom was a woman who is supposed to have been his housekeeper, (as the Knights were not allowed to marry,) comes to the ninth chapter of his will, which is in substance as follows:

"Had I not been defrauded by my friends, been obliged to support my late nephew when in command of a galley, and pay his expenses on his promotion as Knight Grand-Cross of the Order; had I not defrayed all the expenses of the Allergo di Italia, while for the six years I was admiral, and supported a number of Knights from my own purse, besides contributing largely for the defence of the convent in a time of great consternation, when threatened with an attack from the Turks, my yearly revenue of twenty-four thousand dollars would have never been expended, and the amount of my fortune thereby greatly increased. I do not complain of my pecuniary sacrifices: they were made for the public good. But that for all my services, both at home and abroad, I should have been treated by the Grand-Master in such a manner, as to compel me to resign my offices, that I might not mingle with him in his councils, is inexcusable, and cannot be forgotten by me at this time, while willing away my worldly effects.

"Differing as I shall from all my predecessors in the disposition of my property, I deem it a duty which I owe to

my memory to leave on record, the reasons which have influenced me thus to act. I hope they will be found sufficient to excuse my conduct with those who, were they ignorant of the circumstances, might otherwise be disposed to condemn me.

"For many years I have been as much opposed to the manner in which the revenue of the convent has been expended, as I have to the character of those persons who have had charge of our treasury, and so continually abused their trust. Oftentimes have worthy monks been left by them to linger in poverty, and to come on me for support, while others of no experience have been appointed to lucrative situations, though wealthy from their own paternal estates. For attempting to prevent this conduct on the part of my superiors, I have been exposed to insult, and compelled to submit to vexations and dignities, which were hard to be borne by a person of my distinction, and consciences as I was of the rectitude of my actions. But all these grievances I would have willingly forgotten, had not the late Grand-Master, contrary to my earnest advice, disposed of the four islands which we held in the Archipelago of America. For this act, so injurious to his memory, so detrimental to the interests of his Order, and so much in opposition to the wishes of their inhabitants, who prayed that they might remain under our rule, I cannot even find the shadow of an excuse. The titles to these possessions from His Most Christian Majesty, were indisputable; our only tribute being that of sending a crown of gold to each prince, on his accession to the throne of France. It could not have been to rid us of this paltry tribute, that these islands were sold.

"Had our treasury been empty, and the government of our foreign possessions a bill of expense, I will most readily allow that Cotoner and his council acted wisely to find a purchaser for them, that we might be rid of our burthen, even if the vile and insignificant price for which they might be sold should never be paid. But there were no such excuses. Our condition at home was not so bad, neither were our affairs abroad so desperate as to require any such action. We were not poor, at least I should judge so from the careless and extravagant conduct of those who had charge of our treasury; and so far were our American colonies from being a burthen, that we were deriving from them a yearly increasing revenue. One fertile island alone, that of St. Croix, irrigated as it was with abundance of water, and improved as it had been, by the labor of more than three thousand workmen, promised, when brought into a perfect state of cultivation, to bring a larger sum into the treasury, than all the seven tongues of the Order put together, with all their Priorities, Bailiwicks and Commanderies; and by the rentals from these estates, we might have maintained a large and well equipped fleet of galleys to act against the enemies of our Holy Faith.

"Nether could we be ignorant of the state of St. Christophers, where the late Bailiff De Poincy resided in a princely style.* The report of the Chevalier De Sales,

* The following notices of De Poincy, which we have found recorded in the "Chronology of St. Christophers," may not be uninteresting, indebted as the Maltese were to his wisdom and sagacity for their possession of those islands in the Archipelago of America:

"1661. De Poincy arrives as governor from France.

"1641. De Poincy executes Maret, one of his old captains, on mere suspicion of crime; this and other violent proceedings cause discontent.

"1651. M. De Poincy buys of the French West-India Company, their share of the island of St. Kitts.

"1653. The King of France makes a request of St. Kitts to the Knights of the Order of Malta.

"1660. April 11th, De Poincy dies aged 77, succeeded by the Chevalier De Sales."

nephew of that great Saint, Francis De Sales, was before us, in which he stated that the revenues of the island was sufficiently large, not only to pay all the debts left by his predecessor, De Poincy, but also to defray all the expenses of the government (a no trifling sum), and still leave a large annual income to the credit of the Order. Our vassals, twenty thousand in number, who lived in the Western part of the island, paid us a yearly tribute of twelve hundred and fifty cantars of sugar; and from our own manufactory, which was well supplied with implements and utensils, and worked by seven hundred male and female slaves, whom we owned (and were of themselves a treasure), we produced a like quantity, which might have been readily sold, and the proceeds sent to our treasury.

"When our aforementioned affectionate vassals heard of the Grand-Master's intention to dispose of his West India property, they sent a petition to Malta, in which they glorified themselves in being faithful servants of the Order; and offered, should Cotoner have been forced to this transaction from the want of money, to furnish the requisite sum, would he but allow them to remain under his rule, and not become the subjects of France. Six thousand of these people, among whom were many wealthy merchants, hearing their petition was not to be granted, were so much displeased, that they left the island in their own vessels, and sailed for St. Domingo; where, on their arrival, they selected a site for a town, far from the Spanish metropolis and its fortifications, and commenced erecting their habitations. Such was the character of that portion of our vassals, who are now living in St. Domingo in a flourishing state, as an independent community, and under a republican form of government."*

Notwithstanding the Grand-Master wished it to be thought by the Spaniards, that he was opposed to the alienation of these islands, and was compelled to consent thereto, by Monsieur Colbert, the Prime Minister of France, yet such was not the case. The transfer of these possessions was knowingly and willingly made. In closing my remarks on this subject, I will only add, that the stigma attached to this impolitic, ill-advised, and inexcusable transaction, must ever remain with Cotoner and his councils—they being the dupes of Monsieur Colbert, who secured his promotion by adding these jewels to the crown of France—and cared not whom he sacrificed, did he but obtain the favor of his king.†

* Situated as this Republic was, so near our own shores, it would be interesting to know something of its fate.

† Spinola's will was accidentally found among the papers of a Maltese notary, named Andrew Valla, who was deceased in Valletta more than one hundred and thirty years ago. It is now in the possession of Robert Slythe, Esq., my respected colleague of Sardinia—to whom I am indebted for its perusal.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.

The Disowned and Devereux, constitute No.'s II. and III. of the series, which the Messrs. Harper are getting up under this classification, at the rate of a pistareen per volume. As a combination of paper, ink and letters, they are 'dirt cheap;' but as books, they are 'dear at any price.' The tendency of all of Bulwer's novels is of an evil kind. Sir Edward has talents, and writes well. Had his pen been half so ready in the cause of virtue as it has been in that of vice, he might have gone down to the grave, rejoicing that he, for one, had not lived altogether in vain. He has labored hard to make vice comely, and to paint it in attractive but deceitful colors. Devereux and the Disowned, are both well known to the novel reading community—they can now buy them from Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris, at 25 cts. per copy. Little enough in all conscience, for so large a dose of moral poison!

HOPE LESLIE; or, Early Times in Massachusetts, by the author of "The Linwoods," "Poor Rich Man," "Live and Let Live," "Redwood," &c. In two vols.; New-York: Harper & Brothers—1842.

This work comes from quite another quarter, and contrasts favorably from every point of view, with the "select novels" from Bulwer's pen. Miss Sedgwick is one of the most beautiful, and what is of far higher praise, one of the

most useful female writers of America. In all she does, there's an object and an aim in virtue's cause; a lesson in morality, and a precept for good. Hope Leslie is descriptive of early times in Massachusetts—the scenes are laid among the Puritans and Indians of those times. They are drawn in colors that both please and edify. To the American reader, Hope Leslie is one of the most delightful novels of the day. It may be had at the bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker and Morris.

POEMS, by the Lady Flora Hastings—2nd Edition. William Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London—1842.

This is the lady, our readers will recollect—who, two or three years ago, was so cruelly and shamefully treated by Queen Victoria. Under the Royal displeasure and persecution, she paid the debt of nature. Her poems and fugitive writings were then collected, and published for the first time, by her sister Sophia. The perusal of this little volume cannot fail to heighten the reader's respect and admiration towards the Lady Flora. Her poems breathe a pure and delightful harmony, ever and anon swelling into strains of true sublimity.

Politics in this country is the most absorbing object of ambition, as it is the principal road to preferment and distinction. But few succeed to eminence in other pursuits, because so many are allured by the excitement and notoriety which that precarious life induces, that few devote their talents exclusively to other departments of usefulness and fame. Occasionally we find some who are eminent as orators, politicians, and statesmen, turning aside for a time, from the anxious halls of legislation to the more interesting study of the fine arts, and the quiet enjoyment of the more elegant pursuits of literature.

Of this number, may be mentioned, Richard Henry Wilde of Georgia. Eminent as a statesman, graceful and forcible as an orator in Congress, he has abstracted himself from the turmoil of politics, for a period, to study the literature of Italy—and has lately published his conjectures and researches concerning the love, madness, and imprisonment of Torquato Tasso; a work graceful and polished in style, and abounding in classic beauty and erudite research. Occasionally, too, he has bent his mind to the beauties of song and poetry. As a specimen of the latter, I have taken the liberty of extracting from the autograph for publication, the following playful impromptu, to two Ladies, who requested through a friend the author's autograph:

"Can I refuse when ladies fair demand
The worthless tribute of my name and hand?
Yet to divide them between two I'm loath—
Rather than neither, will you each take both?"

And, also, from the page of an album, the lines that follow, which are both touching and elegant in thought, and so very poetic that they have but to be read to be admired:

"Of human life from youth to age,
This Book, an apt sad emblem seems,—
Hope promises to fill each page,
With friendship, love, or pleasure's dreams.

"Time wears apace— but day by day
Hope's promises are all forgot;
Some flowers are scattered by the way,
But here's a blank—and there's a blot.

"At length they fill—revolving years
Add their memorials sad or kind,
But some are sullied by our tears
And some have left a stain behind.

"And when in after times we turn,
Our memory, or our pages o'er,
'Tis but too oft, alas! to mourn
O'er all we knew, and know no more!

"The hand that traced some lines is old—
The spirit that flashed here has fled—
Others recall warm hearts—now cold—
The changed—the absent, or the dead.

"Then why should we embalm the past,
Since the fond record only tells,
That Love and Hope, and Life at last,
Are broken charms, and baffled spells!

"I do not know . . . They say that Eve
Some flowers of Eden chose to keep
O'er all she prized and left to grieve
O'er all she loved, and lost to weep."

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NO. 12.

BIRTH-DAY SONNET.

The sands of one year more have filled life's glass !
Become they brighter with the march of time ?
Move they unto a purer, heavenlier clime ?
Or grow they earthly, as the swift years pass ?
Pass the years swiftly more ? Moments, alas !
Seem years in moving—and yet years do climb,
Till they our youth's aspirings, far surpass,
And send us back to seek our vanished prime.
One little year ! with how much it is fraught
Ofttimes of life ! yea, and of death how much
May we in its few moons be deeply taught !
Hopes—pleasures—expectations—how the touch
Of the chill finger which drives these away,
Doth turn our thoughts to things beyond the clay !
Millville, New-York, 1842. CYLENE.

LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

Translated by H. T. Tuckerman.

T. W. WHITE, Esq.

Dear Sir,—The following letters accidentally fell into my hands recently. They were written a few years since by a young Italian, a man of education and character, and one of the many innocent victims of political persecution who have sought an asylum in the New World. As presenting the first impressions of an enlightened and sensitive foreigner upon his arrival among us, they are not without interest, and seem well calculated to excite sympathy and respect. I have therefore translated them for the *Messenger*. They were addressed to the exile's friends at home, and of course were never intended for publication here.

"I was reading *Yorick and Didimo** on the 26th of December, the very day preceding your departure ; and I wept for you, for *Didimo* and myself, earnestly wishing, at the moment, that our countrymen would yield at least the tribute of a tear to the memory of Foscolo, recalling his sublime mind and the history of those lofty but hopeless feelings which drove him a wanderer, out of Italy, to find repose only in the grave."

I often ponder upon these few words written by you on the blank leaf of my *Didimo*. I can never read them unmoved, for they awaken a sad emotion in my heart, as if they were the last accents I am destined to hear from your lips. Never have I so vividly felt the absence of your voice—your presence and your counsel—as now that, driven by my hapless fortune to a distant land, I have no one either to compassionate or cheer me, nor any with whom to share my joy or sorrows. Believe me,

* The name assumed by Foscolo as translator of *Sterne's Sentimental Journey*.

Eugenio, the love of country and friends was never so ardent in my bosom as now, that I am deprived of them ; and time, instead of healing, seems rather to irritate the wound which preys so deeply upon my heart. I often wrote you while on the Atlantic, describing the various incidents of our voyage, the dangers we encountered, and the fearful and sweet sensations I alternately experienced, as the sea lashed itself into a tempest, or reposed beneath the mild effulgence of a tranquil night. But upon reviewing those letters, I find they breathe too melancholy a strain, and are quite too redolent of my wayward humor, even for a dear friend's perusal ; and, besides reaching you too late, they could only serve to grieve both yourself and my poor mother. But at length I have arrived at a place, whence I can give you some definite account of my welfare.

On the night of the 15th of March, notwithstanding the contrary wind which had beat us about here and there for several successive days, we cast anchor in Boston harbor. That night was long and wearisome to me. Obligated to remain on board until dawn, I passed it like many others during the passage, unable to sleep. The weariness and anxiety consequent upon a long sea-voyage, were at length over. Indeed, the moment I caught the first glimpse of land, they were forgotten. Yet I could scarcely persuade myself that I had reached America. The remembrance of the last few months of excitement and grief, passed in that dear and distant country, which perhaps I am never destined again to behold, came over me anew, and, contrasting with my present situation, awoke in my mind the most painful sense of uncertainty. I felt doubtful of every thing, even of my own existence. I experienced, at that moment, an utter want of courage. The flattering hopes which had brightened the gloomiest hours of my voyage, all at once abandoned me. My imagination no longer pictured scenes of promise. I looked within and around, and beheld only the naked reality of things. I realized only the sad certainty, that a new life was before me. I revolved the various necessities of my situation ;—the importance of immediately forming new acquaintances—the uncertainty how I should be received by the few to whom I had brought introductions—my own natural aversion to strangers, and a thousand other anxious thoughts—which made me long for day as the signal of relief from their vexation. At length the morning dawned ; but it was obscured by a damp fog and heavy fall of snow. All around wore a gloomy and cheerless aspect. In a few moments, the Cap-

tain came to greet me as usual, but with more than wonted urbanity. He informed me I was now at liberty, and, whenever I pleased, the boat should convey me to the nearest wharf. I did not wait for him to repeat the summons; but, throwing off my sea dress, assumed another; and, descending the ship's side, soon touched the shore so long and ardently desired. It is true, I then felt intensely what it is to be alone. Yet not less sincere was my gratitude to that invisible and benignant Being, who had guided and preserved me through so many dangers. I landed with tearful eyes; and, although no friend, with beating heart, was there to welcome me, I stooped reverently to kiss the land sacred to liberty, and felt then for the first time, that I too was a *man*.

—
17th April.

I have now passed several days in strolling through the streets of this city, amusing myself with the sight of so many objects of novelty and interest. I find the place rather pretty than otherwise; much more so, indeed, than I had imagined. The buildings, however, are in a style so peculiar, as to suggest the idea that the principles of architecture are here entirely unknown, or purposely disregarded:—and then the people all seem in such a hurry! Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, white and black, horses, hacks, waggons and omnibusses, hastening so furiously along the streets, that unless you are on your guard, there is no little danger of awkward rencontres. How delightful to my sea-worn sight, this spectacle of animated life! How gladly would I too have assumed a part in the busy scenes, in which the multitude about me were engaged! With what delight should I have rejoiced with them, in anticipating the comforts and the greetings of a *home*! But, situated as I was during these first days succeeding my arrival, the scenes around me served but to make me realize anew my loneliness; and, but for the gratification afforded my curiosity, I would have willingly remained immured in the little chamber of my hotel. I am, however, anxiously seeking employment; but as yet my efforts have been unsuccessful. My letters of introduction I do not think will be of much service to me, except the one proposing a credit in my favor, from our mutual friend, which has been duly honored by his correspondents. These gentlemen, like many others here, have expressed great pleasure in seeing me. They have introduced me to such individuals as I have chanced to meet in their company, either at the counting-house, or in the streets. They have also made innumerable proffers of assistance. In short, they have received me kindly, and yet with a curious species of kindness—certainly not Italian; and, as yet, I know not if I can properly characterize it as American.

Polite or not, however, they certainly seem to aim first to satisfy their curiosity; for, after having beset one with a thousand questions, many more indeed than it is agreeable to answer, they make no scruple of waiving all ceremony, and leaving you very abruptly, without even a hasty *addio*. This has occurred to me very often, though I cannot say invariably. The figure which I have presented more than once, on such occasions, I am sure must have been ridiculous. Taken by surprise at the abrupt termination of the interview, I have stood immovable and half mortified, following with my eyes, the receding form of my friend walking so coolly off, intent upon his own affairs.

Another kind of courtesy, which some perhaps might ascribe to frankness, but which certainly wears the appearance of perfect indifference, is their habit of inviting one to their houses and tables, in terms so very vague and general, that I assure you, during the month I have been here, it has been frequently impossible for me to make up my mind to accept many of the civilities offered me. I question, however, whether there will be frequent occasion for scruples of this kind, as I apprehend there is little danger of such courtesies being repeated: yet the good people seem in earnest, and to tender their hospitalities with all their hearts. I am inclined to think they do. But to tell the truth, I feel no small degree of delicacy in accepting such courtesies, because the experience I daily acquire of their customs and manner of thinking, forces upon my mind the conviction, that the reputation they have for egotism, especially as regards foreigners, is not without foundation.

Boston people may be ranked among that large class who content themselves with respecting all who respect them, and refrain scrupulously from doing the slightest injury to all who are equally harmless. They are, however, exceedingly wary of foreigners, and not perhaps without much reason, since many who have sojourned among them, have shown themselves both ignorant and unprincipled, and, besides leaving a bad impression of their individual characters, have also induced the most unfavorable opinions of the countries whence they came. In Italy, the very name of stranger is a passport to civility and kindness. Here, while you require no sealed and signed document from any of their European majesties to ensure free communication and travel, you can scarcely ask the slightest civility, or approach one of your kind, without exciting a certain degree of suspicion: and your disadvantage is still enhanced, if, in addition to the name of foreigner, which, like original sin, is deemed a common taint, you also bring the still less pardonable sin of poverty. The necessity of earning a livelihood, however honestly, is certainly the worst recommendation with which to enter a foreign country; nor is it less so in the New World, since here, as well as elsewhere, a well-

filled purse, and the disposition liberally to dispense its contents, will insure the heartiest welcome. The Americans too, being universally intent upon gain, are naturally indisposed to encourage new competitors, and their time is too completely absorbed in business to allow of their devoting many moments to the interests of foreigners. Their lives are entirely spent in striving after new accumulations; and the whole glory of their existence is reduced to the miserable vanity of having it said after their death, that they have left a considerable estate; and this short-lived renown is awarded according to the greater or less heritage bequeathed. This is not only the course of the father, but of the children; for they, being by law entitled to an equal portion of their father's property, are obliged to follow in his footsteps, in order to obtain their shares of this same glory—that the question, 'how much has he left?' may be answered as much to their credit, as it was to that of their sire. Thus the young and the old—those barely possessing a competence, and those rolling in wealth, with equal zeal, bend all their energies to the common end. Intent upon gain and traffic, they are too absorbed to think of any but themselves. They calculate, with watch in hand, the minutes and seconds as they pass, and seem naturally averse to any conversation of which trade and speculation are not the subject. Hence results, as a natural consequence, the prevailing mediocrity of ideas and feeling, derived from the uniform system of education and manner of thinking, as well as the great similarity of interests. Hence, too, the equal tenor of life, and the absence of great vicissitudes, as well as of great virtues; hence, the social calmness and universal prosperity, and hence the apparent insensibility to the appeal of misfortune, resulting from the want of exercise of feelings of ready sympathy and compassion, incident to such a social condition.

You may infer, from what I have said, the condition of the stranger in the midst of such a community—of him, of whom it may be said with truth, that he interests no one. For my part, I cannot be too grateful for the generosity of my relatives; without it, God knows what, by this time, would have become of your wretched friend. Still I am anxious about the future—the more so, since I have discovered that political misfortunes, which have driven into exile so many of our countrymen, furnish no claim to the sympathies of these republicans. Many of those with whom I am already acquainted, are so foolishly proud of their political privileges, that, instead of pitying, you would fancy they intended to ridicule, the less favored condition of other lands. I beg you, however, to consider what I have said on this subject, as hastily inferred, and not dogmatically affirmed. I may be quite mistaken; and, indeed, to pretend to give a correct idea of a country entirely new to me, after only a month's residence, especially where the as-

pect of things differs so essentially from what I have been accustomed to, would, I am well aware, appear very absurd. Yet there is a very just proverb which says, that from the dawn we may augur the day; and if it be true, I regret to say that the dawn before me, seems most unpromising. Would that a bright and cheerful sun would arise to dispel the mists of doubt, and throw gladness upon the heart of your devoted friend!

—
28th April.

Often, during my voyage, I promised myself great delight upon my arrival, in visiting the plains of Cambridge, and the heights of Dorchester and Bunker Hill, renowned as the early scenes of the American war. As I read Botta's history, my imagination often transported me to those spots which he so vividly pictured; I longed to find myself upon the hallowed ground, to render my tribute of grateful admiration to the memory of those noble men, who there perished fighting for the liberty of their country. The inclement season, however, has not yet allowed me to realize my anticipations. We are at the end of April, and yet the Spring seems scarcely to have commenced.

The aspect of the environs of Boston is most desolate. The earth is still buried under the snow—the streets are covered with ice, here and there broken by the constant travelling, which renders them almost impassable. In addition, there prevails here at this season, a most disagreeable wind. It blows from the East, and is so exceedingly chilly and penetrating, that it not only destroys one's comfort, but undermines the health. It seems to freeze my very soul, and effectually drives away all disposition for romance. I have been, therefore, constrained to remain in town, and rest satisfied with a distant view of the environs, until the coming of a more genial season.

Although the city is scarcely less gloomy than the country, it is still some amusement for the stranger to note the pedestrians. On both sides of the principal street, you may behold men of all sorts and sizes, muffled up to their eyes in cloaks, high-collared surtouts or quilted wrappers, fur caps and gloves, woollen capes, heavy boots and heavier over-shoes; and although thus burdened with garments—weightier far than the leaden cloaks of Dante's hypocrites—they contrive to shuffle along at the usual rapid rate, for they are *business men*. Now and then the light figure of a dandy flits by, arrayed in raiment quite too light for the weather, and looking as blue, as winter and misery can make him. And then the women—*ladies*, I mean, God bless them! women, there are none here—all in their gala dresses, all satin and muslin, light feathered bonnets, silk stockings and dancing shoes, with a bit of fur round their necks, or the skirt of their pelisses to *whisper of comfort*. Thus attired,

they glide over the ice with a calm indifference worthy of heroines, stopping occasionally to purchase blonde lace or cough candy, and then moving in the very face of the April breeze I have described to you.

To speak seriously, I had thought to find in this country, if not the original, at least the remains of ancient simplicity. I flattered myself, that I should see among the descendants of those Puritan colonists, who were "wise and modest in all their wishes," a complete absence of pretension. But it is not so. The habits which prevail, and especially those relating to dress, are most extravagant. In the houses—in the streets—at every hour of the day, you see displayed, I say not with how much taste, the same dresses which our female nobility, who are as extravagant as any countesses in the United Kingdom, are accustomed to wear only at *soirées*, weddings, or the opera. It is much the same with our sex. I will not now pretend to account for these extravagant habits, although I fancy I have divined the reason. Yet I must believe, that in this republic, female dress is the great item of domestic expense. The *materiel* being imported from abroad, is very dear. Indeed, the price of every thing is exorbitant. As the saying is with us, those who have not a house, pay for every sigh; and here, they cost not less than half a dollar or seventy-five cents each. And this adds another to the disadvantages of the stranger, especially if, like myself, he has indulged the idea that in this young country, dress was not thought to make the man in the same degree as elsewhere, and finds that with all their vaunted progress, the Americans have not gone an iota beyond their predecessors in establishing a just standard of estimating mankind; and are quite as prone to base their judgments upon appearance, rather than character. Nor can you practically oppose such customs either with your philosophy or indifference, since the individual who avails himself of the privileges of social life, is bound, as far as he can, without self-debasement, to conform to popular prejudices; and, indeed, it seems to me that here, appearances are peculiarly imposing. Wherever you turn, you behold the names of every description of dealer, from the poor huckster to the rich merchant, blazoned upon signs in gilt letters, as if to impress the stranger with the idea that he had entered the most prosperous country of the earth.

But I will speak to you of the more noteworthy objects around me, which, however, are not numerous. Notwithstanding the unpleasant season, I have visited Cambridge, with the situation of which I have been much pleased. The village is about three miles and a half from Boston; and, in its centre, you find the most ancient and best-endowed seat of learning existing in the United States. It is called Harvard University, and the establishment consists of several buildings, containing lodg-

ing and recitation rooms built of brick, with one exception, all in a simple style, which struck me as happily accordant with the character of the institution. The law and theological schools constitute a part of the university. But what particularly pleased me was the library, which, from what I hear, is the best in the country, and in truth is excellent. Among other works, there is quite a collection of Italian books; and many of the editions are beautiful and very neatly bound. You cannot imagine, how much I enjoyed the sight of so many of our beloved authors. Amid the legacies of these illustrious dead, I, for the moment, forgot all my private griefs and anxiety. I seemed no longer to be among strangers, for in every one of those books, I recognized an honored and dear friend of my youth: so long unseen, and so unexpectedly encountered, they seemed to transport me to a new world. In truth, this was the first moment that I felt really encouraged. Who knows, I asked myself, but these ancient allies of mine will introduce me to their friends of the New World! and then Yorick's unfortunate adventure with the police of Paris, occurred to me.

Of the University, the method of instruction pursued, and the progress it has made, I will tell you when I am better informed. It grieves me at present, that I cannot go every day to Cambridge. The season being so bad, it is necessary to ride thither. Then there is my dinner—so that by a broad calculation, (you see how I have already begun to calculate,) the pleasure of six hours' reading would daily make me minus a dollar. "But," you ask, "cannot you dine upon your return in the evening?" Yes, if they would let me! But here, even at the hotels, it is not the custom to order your dinner when you please. They treat us quite like friars; and it is necessary, if you would not lose your dinner, to be at the table punctually at the stroke of two; otherwise—but, Holy Virgin! it is the dinner bell. Wait only a moment, for I must make haste to be in time for the roast beef. In three minutes (all that is required here), I will return, and continue my letter.

I went the other day, with one of our countrymen, to visit the Athenæum, which is the only literary establishment in the city. It is supported by the *savans* and aristocracy of Boston. It has a library composed chiefly of donations of books, among which are many of the principal works published in Europe and America, several literary and scientific journals, and numerous gazettes. There are also rooms containing casts and a few marble statues, a small collection of medallions, and two apartments for the study of architecture and drawing, but destitute both of masters and pupils, and one large hall, on the lower floor, used as a reading room. The shareholders and their friends are only admitted to the Athenæum. These are for the most part gentlemen of leisure or *idle people*.

according to the complimentary title bestowed on them by their fellow-citizens; and they go, as their taste may be, to occupy their time in the reading-room, which is open from early morning till nine at night. In this room, there is a rule inscribed expressly prohibiting conversation; and you see to far more advantage than in our libraries, so many living statues in every variety of attitude, often not the most graceful, all with a book in hand, or intent upon a newspaper. The librarian, a very good sort of man, has shown himself, like many others, very glad to see me. He told me that as a stranger, the Athenæum would be open to me for the period of one month; but that after that time, if I remained and wished to continue my visits, it would be necessary for me to become a subscriber like the other frequenters of the institution. I thanked him for his politeness, and have shown how sincerely I valued it, by going almost every day to the Athenæum; and as to the end of the month, I do not trouble my head about it, because by that time I hope the weather will allow me to walk frequently to Cambridge. What and how great are the advantages which result from this institution, I leave you to estimate. The Athenæum, however, now in its infancy, seems destined to advance greatly; and if, one day, it should become a public establishment, it cannot but be of lasting benefit to Boston; and truly in a city like this, which I hear called the Athens of America, there should be, if nothing else, a rich library freely open to the people. Thus you see that both in and out of town, I have not failed to find the means of becoming learned and illustrious. All these literary advantages, however, are reduced to nothing to a poor devil who is in the situation of being obliged to derive profit from the little he knows, rather than from what still remains to him to be acquired. And this necessity has urged me to seek an occupation at every sacrifice; and having gone the rounds with the diploma of a young *letterato*, the office, which, for the moment, I can most certainly obtain, is that of a teacher of our language. And I have indeed one scholar, a lean doctor of medicine, to whom, as he has the merit of being connected with a relative who is intimate with one of the family of — who pays me my remittances, I give my lessons gratis. This has been thus far my greatest resource. But this gentle minister of death gives me promise of an introduction among his patients—of whom as yet, I have not caught even a glimpse. However, I am obliged to trot every day, at the expense of my poor legs, to the doctor's door, which is no little distance from mine. I go very punctually, but often only to find him asleep in his chair, and dozing while I read the lesson—which, moreover, I am obliged to explain through the medium of a French grammar. This avaricious Sangrado piques himself not a little upon his egregious lipping of the

French; and to this day, I have been unable to induce him to buy another grammar. But somehow or other I hope soon to send him on a journey to Elysium, to carry my compliments to his master Hippocratez, (*Hippocrates*.)

—
May 7th.

I am angry with you. Five packets have arrived since I landed; and every day I hurry anxiously to the post-office, only to hear the same chilling negative to my ardent inquiry for letters. I have even conceived quite an antipathy to the stiff, laconic postman, who sometimes deigns no other reply than a cold shake of the head. Yet you promised to write me at the end of the first month after my embarkation. How can I forgive such neglect? And what reasonable excuse can you offer? Perhaps you allege the uncertainty of my fate. Yet had I gone to my last sleep in the bosom of old Neptune, think you a friendly letter would not have been a pleasant offering to my manes? Nay, Eugenio, you know not the comfort a few lines from you would bring to the heart of your friend. I am home-sick. My feelings seem dead to all that surrounds me. I seem condemned to the constant disappointment of every cherished hope; and were I able to express all I feel, I could unfold a most pitiable story of mental suffering. Do you realize, Eugenio, how far I am from home and all that is dear to me?—that I am living in a weary solitude which I sometimes fear will drive me mad! With affections most tenderly alive, and a nature that would fain attach itself to all around, I find not here a single congenial being or idea upon which my heart can repose. A stranger to every thing, I am by all regarded as a stranger, and read that forbidding name in the expression of all whom I approach. Did I carry the remorse of a criminal in my bosom, I could not meet the gaze of my fellow-beings with less confidence. The few whom I have known thus far, are, for the most part, merchants or common-place people, too much occupied in their own affairs to relish interruption during their leisure hours. But when I fall in with them, they instantly tender the old salutation—“Glad to see you,” coupled with an invitation to their counting-houses, where they are too busy to talk, and content themselves with proffering a chair and the newspaper. These manners result from a mode of life very different from that which prevails in Europe: still they are painfully striking to the novice, especially if he be one of those who know not how to support the toil and vexation of existence, soothed by those cheering palliatives with which we are wont to sweeten the bitter cup of life. You well know, that I was never over fond of general society, nor took much delight in the heartless glitter of fashionable life. But what I voluntarily avoided at home, is not a little desira-

ble here as a relief from the loneliness of my position. Yet the only house at which I can spend an evening with any pleasure, is that of our countryman B——, who, with the true feeling of Italian hospitality, at once made me at home under his roof. I meet him, too, occasionally in my walks, and we converse of our country, our literature, and most frequently, of our misfortunes. God knows how grateful I am for his sympathy, without which it seems as if I should have died of weariness and grief. Yet our conversations sometimes serve to renew most keenly the memory of my sorrows—which I fain would bury in the bottom of my heart—and send me back to my little chamber to find more sadness than before, in the companionship of my own thoughts. That which renders me most anxious, is the harassing doubt which seems to attend my steps. I feel already that I am a burden to my relatives. Every day, which passes without advancing me in an occupation from which I can derive support, seems lost. Although I have not neglected, nor shall neglect, seeking for every honest mode of relieving them from this care, yet I feel a species of remorse, as if I were abusing their generosity; and the bread I eat, tastes bitter when I reflect that the expense of my bare subsistence, even with all the economy I can practice, in these times, and under existing circumstances, would half support the family of my afflicted mother. Thus my days pass, sustained only by hope and the promises of my new friends. Now and then, as at this moment, I write to those dear to me by way of solacing my bleeding heart; but even this occupation is painful to me, since I can only write of my afflictions.

Ah, Eugenio, how aggravating is now, the remembrance of all your kind advice! It is true, in an important sense, that man is the creator of his own destinies. With how much care and ingenuity do we raise the funeral pile, which is to consume our hopes and burn our very hearts! It is true, indeed, that if I had reconciled myself to existing circumstances, and allowed to subside the first force of those feelings which even you, with all your natural wisdom, could not but confess were generous and noble,—and especially, had I opened my eyes and calmly looked those illusions in the face, in which so many of our young men, and I among the rest, so inconsiderately confided—it is true, I should not have experienced the bitterness of the present. But how could I contemplate the miseries of our country, and not glow with indignation at beholding all the rare gifts which heaven and nature had so benignantly bestowed, rendered unavailing—made but the occasion of tears to us all,—every fountain of good dried up, or poisoned by the envy and iniquity of man? How could I admit the idea that I ought to sacrifice my thoughts and dearest sentiments, merely for the sake of pursuing, at home, one of our genteel professions, which

after all, could not preserve me from the general degradation, nor perhaps from infamy! And should I have done so! And why! From the cowardly fear, perhaps, of being exiled from the land of my fathers, when in the buoyancy of youth I could turn to another country, far-distant it is true, but free; to a country in which I could obtain a subsistence without sacrificing *one* of my opinions—where, even now, notwithstanding I may be made deeply to realize the axiom that mankind are the same every where, I do not see all around me, the aspect of misery and unhappiness, nor daily instances of the petty vengeance and cold-hearted injustice of our tyrants; where the cheerful prospect of ~~peace~~ and universal prosperity almost reconciles one to the inevitable evils incident to human society; where, at least, thought and speech are not crimes, and you can cherish the hope of a better future without seeing beside you the prison or the gallows; where the mind can expand unfettered by any servile chain—yes the *mind*, which I now feel as free within me as when it was first bestowed by God.

And yet I complain! It is true; and I well know what you will reply to these letters which I write only for the pleasure of being with you, even while we are separated. But if you have the heart to charge all the blame to me, I would beg you, Eugenio, to remember that every tear teaches a truth to mortals, and that I too am one of those numerous creatures, made up of weaknesses and illusions, who drag themselves blindly and without knowing where or why, in the path of inexorable fate. Now that I feel that there never existed so great a necessity for bringing about an alliance between my reason and my heart, I cannot discover the method by which to accomplish it, and the task never seemed more impracticable. Reason, which levels every thing with her balance, to a just equilibrium, and reduces, by calculation, all things to a frigid system, you have adopted as your goddess, and truly she is a most potent divinity, and often have I invoked her aid, and supplicatingly adored her power. Yet this heart of mine is such a petty and obstinate tyrant, that it will never yield the palm even when fairly conquered; and in its waywardness, takes a wicked pleasure in pointing out the naked coldness of your divinity, and setting her before me in a most uninviting light. Hence it is that I am devoured with the desire of home; nor will all the charms of glory, or the smiles of fortune, lure me from the dearer hope of reunion with the land and the loved of my heart. Yet who knows where I shall leave my bones! who knows if these eyes shall close eternally to the light, amid the tears of my kindred, or whether friendship and love will linger sorrowfully near to receive my last sigh!

Addio. I commend to you my mother. This phrase would be meaningless to any but you. I

have used it to express all I feel for that tenderest of beings—for her, whom I continually behold in imagination, weeping and desolate. If the voice of pity and friendship are powerful in your heart, I pray you, Eugenio, leave her not unconsoled. Thou must be as another child to her, and ever remember that she is the mother of thy friend.

—
15th May.

This morning, I rose full of anxiety. The moment I awoke, my first thought was of you, of my family, and of the delay of your letters; and the sound of the breakfast-bell first aroused me from my painful reverie. I descended, swallowed a single cup of coffee, and, quick as thought, hastened to the office. I did not expect to find letters, but having given my name, and perceiving that the postman did not return the customary nod of refusal, my heart began to palpitate strongly. I did not deceive myself. I have my mother's letter to which you have made so large an addition, and I have been till this moment shut up in my room, reading it over and over again, and bathing every line with my tears. God reward you for all your care and your love for me! I trust that ere this, you have received my first letters, and thus been relieved of all anxiety on my account. I thank you for all the news you give me, and especially for what you tell me respecting our young companions, who, I rejoice to know, are now quite free from the ill-founded suspicions of government. The condition of Italy, however, seems to grow more sad every day; and you write me that many are rejoicing at the rumor of imminent war, and in the hope that our old liberators will again re-appear among us. For my part, however, I cannot but tremble with you, since now there is less certainty than ever, that aught will remain to us but injuries and derision. The present and past misfortunes of our country should have taught us that if there is any thing to hope, it is from ourselves alone; and it is certain, that if the new subjects of the new citizen-king descend again from the mountains, there is reason to believe that the disgraces of by-gone times will be renewed in Italy, and it will be our lot to transmit another record of shame and cowardly execrations.

From your literary news, I learn that the Anthology of Florence has been abolished, and as usual, by command of Austria. I had made no little search for the last number. Be it so. The suppression of that work is only one other insult to our condition, but not a serious loss to the nation, since the writers, who perhaps set out with the idea of undeceiving the Italians, are themselves the very ones who propagate their unfortunate illusions; and in that journal, which was doubtless the best we had, they also said too much, and without profit. In these times, there exist no Alfieris or

Foscolos; and the new school which promised so much by its historical romances, has thus far accomplished little enough, if we except one or two sermons on passive obedience. Botta remains, but he is alone; and the soul of Tacitus, which should be devoted to so exalted a work, is wanting to him. Moreover, his thoughts, although grand and sacred, are rather understood readily by those who think, than felt deeply by the mass, with that profound sense of desperation, from which alone a real change and constancy of opinion is to be hoped for among the Italians.

To tell you the truth, I believe we are so susceptible of illusions, that the intellectual energy of no writer whatever, can avail anything in eradicating from the hearts of our countrymen, the weaknesses, which are as old as our servitude, and which are strongly maintained by the consciousness of general debasement and actual incapacity, as well as by the small degree of virtue and the total absence of ambition on the part of our princes. I desired to allude to these circumstances in reply to that part of your letter, wherein you recommend me not to forget Italy and our studies. But as yet you seem unaware, that in this land I have conceived a love of country, not only more powerful than ever, but instinct with a desperate earnestness which consumes my heart. Wherever I turn, the aspect of all the civil and social benefits enjoyed by this fortunate people, fills me, at the same time, with wonder, admiration, and immense grief. Not that I envy the Americans their good fortune, which, on the contrary, I ardently rejoice in, and desire, as much as any one of themselves, may be forever continued to the land. But I think of Italy, and know not how to persuade myself, why her condition should be so different and so sad. I do not allude to the general policy of the country; but I speak of what I see every day while walking the streets:—a quiet population incessantly intent upon industry and commerce, without being retarded by civil restrictions or tyrannical extortions, by the subterfuges of official harpies, or by the machinery of so many hungry and shameless financiers, nor yet continually irritated by the insufferable and cowardly insolence of the ministers of the law, who, either in the military garb, or as civil officers, or in the form of police, are the vilest instruments of European tyranny—the pests of the State, consuming its substance and resources, and corrupting the manners and morals of the people. Here, I have not yet seen in the streets, a single soldier, nor one patrol of police, nor in fact any guard of the public safety; and having occasion to go to the Custom-House, I was quite astonished to see the simplicity of the forms—the expedition with which affairs were conducted, and the small number of officers employed. Indeed, this people seem like a large and united family, if not bound together by affection and reciprocal love, at least allied by

a common and certain interest and the experience, that the good of all is the good of the individual. Every one who has the will to labor will easily find occasion for its free practice and most adequate recompense. Not being incited by opportunity and the keen necessities of life, crimes are rare, violences almost unheard of, and poverty and extreme want unknown. In the streets and markets, and in every place of public resort, you behold an activity, a movement, an energy of life, and a continual progress of affairs; and in the movements and countenances of the people, you can discern a certain air of security, confidence and dignity, which asks only for free scope. I know not how it is, but often I pause thoughtfully in the midst of the thoroughfare, to contemplate the scene around me. I sometimes find myself standing by some habitation, and my fancy begins to picture it as the sanctuary of every domestic and social virtue—as the cradle of justice and piety—as the favorite sojourn of love, peace, and every human excellence. And my heart is cheered, and bleeds at the same time, as I then revert to Italy, and imagine what might be her prosperity, and how she might gloriously revive, and become again mistress of every virtue and every noble custom, among the nations of the world.

Judge then if I have forgotten, or if it will be possible for me to forget Italy, as long as I remain in this country. For the rest, as I have before said, I am only made the more constantly to remember my native land. I am told and begin to realize, that here, as well as there, Utopian views of politics, morals, religion and philosophy, have long prevailed, and promise to grow more luxuriously than ever, and become perhaps fatal to the prosperity and liberty of this land. It is, however, no small consolation for the moment, to reflect, that the doctrines of this nation do not depend upon the *litterati*, or rather, that the country does not look to that class for its salvation; which, as such, has no voice in the capital. There are here no mere questions of language—no *romanticists* or *classicists* who cannot understand each other—no imperial nor royal academicians of grammar—no furious pedants who are continually disputing how we should write, nor any that pretend to dictate how we should think. Eloquence is here the true patrimony, and in fact the most formidable weapon, for good or for evil, in the hands of the people, who estimate it more or less by the standard of their wants or individual partialities. I will tell you, however, from time to time, in future letters, as I become better informed on these subjects. Yet, expect not, I pray you, from me, either statistics, disquisitions, or a traveller's journal, since you know I came hither in quite another capacity. There goes with this, another letter to our young friend B——, who writes me that he desires to come and seek his fortune in the United States.

You will see my reply; and to dissuade him still more from the project, let him see what I have written you. Addio. Live ever in the love of your friends, of letters, of your country, and of yours,

LIFE'S CHANGES.

Heed not, that a few passing showers
Should chance on thy path, to alight!
They but serve to freshen 'life's flowers,'
And make e'en its sunshines more bright.

And if life has its cares and its sorrow;
Has it not its enjoyments too?

The brow now o'ercast may, to-morrow
Wear a brighter and happier hue.

And the heart that misfortune makes sad,
Though grief is now lingering there—
May in future be happy and glad,
As if it had ne'er known a care.

Oh then, sigh not that life has its woes,
That pains with our pleasures are borne;
Or that the stem which beareth the rose,
Should also give birth to the thorn.

But be glad to-day, whilst ye've power,
And in sorrow, anguish and pain,
Despair not; but live for the hour,
When the heart will be joyful again.

When thy cares are forever thrown by,
And give place to an happier mirth,—
Whilst the smile takes the place of the sigh,
And sorrow is crushed in its birth—

Like the flowers so sweet and so gay,
That seem sad when the sun is o'ercast,
Yet they pine not but live for that ray,
Which will come when the darkness is past.

Richmond, Va.

J. P. P.

FRANCES AND FANNY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

The evening after I had this conversation with Woodley, I saw Fanny. My cousin Sophia accompanied me there, and we staid two hours. There were two candles this time; so I had light enough to judge of the young lady's beauty, and of her resemblance to her matchless cousin. For my life, I could not fix my eyes on her face; I had the feeling that it made her uneasy. Even when she was conversing with Sophia, there was a restraint, a timidity which distressed me, but which I could not pain by persisting in gazing at her. Sophia told me afterwards, that she was sure I came to draw comparisons between her and her cousin, and this caused her embarrassment. This timidity, however, was peculiarly agreeable to me, and she gained by the contrast with Miss Fielding.

Then her voice was so sweet, gentle, and musical, that, summing up all her excellencies, I began to think whether this feminine loveliness was not better suited, than the elegance and decision of Miss Fielding, to my nice taste.

She made many efforts at first to enter into conversation with me, but it was evidently embarrassing; and, as is usual in such cases, I became almost as much embarrassed myself. With Sophia, however, she was more at ease; and spoke modestly yet sensibly on the common topics of the day. It was with great pleasure I perceived, that before the visit was over, she seemed more at her ease. Sophia had formerly spoken of her fine ballad voice, and I was anxious to hear her sing; but Fanny begged to be excused this evening, and looked so beseechingly at my cousin, that I entertained her not to press the subject further—I found I was too new an acquaintance.

I must own that I was charmed, and could not avoid asking myself whether a character like her's, so artless, confiding, gentle and affectionate; whether such a dove-like disposition, and such excellent domestic habits, were not more estimable and enduring, than if of a higher and more aristocratic cast. What, thought I, were the gifts of fortune, and the polish of foreign travel, compared with it, particularly when domestic happiness was the question? When I first became acquainted with Miss Fielding, I was anxious to ascertain whether she could speak French, Italian and German, and whether she understood music. I did not, of course, inquire of herself, but of her friends.

But it never occurred to me to ask the Woodleys, whether Fanny even knew the different languages, or could play on the harp or piano. I did not suppose she could. Like her cousin, the more I examined her features, the less resemblance I saw: how beautifully her hair curled, hanging down in such a profusion of ringlets. I went home with Sophia, and raved about this beautiful girl for an hour, and my cousin joined me in all my extravagant praises.

But, alas! all this faded away from my mind as soon as I was in the presence of Miss Fielding, at whose side I found myself upon every suitable occasion; and at each visit my chains were, if possible, rivetted the stronger. Her indifference towards me seemed fixed—and yet, strange to say, I persevered. Moseley, Waterford and Headley, with a dozen others, still were devoted to her; and, to them, she was more than civil; and, having a little more esteem for them than I had before Mr. Woodley spoke of them, I rather encouraged their advance towards an intimacy with me.

After this, I saw Fanny almost every evening, but always accompanied by Sophia—her husband being very much absorbed in settling some intricate business which had accumulated during my minority. He did me take care; for, that I might

get entangled before I was sensible of it, and then it would be too late to retract. But Sophia told him to keep his advice to himself, as there was no fear of Fanny; for, she fully believed that I was in love with her cousin, and that these frequent visits to her were merely to pass away the time. It was not possible, however, to sit evening after evening with so lovely a creature, all softness and delicacy, without thinking of her, even when in the presence of Miss Fielding, who knew of my frequent visits to her cousin's house. She sometimes spoke of it, but it disturbed her not; nay, it seemed rather to give her pleasure. Once, she asked me if I had ever heard Fanny sing, and wondered that Sophia had not prevailed upon her to sing one of the little Scotch ballads.

As to my cousins, they had determined at the very outset of my acquaintance with these ladies, never to speak *particularly* of their feelings towards me. I understood this: so it was in vain that I questioned either Sophia or James, as to the estimation I was held in by them. All I knew was, that Fanny believed me to be in love with her cousin, and that she took my visits as a friend.

"You say, that my cousin Fanny would like to understand Spanish—she can read it pretty well, which I presume you know!"

I told her that I did not; that I only knew that she was anxious to learn, and that I had offered my services to be her instructor.

"Her knowledge of Latin and Italian," said she, blushing, "would facilitate her attempts. But it is one thing to read, and another thing to speak a language—I should like to speak it well myself. We can never acquire the pronunciation of a language, unless we mix with the natives, and travel amongst them. I really should like to go to Spain:—if I ever go, I shall coax Fanny to go with me."

"And I would give worlds to have the honor and felicity of joining your party."

"Do you like travelling with strangers, Mr. Percival?—No, not strangers exactly, but would you like to travel with numbers? I do not; for there is always restraint and difficulty. Only the nearest connexions should travel together; for, one, not precisely of the family, would prevent all freedom and relaxation. When in Europe, I travelled with a very small party—my uncle and aunt, their son and daughter, and my cousin Fanny, and a few domestics;—this did very well."

And Fanny had been in Europe! This astonished me so much, that the incivility of the first part of the speech did not, at the moment, make an impression.

"My uncle and his family are still in Europe," continued she, not noticing my astonishment; "we came home under the care of the English ambassador and his wife. But," said she smiling, "we shall not be in want of a good escort when disposed

to take a ramble. I shall entice my friends, the Woodleys—they have never been abroad; and if my cousin marry a man that I like, we will make it a condition with him before hand, to accompany us."

This was plainly and significantly spoken: it meant that she considered me as the lover of her cousin. All hope was now at an end. There was no chance of winning her affections; and I was just beginning to feel that she *could* love tenderly, if she once *began* to love. Whether she saw the deplorable state of my mind and pitied me, I cannot tell; but her manner suddenly changed, and she exclaimed, "You are pale—you are not well, Mr. Percival,—shall I ring for a glass of water? Pray, sit down." I had risen and was about leaving the room.

This was said in the sweetest and gentlest tones, and I was completely off my guard. "Oh, Miss Fielding," said I, seizing her hand, which I *dared* to press, "why are you not always thus? why may I not pour out my whole soul, and tell you how ardently I love you? Why, cannot such true devotion make an impression on your heart?"

The confusion into which this speech threw her, emboldened me—like a fool—to proceed; and I was in the midst of a flaming account of my long sufferings, when Sophia entered the room. Miss Fielding recovered her composure instantly; but I, not being able to play the hypocrite, departed.

I waited impatiently for the return of Sophia to hear what account she could bring—It was worse than nothing; for, silence on the subject I could have borne.

"You have been too precipitate, Walter," said my cousin. "Miss Fielding is not only amazed, but vexed at your rhapsody. She persists in believing that you are attached to Fanny, and she wonders at your addressing her in the flighty manner you did."

"Flighty manner! Well, perhaps it had that appearance, and so I am to deny myself the gratification of seeing her again?"

"Oh no! I had a world of trouble to restore you to favor, but it is on condition that you never address her again in that way."

To show such obduracy, thought I, when she knows that I must love her, and that I have loved her from the beginning! I shall persevere, if it takes a dozen years to thaw her heart; and the first chance I get, I shall open my heart to her dear, sweet, lovely cousin. What the deuce ails me, that I cannot transfer my love to her! Only to think of her modesty, never to hint of her being a traveller!

Gentle reader! I am afraid that by this time, you think I am a silly goose, and that there is not a spark of manliness in my character. Alas! I confess you are right; this love shattered me into a thousand fragments: and you might look in vain

for a vestige of my former self. Love makes fools of us all.

Taking it, therefore, for granted that I was not my own master, it will not create surprise to hear that in a few days I was seen lounging in Miss Fielding's drawing-room; but there was no change in my favor, though she was evidently less at her ease than before I made the unlucky avowal.

To make amends for this vexation and disappointment, I redoubled my attentions to Fanny. There, in her quiet little parlor, I was always welcome; and so intimate did I become, that I called the dear old duenna, aunt Barry too. I helped them to wind silk, and cut allumettes, and sketch patterns; in short, I devoted all my evenings to this lovely girl: and she improved so rapidly in her knowledge of the Spanish language, that I was truly surprised.

I was always received with a glow of sensibility; and, if by accident, I omitted my visit, Fanny always asked the cause of it in the tenderest manner; whereas, I might stay away from Miss Fielding a month, and no inquiry would be made. As to cease loving her, that was utterly impossible; I had made the effort in vain. On the evening of my daring speech, I made Fanny acquainted with my temerity, and likewise with my determination to persevere. She sympathized with me most deeply, and could only offer up her prayers that I might succeed. Her voice was tremulous with emotion, and I thanked her from the bottom of my heart for her kindness. Good aunt Barry shed tears.

So all this fretting in the evening made me love Fanny dearly; and, when with my cousins, I was warm in her praises. I asked Woodley, if he thought there was variety enough in her character to suit such an exacting temper as mine; for, if he thought so, I should persuade the dear girl into an affection for me.

"This is too preposterous, Walter," said Sophia, angrily. "Do you expect to find a woman with Fanny's gentleness, and with Miss Fielding's spirit—such a spirit, too? I think you have had enough of it to last a life time. I do not know what you would be at. I pray Heaven, you are not going to continue this farce! What! in love with two women; madness—folly!"

"It is indeed, Sophia, downright madness and folly, and I cannot help it. When I am with Frances, I feel that to live out of her sight were exile; and when I am with dear Fanny, in the evening, my heart dissolves in tenderness, and I want to live in her presence forever!"

Sophia and I often called for her early in the morning, and we had pleasant walks together. When Headley first spoke to me of her, he acknowledged that he never saw her without a veil; and, even with us, intimate as we became, her veil was always down. Once she threw it up to look at a flower, and her face was so covered with

blushes, that I really was glad to see the veil down again,—and Headley, to call her a beggar of cents and dollars! Take her all in all, thought I, never was there a more interesting creature. Surely she is all that my fondest desires could covet—beautiful, tender, sensible, graceful and modest. What more can a fastidious temper require! Her want of fortune is not the slightest objection, for I have enough of wealth; and her whole manner seems to assure me, that if I could give her my heart, I might win her's in return.

At noon the very next day, my mind changed again. I was at the side of Miss Fielding, and her manner was more gracious than I had ever seen it; of course, I was lifted to the skies, and Fanny faded away from my mental vision. Miss Fielding, on this morning, was receiving homage from all the distinguished talent of the county; her rooms were filled with visitors, and a princess could not have borne herself with more dignity—so young too!

"How is my cousin Fanny, Mr. Percival?" said she with a smile. "You saw her last evening, I presume, for you were not at Mrs. Delamere's ball."

"Were *you* there?" said I, with a look of deep disappointment, for I had refused the invitation, hearing that she did not intend to go.

"No, I did not go, but Mrs. Woodley has been here, and she mentioned that you were not there. But how is Fanny? are we still alike, or is the resemblance lost? I have a cousin who is said to resemble me very much," said she to an English gentleman who was devouring her with his eyes. "Mr. Percival sometimes thinks we are alike, and then again he sees but little resemblance."

"You are indeed," said I, with my usual incautious energy of expression whenever she addressed me—"you are very much alike; but your manner of expressing yourselves, and your dress are so dissimilar, that, regarding these two points alone, you may be said to be very unlike. When I am in the presence of one, I lose sight of the other, so strangely alike you are, particularly when I hear one or two intonations of voice. When you were pleading the cause of the poor Queen of Scotland, I really fancied I was with your cousin."

"I really should like to see this lady," said Mr. Kortwright, the Englishman. "May I not hope for an introduction?"

"Mr. Percival will introduce you to her. Will you not?" said she, with one of her most winning smiles.

"Certainly," said I, "if you wish it. Shall I ask permission of your cousin?" As I said this, my choler rose, and without waiting for her reply, I bowed and left the room. I was in a fine rage by the time I reached the Woodleys, where I always went to give way to pleasant or angry feelings; but I met with nothing but jokes from So-

phia, and peals of laughter from James. They made themselves quite merry at my expense; but, being a good-natured fool at bottom, I finally laughed with them. For, where was the use of fighting him, or abusing Sophia?

On my return home, I met Joe Waterford and Phil Moseley—the former slapped me on the back, and said I was in great luck; for, Miss Fielding had been particularly gracious towards me that morning. Moseley said, he supposed he would soon have to send me a challenge, for in proportion as she favored me, she neglected him. It may easily be imagined, that I was confused at these sallies; but I asked no questions, and soon changed the conversation. I never made either of these ladies the subject of conversation—never alluded to them, nor gave any of the young men the liberty of talking of them; and this was great forbearance on my part, considering that they were never out of my thoughts. But the fact is, that I was fearful my feelings would betray me; and as to Fanny, not one of my acquaintance had a suspicion that I visited her.

Could such an impatient spirit as mine brook the tardy progress—if progress it might be called—of such a love as mine, which, were it crowned with success, could never equal my expectations? *Could* Miss Fielding love ardently? *Could* Fanny?

Of the former, I doubted; and then the question arose, whether I could be happy with a sort of upright, platonic affection? I could not. Of the latter, I was sure there would be devotion equal to my own; and when I had arrived at this point of the investigation—I had arrived at the same point numerous times of late—I determined to conquer my love for Frances, and devote my whole soul to Fanny alone. The pure and innocent love of such a gentle being, was surely all that a mortal could desire.

I had now fully made up my mind to make love to Fanny in earnest; and with this new resolution quite fresh, I hastened to the Woodleys, and opened my whole heart. Sophia said it was the hundredth time, but I was unconscious that I had been explicit before that moment.

Mr. Woodley looked grave. "Walter," said he, "you do not know the strength of your own feelings. If you were to offer yourself to Fanny to-day, you would repent it to-morrow, and be perfectly miserable. Yes, I have no hesitation in saying, that if you were even sure of Fanny's love, and were absolutely engaged to her, you would break it off at the least chance of possessing her cousin."

"No, no!" exclaimed I, "my whole soul is alive with tenderness for my darling Fanny. I am now certain of myself; it is Fanny that I love, and Fanny that I shall strive to win. I was bewitched and dazzled with the brilliancy and wit of her cousin; but I have examined my heart well, and there

can be no change. Oh Sophia, you were right; she is exactly the one to suit me, and so I should have thought, had I seen her first! Look at her, in that quiet little parlor, in her neat, simple dress, her beautiful face almost buried in those glossy ringlets, and her face covered with blushes whenever my eyes are fixed on her's. Then her voice is so gentle and melodious, and the words fall from her rosy lips like pearls, and she is so free from guile, and so sensible too! Upon my life, I should be insane, if I did not prefer her to Miss Fielding. I wish it were evening, for I am impatient to see her, to tell her all I feel, and to offer her a heart which is her's for life."

"All this is very fine," said Sophia, with the most provoking coolness—hateful to me, for she was so fond of Fanny, that I thought she would receive my communication with great pleasure.—"You are no doubt in earnest just now, Walter; but suppose I could tell you that Frances is beginning to be a little jealous, a little uneasy at your frequent visits to Fanny, and at the idea you are really getting in love with her—would not that cool your present ardor? Does not this jealousy look a little like beginning to love?"

The blood rushed to my heart and then to my temples; but after a second or two, I recovered. "No," said I, "there is no longer a doubt on my mind, Fanny I love entirely; and I really believe that the power which Miss Fielding still has over me, arises from her great resemblance to Fanny."

"Well, my dear Walter, I certainly have no objections—You know how I love the dear girl, and how happy I should be to see you united to her.—I hope you understand your own heart, for the consequences would be fatal, if you should change!"

That evening I was with Fanny, and devoted myself to her. There was no disguise, no holding back for fear of her misinterpreting my attentions. I wished her to see my devotion, and to believe that I was addressing her in earnest. No one can imagine the pure joy of my heart, when I had thus surrendered it to one so lovely.

"You have gone too far now to recede," said Sophia on our way home; "you acted the lover well, and Fanny saw it. If she really gives you her heart in return, which you are no doubt vain enough to believe may be the case, you must continue steady, for Fanny could not live, if you proved faithless. I wonder how Woodley will take it: he insists that in your heart you prefer Miss Fielding still."

"I tell you, Sophia, that I love this girl beyond all that I ever felt for any other—even Miss Fielding. I shall tell her so to-morrow evening, and I have half a mind to go back now and tell her so this minute."

"Oh no," said she, pulling me back, "you had better get me safe home first, and tell James—It is

after ten already, and Fanny is in her chamber by this time."

"Well, you are right, let it be to-morrow evening then; as to Miss Fielding, I shall not go near her to-morrow, and you will find that I can do it without a pang. If Fanny accepts me, and Heaven grant she may, you shall go with me the next day and hear me announce the engagement to her cousin. Oh, Woodley, you are here, are you? Well, I have made my election, and to-morrow evening decides my fate!"

"Well, God bless you either way," said Woodley gravely; "the great test will be to see them together. If Fanny engages herself to you, the cousins will naturally be thrown more together at odd hours. Frances told me this evening that she was heartily tired of company, and wanted more quiet: Fanny will give her enough of it."

"Oh, by the way, Woodley," said I; "what was it that Headley said to you as I met you this morning? Who did he see in the country? and who did he say he tried to bring back with him? I am sure I heard Miss Fielding's name."

"Upon my word, James," said Sophia, "you do nothing but laugh of late; has Headley given you the agency of his estate too? Good night, Walter. James has run away; and I am so sleepy, that I must bid you good night."

CHAPTER V.

Well, the eventful morning came. I dreamed of Fanny all night, and she was still mistress of my thoughts. Woodley called in after breakfast to feel my pulse, he said; and in a minute or two afterwards, Sophia was there also.

"Walter," said she, "I want you to see the cousins together before you engage yourself irrevocably. Come, try your boasted strength. I have seen Frances, and she will deny herself to all visitors, if you and Fanny will drop in at twelve o'clock."

I shook like an aspen leaf; hesitated, and then declined. I had no doubt about the sincerity of my affection for Fanny, but I could not encounter that eye—that noble intellectual face of her cousin. Something warned me, that there was imprudence in it. I wanted first to see her alone, after I had declared myself to Fanny.

"So you decline, do you?" said Sophia; "well, I must e'en go back to Frances, and tell her that she is not to expect you; of course, you may promise yourself that she will be surprised."

"I really think it best not to go. I should hate to drag Fanny out, just as if we were to make a show of her. Wait till I am sure of her, and then I shall be proud enough to show her to all the world. Woodley, you ran off last night when I asked you who it was that Headley wanted to bring back with him."

"Oh, Walter, let him alone, don't you see he is prime for fun; besides, who can remember what Headley says?"

"You came near us at the close of the conversation, or rather gabble, for Headley does not converse, you know; and as Sophia says, who can remember what he has been chattering about? Oh, Walter, Walter, look before you leap! I am sure you can get Frances, if you only wait a few weeks longer: so in the midst of all your agitation and perplexity, you must stop to inquire what a frivolous young man says."

He laughed again, and Sophia fairly dragged him out of the study, and I heard them both laughing in the street under my very window. Prosperity had made James silly.

Fanny, dear, sweet, tender-hearted Fanny! My protestations made, the gentle girl acknowledged that I was not indifferent to her, and I was now supremely happy. My feelings so overpowered me, that I did not stay so long as usual; besides, she too was very much overcome, and I found that it would be best for us both to part till the next evening.

Of course, I could not see either of my cousins that evening. My heart was too full, and I wanted to be alone and think over my dear girl's looks and words, and to ask myself if I had a right to expect so much happiness. I never once gave Miss Fielding a thought.

Woodley sighed, when I told him of my engagement. He regretted that the princely fortune of his favorite was lost forever; but he was too honorable, too tender-hearted, and loved Fanny too well, not to rejoice in my good fortune. He sincerely wished me joy, and gratified me by speaking of my angel in such terms as went to my heart. As to Sophia, she laughed and cried by turns.

A few days after I had plighted my faith to Fanny, Sophia thought I had better call on Miss Fielding, and make her acquainted with my engagement. She said it was no more than civil and right, as it was her own cousin, and her protégé besides. I went; and Sophia accompanied me, to see how I behaved, she said. Of course, it was natural that I should feel embarrassed—but still I found that my feelings never wavered. There certainly was a powerful emotion in my mind, when I addressed her; but there was a tenderness mingled with it, warranted, as I thought, by our approaching relationship.

Miss Fielding seemed pleased to see me; and, for the first time, reverted to my absence. She had not seen me at her house for more than ten days, she said, and was glad that I again thought of her.

I sat like a fool, overawed, or something—I could not tell what ailed me; but my heart fluttered like that of a bird. My cousin endeavored to catch my eye, for she thought my silence was

going to last forever. As I raised my head, I saw some significant glances passing from one lady to the other; and then Miss Fielding smiled and blushed exceedingly, looking so like my charmer, my own Fanny, that I felt almost bold enough to salute her. I roused myself, however, for it struck me that these smiles, blushes and glances, denoted that the young lady had already heard of my engagement, and was enjoying my confusion. I made an attempt to speak, but was absolutely tongue-tied.

"Do you know, Mrs. Woodley," said she, "that I saw my cousin Fanny this morning, and she has promised to accompany me to Niagara this summer! that is, if we can choose an escort. Mr. Woodley says, he is out of the question, and of course you will not go without him. I do really wish, that dear Fanny could see the Falls—She has long wished to go there, and I presume that we shall be able to indulge her."

Sophia looked at me; but as to my saying that I hoped soon to be entitled to accompany them, it was entirely out of the question. My cousin looked petrified, and Miss Fielding turned away her head to give me time to recover. Alas! Fanny and my plighted faith were all forgotten, or only remembered to torment me. I saw the bright and beautiful being before me—and in a light so entirely different from any that I had yet seen, that I was completely overpowered. What could be the meaning of all this! thought I. Do I dare to become the husband of Fanny, with such feelings as these for her cousin? I am a pitiful dog, that is certain, and not worthy of either of these fair beings.

"What ails you this morning, Walter?" said Sophia, coming over to me and giving me a little shake. "You came here to give pleasure, and yet you look as if you were going to announce a misfortune. Shall I help you out with your little secret? Shall I tell Miss Fielding that you offered yourself to her cousin Fanny, and was accepted—that you now repent, and have come to offer yourself to her?"

Good Heavens, what a speech! My face was burning with shame, and I snatched up my hat to retreat. My better genius, however, overtook me before I reached the door. I turned towards Miss Fielding, and in as quiet a manner as I could assume, apologized for my absence of mind; this over, I was re-assured and sat down again.

What was there of loveliness and excellence in Miss Fielding, that Fanny did not possess? Had not that angel avowed a preference for me? And did she not give me her sweet love and a promise to be mine? Had not Miss Fielding treated me uniformly with coldness and indifference? It required this review of my felicity to enable me to rally; and rally I did, to the great amusement of Sophia, who acted so strangely that I thought she was losing her senses.

In a clear voice, without the least embarrassment, I told Miss Fielding that I came there with the intention of acquainting her with the happy event of my engagement with her lovely cousin; that I trusted she was by this time so well acquainted with my character and principles, that she would cheerfully approve of her cousin's choice.

The ladies again exchanged glances, and Miss Fielding was covered with blushes, and her face became almost scarlet. Sophia smiled, and her friend shook her head angrily. When she had recovered from her emotion, she turned to me with a glowing face—

"If my cousin approves of your suit," said she, "it is all I require; and I can only say, Mr. Percival, that I hope you will have no reason to repent."

This seemed as much as she could venture to say, for there was something in Sophia's manner of acting which put a restraint on her friend's words. Altogether, this was the strangest scene I had ever witnessed, and the oddest way of congratulating a man on his engagement that had ever been heard.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Percival," said Miss Fielding, "for I see that our manner of receiving your interesting communication has shocked and puzzled you, I was told of the happy state of your affairs before you came, and by this saucy lady too. I sincerely congratulate you, and—and I call upon you for sympathy likewise. Sophia, my dear Sophia, help me out of this dilemma. A lady ought not to speak of these affairs, Mr. Percival," said she deeply blushing—"but as you are so soon to claim kindred with me, I may tell you, that I too am engaged, and shall soon change my name!"

I was struck dumb! I had not of late heard of any gentleman bold enough to address her: Moseley and Waterford, and a host of others like them, were entirely out of the question, and my thoughts reverted to Mr. Kortwright.

"And may I ask, Miss, who is the happy man?" I was as cold as marble, and I felt the blood leaving my face.

"I cannot tell you just now," said she; "the young man will doubtless tell you himself sometime this afternoon. Men, by a sort of conventional rule, must disclose these engagements themselves; but as we are now circumstanced, I have waved ceremony and tell you myself."

If any thing could have brought me to my senses, surely this was enough; but the painful yet ridiculous truth forced itself upon me, that I loved both ladies! Was ever man in such a horrible predicament! There never was a moment since my engagement, that Fanny was not most tenderly beloved by me. The thought of her death—for such unhappy day-dreams will cross a lover's mind—brought a pang of unutterable misery to

me; and the bare idea of her being the wife of another, was insufferable torment: it was sinning against her even in thought. Fanny once loved, was loved forever!

But, far different was my passion for her cousin—as passion it might be called. It was overwhelming, desolating, when she told me of her engagement, which implied her love for another. I was stunned by the unexpectedness of it;—there had not been the least preparation—it had never crossed my imagination—and now she broke it to me suddenly herself! Had I any right to upbraid her! Yet did I not, at that moment, denounce her in my heart, as cold, haughty, capricious and unjust!

"Come, Walter," said Sophia, seeing that Miss Fielding was shedding tears, and that I *might* expose myself further—"Come away, you are demented this morning, and frighten Miss Fielding. Come, try for a compliment, can't you! *She* wished *you* joy: have you nothing to say in return?"

I was spared further torment by the entrance of Mrs. Barry. She came to say that Fanny was ready for a walk, but would make some other arrangement, if it were not convenient for me to go now.

I had made the appointment, and thought it better to go than to make a fool and a villain of myself by staying; yet I could not help wondering why Fanny had not waited *my* time! There certainly was no cause to send for me. Sophia let me go alone, and she bid me good morning in a malicious sort of way, just like a petted school girl, I thought.

After wandering about for half an hour, I retraced my steps and rung the bell. Fanny opened the door herself, with hat and shawl on ready for a walk; and just as I offered her my arm, a note was brought to her: it was from Miss Fielding.

"Frances insists on our dining with her to-day," said Fanny, whose arm trembled as it rested on mine. She saw that I was disturbed, for the distress of my mind was too visible.

"Shall we go?" said I, mechanically. In fact, at that moment, I did not care what became of me.

"I am afraid you are not well," said the gentle creature, with her sweet, silvery voice. "You had better perhaps dine with aunt Barry and me; Cousin Frances has great dinners, and there is always some state. You had better dine with us."

"No, no, Fanny, dearest, I have been a sad fool all day, but I am master of myself again: so you had better accept the invitation—Indeed, I wish to go," said I, seeing her hesitate. Oh how lovely she looked, and I to keep myself in such a turmoil about her cousin! The note was despatched. I drew her willing arm in mine, and walked out in the fresh air. We were soon out of the noise of the city, and strolled about until I feared she was weary, when we returned to her house; for it was now three o'clock, and Miss Fielding's dinner hour.

"As we are to dine alone," said she, "I shall not stay to change my dress—and that no time may be lost, we will go through the garden. Have you ever been in the garden?"

To my surprise we entered into a spacious garden, laid out with great taste, and filled with every plant that was rare and beautiful. Fanny told me that the whole square belonged to her cousin, and this of itself was a great estate. It provoked me to think, that she had not been more liberal to the dear girl at my side.

In light pleasant chat, she amused me as we slowly walked up the fine broad walk, culling a flower for me as we passed, and looking so conscious and so happy. Thank Heaven *she* had no distrust, and I determined she never should have cause from that moment! Alas! I had determined the same way a number of times before.

When we reached the house, I was ushered in the drawing-room, Fanny having left me to announce our coming. This gave me a few moments to rally, and I schooled and abused myself manfully. What a state of mind for the lover of such a perfect being as Fanny!

A servant said, that Miss Fielding was in the library, and begged me to come there. I went accordingly, and found her sitting there alone. As I approached, she became deadly pale; and in an instant her color was like scarlet;—she was evidently very much agitated, and merely bowed, when I said I hoped she was well.

What could all this mean, thought I! And why is not my Fanny here? Where was Sophia? I even wished for her sauciness; any thing to relieve me from this awkwardness.

"I fear I am intruding," said I. "The servant certainly asked me to walk in the library; perhaps he mistook your orders. I certainly expected to see my cousin and Fanny here."

"They will be here presently, Mr. Percival; shall I send for them now?"

"No, I presume they will come directly. Fanny told me"—and I stopped.

"What did Fanny tell you?" said she.

"I was going to observe, Miss Fielding, that as you approve of my engagement with your lovely cousin, I hope you would prevail on her to name an early day for our marriage."

"Your marriage?" said she—"your marriage?"

"Yes!" said I, looking at her with astonishment—"Do you not wish me to be the husband of Fanny?"

"The husband of Fanny Fielding—of my cousin Fanny!" said she, turning rosy red, with a look of unutterable tenderness. "Indeed, I hope to see no such thing. What! after all your professions of love and constancy, do you now talk of marrying my cousin Fanny?"

"What does all this mean? Am I not dreaming? Am I in my senses? Are you not Miss Fielding?"

"Yes, certainly, I am Frances Fielding; no doubt about that. Are you beginning to see clearly now?"

I had a faint glimmering; but I had been so topsy turvy for the last six months, that I scarcely knew what to believe.

"You have been admirably deceived, dear Walter—may I call you so? I have been so good an actor, that I fear you will never trust me again. But I have no more scruples; you have convinced me that your love was pure and disinterested, for be assured I was made acquainted with the frequent struggles of your mind. The humble Fanny became as dear to you as the rich heiress! Believe me to be the same Fanny—the same devoted heart, which accepted your honest love!"

She threw herself in my open arms as I knoed at her feet, and it was most fortunate for me that tears came to my relief; for, this excess of happiness—this blessed surprise, would have overturned my reason in reality.

Three hours converse after dinner—a dinner by ourselves too, for Sophia had good-naturedly gone home—was scarcely sufficient to explain every thing. Fanny Fielding had been made acquainted with her cousin's intention, and had kept out of the way in the evening, and latterly had gone on a visit to some friends at a distance. She had walked out with Sophia and me several times; but, as her veil was down, and her voice very much like Miss Fielding's, I was never undeceived.

"I did not dare show you any favor, as Frances," said the dear girl, "lest the resemblance to *myself* should be so strong as to excite suspicion. Once or twice I saw you start when you heard my natural voice; but it passed off, and I continued to torment you, and of course myself. Sophia will tell you all I have endured; but Woodley thought he knew your peculiarities, and he entreated me to persevere."

All this was spoken in that mellow, gentle voice, which in Fanny had so charmed me, and I listened in rapture; but there was no tumult now: it was real, quiet joy, and I was a new creature.

"In treating you with so much rigor, I often hated myself; but there was no medium; for, the moment I gratified my own feelings, by encouraging you, that moment I knew the experiment would end. I wanted to try you thoroughly, and you likewise would never have been so well satisfied as you now are, for you have come to know yourself well. I ought to have waited a little longer, to see whether your feelings and principles would enable you to be true to my *other* self, to your Fanny, but I could not bear to see your sufferings any longer. In fact, I was jealous of myself. I wanted you to love me as Fanny, but I wanted you to love Frances also. Oh, what a state of suffering I was in! Your's was nothing to compare to it."

"And all the time you were using me so cruelly, you were trying to love me!" said I.

"Yes, did not your Fanny tell you all this; if not in words, yet certainly by looks and actions! Oh, those were famous ringlets; they hid my face charmingly! You thought they were rather darker than my hair, did you not! or lighter? which was it! I had indeed taken a dislike to men—as lovers I mean, and but for our friends, the Woodleys, I never should have cared to know you. But I was not without fears too, for you had been represented as very fastidious and peculiar in your notions of women; and I was not certain of your temper, nor whether you were capable of strong attachment. I had great difficulty to make Mr. Woodley enter into this scheme, planned by Sophia, aunt Barry, and myself. But he came into it at last, and enjoyed it thoroughly."

"But, dearest, how could I be so completely deceived! To be sure, I now recollect that there was always some confusion in my mind, but this I attributed to my hopeless love. Even now, although you have your hair braided, and are dressed as I was in the habit of seeing you as Miss Fielding, I think it impossible that I could be mistaken. You are to me at this moment, and always will be, Fanny, sweet, gentle, dove-like Fanny."

"Yes, I hope so, because you hear my natural voice; and how can my actions be otherwise than as they were! I am now your own Fanny still. I had a very great difficulty in keeping up a high-toned, excited manner, when you were present; and Sophia has often amused me with the remarks of others on the change; for, many of those who visited me when you did, knew me before. I could not keep up the farce all the time, so I kept off evening visitors, and, as Fanny, threw off my disguise, and was natural to you. You did not find out for a long time, that Fanny could speak French and Italian. It was very hard work to keep every thing out of view; and many times you gave me credit for excessive timidity, when it was sheer embarrassment and the fear of detection."

"As to those odious gloves—you see that your cousins let me into the secret of all your dislikes too—would you not have suspected a fraud, if you had seen these three remarkable moles! Poor Mr. Woodley, how often he was near betraying me with his peals of laughter, when you asked some innocent question! Why, Sophia says, he was as near it as possible the other day. That foolish fellow, Headley, was up in the country and found out that my cousin Fanny was there, and he tried his best to get her to come with him—just out of idleness I presume; and yet, who knows, he may have taken a fancy to her, for all she has a *pinched up face*, and belongs to charitable societies! If he does offer himself, I will give Fanny a handsome little fortune, for all you think I have not dealt generously towards her."

"Oh, pardon me, love," said I; "bring nothing up against me, for I was insane during the whole

of my trial. How strange a new Fanny will be to me! Even now I am looking towards the door for the one who hung on my arm this morning."

Every thing was talked over and explained, and our two dear friends came in at tea-time to congratulate us on our happiness. What follows can easily be imagined! In a few weeks we were married; but to this day, many years as I have been the happy husband of Frances Fielding, I invariably call her Frances in the morning, and Fanny in the evening.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

We launch our little bark in youth,
Upon a current small;
Unconscious of this sacred truth—
That it contains our all.
Our canvass to the breeze is spread,
Our sails are all unfurled;
And we, with great impatience, tread
The shore of this gay world.
Nature benign and smiling seems,
To cheer each anxious mind;
And hopes, like skies 'neath rippling streams,
Flit fast before the wind.
We fancy to ourselves we see,
New pleasures springing up;
And think that we should happy be,
To drink from Hebe's* cup.
The sails are swelling with the wind,
We now leap light on board;
Nor care for what we leave behind,
Or where we may be moor'd.
The shore alive with warblers gay,
Which pour forth sweetest strains,
Adds pleasure to the merry day,
And listlessness enchains.
The gentle gales waft us along,
Swift o'er the rippling wave;
Our hearts beat high, we sport in song,
We've all that man can crave.
Our bosoms swell with buoyant hope,
As down the stream we glide—
The movement's gentle and aslope,
The bark runs with the tide.
The murmur of those little brooks,
Whose pearly waters flow,
Along their winding grassy nooks,
Then blend with those below,
Excite in all, the golden dream,
Of happiness and joy:
The future is our pleasing theme,
The past cannot annoy.
The trees upon the grassy strand,
Their thickest umbrage spread;
The flow'r, spontaneous to our hand,
Inclines its fragrant head.
The bees are buzzing near the food,
And on their little feet,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r and bud,
They carry nectar sweet.
Then to our breast the hope we clasp,

*Hebe gave the cup of immortality to Hercules, when he was deified.

Of pleasure fanci'd dream ;
 Whose Protean form eludes our grasp,
 Like shadows in the stream.
 Thus, in pursuit we waste the span
 Of Life's uncertain day ;
 To find fruition if we can,
 To cheer us with its ray.
 From childhood thus to manhood's prime,
 Mere phantoms we pursue,
 Until within the gulph of time,
 They lessen from our view.
 But still in youth the heart is gay,
 No impress care can make :
 Though from our aims we go astray,
 'Twill not our courage shake.
 Youths are like Santalus at first,
 Whose punishment we know
 Was, when he wish'd to quench his thirst,
 The stream should from him flow.
 And unlike him, they never tire,
 But strive as heretofore,
 Each new defeat will zeal inspire,
 To make their object sure.
 Excited by some small defeat,
 In what they first design'd,
 They learn adversity to meet—
 The lot of all mankind.
 The stream has now grown to a river,
 The ripple to a wave ;
 And our frail bark more frail than ever,
 Can scarce its inmates save.
 Our former joys are left behind,
 We soon may stranded be—
 This thought alone now fills the mind,
 Where formerly was glee.
 The trees have now their foliage shed,
 The leaves skim o'er the flood ;
 The flow'rs too have droop'd—are dead—
 The frost has nipp'd each bud.
 The winds are howling all around,
 Like tigers, fierce for prey :
 We hear indeed the chilling sound,
 And fear their dread array :
 The Halcyon, too, has left his nest,
 The river's calm no more—
 Our spirits cannot be at rest,
 Whilst billows lash the shore.
 The sea-gull on some lofty rock,
 Eyes the approaching wave,—
 When fierce, as with the battle's shock,
 It hastes the shore to lave.
 The river hastens to its home,
 We hear wild ocean's roar ;
 And we are destin'd now to roam,
 Far from our native shore.
 Our bark now rides the surging wave,
 Now, fathoms the abyss :
 And hope, before which comfort gave,
 Deserts in storms like this.
 Despair, that Harpy, seizes fast
 Upon each throbbing heart ;
 When dashing spray breaks down the mast,
 That well had borne its part ;
 And pennon too, which with the breeze,
 Had wanton been before,
 Prostrated, by such heavy seas,
 Now sinks to rise no more.
 The tempest rages, night comes on,
 And spreads the main with gloom ;
 And we are left to think upon
 A cold, and wat'ry tomb.

Billow angry meets with billow,
 High flies the foaming brine,
 Then sinks into the depths below,
 With kindred to combine.
 We look upon the swelling main,
 And stretch the anxious eye,
 To catch a glimpse of land again,
 But all we see is sky.
 The tossing waves now roll beneath,
 Our small and slender keel :
 And we, in dread suspense, scarce breathe—
 We so much terror feel.
 The angry billows higher rise,
 Than they have done before :
 The dashing spray now meets the skies—
 Our bark will rise no more,
 The greedy ocean groans content,
 The winds are hush'd and still :
 Within the depths we now are pent ;—
 But them, we cannot fill.
 The clouds disperse—'tis dark no more—
 The waters are serene,
 But of the little bark they bore,
 No plank can now be seen.
 And those who left in youth the shore,
 To sport upon the wave,
 Now sleep in death, to sport no more,
 With ocean for their grave.
 Nor of their future voyage we know,
 In time, we never can :
 'Tis wisdom infinite, to show
 The destiny of man.

Chapel Hill, August, 1842.

D. S. S.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY WM. W. ANDREWS, AMERICAN CONSUL AT MALTA.

PART X.

Period embraced from 1674, to 1697.

On the 18th of October, 1674, Charles II. of England declared war against the Dey of Tripoli, and sent Sir John Narborough, with a squadron of sixteen sail, to chastise this barbarian for his piracies on British shipping.

The English admiral frequently made his rendezvous at Malta, during the eighteen months this war continued ; and the Knights, with a true Christian spirit, forgetting all the injuries and cruelties which had been cast on the Order, at the time of the Reformation, by Henry VIII., magnanimously opened their ports for his ships, and their arsenals for his service. Leonge, who was serving as chaplain on board the frigate "Assistance," has given so interesting a description of the attentions shown by the monks on these occasions—of the appearance of Malta, and customs of the people, that we cannot pass it over unnoticed. This quaint and eccentric author thus writes, under date of August 1st, 1675 :

"This morn, we com neare Malta ; or as 'twas formerly called Melitta, from the abundance of honey they have there, gathred by the bees, from the annice seeds, and flowers thereof, which groe

on this island abundantly. Before we com to the cytty; a boat with the Maltesse flag in it, comes to us to know whence we cam. Wee told them from England; they asked us if we had a bill of health for prattick, viz entertaynment: our Capt told them he had no bill, but what was in his guns mouths. Wee cam on and anchored in the harbour, between the old town, and the new, about 9 of the clock; but must wait the Governor's leasure to com on shore; which was detarded because our Capt would not salute the cytty, except they would retaliate. At last cam the Consull with his attendants to our ship (but would not com on board till our Capt had been on shoare) to tell us we had leave to come on shoare, 6 . 8 . or 10 at a time, and might have any thing that was there to be had, with a promise to accept our salute kindly. Whereupon, our Capt took a glass of sack, and drank a health to King Charles, and fyred 7 gunns: the cytty gave us 5 againe; which was more than they had done to all our men of warr that cam thither before. This being don, our Capt sent his lieutenant and som more of our gentlemen to salute the Grand Master, and to tell him that he would wait on him the next morning. August 2. Much longing to see the insyd of this famous place; accompanyd by two more gentlemen and my man, I went on shoare, and went quite round about the cytty, and viewed the fortifications which I cannot describe, the whole cytty being as it were on perfect wek furnished with store of brasse guns (not on of yron) of a vast biggness, and length; some of them being 23 feet large.* Here needs no centry, for there is no getting over the outermost wall, if leave were given. But besyd there are two wide, and deep trenches, or dry moates, cut out of the main rock, one within the other; which are so deepe they cannot be fild up, and so wide that there is no passing over them. And were an army of men in the midst of the cytty, yet their worke were but in the beginning, for each house is a castle. Their storehouses for corne, and other provisions, are after the manner of wells, cut in the maine rock 20 fathom deepe, and more, and very spacious in the bottom, but narrow at the top, and covered with a massy stone, and closed up with tarras. And these they have in great numbers; and in severall vacant places in the towne in which they have constantly corne, and all other provisions before hand for 3 hundred thousand men, for 3 yeares.†

"The cytty is compassed almost cleane round

* The Maltese have frequently complained of the removal of these guns to the Tower in London, saying, and with great truth, that as their island was not captured, but ceded to the British crown, they should not have been removed at all, or been paid for when taken away.

† This is a mistake. These walls still remain, and are now used for the same purpose; yet, were they all filled, there would not be a sufficient supply of corn for one-sixth the number of men, if for the term mentioned by this writer.

with the sea, which makes severall safe harbours for hundreds of ships. The people are generally extreamly courtesouse, but especially to the English. I cannot demonstrate all their excellencies, and ingenuitys. Let it suffice thus much to say of this place; viz: Had a man no other bussiness to invite him, yet it were sufficiently worth a man's cost and pains, to make a voyage out of England, on purpose to see this noble cytty of Malta, and their works and fortifications about it. Severall of their Knights and Cavaliers cam on board us, 6 at on time, men of sufficient courage and friendly carriage; with whom I had much discourse, I being the only entertainer, because I could speak Latine, for which I was highly esteemed, and much invited on shoare again.

"August 3. Here wee have excellent wine for 3d a quart, mush mallons 1 penny each: cotton stockings for 9d a payre. Notwithstanding the vast strength of this place already, yet are they dayly adding new works, especially on the outside of their harbour: where they have made on greate fortification towards the sea of greate strength, and do intend to bring the wall (whereon are already built a greate height severall greate towers) quit about old Borego, which will be of vast strength. This morning a boate of ladys with their musick to our ships syd, and bottles of wine with them. They went severall times about our ship, and sang severall songs very sweetly; very rich in habitt, and very courtesouse in behavior; but would not com on board though invited; but having taken their frisco, returned as they cam. After them, cam in a boat four fryars, and cam round about our ship, puld off their hats, and caps, saluted us with congyes, and departed. After them cam a boate of musitions, played severall lessons as they rowed gently round about us, and went their way.*

"August 4. This morning our Capt was invited to dine with the Grand Master which hindred our departure. In the meane time we have severall of the Maltesse com to visit us; all extreamly courtesouse. And now we are preparing to sayle for Tripoli. Deus vortat bene!"

After several desperate engagements, in all of which the Tripolines were routed, the Dey called

* This custom has come down to the present day. Whenever a strange sail is seen in the offing, some five or six musicians, the half of whom are generally blind, get into a boat, and proceeding to the mouth of the harbor, there await her approach, though it may be for hours under a summer's sun, or a winter's rain. As soon as the vessel enters, whether it be a ship-of-war, or a merchantman, the boat of musicians is under her stern; and the new-comers are amused with a variety of waltzes, quadrilles and marches, until they get to their anchorage, and preparations are made for their landing. When the leader thinks 'tis time the pay should be forthcoming, he rises, and remains, cap in hand, while his companions tune their instruments to play "God save the King." The money paid, they leave. The last one sees of them, are their fiddles, and the last one hears, are the strains of this national air.

on Sir John Narborough to make known his wishes, that hostilities might cease, and a negotiation be concluded. The terms being satisfactory to both parties, a treaty was made, which, in its own words, was to remain "forever to be true, firm, and inviolable, betweene our Sovereigne King Charles II. of England, and the most illustrious Lords, the Bashaw, Dey, Divan, Governors of the cytty and Kingdom of Tripoli in Barbary; and the dominions and subjects of either syde; and that the subjects and ships, or other vessels and the people of both syds shall not henceforth doe to each other any harme, offence, or injury, either in word, or deede, but shall treat on another with all possible respect and friendship."

The English admiral, having rendered this service to his sovereign, left the coast of Barbary, and scattered his ships on different stations. No sooner, however, had he disappeared from off Tripoli, than several corsairs returned, laden with plunder and slaves. These pirates, flushed by their recent success, heard with so much indignation of the treaty which had been concluded, that they deposed the Dey, whose acts, though signed "in the presence of Almighty God," they declared were null; and putting on the throne a Christian renegado, commenced again their depredations on English commerce,—saying that it afforded them much too rich a harvest to be so easily surrendered. Sir John Narborough hearing of this infraction, determined to prosecute the war with the utmost rigor, and sent a notice to his captains to meet him at Malta, and engage, capture, and destroy any Barbary corsairs which they might fall in with on their passage. It was in the execution of this order, that the "Assistance" returned again to Valletta, and Leonge continued his diary, from which we take the following extract:

"Jan'y 11th 1676. This morning wee see the famous Island of Malta; coming under Goza, a small island adjoining to Malta, we discover a sayle creeping close to the shore: we hayle her with a shot—she would not budge; wee sent a 2d, and then a 3d, falling very near her; then the lieutenant cam aboard us, and payd for the shot: it proved a pitifull Frenchman." Captain Houlding, who commanded the "Assistance," hearing the plague was raging on the island, brought his frigate to anchor only for a few hours, fearing to have communication with the shore, lest the disease should be introduced in his ship. Getting under way, he put to sea, on a cruise to the Westward, and did not return for many days."* Leonge thus continues, under date of 22d of February:

* So many fell victims to this grievous pestilence, that when its ravages were staid, neither seamen enough were left to man, nor officers to command, the galleys of the Order. Of three different crews who were put on board one vessel, not a person escaped; and to prevent any more deaths, this floating coffin was set on fire, and its bulk afterwards scuttled, that not a vestige of her might remain, to bring to mind so melancholy an occurrence.

"This day wee saw a greate deale of solemnity at the launching of a new bryggantine of 23 oares, built on the shoare neare the water; where a greate multitude of people gathered together with severall of their Knights, and men of quality, and a crowd of fryars, and churchmen. They were at least 2 houers in their benedictions, in the nature of hymns and anthems, and other ceremonys: their trumpets and other musick playing often. At last, 2 fryars and an attendant went into her, and kneeling downe prayd half an hour, and layd their hands on every mast, and other places of the vessell, and sprinkled her all over with holy water. Then they cam out and hoysted a pendant, to signify shee was a man of warr; and then at once thrust her into the water: where shee no sooner was, but they fired 21 chambers, and rowed to our admirall, and gave him a gunn, whoe gave them another. Then she went into a cove,* where all their galleys lie, and was welcomed with abundance of gunns. And there 4 more just ready to be launched, all for the coasts of Tripoli.

"August 23. At 5 this morning, our Admirall fyred a gunn, the signall for sayling; we all towed out by 10 o'clock. Wee are now a gallant fleete; 13 sayle went out together, and 2 more follow us this evening. Never were there so many English frigotts together in that harbour before. Severall noyses of trumpets sowned as wee passe, and many

* The beautiful range of "galley arches" which once stood in this cove, are now a mass of ruins. Had they fallen from age, or been levelled by the shot and shell of an invading foe, the islanders would have had no cause to complain. But it is far different. Within the last six months, orders were received from England to remove them, that from their ruins the government might build a "dry-dock" for the repairs of their Mediterranean fleet.

We chanced to be present when the laborers began to undermine the walls of these ancient arches, and could but mourn with the Maltese in their loss. In common with all travellers, we looked upon these beautiful buildings as being among the most interesting monuments to the memory of the Order, then on the island. Why therefore destroy them?

We were also so unfortunate as to be passing in a boat, when a portion of these ruins fell. Seeing a crowd gathering near the spot where the workmen were employed, we feared an accident had occurred; and hastening to the shore, we found one poor fellow lying on the earth in the agonies of death, with a priest praying over him, while another was giving the sacrament. Two others desperately wounded were taken on litters to the hospital, whether to die or be maimed for life we do not know.

The prayers of the natives for the preservation of these "arches," were unheard by their rulers. Their destruction was decreed, and they are now in ruins. Ere long, an English line of battle ship may be taken in a dock, cut out of the same rock—on which two centuries ago, the Maltese galleys were built, repaired, or housed. If another site would have answered for a "dry-dock" as well as the one selected, we think it should have been chosen, even if the convenience of the port-admiral had not been consulted. It is better to study a nation's wishes, than one man's ease.

peales of lowd cannons salute on another, causing a multitude of all sorts of people to stand on boath syds of the harbour, on the tops of them to see our gallant shoe. We are all for Tripoly, and resolved for mischiefe. And if those gallants of Malta, doe so much admyre us, certaynly wee shall much terrify the Turks."

By the fortunate intercession of the King and Queen of Tunis, who chanced to be at Tripoli on Sir John Narborough's arrival, hostilities were prevented, and the Dey of that Regency was induced, not only to conform to the terms of the treaty, which had been ratified by his predecessor, but also to make other concessions, which were most honorable to England, and most advantageous for the extension of her commerce in this inland sea. King Charles, on the return of his fleet, sent a letter to the Grand-Master, thanking him for the kind and honorable manner in which he had received his admiral, and for the services rendered by the convent to his officers while engaged in this Tripoline war.*

Early in March, 1680, Nicolas Cotoner, seized with a fatal disease, and informed by his confessor that he could not live, called his council around him, and asked as his last earthly request, that Don Orlando Seralto, the Grand-Prior of Catalonia, might be chosen as his successor. Though many of the electors were disposed to gratify their prince in this his dying wish, yet the Italians, in a body, objected, saying that for the long period of one hundred and twenty-eight years, no countryman of theirs had governed the Order, and though they had no personal objection to Seralto, they should name one of their own language to fill the vacancy, if the Almighty should afflict them by his removal.

On the 29th of April, the Grand-Master breathed his last, in the seventy-third year of his age, and seventeenth of his reign. A splendid tomb, covered with a Latin inscription, now remains in the Arragonian chapel, near that of his brothers, to mark the site of his sepulture.

After various balloting, and a deal of intrigue, the Italians succeeded in obtaining their wish, and Carafa, with a bare plurality of votes, came to the vacant throne.

We have now arrived at a period in the history of the Order, when it was fast declining in importance, and when we find the Maltese not distinguished for any daring acts of their own, but engaged as auxiliaries to other powers, and partaking of their successes, or suffering in their defeats, as the result of their united conflicts might prove. For this reason, we are compelled to pass rapidly

* Amidst the portraits of crowned heads now ranged on the palace walls, we have seen that of the Dutchess of Portsmouth, one of England's noble dames. It was sent by King Charles II. on this occasion, as a mark of his esteem, and a memento of his friendship.

over the incidents, as they occurred for many successive years, merely mentioning them in chronological order, as it does not come within our province, to enter at large into Turkish, Austrian, French and Italian history, when the Knights were mentioned as being present only in small force, and could therefore take but an insignificant part in the stirring and momentous events, which were passing in the countries around them.

In 1684, Cara Mustapha, the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire, entered Austria, with an army of 200,000 men, and "several thousand Hungarian Protestants," who, irritated at the attempts of the Emperor to elude the fulfilment of his promises in regard to their religion, had enrolled themselves under the Mahommedan standard, and sworn to assist in planting it on the walls of Vienna. Leopold, fearing for the safety of his Empire, fled into Poland, and so interested Sobrieski, the king and hero of that country, in his behalf, that he was induced to raise a large body of soldiers, and advance at their head for the relief of the Austrian capital. Sobrieski, on his arrival at Teln, finding he had been deceived by the Emperor, who had led him to suppose that the Duke of Lorraine was in that city with a large army, awaiting his approach, when in truth he had but an insignificant force under his command, became so much incensed, as to imply that he would withdraw from the compact and return again to Poland.* Had it not been for the strong intercession of Lorraine, and the fortunate junction of some twenty thousand Suabians, Franconians, Saxons and Bavarians, Sobrieski would have retired in disgust, and left Vienna to fall.

Mustapha, hearing of the King's approach with sixty thousand men, made a last and desperate attempt to carry the city by storm before his arrival. Though the inhabitants made a brave defence, yet their enemies had passed through their suburbs, and were gradually entering their town, when the Polish standards appeared "floating on the Calemberg," and the Ottoman general recalling his soldiers to meet the Christians as they advanced, Vienna was saved. But for this occurrence, her destiny was sealed. The Turks being defeated in a general engagement, Mustapha retired at night from the field of battle, and anxious to save the remnant of his army, by the rapidity of his flight, left his "camp, tent, baggage and provisions, with one hundred and eighty pieces of artillery," to fall into the hands of his enemies, and check their pursuit.†

* "Does the Emperor consider me as an adventurer?" said the brave and choleric King. "I quitted my army to command his. It is not for myself, but for him that I fight."

† "Such was the magnitude of his spoils, that Sobrieski wrote to his Queen, the Grand-Vizier has left me his heir, and I inherit millions of ducats. When I return, I shall not be met with the reproach of the Tartar wives, you are not a man, because you are come back without booty."

This defeat of the Infidels in their attack on Vienna, had an important bearing on Maltese history.

Pope Innocent XI., on hearing of Sobrieski's success, addressed a note to all the Catholic powers, requesting them to enter into a Christian league against the Sultan, and no longer be compelled to act on the defensive, but being from henceforward the aggressors, to carry the war into his territories, and even to the walls of his capital. To this call, Carafa made a most cordial response. Hector de La Tour, having joined the Venetian and Roman squadrons, with six Maltese galleys, sailed with them to Barbary—the coasts of which they ravished—and afterwards to the Morea, where they landed and captured the fortresses of Prevesa, Santa Maura, Coron,* Old and New Navarino, Modon and Napoli.

In 1687, the Maltese so much distinguished themselves at the reduction of Castel Novo, which gave to the Venetians the command of the Adriatic, that the Pope addressed a letter to the Grand-Master, in which he congratulated him on the gallantry of his subjects, and expressed a hope that those who had fallen were enjoying an immortality in Heaven, which it was the duty of all who remained, as champions of the Cross, to strive to attain.

In 1689, the allied commanders† sailed again for the Morea, and being encouraged by their great success on their previous cruises, were induced rashly to attempt the reduction of Negropont. After a long siege, and a hard-fought battle, the Christians met with a cruel and signal defeat. Carafa, hearing of this repulse, which had cost the Order thirty Knights and three hundred men, suffered so much, that a fever ensued, from the effects of which he never recovered. Dying on the 21st July, 1690, when in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and tenth of his reign, he was entombed in the Italian chapel, and a modest epitaph of his own writing (which he left for the purpose) was engraven on the marble which covered his remains.

Adrian de Vignacourt, a Frenchman of a noble family, was unanimously called to fill the vacancy occasioned by Carafa's decease. He was ninety years old at the time of his election, and, singular as it may appear, a promising officer in the reign of his uncle Alof de Vignacourt, which terminated on

the 14th of September, 1622—nearly seventy years before. This prince, when summoned by his brother Knights to ascend a throne, which, during his long connection with the Order, he had seen eight times vacant, entered upon the trying duties of his high station with a spirit and energy seldom found in a man of middle age, and truly remarkable in one bending under the weight of four-score years and ten.

Oibestine, the Maltese admiral, arriving on the day of the Grand-Master's inauguration, added to the general joy of the inhabitants, by the news which he brought of his numerous victories, over the Infidels, while cruising with the confederate fleet. It was at this time that the first information was given of the capture of the fortress and town of Valonna, on the coast of Albania.

Antonio Pegnatelli, a Neapolitan, afterwards known as Innocent XII., came to the papal throne in July, 1691, when vacant by the decease of Alexander VIII. This Roman Pontiff, during his residence in Valletta as Inquisitor of Malta, became personally acquainted with the Grand-Master and his council; and, not at all dazzled by his elevation to the highest dignity in the church, sent a letter to the Knights, in which he reminded them of his former acquaintance, and of his determination throughout his reign, to prove himself a firm and constant friend of their Order. This was not an empty promise, as we soon shall have reason to record.

In the numerous engagements, both at sea and on shore, which we have recently mentioned, several thousand Maltese seamen and soldiers had perished, leaving their families at home in great destitution. To relieve these wretched people, whose fathers and brothers had fallen in the service of the convent, was one of the first subjects which claimed the Grand-Master's attention; and much to his honor is it told, that by a large subscription from his own income, and with liberal grants from the treasury, he placed his poor subjects in a state of comparative ease. Crowds of poor widows and orphans often assembled around the palace, to greet their benefactor, on his appearance in public, with their blessings and prayers; incidents, "far more honorable to his memory," and pleasing to us in their narration, than any thing we might say to commemorate the fall of a Turkish town, or the capture of an Infidel galley: by which deeds, the reigns of so many of his predecessors are now only remembered.

At midnight, on the 10th of January, 1693, the Maltese were aroused from their beds by the shock of an earthquake, which overthrew several of their dwellings, and rent many of their fortifications asunder. Fortunately, but few of the townspeople perished under the ruins of their habitations. On the first shock, they fled to the country; and for the three days the "oscillations" continued, the

* De La Tour fell while leading this attack on Coron, and was succeeded by General Oibestine, a brave and efficient officer.

† On the decease of Guastiani, the Doge of Venice, early in 1688, Morisini, (whom the reader will recollect so much distinguished himself at Candia,) and who for a long time commanded the Venetian squadron in this papal league, was recalled by his countrymen to take the vacant throne. It was after his departure for Venice, and contrary to his advice when leaving, that this attempt on Negropont was made—the result of which was so unfavorable to the Christian fleet.

Knights and their subjects remained in the open fields exposed to continual hail storms, and to the torrents of rain which were at all hours falling upon them. Even at this day, when an earthquake is felt, a general consternation pervades the minds of the whole population, caused by a tradition of olden time, which says the period will come, when by one of these convulsions of nature, their island will sink into the depths of the sea; and where its palaces now stand, the Mediterranean will roll to allow a passage for ships.* The damage caused by this earthquake at Malta, was trifling indeed, when compared with the destruction which it occasioned in different parts of Sicily. It was at this time the town of Augusta was wholly destroyed; and no sooner was this circumstance made known to De Vignacourt, than he sent two galleys, laden with provisions, tents and medicines, for the relief of those wretched beings, who were wandering in despair on the hills which overlooked the scene of their general ruin.† This charitable deed performed, the Grand-Master employed himself in repairing his fortifications which had been injured, in rebuilding the houses which had fallen, and in ordering "fasts, processions and prayers," for the happy deliverance of his subjects from the fate which had befallen their Sicilian neighbors.

In the summer of this year, the Grand-Prior of Messina left Malta in command of four well-equipped galleys for a six months' cruise in the Levant.

Proceeding off Candia without falling in with a single ship of any nation, he joined the Venetian and Roman admirals, whom he found blockading Canea, the capital of the island.‡

We do not know with what fortune the Roman

* Where traditions are so common as at Malta, one is disposed to give them but little credence. Still it should be remembered that within the last ten years, an island has appeared off its shores, and was taken possession of by the English admiral then in command of this station. But its foundation has since given way, and over the spot where it was, Sicilian boats now pass and repass in safety. Have not the Maltese reason to be alarmed? And may not this tradition, which they so much dread, at some day or other be verified?

† Boisgelin says, six galleys were sent to Sicily on this occasion. We think this statement incorrect.

‡ We are at a loss to discover what inducements these commanders could have had, to make this attack on a city which they could not hope to capture, and in which only twenty-three years before, their troops had met with such a signal defeat. With so small a force under their command, and no reinforcements expected, even if a breach had been made in the walls, there were no soldiers with whom to make an assault, and carry the city by storm. At this period also, neither the Roman Pontiff, nor the Venetian Republic, was at war with the Ottoman Emperor; and what therefore was this attack on the capital of Candia, but an unjustifiable breach of the treaties then existing between these different powers? And to this impolitic measure may be ascribed many of those cruelties, which the Christian inhabitants of the island were doomed to suffer, for so many years, after its occurrence, at the hands of their Ottoman masters.

and Venetian admirals returned to their harems—but late in December the Maltese squadron entered the harbor of Valletta, without a single prize in company, or having seen a sail under the Turkish flag, since its separation from the confederate fleet.

Several valuable priories becoming vacant at Malta by the decease of their commanders, Pope Innocent refused to take the revenues attached to them, and left the Grand-Master at liberty to select those monks to fill the vacancies who were next on his list for promotion. This disinterested conduct is deserving of the highest praise, and leads us to suppose that Contarini, a contemporary writer, was not flattering this Roman Pontiff, when he described his character and conduct as follows:

"The Pope," he says, "has nothing before his eyes but God, the poor, and the reform of abuses. He lives in the greatest retirement, devoting every hour, without regard to his health, in the duties of his office. His moral character is without stain;—he is conscientious—does not favor his relations—is full of love for the poor—and is endowed with all those qualities which could be wished for in the head of the church. If he could always act for himself, he would be one of the greatest popes."

But it was not only by leaving De Vignacourt free to govern his convent, that Pignatelli evinced his friendship for this institution, and the interest which he felt in its prosperity. By his intercession alone, Louis XIV. and the Duke of Savoy were induced to restore the revenues of the Order, which they had seized upon under the plea of necessity, saying, in excuse for their conduct, that they were in want of money to feed and clothe their soldiers, and without the sums produced from these priories and commanderies, they should be unable to carry on the war in which they were then engaged. Pressing as the Pope acknowledged their wants to be, still he told the King and Duke they should be just in their actions, and advised them rather to leave the field to their enemies, than to rob a Christian Order of its lawful possessions. This argument had its weight, and the Grand-Master was allowed to draw his incomes from these countries, as he had done before.

Innocent, ever ready to assist De Vignacourt in his troubles, at this time, "partly by his address, and partly by his authority," brought to an amicable conclusion, these difficulties which had so long existed between the Knights of St. John and the Republic of Genoa. This was no sooner done, than several Genoese nobles took the habit of the Hospitallers, and by their family connections, and private fortunes, greatly increased the power and wealth of the convent.

Francis Legismund, Count of Thum, a brave and gallant officer, who succeeded the Grand-Prior of Messina in command of the Maltese galleys, assisted the Romans and Venetians in the reduction

of Scio;* and on his homeward voyage, captured a large Tripoline frigate, having on board three hundred Mahomedan seamen, and seventy-seven Christian slaves. These last, when liberated from their chains, he employed in navigating his prize to Malta.

De Vignacourt did not live to hear of his admiral's success. Worn out with bodily infirmities, he breathed his last on the "4th of February, 1697," in the seventh year of his reign, "and ninety-seventh of his age." His venerable corse was entombed in the Chapel of the French Language, in St. John's church; and over it, a monument still remains to his memory.

* The Venetians, desirous of retaining Scio under their rule, left a governor and garrison to defend it. But the Sultan, enraged by his loss of an island, which was, of all others in the Grecian Archipelago, the most productive in its soil, the most picturesque in its appearance, and the most important in its revenue, sent Mustapha Pasha, to drive the Christians out of its fortresses, and bring it again under the jurisdiction of his crown. The Turks were victorious, when most of the Venetians were slain; and the few who survived, made an honorable capitulation, and returned in their galleys to Venice. Scio has from that day to the present, if we except a brief period during the Greek revolution, been a dependency of the Ottoman Empire. McFarlane thus feelingly describes the appearance of its capital on his visit in 1828. It was written shortly after its reduction by the Capudan Pasha, who was sent by the Sultan to quell the rebellion—and who by fire, the sword and slaughter, so readily and effectually performed his diabolical task:

"We walked," says this writer, "through long streets that contained nothing but ragged skeletons of houses and heaps of fallen masonry; grass, weeds, and nettles, were growing in the crevices of the marble halls, in the ruined churches, in the but lately busy streets; and, to give an idea of the utter desolation, we started a covey of partridges in the Strada dei Primati, or principal street."

We visited Scio in the spring of 1833, and wherever we went, found only desolation and ruin in its towns, and poverty and despair depicted in the appearance of its miserable population.

REALITY OF THE MIND'S CREATIONS.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD.

Addressed to a contemner of the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of the world of imagination.

Is nought then "real" but the firm-set earth;—
The rocks and hills immovable and fixed?
Can mind to no realities give birth,
Unless with things corporeal grossly mixed?

What is the charm of Music's witching tone?
Unreal sound, in half unreal air!
What is the storm-cloud's matchless rainbow-zone?
A thing unreal;—yet how sweetly fair!
The Rainbow,—child of vapor and of light,
Two things intangible:—yet not the less
Its splendors press on our enraptured sight
All that we know or dream of loveliness.

Fair, as the wreath, which Beauty's brow entwines,
—Woven of flowers that spring beneath your eye,—

This unsubstantial, beauteous vision shines,
In form unreal 'mid ethereal sky.
Thus unsubstantial, yet withal eterne;—
Enduring, as the word of HIM who gave
Its radiant hues upon the cloud to burn,
Lighting, for Faith, the world beyond the grave.

And is there not an Iris of the soul,—
Which morning's hope, or Memory's evening rays,
Upon the clouds of Life can bright unroll
To cheer Imagination's earnest gaze?
And must it prove unreal and untrue,
Because from MIND it catches all its grace?—
'Tis MIND alone sustains the worlds we view
Suspended baseless in unbounded space!
And not presumptuous, thus the mind to call
A power sustaining all the eye beholds;—
That Mind Eternal, which created all,
By mental power the mighty whole upholds.
And as all light is borrowed from the Sun,
And all is glorious, pure, and dazzling fair,
All Mind is kindled from the wondrous ONE,
And in its wondrous nature claims a share.

Since Mind ourselves created and our Earth,
We bow before Imagination's shrine,
And own a being of celestial birth;
Its bright creations,—like itself,—Divine.
Genius embodies in undying tones
These bright creations of celestial power:—
No light more REAL than such beauty owns,
Shines in the bow or blushes in the flower!

THE FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

CORNEILLE.

Jamais nous ne goûtons de parfaite alégresse;
Nos plus heureux succès sont mêlés de tristesse.
Toujours quelques soucis, en ces événements,
Troublent la pureté de nos contentemens.—*Corneille.*

There is no style of literature more completely indicative of national taste and character, than the dramatic, and the assertion of Lord Bacon with regard to the proverbs of a country, is still more applicable to their theatrical compositions; that they evince at once, the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation. They are the living and moving portraits of the mental tendencies of the age in which they spring; the history of a people's mind, made poetry. In all other methods of composing, the writer obeys more exclusively the bent and impulse of his individual genius, especially in his earliest efforts. He composes at first, without forethought, from the 'strong necessity' of writing, and because his heart and intellect are full to overflowing with bewildering, perplexing dreams, and visions which find no relief, but in expression. A little later, and the yearning for sympathy is aroused, and the exciting desire for praise dawns on the poet's life. It is not enough for him then, to feel his power, to know his strength, his innate conviction ceases to satisfy; he must have that power acknowledged, that strength bowed down to, and he pines with the first wild, irrepressible enthusiasm of newly awa-

kened ambition, for the applause, the wonder, the visible and rapturous admiration of the crowd.

As this wish, at first indistinct and visionary, becomes decided and confirmed, the author writes more carefully. He still looks into his own heart for inspiration, but he looks with altered, and more timid gaze; for, the love of approval has taught him to dread censure. The fever-thirst for approbation deepens to a prevailing passion; the merely intuitive perception, and involuntary exercise of his gifts, are elevated into a settled knowledge of the responsibility they confer, and a conscientious avowal and employment of the master-spirit within. The selfish aspiration for personal distinction is merged in the nobler solicitude, to benefit, though he scarcely knows how, his fellow men. A change has come over his views and aims. His ruling desire is no longer a vague aspiring for sympathy; he does not seek to meet personal appreciation, but to enforce extended conviction; he ceases to consult exclusively his individual promptings, and with his rapidly growing hope of the world's praise, comes also greater respect, in seeming at least, for the criticizing jury whose verdict he awaits. He considers, with politic foresight, their tastes and prejudices, and without relinquishing independence, or sacrificing originality, he endeavors to mould his works to suit the general character of the tribunal, before which his recorded genius is to stand.

Henceforth, his compositions, though original in matter, are nevertheless influenced and colored by popular opinion, and therefore display at the same time, the peculiar intellectual attributes of the writer, and the prevailing characteristics of the judges whose favorable sentence he strives to obtain. In dramatic literature, this double nature is most visibly evinced; for, the drama is necessarily an appeal to the mass of men, to be decided on by the feelings and sympathies of the many, not the criticism or judgment of the few. To be successful in his labors, the poet must turn from his own dream-world, to the less glowing and restless one, of active life; he must draw from familiar objects and universal associations, the hidden spirit of poetry; he must write for men as they *are*, before their final decision will make *him* what he would be. He may lay his scenes in other lands; he may portray and recall the actors of other times, but he must blend with the heroes of the shadowy past, something of the true and living present; else, would the very oracles of old be uttered to careless listeners. And at last, it is no such difficult thing, though somewhat a rare one in these days, for an author who can write well at all, to compose intelligibly to the comprehension of the throng; for human thought, with all its apparent variety and fickleness, moves and acts in a circle, and the heart is ever consistent in its inconsistencies.

It has been remarked, that a great mind is one in advance of the era in which it appears; but a

man must be a second rate genius, at least as respects all utilitarian and instructive results, when his views and theories are so far beyond his times, as to contain nothing practically to affect his fellow pilgrims. It is, however, a pleasant belief to a writer, the conviction that he is not appreciated, because he has wandered too far onward, for uninspired eyes to follow his movements, and slightly founded as such a comfort frequently may be, it is one whose private consolation gives it something of a claim to public leniency. But it is difficult to conceive, there ever *can* be an era suited to many of the minds now abroad in the wide realm of literature; and it requires more brilliancy of imagination than distinguishes the generality of readers, to fancy an age when Carlylism will be the prevailing diction, and Transcendentalism, no longer mystifying indisputable truths, by viewing them as through a glass darkly, shall be to common people, a common faith. Certain it is, that the intellects whose splendor has lived on, changeless, amid all changes, were those, in character, a portion of their own times, the lofty representatives of their generation, and however superior in themselves, still imbued in some degree with the universal spirit of the mass around them. Genius, in its separate, mysterious existence, is ever 'apart and lonely;' but in its effect on others, it is universal, for it works by appealing to those emotions and illusions, which act upon every thoughtful and feeling being.

The dramatic writings of the French, scarcely deserve that name, till the presiding genius of Corneille, and shortly afterwards, that of Racine, gave form and regularity to this branch of literature. Under their guiding and superintending influence, it arose to maturity, and to that perfection which its originally artificial character is capable of acquiring. It is eloquent with the tone of the society in whose midst its progress commenced, and full of the impressions spreading far and wide around its votaries. The reverence for religion, as yet untainted by the skeptical philosophy of the succeeding generation, the profound and respectful devotion to all that time had handed down, and hallowed, and that regard for outward propriety almost forgotten in later productions, give to the dramas of that period, with some few exceptions, a style of dignified and simple purity, which has only too soon passed away.

Corneille was the founder and perfecter of a new school, based on higher and nobler principles, than any which had preceded it: the drama assumed under his control, a finished and original style, and he laid down certain regulations for its government, which are still adhered to, by his dramatic successors in popular favor. The traits of his own intellect, bold, imaginative and manly, were calculated to trace a decisive and permanent impression on all which yielded to their influence, and he could not fail to produce improvement in the literature of

his country, when with all his strong intellectual capabilities, was blended an intense love for the art, whose cause he strove to advance. His heart was with his labors, and its untiring zeal brought success to his efforts. He worshipped the majestic in all its forms; his taste tended to whatever was lofty in virtue, and glorious in history. His heroes were the mighty ones of the earth, illustrious in themselves, and rendered yet more so, by the gorgeous drapery his genius spread around their deeds.

Perhaps no author ever wrought so complete and sudden a change in the literary state of his countrymen, as that produced by the brilliancy, and the energetic mind of Corneille. Yet was his onward pathway not unmolested; the pilgrim-staff he carried, was often heavy, and hard to bear. He encountered difficulties and obstacles, to surmount which might well have arrested a spirit less determined; he had to combat with firmly established prejudices, with personal enemies, and with the long train of enviers and detractors, which reforming and arbitrary genius is ever destined to meet in its upward and thorn-strewn career. He was greeted with the derisive mockery of inferior but rival writers: he met the harsh disapproval of the academy whose fiat had hitherto been unquestioned literary law, and he also incurred the unsparing criticism and censure of the Cardinal de Richelieu.

A feebler intellect, or a more irresolute will, would have shrunk dismayed, or fallen powerless, before impediments so manifold and startling; but Corneille did neither. He felt his might, and he proudly toiled and struggled and resisted, until others felt it too, and acknowledged its strength. He reared an altar to higher divinities, than those the crowd about him had long so blindly and ignorantly deified. He stood in the temple, the priest of a new faith, the expounder of a better creed; he called from their undisturbed slumbers of ages, the classic influences of the olden time,—and he guided, with the far-seeing wisdom of a prophet, and the self-confidence of 'one inspired,' the faltering footsteps of returning beauty. He had his reward. Gradually the scales of delusion fell from the critics' eyes; those who had listened to censure, spoke to praise: and the enthusiastic voice of a people hailed his triumph, and confessed his victory.

It has been advanced as an objection to the writings of Corneille, that he introduces too constantly as the ruling and prominent characteristic of his dramas, the passion of love, that he makes every other emotion subservient to the spell of this, and frequently injures the unity and plot of his plays, by this prevailing trait. To consider his works as mere specimens of art, this is undoubtedly true, and must be deemed a defect; but when we remember that he wrote for a nation prone to exaggerated feeling, and particularly susceptible to

the charms of sentiment; to a people, whose emotions are easily awakened, and whose sympathies in favor of the beautiful passion, are almost a portion of their religion, and respond with earnest enthusiasm to the awakening touch of a master hand, we acknowledge that he had studied well the minds of the many around him, and his final recompense showed how truly he had learned to read the human heart, and to frame his appeals to its decisions. This tone in his compositions may probably be ascribed to the lasting influence of early impressions, to the unconscious lingering of the one dream, which "dies never wholly." Corneille, in his young years, had been disappointed in an *affaire du cœur*, and though the first vividness of his regret was soon subdued into calmness, we trace, in his after productions, the strength of his youthful convictions, and the remaining recollection of that earliest love which so long haunts the memory with visionary beauty, when the lovelier reality had passed away.

Like most writers, and like all poets, Corneille is unequal in his style, and several of his productions would materially have injured a reputation less securely founded. There is no mediocrity in his compositions; he could not dwell amid the common places of *le juste milieu*, and whatever is not greatly excellent in his pages, is execrably bad. La Bruyère, in his miscellaneous writings, speaks thus of Corneille: "Il est simple et timide, d'une ennuyeuse conversation. Il prend un mot pour un autre, et il ne juge de la bonté de ses pièces, que par l'argent qui lui en revient. Il ne sait pas les réciter, ni lire son écriture. Laissez-le s'élever par la composition. Il est roi, il est grand roi. Il est politique. Il est philosophe. Il entreprend de faire parler des héros, de les faire agir. Il peint les romains, ils sont plus grands, et plus romains dans ses vers, que dans leur histoire." His *gaucherie* in society must have been remarkable, for we find it noticed and commented on, in all the published sketches of his life. He was fully conscious of his deficiency in polish, and his want of

"That grace and ease,

Which mark security to please."

It has been said, that he could not, even in common conversation, speak his own language correctly; and he used to observe in reply to the accusation, "C'est vrai, mais je n'en suis pas moins pour cela, Pierre Corneille!"

It is difficult, when an author has composed so much, and so successfully, to determine which of his works stands the best representative of the whole. Perhaps the most deserving of admiration, among his dramas, is that of *Le Cid*, and probably few productions of the kind have encountered and vanquished so much severe criticism and active persecution. Even the companions and personal friends of the writer, condemned the play on its first appearance; the Academy pronounced

it worse than indifferent; and Cardinal Richelieu acknowledged the plot and design were good, but declared the style to be mediocre, and requiring "*quelques poignées de fleurs*." The composition was submitted to several men of letters, high in station, the alleged fault amended, and the play once again placed before the Cardinal. But his Eminence was on this occasion more than commonly fastidious, and avowed the defect had been altered, not remedied, and that the "*poignées de fleurs*," were now scattered with too lavish profusion. But the patience of the Dramatist, was by this time exhausted; he resolved to await public decision, and, notwithstanding the sentences of the best authorities, the people were independent enough to attend the performance of the drama, and to applaud the poet. Despreux alludes to the excitement called forth by vehement criticism on the one side, and ardent admiration on the other.

"En vain contre le cid un Ministre se ligue
Tout Paris pour chimère a les yeux de Rodrigue
L'Académie en corps a bean le censurer,
Le public revolté s'obstine à l'admirer."

But a vague idea of Corneille's personal character, is to be gathered from his literary records, for his common existence, was, from his intellectual hours, "a thing apart." A poet's pilgrimage is always two-fold. He leads a double life, one of the world and of men, the other of mind, 'essentially immortal.' With some writers these varying and separate experiences are somewhat blended, and the ideal mingles with reality. Though still distinct, the two yet harmonize, and the visionary brightens and adorns the actual, as the moonlight, though far above the earth, yet shines on it in beauty. But it was not thus with Corneille. His genius was exacting and exclusive, and had no share nor portion in active exertions or daily employments. It even rendered him unfit for necessary, common-place duties, by destroying his interest in their progress. He was liable to moods of melancholy depression, and the energy distinguishing his merely intellectual labors, was wholly forgotten in his intercourse with real, and less imaginative cares. His feelings were ardent and susceptible, but not generally enthusiastic; his opinions lofty and fearless, and far too independent to be politic. His self-reliance, at times so unswerving, occasionally deserted him beneath the influence of the merest trifles; and sources of disquietude or anxiety, which in one frame of mind he would pass unnoticed, at other periods, would render him wretched almost to desperation. He was completely destitute of idle vanity, and received gratefully, but proudly, the tribute of praise his countrymen united to proffer him. He possessed in an eminent degree the qualities to win fame, and to lose his daily bread, faculties "*qui l'a rendu très-propre à peindre la vertu romaine, et très-peu propre à faire sa fortune.*"

Corneille's reverence for religion was one of the most strongly marked traits in his nature, and the artificial life he led, appeared only to increase and confirm a faith, which to his mind, had no shadow of doubt. It is somewhat remarkable, that his almost child-like confidence and credulity should have continued unchanged amid a society so prone to skeptical philosophy and plausible sophistry. There is high moral beauty in this view of a lofty spirit mingling so constantly with opposing and corrupting influences, yet preserving holy and unsullied, the loveliness of its higher and better nature. It is one of the great disadvantages of the drama that it is liable to introduce a vein of skepticism, and to teach its votaries that common and unprofitable wisdom, which begins and ends in doubt. It is nearly impossible for one continually accustomed to the deceiving pomp and circumstance of a theatre, habituated to spend day after day in pampering the public taste with illusions, and wearing away existence, to produce a false, yet perfect representation of life—it is nearly impossible for such an one to retain, unsoiled by the systematic deception he studies as an art, the freshness of his holier and truer thoughts. His very success prompts him to question all things, and insensibly he acquires the painful and inevitable knowledge, how easily truth may be imitated, and how totally what *seems*, may be unlike what is. He turns from the gorgeous trappings, the passionate delusions of the stage, and actual life wearies with its sameness, and palls with its calmer and less visible emotions. He has become familiar with enthusiastic demonstrations of feeling, and quiet grief appeals in vain to his sympathies; he has looked on the wildness of fictitious despair, till he has lost all faith in the voiceless sorrows of breaking hearts. He has heard holy things spoken of lightly, and religion irreverently named, till it requires a firmness of moral principle rarely met with among men, to resist the fatal power of such continually recurring and fascinating impressions. This spirit, Corneille seems to have possessed in an eminent degree, and amid all the pride of confessed and commanding intellect, he retained, 'unspotted from the world,' his humility and purity of heart. He is a lofty example of that natural piety, which one of his most brilliantly gifted countrywomen has asserted to be the inseparable attendant of true genius, however rarely it may be evinced in the usual display of talent. "*L'hommage de la poésie est religieux, et les ailes de la pensée servent à se rapprocher de ciel.*"

"I know but too beautiful things in the universe," said a German philosopher, "the starry heavens over our heads, and the sentiment of right in our hearts;" may not the poet's mission blend the two, and his genius be the mysterious and musical mingling of the heart with heaven?

Washington City.

J. T. L.

THE FATE OF A RAIN-DROP.

Its home was the breast of a beautiful cloud,
That brilliantly curtained the sky,
And caught from the sun the rich color that glowed,
In the light of his glorious eye.

The rain-drop was gazing on all that was spread
Beneath, like a magical scene;
Till it pined to repose on a canopied bed,
Of lovely and delicate green.

A zephyr came roving in idleness by,
And down on its gossamer wing,
The tremulous rain-drop sprang, eager to try
A flight on so viewless a thing.

The zephyr careered through the mid-summer air.
And just at the eventide close,
Laid gently the delicate burden it bare,
In the innermost cell of a rose.

The wanderer gazed in a transport of bliss,
At the crimson-wrought tapestries hung
So gorgeously round it;—and fragrance like this
O'er its bosom had never been flung.

'Twas the joy of a moment. A beautiful girl
While straying through garden and bower,
Paused lightly to show her companion the pearl,
That lay on the breast of the flower.

"'Tis a chalice containing an exquisite draught,
Which Emily only shall sip,"
He said as he gathered the rose-lud—she quaffed,
And the pearl was dissolved on her lip!

M. J.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER.

[Continued.]

Returning to the United States after two years' service in the West Indies, the vessel was laid up for repairs—the men were discharged, and the officers detached.

Homeless, and, beyond the sphere of my profession, nearly friendless, I soon tired of the shore, and my heart yearned for the sea, its associations, and its sympathies. Long before the expiration of my leave of absence, I was an applicant for service, and my application met with immediate success.

I was detailed for the *Hornet*,—the symmetrical, the beautiful *Hornet*! endeared by the achievement of two glorious victories.

We fitted out at Norfolk, and before we were ready for sea, one of our oldest Midshipmen,* who was, in fact, a man of mature years, was taken seriously ill. At length, his life was despaired of; but he lingered long, a perfect maniac. He had no friends; his dissipated habits and his rude

* Reference is here made to date of warrant. He was unquestionably the most advanced in years.

manners having long estranged his messmates. His paroxysms were so frequent and so violent, that he required unceasing and vigilant superintendence. We had no hospital whither to send him, and the persons usually employed as nurses in the town, absolutely refused to take charge of him. He was therefore solely dependant on the humanity of others.

Hearing, one afternoon, how much he was unavoidably neglected, and how he had, the night before, seriously injured himself, I volunteered to sit up with him that night. I knew not the hazard I encountered, and those who were better informed were too interested to enlighten me.

About 8 P. M., I entered his room and found him sitting on the side of his bed, furiously biting his nails, which, as well as his mouth, were stained with blood. His beard was long and clotted, and his hair matted and dangling over his red and swollen eyes. An old negro woman was in vain endeavoring to persuade him to partake of food which she held before him. When he saw me, he became outrageous; and, gnashing his teeth, strove to rise from the bed, while the woman resisted him. A severe fit followed, after which he was comparatively calm.

Inquiring of the woman how long he had been without food, she told me nearly two days, and that he refused to eat, because he thought that every thing was poisoned. At the last word he became again excited, and said that they were all trying to poison him. I had heard, that when practicable, it was better to humor than oppose the fancies of a maniac. "You are right," I said to him; "the cook did try to poison you, but the doctor found her out and sent her to jail, and this food I know to be good."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Is she though? Can't she get out?"

I told him that she could never get out.

"Give me! give me!" he cried, pointing to the food, which he clutched eagerly and devoured with voraciousness. After his meal, he slept for upwards of an hour. When he awoke, the first thing which caught his eye, was a fly sleeping on the wall above him.

"See that fly!" he called out. "Look at him, how he swells! He is as big as an elephant. O, my God! my God! he will crush me!" and he struggled desperately, as if to free himself from an overwhelming pressure.

Again he became quiet; and I supposed he was sleeping; but after sometime he started up, and I sprang forward to hold him. Beckoning to me to keep quiet, with a mischievous glance, he pointed to the old woman. She was fast asleep, nodding in her chair. Perceiving from his countenance that he had nothing malicious in view, I suffered him to proceed. Stealthily as a cat, he slowly approached her. When he gained her side, he sud-

denly seized her by the hair and gave her head three or four severe blows against the wall. He then threw himself upon the bed, and covering his head with the clothing, made his whole frame shake, while he chuckled at the exploit. Glad of a pretext, the old woman left the room in well-feigned anger.

At irregular intervals, varying from half an hour to an hour and a half, his paroxysms returned,—sometimes assuming a frightful, and at others, a most ludicrous character. At one time, he fancied that his nose was dwindling away. "O my nose!" he exclaimed. "Stop my nose! Doctor, hold on my nose, will you! Hell of a doctor you are, can't stop a man's nose! What shall I do, when I want to sneeze?"

At another time, he jumped from his bed, and while his once herculean frame seemed to recover its full strength, he glared upon me with deadly ferocity. Declaring that I had a design upon his life, he swore, with a dreadful imprecation, that he would tear me limb from limb, and with my blood slake the thirst that was consuming him. Like a tiger beset in his lair, he crouched as he spoke; and foaming at the mouth, was about to spring upon me. In his infuriate condition, I should indeed have been but as a lamb in his hands. There was no avenue of escape, for the windows were secured, and I had myself locked the door, and placed the key on the mantel, which was behind him. I felt that if I flinched, I should be irretrievably lost. Advancing towards him, therefore, I fixed my eyes sternly upon him; and, while my heart fairly throbbed, I assumed a bold and threatening tone, and bade him return immediately to his bed, or I would beat him as long as I could stand over him. At first, he returned my glance with one so fierce, so inhuman in its vindictiveness, that it made me involuntarily shrink—but, with an effort, I succeeded in keeping my gaze rivetted upon him.

His glances afterwards became more furtive, although no less ferocious—until, by degrees, he succumbed, and, cowering at my feet, entreated in the most abject manner, that I would not beat him.

Such scenes occurred three or four times during the night—each as perilous as the first; and nothing but pure shame prevented me from calling for succor, or from leaving as soon as the first paroxysm was over. The light of day was never more grateful to the benighted wanderer, than it was to me, closeted with a madman, in the midst of a populous neighborhood. The approach of day put an end to my watching, and before its close he was relieved from his sufferings. He died in convulsions.

As soon as I returned to the ship, I threw myself upon a locker, and slept long and soundly. I awoke some time after the dinner hour was past, and hastened to write a letter, which, being on a matter of some importance, I was exceedingly anx-

ious to forward by that evening's mail. I had scarce commenced, when one of my messmates sportively threw some water upon the paper. Begging him to stop, I began another, which was treated in the same manner;—a third and a fourth, notwithstanding entreaties of increased earnestness, shared the same fate. Provoked at the inconsiderate levity, I told my persecutor that the new vest he wore, was not so valuable in his eyes, as the necessity of writing was imperative on me; and, that if he repeated his provocation, I would soil his garment with the ink which was before me. He did repeat it, and true to my word, I threw the contents of my inkstand upon him. He now became enraged, and applied to me an opprobrious and insulting epithet. Before I could close upon him, our messmates interfered, and we were studiously kept apart.

A duel is a dreadful thing! Not in the risk of life, which, suspended by a single fibre of destiny, is, in ten thousand modes, liable to be hourly severed. Not in the infraction of the laws of man, for man may interdict what morals do not condemn. But, in the rash presumption, the daring impiety with which a creature, at the best, frail and erring, crowns his sinful career with an act of defiance; and polluted with the desire of shedding—perhaps reeking with the blood of a fellow-creature, rushes uncalled into the presence of its dread Creator.

We are the creatures of circumstance: gross or refined, vicious or comparatively pure, according to the sphere in which we move, and the characters with whom we associate. The vestal, whose greatest sin is a gesture of impatience, or a sigh of discontent, exposed to the same temptations, might have been as loathsome in her degradation as the inmate of the brothel. The convicted felon, who, with hardened heart, and bitter imprecations on his lip, is swung from the ignominious scaffold, may once have been a youth of promise—whose nightly prayer and morning aspiration breathed gratitude to his God, and whose every act was directed to the welfare of his fellow-men.

We are the creatures of circumstance, because we are weak. We foolishly embrace error, rather than be ridiculed for singularity.

I had sufficient virtue to abhor, but not firmness enough to reject, the mandates of the code of honor. Had I not been controlled, I should have defied all interference, and not left the presence of my adversary, until I had either thrashed him, or been severely thrashed myself. "But as a military man," (thus reads my journal at the age of 19,) "the appeal to arms is my only alternative." I challenged Mr. H., and we were to meet the next day after the funeral.

Contained within the scanty limits of a steerage locker, my effects were necessarily few. Real estate I had none to bequeath, and my personal property would scarce pay the expenses of interment.

A friend, who stood by me in this emergency, as he had done in all others, I appointed to liquidate the debts I owed—for which, fortunately, I had sufficient due from the Purser. In the event of death, for any deficiency in the funeral expenses. I trusted to the generosity of my country, even while I was about to violate one of its most positive enactments.

I did not sleep well that night; and yet, I cannot remember, nor does my journal present one expression, from which to infer that death, *as death*, had any terrors. It was not the parting, but the manner of it, from which my mind, deeply imbued with the precepts of a pious mother, involuntarily shrank. I felt, and it is recorded on the pages of my journal, that I would have cheerfully exchanged the chances of escape, for certain death in the cause of patriotism or humanity.

It were useless to transcribe the conflicting sensations which are recorded on the leaves before me. With an abiding conviction of the probable consequences, my mind never, for an instant, faltered in its purpose. The feeling was nearer akin to remorse for errors past, than a hesitation between good and evil. In other words, "I knew the right, and would the wrong pursue."

Towards morning I sunk into a heavy sleep, from which I awoke late and unrefreshed. My friend hurried me through breakfast, that I might practise a little with the pistol, to which I was unaccustomed, while my adversary was considered an excellent shot. He had procured for me the pistol, with which Decatur, mortally wounded himself, had so nearly killed his antagonist.

It looked so much like deliberately seeking another's life, that I refused to practise until satisfied, that the odds being so much against me, no efforts of mine could materially diminish, much less change them, in the intervening time. I went into the adjoining woods and tried three shots, either of which would have been fatal, had I been confronted by an opponent.

Returning to the town, we met the funeral on its way, and joined the procession. At the burial service, by some accident, or, as it appeared to me at the time, by some fatality, I found myself standing at the foot of the grave, one hand holding my cloak, to conceal the pistol which was grasped by the other. To my distempered imagination, the destined tenant of the grave appeared to burst his cerements. The madman, now infuriate in his wrath, now distorted with grimaces, seemed, while he scowled or chattered, to regard me as a greater madman than himself. It seemed, indeed, as if Providence, in merciful warning, permitted me to stand upon the brink of the sheer precipice, and to look far down the yawning gulf, into which I was about to precipitate another or myself.

Pride, an undue regard to the opinions of others, and the fear of ridicule, were too powerful to be

overcome; but I made this compromise with conscience. I determined, that stand or fall, I would not aim at the life of my adversary. Frail changelings that we are! What frivolous pretexts, what slight provocations, are sufficient to turn us from our purpose—particularly when that purpose, good in itself, is assailed by the passions!

The morning had been cool, but in the afternoon it became warm; and near the appointed hour, I stole out of town, with the pistol and a canister of powder, as studiously concealed beneath the oppressive folds of my cloak, as if they had been feloniously obtained. My friend was unavoidably delayed, and I went alone fearful of being too late. He overtook me just before I reached the ground. The other party was there before us. The word and distance were arranged, and the ground measured. My pistol was objected to by the opposite party, and one of a pair was substituted, cumbrous as a horseman's, and so large in the bore, that it was necessary to wrap an ounce ball in buckskin to fit it. With the purpose I had formed, it was immaterial to me what weapon was placed in my hands; but I was rather nettled, that, with the advantage of superior skill on his side, my antagonist should evince so little magnanimity; still, when I took my stand, my resolution was unaltered, to receive his fire, and in a manner not to be suspected, throw away my own.

While, with relaxed grasp, I held my weapon by my side, my mind was wandering far from the scene, and with a consciousness of how completely they were thrown away. I was listening, as in early boyhood, to the beautiful precepts of my mother, when the words "Fire!" "One!" startled me. Looking instantly up, I caught the eye of my antagonist. The expression was not to be mistaken. With eager avidity to take my life, was mingled great anxiety for the preservation of his own. I could not resist the feeling which impelled me—but as his ball whizzed by my ear, and before the last word "three!" was uttered, I had fired with an aim as malignant as his own.

As the report reverberated above and around us, I looked eagerly forward, expecting to see my adversary fall. Half encircled by a spiral wreath of smoke, to my mortification, (yes, to my present shame I record it)—to my mortification, he stood unscathed before me. Had I retained the pistol which I brought to the field, his death would have been inevitable. The aim was unerring, for it was vindictive, and the hand is ever faithful to the eye. The fault was in the weapon. As it was, both shots were ineffectual; and before we were prepared for a second, my antagonist tendered such an apology, that the matter was adjusted.

I have transcribed this, not for the incident itself, which is uninteresting, but to give a faint idea of the tone of thought and feeling elicited by the occasion. I know not how others may feel at such

times, but I deem it due to candor to say, that even when I appeared most courageous, I would not have been there, if I could have helped it—if I had not dreaded more the finger of scorn and the sneer of ridicule, than the reproaches of my own conscience,—and regarded more the estimation of men, than the approbation of my Maker. It led, however, to one good result, which may be developed hereafter.

Susceptible to kindness, I was grateful for the slightest offices of friendship. The professions and attentions of the landlord, whose inn I frequented, made a deep impression on me; and my heart in its loneliness, treasured the remembrance of his kind expressions. That impression was effaced, and the remembrance embittered, when, on my return from the ground, I went to settle my account. I found it already made out, that by prompt presentation its payment might be secured in the event of my fall. That simple circumstance pained me more than I can express; and while it taught me the hollowness of one species of profession, it rendered me for awhile suspicious of all.

Within ten days we had dropped down to Hampton Roads, and awaited our orders for sea. The night before their expected arrival, I was left in charge of the deck by the officer of the watch. He had gone below ostensibly to write a letter, but perhaps for another purpose—for he had this peculiarity,—when he ceased to move, he sat down; and when he sat down, he slept.

In the same watch with me, was a young Midshipman of delicate figure and interesting features, who had just entered the service. In making some report to me, I noticed that his cap was drawn so much over his face, as nearly to conceal it. Suspecting that something was the matter, for he was any thing but disrespectful, I watched him closely. He retired to the taffrail, and leaning his head upon his hand, remained for a long time immovable. I approached and inquired if he were ill. As he raised his head to reply, I perceived that his eyes were filled with tears.

After a short time, I learned the cause of his distress. His home was distant but one day's journey, where his father laid dangerously ill, and the Captain had refused him permission to visit him. Confiding in the sympathy I evinced, he further told me, that he had engaged a shore boat, in which, at a late hour of the night, he was determined to make his escape, and abandon the service rather than not see his father. Persuaded that the Captain could not have understood the circumstances, I entreated him to abandon his purpose, and offered my services to procure the leave he desired. He promised to wait until three in the morning.

As it was yet early, I followed the example of my superior; and, leaving the deck in the charge of the next senior Midshipman of the watch, I pro-

ceeded to the room of one of the Lieutenants, in whose good nature and good sense, I had equal and perfect reliance. I related the circumstance to him—and as I expected, he became interested, and repaired without delay to the cabin. He returned successful; and young Nelson took his leave of me that night, with a grateful pressure of the hand, and a fervent "God bless you!"

Can it be believed, that the affection of this youth, like the camomile plant, more fragrant from being trampled on, was repulsed by his estranged and tyrannical father! A second marriage—that bane of domestic peace—and its fruit, a second family of children—and its usual consequences, partiality on the one side, and injustice on the other—had driven Nelson from the shelter of his father's roof; and at his early age, with a feeble constitution and education incomplete, had thrown him into the Navy for a livelihood. All this I learned after Nelson's return, when, with downcast and moistened eye, he gave me an account of his journey.

A little before sunset the next day, Nelson was put ashore from the steamboat about three miles from his father's residence. With a heavy heart, the poor boy trudged slowly along in order not to reach the plantation before nightfall. Concealing himself behind the corner of a fence, he waited until he saw the ploughman retire from the field, and heard the last tinkle of the bell, as the kine gathered to the nightly fold. Skirting the edge of the field, he then made for the negro quarter, and unobserved entered the hut of old Charlotte, the nurse and the favorite servant of his mother.

"O, Master Harry!" she exclaimed, "thank gracious for the sight of you!" but added in a sadder tone as she proceeded to close the door, "Your poor father is mighty bad, but he don't know it—and he's so cross!"

"I must see him to-night, Goody, for to-morrow morning I am obliged to return."

"It can't be, Master Harry!" and she proceeded to tell him how fretted his father had become by a long and wasting sickness. She told him too, that his step-mother possessed unlimited control, and debarred from the presence of her husband, all but her immediate dependants and herself.

Although with all the old domestics, the nurse was excluded from the Great House, (as the family residence was termed,) at the earnest solicitation of Nelson, she promised to contrive an interview between his sister and himself. Tearing a slip containing the words "My only brother" from his sister's last letter, Nelson sent it to her inserted in a time-worn pocket-comb, which he knew that she would immediately recognize, should the nurse not have an opportunity of speaking to her. He then concealed himself in the loft, while the old woman hobbled forth on her errand.

In a short time he heard the pattering of foot-

steps along the path, and immediately after, the door was pushed open and himself anxiously called. The next moment, he clasped his panting sister to his breast; and locked in each other's arms, those forlorn children wept, as each clung to the other, with frantic joy.

Seated side by side on a low bench, Nelson listened with suppressed emotion, while his sister told of the petty vexations and the ignominious trials to which she was subjected. Sometimes, as she related some overbearing act of her step-mother's unfeeling son, forgetful of the delicate hand which he held within his own, he grasped it until she nearly screamed, while he vowed vengeance on her persecutor.

His sister told him too, how much their father was neglected in his illness; how he was left entirely to the care of servants who were the creatures of their step-mother; and how she nightly stole to his chamber, and watched him while he slept, or tended him in his delirium, when the fever was at its height, until frightened away by approaching footsteps. She promised to admit her brother into the house when all was still, and if possible, take him to the sick chamber. After a short interview they parted, the girl sadly apprehensive that her absence had been noticed.

A little after midnight Nelson approached the rear of the house, under cover of the outbuildings; and gaining the back porch, stood before the door, beside which his mother during life was wont to sit, while his sister and himself gambolled before her. While he stood here, anxious for the present, and not unmindful of the past, he was alarmed by the deep bay of the old house dog. The house was built on piles, and beneath it the dog had been sleeping. As he came forth, his first loud bark exchanged for a fierce growl, Nelson's heart sunk within him, for detection appeared inevitable. But one hope remained. He turned to the dog, and in a low tone called him by name. Hector was no ingrate: at the sound of the once familiar voice, he leaped upon his young master, and nearly overwhelmed him with caresses. Here was another cause for apprehension. The dog, in his joy, whined so loudly, and floundered about so heavily, that there was great danger of the family being aroused. The apprehension was realized; and through the sash over the door, Nelson saw that a light was approaching. He had barely time to spring over the rail, and conceal himself under the corner of the porch, when the door was unbarred, and the step-brother, of whose persecutions his sister had complained, came forth with a heavy stick in his hand. He gave the dog a blow, and bade him begone. Hector ran down and laid beside his master. The young man followed, and reaching under, beat him severely—the dog snarling, while he crouched more closely, refused to stir. Nelson, concealed by the shadow in which

he lay, could have placed his hand upon the arm of the assailant. At last the dog, provoked beyond endurance, sprung out to seize his tormentor; but a heavy blow, which seemed to crash his skull, felled him to the earth. Spurning him with his foot, with a bitter curse, the young man reëntered the house. Nelson, who had with the greatest difficulty restrained himself, now approached the dog. The poor animal was in its last agony—but yet

"He knew his lord; he knew and strove to meet:
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet.
Yet (all he could,) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master.—He quivers, and he dies."

Nelson waited a long time, and began to be seriously apprehensive that his sister was prevented from keeping her appointment. At last, she gently unbarred the door, and reaching her hand drew him in, and as softly closed it after him.

Hand in hand, the rightful heirs of that house, trembling with the fear of detection, groped their way through the dark hall and up the creaking staircase. Whispering him to wait at the head of the stairs, the girl left her brother for a few minutes. Taking him again by the hand on her return, she led him towards a door on the left, beneath which could be seen the faint glimmer of a light. With the cautious dexterity of an expert burglar, she then opened the door of the sick chamber.

The light on the table, rising and sinking in fitful flashes, was nearly extinguished. The untended brands had fallen upon the hearth, and their father breathed short and inaudibly; while, seated on an arm-chair, with his head leaning against one of the footposts of the bedstead, a negro boy snored loud and sonorously.

After sometime gazing in sorrow upon the wan and wasted features before him, Nelson placed his hand upon his father's brow. The gentle touch, more effectual than the loud noise made by the negro, roused the sick man from his feverish slumber. At first, he gazed wildly upon them; but, to their astonishment and delight, as he recovered his consciousness, there was more of sadness than indignation visible in his countenance.

"Harry! Ellen! how is this! Why have you not come to see me before!"

"Indeed, dear father, Harry never heard that you were sick until yesterday, and I was told that you were so angry with me, that I dared not come, except when you were asleep."

"Is it so, Harry! And did you not receive my letter, and send it back unopened!"

"I never did, father! God knows I never did!"

"And you, Ellen! have you not been living with your aunt?"

"No indeed, father! Before to-night, I have not left the house for months!"

"It is strange! and yet I cannot but believe you,

for your tears are natural. There has been dreadful foul play."

As he spoke he fell back exhausted, but continued to gaze earnestly upon them. Presently a lethargy seemed to creep over him; and his eyes were fast closing, when a noise at the other end of the passage aroused him. Again starting up, he pointed to a port-folio, which lay upon the bureau, and said, "Hand it to me, quick! quick! Open it," he said as it was brought to him. Nelson tried, but it proved to be locked. The sick man's countenance fell and assumed a ghastly hue as he perceived it. Too agitated to speak, he still made signs to open it. Nelson took up the snuffers, which laid upon the table, and with some difficulty prized it open. His father then eagerly looked over the papers; and selecting one, was motioning Nelson to throw it into the fire, when the door burst open, and a woman in dishabille, followed by a young man, rushed into the apartment. It was the step-mother and her son.

Ellen, when she saw her, ran round to the inside of the bed, and her brother followed to protect her. "It is the will, Cornelius! it is the will!" exclaimed the woman, as soon as she saw the paper in the hands of her husband. "Take it from him! Take it quick, or we are beggars." The young man sprang forward, but was arrested by the voice of Nelson, who, drawing a pistol from his breast, said, "Advance one step nearer, and I fire!"

The young man stood aghast. There was consternation in the apartment, and the girl sobbed heavily as she clung to her brother. But when Nelson looked to his father and saw the dreadful change that had taken place in his features, he was struck with remorse; and throwing the pistol down, sank on his knees beside the bed. The young man now eagerly approached, and began drawing the paper from the hand of his step-father. At this instant, the thought of the destitute condition of his sister, changed the purpose of Nelson, and he sprang up to prevent him.

It was unnecessary. The fingers of the dying man clutched the paper so closely, that the neglected nails cut through it—and it was torn, leaving a part of the signature in his grasp. While the young men struggled, one to reach the bed, the other to protect his father from molestation, the latter, with his last act of consciousness, gathered the fragment into his mouth, and strove to chew it. In the act, his eye glazed, his jaw dropped, and his spirit took its departure.

Placing his sister in the family of a friend, and employing a lawyer to look out for his interest, Nelson, true to his promise, returned at the appointed time. But our commander, than whom, one more truly humane, never trimmed his canvass to the gale, permitted him to await on shore, the acceptance of the resignation he had tendered.

It was midsummer when we sailed; and our com-

mander, who was an oddity, proposed, that as we were approaching yet warmer latitudes, the officers should have their heads shaved. The proposition was acceded to; and seated at our mess-tables, in the steerage especially, with our coarse and untempting fare before us, we resembled rather the inmates of a states-prison, than officers of an American man-of-war.

On our arrival at St. Jago de Cuba, the Captain and officers were invited to dine with the Governor. Here was a dilemma! To decline would be construed as an insult—to accept, in the condition of our craniums, would subject us to a most ridiculous exhibition. It was determined to encounter the latter, rather than give offence where so much kindness was intended. A large party was formed, that by general participation individual mortification might be lessened.

We reached the government bouse, and passing through an ante-room, were ushered immediately into the presence of the Governor, his family, and a number of assembled guests. We were not prepared to see ladies; and in fact, we expected to find the room unoccupied until our arrival was announced. When our Captain, who was in advance, saw the ladies seated at the extreme right, he immediately doffed his chapeau; and those who did, and those who did not know the reason, in due subordination, alike followed his example. The silk skull-caps we wore, seemed to have a greater affinity for the lining of the hats, than for the sleek and polished surfaces beneath them. With a few exceptions, we stood with our bald and shaven crowns uncovered, looking like so many monks dressed for the nonce in regimentals. The ladies applied their handkerchiefs to suppress a titter; the men gnawed their lips to restrain a laugh; but when each of us involuntarily clapped a hand to his head, and looked to the others in ludicrous amazement, Spanish gravity was overcome, the ladies screamed, and the gentlemen fairly shouted. Piqued at first, we turned to leave the room; but catching in a mirror the reflection of our grotesque appearance, we broke forth into a peal, louder and longer sustained than that of our entertainers.

This ludicrous incident tended more to break down the barriers of form, and to establish sociability of feeling, than months of intercourse could have effected under ordinary circumstances. We parted late in the evening, mutually delighted.

This harbor is considered by many as superior to Havanna, and scarce inferior to the celebrated Port Mahon in the Mediterranean. The entrance is narrow, the channel is bold but long and circuitous, and the harbor itself is an extensive but somewhat shallow bay. It is perfectly land-locked; and were it less unhealthy, and on the opposite side of the island, would doubtless become a place of great resort. The principal exports are sugar and coffee. I grieve to say, that in the immediate

neighborhood, particularly at Cumberland harbor, a great many poor Africans are smuggled to the shore from the slave ships.

We sailed for Havanna with ex-Governor Torres and his family on board, as passengers. At first, the wind was light and steady from North-East; but it gradually hauled to the Southward, and blew so heavily, that we were compelled to sail under close-reefed foresail. The days were gloomy—the nights exceedingly dark—the navigation intricate, and the weather oppressively sultry. The sea ran very high; and the wind in severe flurries, threw up the spray into a blinding spoon-drift.

On the evening of the third day, the wind abated, and was succeeded by a violent thunderstorm. The lightning, forked and vivid, absolutely made our eyes ache, while our ears were deafened with the loud and incessant peals of thunder. We had afterwards a smooth sea; but the weather was heavy, damp, cloudy, and oppressive. We reached Havanna in eight days, after a passage, tedious to us, and most disagreeable to our passengers.

Among a number of prisoners confined in the Moro castle under sentence of death, there is a young man, a native of Old Spain, born in the town of Adra, (the ancient Abdera, but not the birth-place of Democritus,) in the province of Grenada, on the Northern shore of the Mediterranean. His father was extensively engaged in the manufacture of *barilla*, an alkali, procured by incineration from a plant of the same name.

Under the guidance of the clergyman of the parish, who was also its schoolmaster, Andres Gomara, with the rudiments of education, acquired some knowledge of the classics, and at the age of nineteen, was sent to Valencia to study law under Miguel Fonte, an advocate of distinction.

Under the roof of this austere old gentleman, Gomara spent two happy years. Although the rude manners and abrupt speech of Señor Fonte, would at times mortify the pride, and excite the resentment of Gomara; yet the sight of the beautiful face, or the sound of the sweet voice of his niece, Esperanza, would convert his frown into a smile, and light his eye with joyousness. According to his statement, she must have been a noble creature. Tall and commanding, with hair of raven blackness, her full, dark eye by turns melted with tenderness, or sparkled with enthusiasm. Her complexion was brilliant; and her glorious bust, her arms symmetrically rounded, and a foot and ankle that would have shamed Atalanta, completed her majestic yet graceful figure.

Gomara was nearly three years her senior;—but his education was less complete—his manners were less refined—and he was by nature irritable and impetuous. The disposition of the lady was as lovely as her person. Susceptible, but not easily swayed, gentle assiduity might win her regard, while rudeness or persecution would rouse

her pride and kindle her eye with its latent flashes. She was of a cheerful, and he of a saturnine temperament. As we usually admire in others, the traits in which we are ourselves deficient, it is probable that the ardent passion engendered in the bosom of Gomara might have met with a requital, but for rivalry in an unexpected quarter.

Lorenzo Obregon, the son of an officer of the customs, nearly of the same age, was in every other respect the reverse of Gomara. Taller and fairer, but less compactly built—he was versed in every graceful accomplishment, and had won the first honors in his collegiate course. Courteous in his manners, his unassuming deportment covered a spirit, which, like the beam of the ancient builders, fabled to spring upward against the increasing load, rose in proportion to the difficulties it encountered; and, unmoved in danger, could, unappalled, grapple with the terrors which beset it.

It is well known that the Spaniards are an unsocial race, and that the intercourse between the sexes, which, with us, is almost unrestricted, is among them, confined within narrow limitations. If a young Spanish lady be not, like most of her sex, contracted in early life, she is permitted, with her *duenna* sitting near, to converse with her lover, who stands without the window. Not until the offer is made, accepted and approved, are those inhospitable doors unbarred. *Esperanza* was of the first class; and her uncle, who was also her guardian, had contracted with the father of Gomara for an alliance of their families, provided the parties should become attached to each other.

Hence, their domiciliation under the same roof, but under circumstances of such precaution, that on the score of opportunity to press his suit unobserved, Gomara had as well taken his station beneath the balcony. Nevertheless, in the little attentions he was enabled to pay her at meal-times, and as her companion in occasional excursions, *Esperanza*, with the keen perception of her sex, had understood his feelings long before he was himself aware of their existence. It is the province of love to beget love; and the adage would in all probability have been verified in the present instance, but for an unforeseen occurrence.

On the eve of the feast of St. Jago, the patron saint of Spain, nearly the whole population of Valencia was assembled in a large circular building, to witness "*las corridas de toros*," the bull-fights, which were exhibited on a magnificent scale. From the low barrier which encircled the arena, to the top of the building, all that rendered youth attractive, or was high in rank, or venerable in age, were gathered in eager expectation.

Within the arena were three *Piccadors*, gallily dressed and mounted on horses, well trained and richly caparisoned. They were armed with lances, and took their stations, two in advance, on each side one, and the other in the rear, imme-

diately fronting the gate by which the bull would enter. Hovering near each Piccadore were several chulos, some with crimson mantles thrown over the shoulder, and others with banners of the same color in their hands. The barrier was about five feet high, and the lowest tier of benches but a short distance from it.

Directly before the door, with one knee to the ground, the butt end of a long spear resting against it, was a stalwart and swarthy man—a prisoner under sentence of death. Some circumstance, divulged to the authorities subsequent to his trial, and tending slightly to mitigate his offence, had induced the substitution of the present alternative, and for the impartial award of justice; or, where a doubt is presented, the merciful interposition of authority, the vindication of the injured rights of society were entrusted to the insensate fury of a beast.

The restless fans had ceased to move; the rich mantillas were thrown back upon the heads they rather graced than protected, and every eye was directed to the Governor for the expected signal. It was given; and the buzz of conversation instantaneously hushed, as a bugle rang out a wild and startling note. Its last shrill blast was responded to by a deafening roar: the gate at the upper end was suddenly thrown open, and a ferocious bull bounded into the arena.

An instant before, the poor man was seen to cross himself—then crouching low, he desperately clutched his lance and endeavored to give it the right direction. The next moment they were seen rolling together in the dust—the bull bellowing in anguish, while the man clung to the horn which gored his vitals. The head of the spear, diverging a little to the right, had taken just within the shoulder joint, and passing through, had nearly severed the limb from the body. A few inches more to the left, it would have pierced the heart, and saved the man. But the wound, all severe and painful as it was, could not immediately check the headlong impetus of the bull. A long and pointed horn ripped open the abdomen, from which the entrails protruded, and the man expired in agony, while the bull furiously tossed his head and floundered about to sustain himself upon his feet. A murmur of disappointment escaped the multitude, *not that the man was killed*, but that the conflict was so uninteresting, and so soon decided.

A Matador now advanced, dressed in black velvet, and armed only with a sword. Making his obeisance to the Governor, he solicited and received the desired permission. Seeking his opportunity as the bull rushed past, he thrust his long Toledo blade through the heart of the bull up to the hilt. The animal staggered, reeled, and fell.

The gate was again thrown open, and the body of the unfortunate man carried off. Three mules, profusely decorated with ribbons, were then brought

in and hitched to the bull, which was dragged away at a rapid pace, amid shouts and sounds of music.

Again the gate was closed—the saw-dust which covered the arena was raked smooth, and the Piccadores and Chulos resumed their positions. Again the bugle sounded; again, and as suddenly as before, the gate was thrown open, and another bull, fiercer even than the first, sprung from his dark recess. Dazzled by the glare of light, and confounded by the noise, he stood for an instant gazing with a bewildered air. The Piccador on the left, caught his eye: he gave one roar, pawed the dust, bowed his head, and, with his horns in a horizontal line, his eyes closed, and his tail erect, rushed immediately upon him. The Piccador reined his horse a little back, and with the butt of his lance pressed against his side, awaited the charge. The shaggy front of the assailant received the point of the lance on the upper part, and glancing along the neck it inflicted a severe gash. The irresistible force of the charge, seemed, however, to be in no wise impeded, and horse and rider were whirled to the ground. The building now rang with the cry of "Bravo!" "Bravo, Toro!" and handkerchiefs were waved, and jewelled hands were clapped in acclamation; while the bull, with his horns buried in the body of the horse, pressed harder and harder down, as if to pin to the earth, the poor animal which absolutely shrieked beneath him. The Piccador, with one leg crushed, in vain strove to free himself, until one of the Chulos sprung forward and waved his mantle. The bull immediately gave chase to him—others came to his assistance, and diverted the wrath of the animal from one to the other, until the wounded Piccador and his horse were borne from the arena.

The bull, whose loss of blood seemed not to have diminished his strength, or tamed his spirits, now made a charge upon another of the Piccadores. This Piccador was mounted on a horse unusually restive, and when his rider attempted to rein him back, he reared and plunged and threw himself upon his haunches. The bull, with his eyes closed, rushed by the spot where the horse had stood, and bringing up with dreadful force against the barrier, it gave way with a crash. It was at that part, where sat the lady Esperanza, her uncle, and her intended husband. There was instant clamor, and each one, wild with fright, sought for safety by springing up the ascending benches. Gomara had immediately seized Esperanza, and was bearing her on, but impeded by the throng above, his efforts would have been unavailing—for the bull, recovering from the shock, was about to rush upon them. While he stood breathless, agonized with fear, Lorenzo forced his way from above, and snatching from Esperanza's neck a crimson scarf she wore, he threw himself in front of the bull, and held it forth with one hand, while he presented his sword with the other. As soon as the bull beheld

the color which enrages him, he dashed at the Cavalier, and the multitude betrayed its fear in a wild cry of horror. Esperanza, refusing to be borne further, seemed transfixed to the spot, as she gazed upon the man who appeared bent upon preserving her life by the sacrifice of his own.

A quick eye and a steady hand served Lorenzo faithfully. The weapon passed directly through the heart; and with the blood gushing out, the bull floundered for an instant, and then fell heavily against the lowest tier of benches.

At the moment of the encounter, Esperanza had clasped her hands together in half-despairing, half-imploping attitude; but, when the bull turned aside by the desperate lounge, began to stagger about, she released herself from the grasp of Gomara, and advanced immediately towards the prostrate form of Lorenzo. But when, as he was raised by some of the bystanders, she perceived that he was unwounded, and so far sensible as to catch the anxious expression of her face, she hurried up, and taking her uncle by the arm, precipitately left the building.

With many encomiums on the gallantry of Lorenzo, her uncle severely chid her for the unmaidenly interest she had evinced. She bore his reproof in silence; but when Gomara, in a complaining tone, asked why she had refused to let him bear her away in safety, she replied,—"You consulted my safety, and I thank you,—but *he*," (she did not name him,) "staked his life against the peril from which you would have fled." The words escaped her without reflection, and she did not dream of the invidious comparison she had drawn. They were long treasured in bitter remembrance, and led to the most lamentable result.

Señor Fonte called the next day upon the parents of Lorenzo, and before them expressed his warm acknowledgments for the preservation of his niece. Thus commenced an intercourse between the families, and Lorenzo, who, unnoticed and unknown, had long hopelessly worshipped at a distance, was now favored with opportunity to declare his passion. The prepossession, which his gallantry had inspired, was confirmed by his graceful manners and interesting conversation. The smile with which Esperanza ever greeted him was soon accompanied with a blush, and she felt that she was beloved; and he, that his love was requited.

Gomara—with jaundiced eye, watched their proceedings, and soon discovered by her averted look and altered tone, that another engrossed her affections. In the bitterness of his heart, he swore to be revenged. With nearly the whole of his quarter's allowance sent to him by his father, he purchased a costly present with which he bribed the old duenna. Directed by him, she contrived to place in Esperanza's hands, a letter purporting to be from Lorenzo to another lady, wherein the latter was extolled and herself grossly ridiculed and depreciated.

When the lovers next met, Esperanza, in as indifferent a tone as she could command, inquired of Lorenzo if he knew the Señorita Noriega.

"Yes," he replied, "she is the sister of a dear friend of mine."

"No doubt, the sister is the dearest of the two," said Esperanza, and coolly bidding him good night, retired from the balcony.

Thus they separated. For the first time, he thought her capricious; and she, arguing from her fears, firmly believed him unfaithful. They never met again. Night after night, for near a week, Lorenzo wandered to and fro beneath the balcony, and with guitar and song, in vain called upon his mistress to appear. Invisible, but looking on, her obduracy was in proportion to her previous fondness. But, so plaintive were his notes, so deeply fond his words, that, but for wounded pride, she would have pushed aside the lattice and listened to his explanation. His last stanza, as for the last time he turned in melancholy mood away, breathed such sad, yet determined constancy, that throughout life, her memory vividly retained it. Indifferently translated, it ran thus,—

Lady, Farewell! Henceforth my anguished breast,
Shall cherish Grief as its abiding guest.
Life has no charm,—nor earth one cheerful hue,—
Nor hope one solace—save the thought of you.

Advised by the duenna, that Esperanza's pride could not long withstand the importunities of her lover, and convinced that an explanation would be fatal to his hopes, Gomara determined on yet more energetic measures.

The next evening, as Lorenzo slowly turned into the street wherein was situated the house of his mistress, he was jostled by a masked cavalier, who in an imperious tone demanded—"Do you take the wall of me, sir?"

"And who are you, that so rudely questions my right to do so, if I please?"

"This shall answer you,"—and the cavalier, drawing his sword, struck Lorenzo a smart blow with the back of it.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lorenzo, as he drew his own, "and this shall avenge me."

Their swords twinkled in the dim starlight, and clashed loudly in the still air of the deserted street, as, with justly aroused anger on one side, and vindictive jealousy on the other, each, reckless of his own, seemed bent only on taking the life of his opponent. After several ineffectual passes, Lorenzo made a desperate lounge, which was parried with such force, that his too highly tempered blade shivered at the hilt, and left him entirely defenceless. Gomara, with his heart steeled against every feeling but that of revenge, cowardly took the advantage, and running his adversary through, left him weltering in blood. The noise had attracted the attention of the neighbors, but none dared venture out, until it had ceased. Embedded in gore,

Lorenzo had breathed his last. In his bosom ~~was~~ found a piece of parchment neatly sewed, containing a lock of hair, with the word—"Esperanza."

The mask which Gomara wore, fell off in the rencounter, and was forgotten in his precipitate flight. It was recognized by the duenna as one, which he had prevailed upon her to procure for him. Weak and sordid as she was, she shrunk with horror from the thought of bloodshed. Penetrated with remorse, she confessed that she had conveyed the letter and procured the mask, but, solemnly protested that she knew not for what purpose the latter was intended.

It was universally believed in Valencia, that Lorenzo had been assailed and overcome by ruffians in the employment of Gomara; and the latter was obliged to fly from the city. On reaching Adra, his father refused to see him. Rejected from the roof which should last have sheltered, and repulsed by the hand which should have been stretched forth to reclaim him—he turned in bitterness away; and, homeless and friendless, secreted himself in the mountains. Want drove him from his concealment, only to mingle with outcasts like himself—and the same stern necessity compelled him to become one of their illegal and degraded fraternity. He joined a well-organized and notorious band of smugglers.

Gomara had pursued this hazardous life two or three months, when one evening, a brig laden with contraband articles anchored near the shore. Shortly after nightfall, with ten others, he was sent out to her in a felucca. A little after midnight, they had procured a load and started again for the shore. Notwithstanding the caution of her crew, the movements of the brig had been observed from one of the Martello towers, which line the coast; and when the felucca touched the beach, a party of soldiers, concealed behind the projecting crags, rushed upon them. The smugglers were armed, and made resistance, but were overpowered and secured. The survivors were taken to Valencia and imprisoned. The trial was fixed for an early day, and as two of the soldiers had been killed in the affray, there was no doubt but that the prisoners would be condemned to death. Gomara wrote to his father. Like the prodigal son, he confessed himself unworthy, and pleaded guilty to the conflict he had provoked with, and the advantage he had taken of, his rival; but called upon his God to witness that he had not employed an assassin. The father relented,—and hastening to Valencia, besought the influence of his friend in behalf of his unhappy son.

The meeting of those two old men was painful in the extreme. The father grieved for a son, once his pride,—now manacled as a felon,—and if he escaped an ignominious death, doomed to a life of degradation. The uncle mourned the purpose of his life frustrated. His niece, the heiress of his possessions,—in whom were centered his hopes

and his affections, heart-broken, had resolved to abandon the world and bury herself and her sorrows within the walls of a cloister. But the unhappy are never unfeeling; and among the sweetest uses of adversity, is the sympathy it awakens for the sufferings of others.

Ostensibly, on a technical plea, in reality through the influence of the advocate, the sentence of death was commuted for banishment to the colonies.

Some evenings after, as the turn-key was locking the prisoners up for the night, he pretended to examine whether the manacles on Gomara had not become loosened. As he did so, he whispered, "do you sleep sound?" and without saying more, or waiting a reply, the man turned away. But there was that in his eye, which enkindled hope. Long after the deep breathing of his companions apprised Gomara that they had found a temporary reprieve from their sorrows, he laid nervously awake, listening for the slightest sound of an approaching footstep. Overpowered at last by drowsiness, he fell asleep. He was awakened by some one pressing slightly on his chest and whispering, "arise, but speak not."

His irons were silently removed; and, with noiseless gait, he followed his deliverer.

Unchallenged by the sentry, who evidently pretended not to see them, they passed the outer gate, beside which stood his father. The afflicted parent threw himself upon his son and fairly sobbed aloud,—then recovering himself, he took him by the hand and led him rapidly along. If the interview between the old men had been painful, the one between the father and the son was agonizing. The one, in an evil hour, had yielded to the worst passions of his nature; and goaded by vindictive jealousy, had taken a cowardly advantage of a disarmed adversary. The other, by hardening his heart against its best and most natural impulse, had driven his child, young, unfriended, and with a mark upon his brow, to consort with reckless and unprincipled men.

They soon reached the banks of the Gandalquiver, where a boat lay waiting to convey Gomara to a vessel at the river's mouth. At parting, his father gave him a purse, with a letter to a friend in Gibraltar. After they had separated, Gomara turned back and said, "Father! the Lady Esperanza, how is she?"

"Alas, my son! think not of her: she is lost to you and to us all forever. She 'takes the veil to-morrow.'"

Gomara drooped his head, and turning silently away, was rowed down the stream. His father, by a mute gesture, bade him farewell; and when the boat was out of sight, threw himself upon the ground and wept long and bitterly.

The next day was the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Before the high altar of the cathedral stood the bishop in full pontificals, with

many assistants around him. The richly chased censer threw upward its aromatic cloud, which dimmed the light of the numerous candles placed amid vases of flowers, with images of cherubim and seraphim beside and above them. Over the tabernacle, a figure in female drapery, with her hands clasped together and her countenance expressive of unutterable grief, represented the Virgin. Her gaze was fixed upon a crucifix above her, upon which was suspended an image of the Savior; the last towering above all, as high, as reverence is inferior to devotion. In full and melodious volume, the peal of the organ burst upon the ear, as the celebrant chaunted the beautiful anthem, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*"—first heard by the guardian shepherds of Bethlehem. The immense congregation rose from their knees, and standing, listened with feelings attuned to elevated piety, while the unrivalled choir took up, and in notes of exquisite melody, concluded the anthem. Presently it was hushed; the congregation resumed its attitude of prayer, and from the assembled hundreds, not the slightest sound was heard, as, in a subdued voice, the celebrant recited the office of the day. As he concluded, the organ again struck up, but no longer in a triumphant strain. Its tones, prolonged and sad, prepared the mind for meditation.

Before the close of the soothing, though melancholy hymn which succeeded, a wild and solemn chant was heard approaching, and from a door beside the altar, two and two, arrayed in snow white garments, a long line of nuns entered and took their places within the railing. Last came the lady Abbess, supporting a female exquisitely, nay, superbly attired. It was Esperanza.

"A veil translucent o'er her brows displayed,—
Her beauty seemed, and only seemed to shade."

More beautiful than ever, her beauty was of a different cast. Her cheeks had lost their tint, her lips their coral hue,—and her complexion was pure and colorless as virgin wax. But her eye was kindled with devotion, and her features bore an expression so angelic, that it seemed as if some celestial being stood before them. Chastened by sorrow and purified by repentance, she appeared too good for earth and almost fit for Heaven.

The solemn and impressive scene of renouncing the world, its vanities and its pomps, now followed. One by one, jewels and embroidery were thrown aside, and last of all, the great embellishment of nature, the peculiar pride and most becoming ornament of the sex, the luxuriant hair, was cut and laid upon the altar. As this was done, the death-like stillness of the moment was broken by a deep groan, and a man fell heavily beside the column nearest to the sanctuary. Gomara, instead of remaining concealed in the vessel, had returned to the shore to witness the renunciation of the being,

whom he worshipped with all the maddening fervor of his impetuous nature.

He was recognized, again committed, and eventually transported to Cuba. The ministers of the law plundered him of all he possessed; and, penniless and threadbare, he was thrown upon a strange land. Friendless, and without occupation, for he had the brand of a convict upon him, the *ci-devant* smuggler, reckless and desperate, became an active and notorious pirate. He was taken, condemned, and before we left, was ignominiously executed.

I have given the general outlines of his story, as related to me by one, who had it from himself. The details, if given in full, with the difficulties he encountered, and the efforts he made to subdue them, would, perhaps, present him in the light of one, as much to be pitied as condemned. High tempered, but not magnanimous, one rash and cowardly act blasted his hopes; and his rankling pride led him afterwards to prefer a war against his kind, rather than by amendment, atone for the injury he had inflicted. His first and greatest enemy was his own vindictive temper: the second, was the mistimed unkindness of his father. The first, drove him to a dreadful crime: the second, hardened the heart that might have been softened into repentance.

The day after our arrival in Havanna, Midshipman Lindsay, the son of Colonel Lindsay of the army, was dispatched on duty in the 1st cutter, with the launch in tow, the latter containing the servants and nearly filled with the furniture of General Torres. They were destined for the Punta, a fort at the harbor's mouth, opposite to the Moro Castle. About two thirds of the distance from the Hornet, the Spanish guard ship was moored to enforce the regulations and to prevent smuggling. As our boats were pulling by this guard-ship, they were hailed. Mr. Lindsay immediately laid on his oars, and gave his character and destination. They appeared to be satisfied, and he again pulled for the fort, when to his surprise the boats of the guard-ship were dropped astern, a gun was cleared away and a soldier stood with a lighted match beside it, while the officer ordered him to come immediately along side, or he would fire into him.

As soon as he could hush the outcries of the servants in the launch, Mr. Lindsay directed the young officer in charge of her, to get out as many oars as he could, and pull in shore, and ahead of the 1st cutter. In the mean time, Mr. Lindsay again laid upon his oars and again repeated what he had before said. The reply was a peremptory repetition of the order to come along side. Provoked beyond endurance, Mr. Lindsay slowly backed his oars until his boat covered the launch, when he stood up, and holding the boat's ensign in one hand, he shook his fist at the officer, and bade him fire, if he dared. The Spaniard made a great parade of carrying his threat into execution, but

finding that he could not intimidate, he let our boats pass without further molestation. For once, he mistook his man. The American Midshipman had no idea of silently submitting to the insult he had received. On reaching the fort, he stated the circumstance to the Commandant, who was an intelligent and liberal man. The latter said, that he was sorry he could promise no hope of redress. The complaint, he said, could only be made to the Commandant of Marine, who would, unquestionably, decide in favor of his countryman. Mr. Lindsay said nothing more, but hastening the discharge of the launch, despatched her to the Hornet before him. He then shoved off in the cutter, and directing his men to give way with all their might, he pulled near the guard-ship, as if he also intended to pass her; but, as he gained her beam, he put his helm hard down, and laid his boat directly along side. As she grazed against the vessel, he sprung aboard, and his crew, seizing boat-hooks, awning stations, and whatever they could lay their hands upon, followed to sustain him.

It is strange, how danger sharpens the intellect! The crew of the boat had no idea of the purpose of their officer, and when he ordered them to give way, their impression was, that by passing rapidly, he wished to elude the aim, should the guard ship fire. But, when they boarded her, and the Spaniards, taken by surprise, clustered aft and left a stack of muskets standing forward of the mast, a single glance of their officer apprised his crew of his intention to seize them, should matters come to extremities.

The Spanish officer, as soon as his men were under arms, demanded the reason of such a visit. Mr. Lindsay replied, that he came to know by what authority he had dared to threaten the boat of an American man-of-war. This officer said, that he had obeyed his orders, and would do the like again. Mr. Lindsay told him that it was false; that his orders did not justify him, and that he dared not again attempt it.

"And what will be the consequence if I do?" asked the Spaniard.

"Simply this," said Mr. Lindsay. "I will board you, as I have done now, and throw your guns, your dirty soldiers and yourself overboard—that is all."

"Have you come here to insult my flag?" inquired the Spaniard.

"I have come to insult you, and to tell you that whenever I meet you unprotected, I will put my mark upon you."

With such compliments they parted. That evening, and three or four succeeding ones, Mr. Lindsay contrived to get on shore, and fruitlessly searched the usual resorts of the Spanish officers, for his acquaintance of the guard-ship.

Several days after, the 1st Lieutenant called Mr. Lindsay aside, and informed him that the Cap-

tain had received a letter from the Governor General of the island, complaining of the insult he had offered to the Spanish flag.

"How does the Captain mean to reply to it?" inquired the Midshipman.

"He has written to say that he has no doubt it was an act of indiscretion on your part, and that he will see that you are properly punished."

Mr. Lindsay turned and descended into the steerage, where, exchanging his round jacket for a uniform coat, he took out his Midshipman's warrant and went to the cabin.

"Captain K.," said he, on entering, "have you received any report respecting me?"

"Yes, sir!" said the Captain.

"May I ask, sir, if you have replied to it?"

"I have written to say, that I presume you were rash, but the answer is not sent."

"Before you send it, sir, I wish that you would receive my warrant, for I cannot remain in the service."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the Captain.

"I mean, that if I am to be condemned unheard, in a difficulty with foreigners too, the Navy is not the thing I took it to be, and the sooner I leave it, the better."

The Captain remained silent a moment, and then said, "Perhaps I've been precipitate; tell me exactly what happened, sir."

Mr. Lindsay proceeded to do so, and before he finished, the Captain tore up the letter before him, and said, "It is enough, sir; I shall know what credence to give to such reports hereafter."

In less than a week, the Captain's boat was fired upon with a musket, and in the same manner the insult was resented by boarding the guard-ship.

It was soon determined to fit our launch for an expedition against the pirates. The Lieutenant, who was appointed to command her, honored and gratified me with an invitation to accompany him. Poor Lindsay entreated to be taken along, but he was on the sick list, and the surgeon objected. I was as much disappointed as himself, for we were sworn and intimate friends.

We started at an early hour of the night, and just before shoving off, Lindsay came to take leave of me. Until that moment, I had not dreamed that he was in danger. His hand was parched and feverish; his brow flushed, and his eye glistened with unusual lustre. An icy thrill shot through me; for, without knowing why, I felt that the hours of my friend were numbered. He seemed to labor under a similar presentiment, for his spirits were depressed, and the tones of his voice were sad. With a gushing remembrance of the many happy hours we had spent together; of the many endearing proofs of friendship each had given to the other, we parted as those do, who never expect to meet again. I saw that he yearned to embrace me, and,

had we been sheltered from observation, I could have laid my head upon his shoulder and wept. The unbidden tear gathered in my eye as I bade him farewell, and the last thing I saw, was the shadowy outline of my friend standing motionless on the spot where I left him gazing. I never saw him again—and I have related the incident of the guard-ship, not for any thing in itself, but that it concerned him.

As soon as we were clear of the harbor, we steered for Salt Key, where we were to meet the steam-brig, which would tow us to windward, and furnish us with the necessary provisions. But, a little after midnight, the clouds gathered in thick masses, and a heavy squall of wind and rain overtook us. This squall was the precursor of another and another, under the influence of which the sea rose, and our boat, too heavy to be buoyant, plunged deeply, and rising with difficulty to the sea, became exceedingly wet and uncomfortable, and excited apprehensions of yet more serious consequences. At length, the wind freshened so much, that we could no longer carry sail unless before it, which would have been certain destruction to our clumsy boat. We were compelled to lay to under the oars; that is, taking in all sail, we kept the boat head to wind with some of the oars, while others of the crew were employed in bailing out the water we were every instant receiving. It was a situation as perilous as it was uncomfortable, and required unceasing vigilance and dexterity in the helmsman.

The blow continued through the night, but abated a little after sunrise, when we made the best of our way to the place of destination. The steam brig was not there, and we waited for her until the next morning. She had not then made her appearance, and we started to run towards Matanzas in quest of her. On our way, we met her, and the Lieutenant went on board to see his friends and have our provisions prepared for us, while we were made fast and towed by a hawser astern. It was so late before the provisions were ready, that they were retained to be delivered in the morning. We supped that night on the last piece of meat we had, in the confident expectation of a plentiful supply in the morning. But the wind increased during the night, and in the morning the brig was obliged to lengthen our scope of hawser, lest we should drag under the fast rising sea. Throughout that day and the ensuing night, the gale continued, and on the second day became so fierce that the brig was obliged to scud before it. A vessel at all times steers badly when scudding before a gale, but the brig yawed dreadfully, one moment bringing a star to bear on the bow, and the next, broad upon the quarter. It was with the greatest difficulty, that we could steer the boat so as to keep her from being dragged broadside under. We had now been for two days without food, except some broken ship's biscuit soaked with salt water, which

parched us with a thirst that our stinted allowance of water could not slake. Starvation stared us in the face, while our friends ahead were revelling in abundance. Pitching and tossing in the wildest and most alarming manner, our boat swerved so rapidly from side to side, that all the efforts of our friends to convey food to us, proved unsuccessful. With boding thoughts of death,—of the sweeping wave, the brief struggle, the last cry stifled by the water which gurgled down the unwilling throat, we gazed upon the setting sun. We could detect no token of a goodly morrow. Although wet and hungry, and the swift wind, whirling its spray before it, chilled as it swept by us, yet the peril was so great, that each one stripped himself of his pea-jacket* to be ready for a swim; while turn about, one sat at the bow with a hatchet in his hand, prepared to cut the hawser at the critical moment.

It was a dreadful night. The brig rolled heavily, at times showing her very keel, and swept along with varied speed. Sometimes, almost arrested as she clambered up some huge wave, our hawser would be slackened as we neared her; the next moment, she had bounded over the crest, and the hawser fairly cracked with the strain, while we were dragged forward with breathless velocity. The moon and stars were shut out; and it seemed as if an immense black pall was spread above us. The sea too was so phosphorescent, that the sinuous wake of the brig was filled as it were with innumerable sparks, while the huge waves, with their combing crests, looked like great surges of flame. So great was the light, that we could with ease have read the smallest print;—but alas! all that we had to read, was the deep anxiety imprinted on each other's countenance. The Protecting Power above preserved us through that dismal night. The sun rose more auspicious than he had sat; and by noon, the gale began to moderate. As soon as the danger was past, I threw myself down—fairly spent, while the poor, but generous fellows, took their turns to steer the boat. Not one would lie down, until I did.

Late in the afternoon, I awoke with the sun streaming full in my face. The first thing I did was to put out my hand and feel the line, which, throughout the gale, we had kept trolling astern in the hope of catching a fish. I thought that it felt heavier than usual, but, was for some time uncertain. In a little while, my doubts were cleared, and I joyfully called upon some of the crew to help me. We drew in a large bonita; and, at the news, the sleepers roused up, forgetful of fatigue in the ravenous calls of hunger. There was in the bottom of the boat, an iron pot fitted for cooking. We threw the panting fish into it, together with the remainder of our soaked and mouldy biscuit. We then huddled round the pot to screen it from the spray, and with much difficulty, lighted

* Sailor's over coat.

a fire by the flash of a pistol. Occasionally seasoned by a few drops of spray, our rude breakfast was in a short time prepared, and the pampered alderman, who would have given fifty pounds for the appetite of the beggar to whom he denied a shilling, might surely have doubled the price to participate in our enjoyments. We did eat, as those may be supposed to do, who have long fasted, and know not when or where they will partake of another meal. Our hunger satisfied, we again slept, the necessary watch excepted,—and when we waked, the ocean, though yet troubled, was fast subsiding.

After scouring about 300 miles along the coast, we separated from the brig, and started unaccompanied on our return. As we were directed to examine thoroughly several islands that lay in our route, extreme vigilance was necessary, and three volunteers from the brig were added to our crew. One of them, young, of good parentage and classical education, soon attracted our attention and excited our sympathy. In manner, he was reserved, for he was exceedingly visionary, and lived in an atmosphere of his own creation. Forgetful of the present, his mind reverted to the past, or peopled the future with imaginary beings. Yet, his disposition was more a resigned than a melancholy one; the images on which his mind loved to dwell, though often sad, were clothed in chaste and becoming drapery, and the language in which he spoke to us, was startling in its novelty, and not unfrequently rich in its unstudied elegance. He was ill when he joined us, but concealed it, and the next day he was raving, with the fever at its height. In his lucid intervals, he related a portion of his history, at which we could not smile, although it severely tasked our credulity.

He was the only child of a schoolmaster, who, late in life, married a second time. The natural consequence was, that the paternal home became distasteful to the son; and the father, with a new object for his affections, readily consented to a separation, and procured for him a situation in the clerk's office of an adjoining county.

Hartman was assiduous in his attendance at the office, but made innumerable mistakes in the performance of his duty. His principal task was to copy deeds, and here, by errors in dates and titles, by frequent omissions of sentences and transposition of words, he severely tried the patience of his benevolent employer. In fact, he was, in every sense of the word, a dreamer. He had his reveries by day, and he superstitiously cherished his nightly dreams as foreshadowing the future.

At one time, he had been despatched on distant business. Before he reached his place of destination, he was taken ill and confined to his bed in an ill-kept and poorly furnished inn. The first night, he dreamed that his step-mother brought him a garment, which he was about to put on, but, from

a sudden impulse for which he could not account, he threw it aside. He awoke with the firm conviction that he was about to be very ill, but would certainly recover; and to the alarm of his indolent but good-natured landlord, refused to take medicine, and would not allow a physician to be called. The strength of his constitution, invigorated by his perfect confidence, bore him safely through, and he recovered from a sickness protracted by several relapses.

Some six months after, he dreamed that the same person presented the same garment, and he had reached his hand to receive it, when his father, stepping between, took it up and put it on himself. This time, he awoke with the firm persuasion that he would again be ill, but, that his father either had died or was at the last extremity. In this conviction, without the permission of his employer who refused it, while he laughed at his idle fears, Hartman started for his home. His disordered imagination, preying upon a body already perhaps in the incipient stage of disease, brought on in part the realization of his vision, and another spell of wasting illness followed. The death of his father about the time, and as he protested, at the very hour he had seen him don the garment, strengthened his deep-rooted faith in the mystic revelations of his dream. When he recovered, beside the death of his father, he had another misfortune to deplore. The patience of his employer had been tried too far, and he lost his situation.

Thrifless, without present means, and destitute of the energy which begets resources, poor Hartman wandered to the sea board, and at last, in abject want, presented himself at a Naval rendezvous, and enlisted in the service. He was detailed as one of the crew of the steam brig, where his listless habits, rendering him unfit for active duties, he was assigned a situation which condemned him to sedentary occupation, and by confinement impaired his health.

The night before we parted from the brig, he dreamed that the same ill-omened female tendered him the garment, which, like that of Nessus, is mortal to the wearer—and that he put it on. Of his own death he was now assured, and in the morning, with moving earnestness, entreated to come with us, because, as he afterwards said, he could not abide to die in the cramped and narrow place allotted to the sick, where, not only the heavens themselves, but their very light was excluded, and the air was vitiated before it reached it.

The second evening he died. The same night, we ran close along the shore of Cayo Romano, intending to land where we might not be surprised, for the purpose of burying the body. Under the far stretching shadow of the trees, which feathered the summits of the hills, we slowly skimmed along the light ripple beneath the bows, drowned in the murmur of the waves as they lazily trembled upon

the shelving beach. We had long ceased to converse, and our eyes and ears were strained to see or catch the sight or sound of a movement upon the shore. The profound stillness was disturbed, and we instinctively started at the sound of a loud and peculiar shriek. It was the Cat o' Mountain, the most ferocious native of the forest, lured from its den by the scent of mortality. We now knew, that however deep we might dig the grave of our companion, his remains would be disinterred by the ravenous beasts, who, their first startling cry exchanged for a fierce and angry growl, stood upon the hill side, and with greedy eyes watched our proceedings.

We turned our boat's head to seaward, and, pulling out into bold water, as the moon went down, and the stars shone forth in increased lustre, and the gentle wind wafted from the land the odor of tropical fruits and plants, with one prayer recited aloud and many silent aspirations for the welfare of his soul, we committed his body to the deep. The departed wave closed in and shut him from our sight,—we resumed our devious path along the coast, and in the exciting nature of our duty, soon forgot the melancholy fate of the poor visionary.

We proceeded to Matanzas, where we were to rejoin our ship. We approached the harbor late at night. The full, unclouded moon shed her soft and silvery light upon the placid scene. Far in the depths beneath, danced the lights of a mimic sky. Clear as at noon-day, the white-washed houses were reflected in the liquid surface beneath them. The hills were basking in light, the vallies were mantled in shade, and with their heads in various directions, the ships rode to the flickering airs aloft—and ships, and houses, the hills, the vallies, the bay and the distant ocean, were as still as if the wand of the enchanter had been waved above them.

With slow and noiseless stroke, we gained the middle of the harbor, when the silence was broken by the boom of our piece of artillery and the sharp report of all our musketry. As the echo reverberated among the distant hills, each man, with a conch shell, set up a discordant blast. The alarm instantly spread; the ships of war beat to quarters; the garrison flew to arms, and there was panic and consternation in the town.

As I stepped over the side of the *Hornet*, my first question was for Lindsay. Alas! our presentiments were not unfounded. He was no more! There was melancholy solace in the intelligence that in his delirium, he ever called upon me, and that with his last articulate breath, he pronounced my name.

A generous spirit marked his short career,
And rising greatness was implanted there.
Ardent for fame, impatient to sustain
His country's glory on the raging main,

The young aspirant left his native shore,
To which fate doomed him to return no more.
Alas! untimely lost in youthful bloom,
An early tenant of the dreary tomb.
His body to the charnel house is giv'n,
His soul on angels' wings, is borne to Heaven.

Soon after my return on board, my messmates told me with exultation, of a circumstance most commendable to our commander. In Havanna, he had been tendered a handsome commission, if he would transport a quantity of specie in the ship under his command. He peremptorily refused, but offered, without any charge whatever, to convoy such merchant vessel, as might be freighted with it. This tribute is deserved; for, the disinterestedness he evinced, I grieve to say, does not prevail with the members of his grade, much less with the one above it. The Gulf of Mexico, the coast of Peru, and even the sterile shores of California, have been, now are, and will continue to be, the theatres for the violation of the revenue laws of other countries, and the neglect of the interests of our own government, so long as the latter, by its inertness, connives at the nefarious practice. In the name of passengers' baggage, or stowed in bags of rice, or furtively concealed about the persons of notorious smugglers, quantities of specie are taken on board of our men-of-war. Not only is the public interest neglected, but, the national ships are endangered. They are despatched to places remote, little known and scarce frequented, without regard to health, to safety, or facility of supplies. In a warm climate, their men are restricted to salted food, (sometimes a short allowance of that,) for many weeks in succession, and the boats' crews are subjected to unusual fatigue, and exposed to the heavy dews of night, while lurking in unsuspected places, they wait, for the purpose of conveying to their ship, the specie, of which, the laws of the country prohibit the exportation.

This practice, so degrading to honest men, so despicable in the officer who thereby betrays his trust, can only be corrected by a pro-rata division of the per centage as prize money,—or, what is better yet, by a total prohibition to receive any compensation whatever.

It is true, that the importation of specie into our country should be encouraged by all proper means—but, it is an article, the supply of which is solely regulated by the demands of trade. It should be borne in mind too, that in the Pacific, the transportation of specie is from port to port along the coast. Other nations may be blind to their own interests, but that does not justify an open interference, much less a furtive and dastardly violation of their enactments. To attain an end, regardless of the means, has been charged (unjustly I believe,) as the pernicious maxim of the Jesuits. To do as we would be done by, is the golden rule of Christianity. "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum," should be the cherished motto of every enlightened nation.

I was soon promoted to another vessel, and from a most excellent, transferred my allegiance to a more diminutive commander. More puny, in every respect, than the one I have left, my present commander is two removes from the highest grade in the service. When he attains the last (as if he live, he unquestionably will, under a system which advances alike the worthless and the deserving,) he will doubtless be considered the smallest Post-Captain in the Navy.

We sailed to Vera Cruz and Tampico for specie. Unsuccessful at the former, we proceeded to the latter place, and anchored in an exposed and open roadstead. Behind us, was a dangerous, and for us an impassable reef, marked by the foam, which crested its lashing and far-sounding surf. Before us, with its dark and angry waves driven onward by a fresh northerly wind, was the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico.

As soon as we were anchored, the boats were hoisted out, and an officer and crew sent in the launch for water. They were well aware of the danger to which they were thus unnecessarily exposed. The expedition was considered unnecessary; for, we were but a few weeks from port, and had an ample stock of water on hand. It was deemed cruel to despatch it at such a time, for the indications of a storm were evident to the least observing.

The officer took leave of us with a compressed lip, and his eye flashed as he silently listened to the unmeaning directions of his commander, who, as well as himself, had never visited the place before. Talk of serried ranks and wedged battalions, of the compact square, and even of the deep moat and frowning parapet!—I would as soon charge upon the fretted lines of steel, or, in the depth of night, head the forlorn hope that scales the deadly breach, as undertake, in such weather, to cross the reef which lay behind us.

The increasing waves of a fast-rising storm were dammed by the opposing reef, until accumulated in a huge mass, the multitudinous waters sprung madly upward, and breaking above the crest, swept on with the foam, the roar and the speed of a mighty cataract.

In sadness we parted from our shipmates in the boat, and with deep anxiety watched her progress toward the shore. She no sooner entered within the line of breakers, than a heavy roller passed over the stern, and knocking down the officer who sat there, filled the boat with water, and tore several of the oars from the hands of the rowers. The empty casks, kept down by the thwarts, or benches upon which the rowers sat, alone prevented the boat from sinking. Water-logged, and incapable of exertion, the fate of the crew seemed inevitable. But that Power which is ever at hand, and often exercised when human means avail not, preserved them. The current was setting in shore,

and although the boat was pitched up, and tossed downward and onward with great force and inconceivable rapidity, yet, she could not sink, so long as the thwarts retained their places. Fortunately, they were firmly fixed, and to them, the crew clung with the desperation of drowning men. We were long kept in suspense, but our anxious fears subsided, as we saw them drift by degrees into smoother water.

Scarce had we drawn a long and grateful breath for the preservation of our friends, than it became necessary to turn attention to our own security. The wind was freshening, the sea rising, and the aspect of the sky denoted a gale of long continuance. Before long, we were compelled to slip our cable and stand out to sea, leaving our boat's crew, without provision, to make what shift they could.

With the subsidence of the gale we returned, and our boat rejoined us. For six days, the crew had suffered much, from privation and exposure. After waiting some time, we received \$100,000 and some passengers on board, and weighed anchor for the United States. We proceeded to a Northern port to land our specie and passengers; that done, we returned to a more Southern port, to refit our vessel.

Here we separated—some to be clasped in the chaste embrace of wives, and listen to the winning endearments of their children:—some to receive a father's blessing, and some to pillow their heads on the fond maternal bosom. I go, to greet acquaintance, to brood on the recollections of the past, and feed my restless soul with anticipations of the future.

REJOICINGS AT SUNSET.

BY G. G. POSTER.

The waves were glad when the sun went down,
For he was too much like a kingly crown
Upon their free brows—so they merrily danced,
As the eye of the hot, proud day-light glanced
Flickeringly out from its curtain of cloud—
To the waters all brightness—to the sunshine a shroud;
And the sky and the ocean in ecstasy met,
And blended their smiles where the sun had set.

The flowers were glad when the sun went down,
For their bright, sweet eyes had been dimmed by his frown,
And his scorching breath had withered their hues;
So their lips opened soft to the night-coming dews.
The grass sang merrily by the clear fountain,
As the sun fell slowly behind the blue mountain;
And the bird twittered cheerily home to his nest,
To find from his beautiful labors sweet rest.

The stars were glad, as they leaped to light,
And set their gems on the robe of Night;
And the pale queen moon walked out on the sea,
And charmed the tides to their revelry.

Then the sound of the terrible ocean was heard,
As the mighty power in its deep caverns stirred—
While the beautiful star-light spread over all
The magnificent scene, its silver pall.

The weary mariner leaned o'er the lee
And wept, as the sun sank under the sea;
For, the clear night to him was a time of dreams,
Sweet with the memory of pleasant themes—
And the gushing tear to his eye had come,
As he thought of the dear delights of his home.
Thus Hope wrings the fragrance from each broken flower,
And treasures it up for a darksome hour!

The forest was glad—for it went to sleep—
And the sound of its breathing was thrilling and deep;
While the winds in its bosom lay hushed in soft wonder,
And fairies were dreaming the still shadows under.

But while the cool night brought joy to so many,
To me it brought transport much dearer than any—
For it led me to THEE, my sweet love, and thy smile
Ever beaming to welcome me home from my toil.
Oh, the day! it is glorious, and sunny, and bright—
But to me give the holier blessings of night,—
When my tired spirit, freed from the world, sinks to rest,
And finds all it has pictured of Heaven, on thy breast.

LORD BOLINGBROKE:

HIS POLITICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS.

Lord Bolingbroke is one of those statesmen, who are fitted to shine among their contemporaries, rather than to live with posterity, and from whose lives more profit and instruction are to be derived than from their writings. No man has ever appeared in England more lavishly endowed than Henry St. John, with all those splendid gifts that are necessary to adorn the private studies and illustrate the political career of a public man. Descended from an ancient and honorable family—tracing his ancestry back to the conquest, and boasting in its line of warriors, statesmen, and patriots—gifted by fortune with a large estate, and by nature with a handsome person—possessed of a refined wit, a brilliant fancy, an amazing memory, and a matchless eloquence, he seemed to be a man whom nature and art had conspired to elevate, whose abilities and ambition were equal to any undertaking, and of whom his friends and his country could not form hopes too extravagant to be realized. If such a man fell, before he reached the goal which his great abilities would have easily enabled him to pass, the causes of his failure must be sought in himself, and not in the circumstances by which he was surrounded. If enemies opposed, and at last overwhelmed him, it was not because they were hostile to truth, to virtue, or to those in whom it was embodied, but because they were embittered by his imprudent scorn, and contemptuous rashness. If, as is said, he took pleasure in creating opponents merely to show his power in sub-

duing them, he should have remembered the fate of the wrestler of old, who, in rending the oak, dreamed not of the rebound. If his country did not shower upon him office and honor during the whole of his political life, it was because his time was given to the intrigues, and his talents to the daring schemes of her invading enemies. If his genius and acquirements have not received from posterity that homage which apparently they ought to command, it is because that genius and those acquirements were often misapplied to the support of moral untruth, political heresy, a bad philosophy, and a worse religion.

Of a man, so differently regarded by his countrymen of the present age, and of that in which he lived, it may be difficult to form a correct and enlightened opinion. It may be that in England, as remarked by Goldsmith, they who condemn his politics, may approve his religion; and they who censure his religion, may admire his politics. The lapse of a century has cooled alike the ardor of his friends and the malignity of his enemies; and posterity has fairly passed its judgment upon the fame of Bolingbroke. If he cannot be classed with those pure and virtuous men who have toiled for nothing but their country's good, or with those profound philosophers who have foreseen and foretold the workings of the human mind, and the operations of human governments for centuries to come, yet he cannot be deprived of his rank as a classic author, nor of his fame as one of the most efficient ministers, accomplished statesmen, and unrivalled orators of the age in which he lived.

Henry St. John was born at Battersea, in the county of Surry, in the year 1672. His family is as old as the conquest. He was reared in the family of Lord Chief Justice St. John, one of whose daughters his grandfather, Sir Walter St. John, had married. The Chief Justice, as is well known, belonged to the Republican party; and Henry was therefore early instilled with the principles of the Dissenters. A fanatic preacher was his instructor; his daily task was to read lectures and religious homilies, and more especially, as he himself informs us, the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose boast it was to have written one hundred and nineteen sermons on the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm! The feeling and sensible mind of Bolingbroke must have been disgusted with the furious zeal and blind obstinacy of his fanatic instructor: this disgust unfortunately was, in time, extended to the religion which he professed. Thus early were the seeds of infidelity sown; and to this slight mistake in his first education, may be traced many of the misfortunes, and most of the faults of his subsequent life. He was educated at Eton college, and afterwards at Christ church, Oxford. At the university, he was distinguished neither for application nor attainment: he seemed satisfied with the consciousness, rather than eager for the exer-

tion, of his abilities. His friends and acquaintances, however, were well apprized of the extent and vigor of his mind, and predicted that he would make a brilliant figure in active life. For many years, however, pleasure was his goddess; his ambition was not to shine at court, nor to lead in parliament, but to be famous as a rake. No man in the kingdom kept more expensive mistresses, frequented more dissipated haunts, nor prolonged his debaucheries to a more ruinous extent, than Henry St. John. Although the love of study and the desire of knowledge were felt by him through the whole of his life, yet they whispered so softly, that their solemn admonitions were scarcely regarded in the hurry of the passions with which he was transported. Goldsmith informs us, that he had a conversation with an old man who assured him, that he had seen St. John and one of his companions run naked through the Park in a fit of intoxication! At length he became convinced of the paltriness of his ambition and the criminality of his amusements, and in 1700 was married to the daughter of Sir Henry Winchescomb. By this lady, who was the co-heiress of her father, and a descendant of the famous Jack of Newberry, he received a fortune of forty thousand pounds. Their union was short and unhappy. He complained of her obstinacy, and she of his infidelity; and peace was obtained only by a final separation. Shortly after his marriage, he turned his attention to political affairs, and in 1700 was elected a member of Parliament for the Borough of Wotton Bassett, in Wiltshire.

No member of this Parliament, which met in the last year of William and Mary, occupied a more commanding position than Mr. St. John. His father was a member for the county of Wilts, and the influence of his wife's family was great in the House. It was, however, by his own abilities and eloquence, that he achieved the influence which he immediately acquired in Parliament. Although descended from Whigs, and bred a Dissenter, yet, upon his first entrance into Parliament, he joined the Tories. The Whig Interest, which had been all-powerful for years, was evidently sunk. Of this Parliament, Robert Harley, a firm Tory, afterwards Prime Minister of Queen Anne and Earl of Oxford, was chosen Speaker. Of the speeches made by Mr. St. John, during the four years he served in Parliament, from his first entrance into public life, to his appointment as Secretary of War, few or no records are extant. By himself, not one has been preserved. The rapid fancy, the burning passion, and glowing diction by which the coldest of his essays are distinguished—the commanding person, engaging address and splendid action, which all accounts concur in attributing to him, made him one of the first orators that England has ever produced. Lord Brougham relates, that in a company where the conversation turned upon the lost wri-

tings of great men, Mr. Pitt declared that he would prefer a *speech of Bolingbroke's* to the restoration of any work, ancient or modern, that time or accident has destroyed. Among other important questions which came before Parliament during Mr. St. John's term of service, was the great case of Ashby and White. Ashby instituted an action against White, who was Constable of Aylesbury, for refusing him the privilege of voting at an election of members to represent that borough in Parliament. In this action, a verdict was found for Ashby by the jury in the county; but judgment was given against him in the Court of Queen's Bench, which was reversed by a Writ of Error brought into the House of Lords. The great debate was propounded by Mr. Harley in a learned statement of the cause, and opened formally by Mr. Brewer. Among those who participated in the debate, were Sir Thomas Powes, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Simon Harcourt, Mr. Dormer, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Mr. King and Mr. Cowper, afterwards Lord Chancellors, and Mr. Walpole. The House resolved, that no other tribunal, but the commons of England, had any power to adjudge the qualifications of an elector; that Ashby was guilty of contempt in instituting an action against White, and that any one who should presume to institute actions of a similar character, should be guilty of a high breach of privilege. Upon that occasion, Mr. St. John is reported to have said, "Sir, I do not rise to trouble you long, but to speak to one point that was mentioned by the noble Lord over the way. I shall be as tender as any man alive of doing any thing against the liberty of the people, but I am for this, because I take it to be the greatest security for their liberty. The noble Lord was pleased to take notice that in the consequence, the Crown would have a great influence on those that are to return members of the House of Commons; and, when they were in, they might vote for one another. I cannot think that the liberties of the people of England are safer in any hands below, or that the influence of the Crown will be stronger here than in other courts."

From 1704 to 1708, Mr. St. John occupied the important post of Secretary of War. Between him and the Secretary of State, there existed at this time, and for several years afterwards, a sincere friendship and close intimacy. No man was capable of more powerful and intense application to business; and, rapid as were the victories, and brilliant as were the achievements of the Duke of Marlborough in the field, he was ably and faithfully supported by the youthful Secretary of War. Although it was the evident policy of the Tories to bring about a peace, and although the Whigs leaned upon war and the Duke of Marlborough for support, yet St. John contributed to those successes which produced at once the downfall of his party and his own removal from office.

Indeed, while he knew the vices, and admitted the faults of the Duke of Marlborough, he was a sincere friend and warm admirer of that great General. His administration was one of the most eventful periods of the war. It was during this time, that the Duke of Marlborough defeated the Bavarians at Schelltersberg, and that Gibraltar was taken. It was under the administration of St. John, that the French were defeated at Turin, and that the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies were fought. It is said, that when the Tories, flushed with power, and conscious of their strength, made a bold move to bring the Princess Sophia into England, Mr. St. John managed the matter so artfully, that the subject was dropt without a debate. During this period, his course was marked by a moderation as hurtful to his party as the rashness into which he was afterwards plunged. He was a man of violent passions; and if he had any steady aim or fixed policy, he did not always take the surest and most efficient means to carry it into execution.

The Tory Interest having become depressed, and Mr. Harley having resigned his office in 1708, Mr. St. John testified his esteem and admiration for his friend, by following him into retirement. For two years, he devoted himself exclusively to the pursuit of knowledge, and stored his mind with that classic lore, which graced his oratory, and adorns his writings. By the deep study and extensive reading to which he gave himself up during this period, he was better prepared for the higher and more responsible station, to which he was called by the change of the Queen's ministry, and the ascendancy of the Tories in 1710.

Some have ascribed this political revolution to the prosecution of Sacheverell, and others to the intrigues of Harley; but the true cause was the unkind treatment which the Queen received from her former ministers and favorites. In a word, the Duchess of Marlborough, by her haughty, imperious and offensive conduct towards the Queen, fell into disgrace; and Mrs. Masham, by her obsequious manners, and assiduous humility, rose into favor. Sir William Temple was venerated, because he could have been Secretary of State at fifty—the office was now filled by a man little more than thirty. While his father was a man of pleasure, walked the Mall, and frequented St. James' Coffee-House, the son was principal Secretary of State. During the last four years of Queen Anne, the Tories remained in power; but the disgust which St. John early acquired for Mr. Harley, soon produced the overthrow of their party. Nothing can exceed the bitterness with which Bolingbroke hated and abhorred Oxford. Indeed, the conduct of Mr. Harley remains to this day a mystery. He retained the Whigs in office; put off his friends, and postponed measures, until a large number of country Tories formed themselves into the "October Club," and attempted to force him

into violent measures. Bolingbroke charges, that Oxford never had any higher object in all his politics, than the elevation of his family; but Swift more charitably ascribes his course to the necessity he was under of humoring the Queen. Their disagreement produced their downfall; and, strange to say, neither made any preparations for that storm, by which they were both nearly overwhelmed. Bolingbroke was attainted of high treason, and fled to France. All agree, however, that he discharged the duties of Secretary of State with eminent ability. Swift declares, that he was the greatest young man he ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, good manners, generous, and a despiser of money. He talked too much by way of complaint to his friends, of the heavy load of business which he carried, and appeared too anxious to mix the man of pleasure with the man of business. When his friends visited him in the country, he smoked his tobacco, hunted through the fields, inquired after the crops, spoke to the tenants by their names, and showed his guests to their chambers after the good old country fashion.

The prosecution of Bolingbroke was conducted with great zeal and ability by Mr. Walpole. The articles related principally to his agency in concluding the war, and bringing about the treaty of Utrecht. They had but slight foundation in truth and justice; but such was the power and vindictive spirit of the Whigs, and to such a pitch had the passions of the people been roused, that no doubt could be entertained of the eagerness of Parliament, to pass them at all hazards. Having appeared several times very unconcerned in public, and having given out that he intended to prepare an elaborate defence of his conduct, Lord Bolingbroke left London in disguise. For some time after his arrival in France, and as long as he had any reasonable hopes of making his peace with England, he abstained from all connexion with the Pretender, and all efforts to invade the territory, or attack the Crown, of his native country. At length, by letters sent him by the Pretender, and from representations made by his friends in England, he was induced to repair to Commercy, and become Secretary of State to the Chevalier. He soon became convinced of the impossibility of success with any of their plans. He saw, that the Chevalier was not equal to the task which he had undertaken; that mistresses formed his privy council; that his cabinet secrets were whispered about at tea-tables and in coffee-houses, and that every thing was done to alarm the English people, whom it was their policy to surprise. The Earl of Mar repaired to the North to head the Highlanders; the Duke of Ormond landed in the West of England, and the Pretender himself sailed for Scotland;—

but with the miserable failure of these attempts at invasion, every reader of history is familiar. Bolingbroke was charged by the Jacobites; formally indicted for high treason, and dismissed without notice from the Pretender's service. It must be admitted, that he rejoiced in the loss of his employments, and his release from all obligations to the Pretender for the future. He now turned his eyes to King George, and through the agency of Lord Stair, obtained the promise of a pardon. He returned to England, and at Dover met Bishop Atterbury on his way to France, whither he had just been banished. Having married a niece of Madame Maintenon, he spent his time partly in France and partly in England. For several years, he endeavored to obtain a restoration of his political importance, and with that view, wrote several political treatises, which few have equalled, and none have excelled. He finally turned his attention more exclusively to philosophy, and published to the world those views of religion which he had previously expressed only in conversation. The remainder of his days was spent in retirement and devoted to study; which, to use the language of Lord Ossory, was graced by the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace. He died in 1751, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried at Battersea by the side of his ancestors. A marble monument was erected to his memory, and an elegant epitaph records his virtues, his talents, and his deeds.

"The Occasional Writer" was published in January, 1726-'27. It consists of three numbers, and is stamped with all the characteristic marks of Lord Bolingbroke's style. In the first number, the author represents himself to be a person whose writings had not only been extensively read throughout England, but had been translated into all the languages of Europe, but who had not as yet met with any rewards proportionate to his merit. Being led to examine into the cause of his failure, he finds that those writers who devote themselves to wit and poetry, and live for posterity, receive their reward from posterity alone; and that those writers only who employ their pens upon public affairs, attract any attention, or receive any pay from princes and statesmen. "The Occasional Writer" therefore offers his services to the noble Lord whom he addresses; bids him employ him in any manner he desires; declares it as honorable to draw his pen, as to draw his sword, in behalf of the side which pays the highest price for his assistance; displays the importance and necessity for his services; whispers into the minister's ear the objections which his enemies urge against his administration, and insists that he will employ, in his service, a man whose zeal and affection for his person are only surpassed by his ability to defend his party and his principles. If any of his satellites should flatter the minister, and lull him into a false and

fatal security, and approach him in language similar to that which Sleep addresses to the pilot of *Æneas*, he warns him of the fate of *Palinurus*, and bids him profit by his example.

In the second number, "The Occasional Writer" confesses that his offers of service have not been accepted; attributes the rejection of them to the patriotic virtue of the noble person to whom they were made; claims the esteem of the minister as he comes out under his own name, and takes ground against him on account of his unwillingness that the true state of the national debts should be known, and on account of a publication written under his direction, and intended to keep the people in the dark as to their foreign affairs. He laments the spirit of party and selfishness, which seems to pervade public affairs, and to animate public men, and enters into a learned and profound analysis of the causes which have brought England to the verge of ruin. That great principle of English policy, the preservation of the balance of power between the several States of Europe, is traced by this elegant writer from its first adoption, to check the grandeur of the Houses of France and Austria down to his own times. By Henry VIII., it was in some instances observed; in others, disregarded or managed badly; by Queen Elizabeth, it was carried out in all the principal measures of her reign;—the succeeding Princes of the Stuart line were sometimes allies, and sometimes even the instruments and pensioners of France, whose power it was their true interest to lessen; and it was not until the revolution of 1688, that the nation resumed with warmth her ancient and proper principles. These principles, however, "The Occasional Writer" contends, are carried too far; England, by meddling unnecessarily with the affairs and interests of the European States, became involved in wars for the benefit of others, and this *Don Quixotte* of the world seemed to have engaged to fight the battles of all mankind.—In the third number, "The Occasional Writer" becomes satisfied, that an abusive reply to his first letter, which had been published, was written by the minister, and compliments the noble indignation with which he rejected his mercenary offers of assistance. He still, however, promises zeal in his cause, and devotion to his service; and binds himself that he will preserve decency, good manners, and impartiality in his political essays.

"The Occasional Writer" was undoubtedly intended as a keen satire upon the venality of the existing administration: the open bribery and corruption by which political writers were prostituted to the purposes of the ministry; of the high hand with which every thing was carried by money, and of the low style and lower character of those who loaded the press with their panegyrics, and whose daily bread was obtained by the daily praise of their employers.

"The Letter to Sir William Windham," is one of the most finished and classical productions in the English language. It contains an elaborate and powerful, but by no means convincing or satisfactory, defence of Lord Bolingbroke's political career. The style is finished and eloquent; the sentences polished and periodical; the diction copious and rich; and it abounds in the keenest satire, the bitterest invective, and the most resistless ridicule. From this exhaustless fountain of wit and genius, Goldsmith has not disdained to borrow, word for word, a great part of his life of Bolingbroke. While, however, the candid reader admires the splendid style of the author, he cannot, with equal freedom, approve the conduct of the politician. For a man who was exclusively devoted to his political friends; who laid it down as a maxim, that every citizen should be a party-man by making the good of his party the good of his country, it must be confessed that Bolingbroke was very unsuccessful in obtaining, at least in preserving, the unlimited friendship of his political associates. His passions were so fiery that he could not brook the slightest insult or the least neglect; and his morbid sensibility frequently fancied the one or the other, where neither was intended. His boundless ambition rendered him indisposed, and almost incapable of acting a subordinate part; and hence he burned to supplant those who were above him in office and power, but whom he regarded as his inferiors in ability, attainment, and influence. He was so fickle in his purposes, unsteady in his aims, and uncertain in his course, that as soon as he lost the confidence of one party, he aspired to the head of another; when deserted by the Tories, he fled to the Papists; when abandoned by the Pretender, he made his peace with his Sovereign; and sought an asylum with George I. We are free to admit, that Bolingbroke, in his connexion with the Pretender, had many difficulties to encounter; that the Chevalier and the Earl of Mar would be willing to attribute to his incapacity and treachery, rather than to their own rashness and ignorance, the failure of their expedition; and that the Scotch would be loth to lay upon their General, the whole blame of their misfortunes. If, however, we impartially examine the political course of Bolingbroke during his exile, we shall find little to approve and less to admire. We shall be satisfied, that those reflections, which he published on Exile, were drawn from the writings of the ancient philosophers, rather than derived from his own feelings or experience.

When Lord Bolingbroke came into power under the Oxford Interest, although he entertained those political principles which were peculiar to the Tories, it must be admitted from his own confessions, that he entered upon office with those vindictive feelings and furious passions, which are too prevalent in party times, and too common with party men. To remove the Whigs from office, and se-

cure themselves as long as possible in power; to reward those who had aided, and punish those who had opposed their political elevation, were the feelings by which Bolingbroke, in common with most of his associates, was animated. He did not, however, carry out this violent and proscriptive course; not that he changed his mind or altered his purpose, but because he was thwarted by the calmer policy of the Earl of Oxford. This diversity of temperament and difference of policy, together with that contempt which, upon a nearer approach to Harley, and a fuller trial of his own abilities, Bolingbroke felt for the capacity of Oxford, were the true causes of that fatal rupture which hurled the Tories from office, and covered their leaders with attainders, confiscation, and exile.

In bringing about the treaty of Utrecht, Lord Bolingbroke rendered essential service to the Tory party and to the English nation. The Whigs relied upon the Dissenters, the Bank and the Allies. The policy of the Tories was to prevent occasional conformity—to hinder Dissenters from obtaining power or holding office under the administration—to diminish the influence and patronage of the Bank, and to bring about a peace. In support of these cardinal principles of his party, Bolingbroke was powerful, efficient, and successful. He thoroughly understood the nature of the House of Commons, of which he was a member; and it was a saying of his, that like hounds, they grow fond of the man who shows them game, and by whose halloo they are used to be encouraged. He exerted to the utmost, his great family influence—his boundless energy—his varied learning and splendid eloquence—and carried the measures of the Tory party in triumph through the House. No man had a more direct and powerful agency in bringing about the treaty of Utrecht, than his Lordship. In spite of the opposition of the Whigs and Allies; in spite of the difficulties thrown in his way by pretended friends, and the sometimes reluctant aid and inefficient support given him by the ministry, he persevered until every obstacle was overcome, and until that great measure was accomplished which was to be at once the main pillar in his impeachment, and the proudest monument of his political renown. While, however, we are disposed to accord praise to the success of Bolingbroke's exertions in behalf of his party, and of what he conceived to be the best interests of his country, no one can deny that his Lordship's judgment was blinded by the inveterate hate, scorn, loathing and disgust, which he so early acquired, and on all occasions so freely expresses, for the Earl of Oxford. We know not, whether the figure which this celebrated statesman makes in Bolingbroke's letter, is more contemptible or ridiculous. St. John was as deeply responsible as Harley for their mutual misfortunes, and for the downfall of their party. If

Bolingbroke had had less passion, and Oxford less policy; if the Secretary of State had entertained greater respect for the opinions of the Premier, and the Lord Treasurer had paid more regard to the wishes of his friends; if the friendly warning and sage injunctions of Swift had been observed, they might still longer have preserved their party in power, and their friends in office, and themselves in safety.

The following extracts will show the manner in which Bolingbroke writes of Oxford. Speaking of the peace, his Lordship says:

"The minister who was at their head showed himself every day incapable of that attention, that method, that comprehension of different matters, which the first post in such a government as ours requires in quiet times. He was the first spring of all our motions, by his credit with the Queen, and his concurrence was necessary to every thing we did by his rank in the State: and yet this man seemed to be sometimes asleep, and sometimes at play! He neglected the thread of business, which was carried on for this reason with less despatch and less advantage in the proper channels, and he kept none in his own hands. He negotiated, indeed, by fits and starts, by little tools and indirect ways, and thus his activity became as hurtful as his indolence." Again: "Instead of gathering strength, either as a ministry or as a party, we daily grew weaker. The peace had been judged with reason, to be the only solid foundation whereupon we could erect a Tory system; and yet, when it was made, we found ourselves at a full stand. Nay, the very work that ought to have been the basis of our strength, was in part demolished before our eyes, and we were stoned with the ruins of it. Whilst this was doing, Oxford looked on as if he had not been a party to all which had passed: broke now and then a jest, which savored of the inns of court, and the bad company in which he had been bred; and on those occasions where his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely unintelligible!"

From these extracts, it is plain that nothing can exceed the scorn, contempt and ridicule, with which Bolingbroke speaks of Oxford. Without entering into a comparative view of the personal abilities or political conduct of these great rivals, it cannot be denied, that on the most trying and eventful crisis in the lives of both, Harley exhibited a conscious integrity and moral intrepidity, which was in striking contrast with the assumed boldness and disgraceful flight of Bolingbroke. Shortly after George I. ascended the throne, the Whigs took the resolution of impeaching the Tory minister, and Bolingbroke took the resolution of leaving England. The apologies for his flight are plausible, and perhaps at the time were satisfactory to his friends. He ought, however, to have stood his ground. The violence of faction cannot intimidate a man con-

scious of the purity of his intentions, and the uprightness of his conduct. Bolingbroke may have detested Oxford to such an extent, as to have been unwilling even to be tried with him; and he may have been too proud to distinguish before his enemies, between his own case, and that of the Lord Treasurer. These, however, are excuses, founded on feeling rather than reason, which serve to show the violence of his passions rather than the propriety of his course. The noblest spectacle which can be presented to the mind, is that of a great statesman, stripped of power, deserted by his friends, pursued by his enemies, loaded with impeachments and bills of attainder, and yet under all these accumulated misfortunes, sustaining the serenity of his mind, and tranquillity of his temper; by the light of his own example, and the precepts of philosophy cheering his desponding followers, and by the unaided power of truth and justice, dispelling the mists of slander, the clouds of adversity, and scattering to the winds the hosts of faction. Such a spectacle might Bolingbroke have exhibited to the world; but the exalted spirit, the expanded soul, the divine philosophy, the firm morality and fearless integrity, were wanting. The man was not equal to the occasion. He fell to the ground, when he should have soared to the heavens. His flight excited at once the contempt of his enemies, the pity of his friends, and the ridicule of the world.

It will be difficult for the warmest admirers of Bolingbroke to justify his connection with the Pretender. In the revolution which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne, the most enlightened and patriotic of both parties had concurred, and history does not record a public act more impressive and solemn than the calm and determined manner in which the English people in 1688, changed, not their government, but their governors; expelled the fanatic James from the throne, and called the Prince of Orange to the helm of affairs. Little had occurred to diminish the joy of the nation at the expulsion of the House of Stuart, and none were anxious for its restoration but those whose principles were utterly at war with the genius of English liberty, and whose ultimate aim was the destruction of the English Constitution. There was nothing in the character of the Chevalier to excite the regret of the people at the overthrow of his House. His conduct was calculated rather to weaken the small party that still adhered to him, than to bring over the great body of the nation to his cause. He conducted himself like a man who thought, that all England was ready with open arms to receive him, when his only followers were a few Jacobites, whose rashness and folly forever thwarted their own designs, and who received encouragement from the wealth and influence of the nation, only by dark hints and ambiguous promises. There was neither wisdom in his councils, nor vigor in his arms. A people whom it was his policy to

surprise, he took every means to alarm. The secrets of his cabinet were whispered at tea-tables and in coffee-houses; the most important affairs were transacted through mistresses and actresses. What then could have induced Bolingbroke to embark his fortunes with such a miserable set of desperate adventurers? He himself has made the confession—*his party* was oppressed, and called on him for aid. It was not to relieve his *country*, but to sustain his *party*, that he engaged in treason against his native land. The result was such as might have been expected from the principles on which he acted. His new associates, who had seduced him from his allegiance and duty, charged him with all the failures which their own rashness and folly produced. Having fled from England under a charge of treason against the King, he was now accused of treason against the Pretender; and having already been deprived of all his honors by King George, he was now dismissed without ceremony from the service of the Pretender.

Among the many advantages to be reaped from a study of the lives of public men, none is so great or so useful, as the lessons of practical wisdom, and the maxims of private deportment, with which it usually fills the reflecting mind. What knowledge can be of greater service, than an acquaintance with the arts by which men have risen to power and fame; with the motives of their conduct, and the ground of their principles; with the good they have done, and the evil they have committed; indeed, with what they have left us to imitate, and what to avoid? And as great events differ rather in the occasions which they produce, than the causes from which they flow; as the springs of human action and the sources of human distinction vary in appearance rather than reality; as the moral sense of mankind in one age, is nearly the same in another, and what is estimable to-day is likely to be so to-morrow, we know no safer path for the young men of this Republic, either to follow or to eschew, than the footsteps of those who have advanced or retarded the great cause of public liberty and social improvement.

On the downfall of the Oxford ministry, Lord Bolingbroke was attainted of high treason, and was obliged, or rather chose, to fly in order to save his head. The recent opposition, headed by Sir Robert Walpole, thirsted for the blood of those who had so long stood in their way to power; and, in the former days of England, there was but one step from the cabinet to the scaffold. We will not enter into the merits of the accusation, which the new ministers, flushed with victory, brought against their predecessors in office, nor follow Lord Bolingbroke any farther than we have done in the various schemes which he formed, while in exile for his own restoration, and the reestablishment of his party. It is only necessary to state, that during his retirement to France, he of course sought for

all those consolations which philosophy affords. It is natural for a great mind, in adversity, to try to soften and if possible to conceal its afflictions, and when shut out from the pursuits of ambition, to amuse itself with the pleasures of study. Pride will not allow us to own that the world has made us miserable; and that which others conceive to be evil, we try to persuade ourselves is good. Lord Bolingbroke was little disposed to acknowledge that any thing his enemies might do against him, could give him the least uneasiness; and therefore he published, shortly after his return from banishment, his "*Reflections on Exile*," a little treatise, written very much after the style of Seneca, but at the same time, ingenious if not original, and eloquent if not profound.*

NATIONAL ADVERSITY.

An inquiry into the effects which will probably result from the present state of the country.

The present state of the country is eminently one of adversity. This no one will deny. The evidences thereof, meet us on every hand, and reiterate in our ears painful truths, with which we are already too well acquainted, and which we would fain drive from our minds. The newspapers, those swift winged messengers, which come to us from every part of our wide-spread country, all bring intelligence of losses and disasters, and of causes for disquietude and alarm; and the minds of reflecting men seem to have settled down under a melancholy consciousness, that the sun of our prosperity has been obscured by a cloud, whose murkiness and gloom hang above and around us. Commerce languishes. The operations of trade, formerly moving on easily and harmoniously and bringing in abundant wealth to the operators and to the country, have become deranged, embarrassed, and almost stagnant. Men, who were rich, have become poor; while others, who still have means, refuse to make new investments, or embark in fresh enterprises, because ordinary calculation cannot look beyond the gloom and uncertainty which envelope the channels of trade. The precious metals, which constitute the *true* Money, are hoarded up in cold, miserly stone vaults and iron chests, while the circulating medium, until very lately, has been almost entirely, and is yet, in part, composed of miserable trash, viz. illegal shinplasters and suspended bank paper. The currency of the country, from being exceedingly inflated and plethoric, has been suddenly and greatly reduced, while property of all kinds, which gradually went up with the increase

*As a similarity between these remarks on the "*Reflections upon Exile*," and an essay which appeared some time since in the *Western Monthly Magazine*, may be observed, it is deemed proper to state that they are both from the same pen.—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

of the currency and the fancied prosperity of the nation, has been left to follow, *heller skeller*, in the downward path, to seek its level, presenting a mournful scene of confusion and difficulty. We are evidently in a transition state; and men, as yet, are unable to judge what the new formation will be, or on what basis it will rest, or what security it will afford for the future. Consequently, all the capital of the country, whether consisting in its alluring gold and silver that jingle merrily to the ear, and glitters cheerfully to the eye, or, in the industry and intellectual and physical ability of its people,—whether in the richness and productiveness of its soil, or, in the immense advantages afforded by its extended line of sea coast,—its railroads, canals, rivers, and other channels of intercommunication,—whether in the freedom of its institutions, or in the inducements held out and the opportunities given to all its citizens to advance in the scale of human gradation, or in whatever else it may consist, labors, in all its efforts at any thing like productive agency, under great and weighty embarrassments. Nor is this all. The national treasury is empty—the general government is bankrupt,—and we have seen its very servants fling at it, petty, notarial protests, reminding us of the fable of the ass, kicking the netted lion, with its dirty plebeian feet. Many of the individual states also are in a still worse condition, and the strength which God gave them, has been so reduced by legislative quackery (we make no party distinctions,) that many years must necessarily elapse, before we can hope for their full recovery. But we need not swell the catalogue of evils: they are written in the consciousness of every heart, and meet the gaze of every eye. *The state of the country is one of adversity.*

Here it might be well to inquire into the particular causes, both proximate and remote, of this state of things; but we have other purposes in view. Whether, therefore, it has resulted principally from injudicious legislation, and from being governed too much, or from overtrading and that vile spirit of speculation which has existed in every part of the land for some years past; or, from all these, and many other causes combined, we are careless to determine. It is sufficient to say, that whatever may be the *particular* causes of our present national adversity, the *general* and *pervading* cause may be found in that want of vigilance and discretion, both on the part of rulers and people, which has been superinduced by the existence of many years of almost uninterrupted prosperity;—this want of vigilance and discretion being manifested, on the part of the people, not only in regard to the business of the government, but even to greater extent in regard to their own private affairs.

Leaving then the *causes* of our present unfortunate condition to shift for themselves, it becomes an interesting inquiry,—what is to come next?

What effects will probably result herefrom? Are there still deeper depths into which we are to be plunged, and are our days of mourning and despondency long to continue? "Watchman, what of the night!"—Guided, we think, by the causality and comparison of our calm reflective hours, but perhaps allured by the deceptive whisperings of hope, we have arrived at the conclusion—"the morning cometh;" and that although there may be darker scenes still to pass through, yet the nature of the effects which are to follow our present adverse circumstances, will ultimately be decidedly **BENEFICIAL**. Let not the reader start at the seeming paradox! We are well aware, that the common attendants of "hard times" do not well accord with the splendid figure which some have pictured to themselves, as of the very life of national well-being, and he who contents himself with reading the book of adversity from the first page that presents itself, will find nothing written there, but tales of sorrow and distress—of baffled projects, blighted hopes, ruined fortunes, and perhaps, of broken hearts;—but, if he would only pass on to the other leaves, there he would find pleasant and cheerful stories, growing more pleasant and cheerful as he advances, which would make him forgetful of the woful past, and teach him that though people might "*sow in tears*, yet they should *reap in joy*." However much we may regret the difficulties by which we are surrounded, and however much we may wish they had never been, yet, since they are here, if we will but reflect, and look hopefully but a little way into the future, we may come to the belief that the declaration of holy writ, "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," is true in more respects than one, and is as well the sentiment of philosophy as of christianity.

Strong in the belief of this sentiment, we now proceed to specify some of the benefits which result from National Adversity in general, the particular application whereof to our own country and times will naturally occur to every one's mind, and consequently, need not be by us, specially noted.

The first beneficial result that we notice, is the expulsion of the evils which are commonly engendered by long prosperity. What are these evils? A little thought shows us, that of the people who compose the nation, some catch a spirit like unto that of the man in scripture, who said "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease and be merry;" others, who still continue in the walks of business, become inflated with vanity and pride, and indulge in showy pomp and ridiculous extravagance; some become profligate, licentious and corrupt; while others make a trade of filling their own pockets from those of the vain and luxurious, and become narrow-minded, avaricious and miserly: indeed, where the series of prosperous years is long continued, as it was, for

instance, in one period of the history of ancient Rome, society becomes divided into scarcely more than two classes, the luxurious and corrupt on the one hand, the avaricious on the other. Under such a state of things, selfishness assumes almost universal sway; for to our minds the profligate spend-thrift is quite as selfish as the miser. Philanthropy and patriotism are consequently banished,—a condition more to be dreaded than any we can imagine; one, in which free institutions must perish, and in which, the tyrant, who would protect the miserly in the hoarding of their gold, and the idle, in their profligate expenditure, would be welcomed with shouts of rejoicing. Now, if before such a period arrives, a nation becomes impoverished by adversity, or rather, if her superfluities are thus retrenched, the evils we have enumerated will be removed, and their baleful consequences prevented.

Nor does the benefit stop here. The people learn to practice the humble virtues, they before despised:—parents educate their children more for usefulness, and less for show;—and on the part of almost every body, there is a return to industry, frugality, economy, living within one's means, constant activity, cheerful labor, and untiring perseverance. The result is, things begin to brighten: every day adds to the little store of comforts and consolations; and as the years roll on, those who were in a measure overshadowed by the darkness of night, begin to be cheered by the brightness of morning, and ultimately, in the full sunlight of peace and plenty, arrive at the sensible conclusion, that by the kind aid which Providence extends unto all, there may be many a Job, "more blessed in his latter end, than in his beginning." It will easily be perceived, that where all the individuals of a state, under the influence of what are called the humbler virtues, thus advance steadily and surely on, until they attain a comfortable and substantial, though not a showy and gorgeous wealth, the state itself must just as steadily and as surely, and in the same ratio, advance to a high rank among the empires of the earth. And with the recollection of this still in our minds, and glancing at the courage, endurance, industry, frugality and other virtues of those noble men whose posterity we have the fortune to be, we cease to be surprised at the high rank we have attained in the scale of nations. We plainly see, that if the virtues of our fathers could have been entailed on their children without the possibility of alienation, there could be no limit prescribed to our national strength and greatness. But we need not stop with our own country if we wish to discover, how humble, but sterling virtues have accompanied the rise of nations, and showy, but degrading vices, their decline and fall. The book, history, teems with illustrative examples, all serving to establish the truth of the opinion, that "the strength of a nation consists not so much in its possessions and pecuniary resources, as in the

spirit, truth and virtue of its members." If these, from the natural tendency of man's nature to be lulled to sleep, or to become corrupted by the existence of prosperity, have been banished, that influence is certainly beneficial in an eminent degree, which recalls them from their exile and gives them a place in the hearts of the people.

Another advantage is, that from adversity, people learn political wisdom. In the halcyon, fair-weather days of prosperity, every thing moves on with so much harmony, and with so much monotony too,—the events of to-day differing from those of yesterday, only in being of brighter hue,—that from day to day we read but the same lesson from the book of experience, and consequently remain comparatively ignorant of the things which make for the nation's future welfare and peace. Political theories are then formed, beautiful as dreams, and often of equality as light, fantastic stuff, and when applied to the operations of government seem to work well, because other influences continue prosperity in spite of such make-weights and drawbacks. But when the storm of adversity comes, deprived of the supports which gave them a show of strength, political opinions and theories are put to the proof, and according as they are found true or false, men will adopt or reject them.

But not only do we learn in adversity to distinguish between true and false theories; we also become expert in the use and application of true political science, and are thus prepared to meet future difficulties as they may arise, or to foresee and avoid them. How would the mariner be skillful in navigation, if he had never been in a storm? Or the pilot know how to avoid the shoals and sandbanks and rocks which may beset his way, if he had never been among them, and knew not what they were?

Another benefit is, that demagogues, the peculiar curse of republics, are unmasked. Who has not seen, in prosperous times, a class of men who flatter, and cajole, and excite the people merely for purposes of self-aggrandizement; who worm themselves into the affections of the community, and thence into offices and high places, where they may advantageously feed upon the public funds, and bask in the sunshine of popular or executive favor? Now, in times of adversity, the people, awakened by the perils which surround them, discover, though ever so much disguised, the artifices of these demagogues, and perceive their inability to safely conduct them through the difficulties which encompass and beset their way. The result is, these gentlemen have permission to retire to a well-deserved solitude. And on the other hand, when a state is amid, or is threatened by, serious dangers, "great characters, 'as has been well remarked by a distinguished writer of our own time' (De Tocqueville,) are then thrown into relief, as the edifices which are concealed by the gloom of night, are

illuminated by the glare of a conflagration. At such dangerous times, genius no longer refrains from presenting itself in the arena: and the people, alarmed by the perils of their situation, bury their envious passions, and great names are then drawn from the urn of election."

And what a blessed thing Adversity is, in weakening the usually mighty force of local interests, conflicting opinions and discordant passions! Prosperity engenders many bad feelings in the hearts of men. Under its influence, they become independent, proud and self-reliant, yet avaricious, envious and jealous, and consequently soon learn to contend about trifles, and to quarrel upon the slightest provocation. It is not difficult to perceive, how the same feelings may exist in different portions of a state, as well as among individuals. But when adversity comes, trifles, selfish considerations and local interests are forgotten in the consciousness of a common woe. Bones of contention are thrown aside, and the very sections of country between which there once existed so much of division and discord, so much of selfish, envious and jealous feeling, influenced by a sense of common and pressing danger, or by the sympathies excited by mutuality of suffering, become linked together in strong, fraternal bonds.

There is yet another benefit of national adversity, which some may think more imaginary than real, but which we deem of more importance than any we have enumerated. We mean its tendency to recall the wandering mind of man, and to fix his attention and affections upon the Supreme Ruler of the universe; and this, on the well-recognized principle, that though "no chastisement for the present is joyous, but grievous, yet if 'the subject' is properly exercised thereby, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness:" and that, when one has, as it were, wandered into a far country, and wasted his substance with riotous living, and the famine has come, and he would fain feed upon husks, and no man giveth unto him, he is naturally led to the resolution, "I will arise and go to my Father."

Nations, as well as individuals, during prosperity, become vain, and wrap themselves in robes of fancied security, and a kind of independent self-sufficiency. Leaning confidently upon the comparatively frail supports of fleets and armies, and other contingencies of national defence, they forget the Power on high, by whose word "the strength of serried hosts is shivered," and the skeletons of thousands left to rot and bleach upon the battlefield; and by whose command the storms of ocean gather, and the "dwellers upon the sea" are wrecked and left to sleep beneath the wave. Calamity, by humbling their pride and self-sufficiency, and convincing them of their wants and comparative nothingness, destroys this forgetfulness, and thereby secures the favor of Heaven. The causes which, "from danger, produce safety, and from trouble,

rest," are then put in motion, the storm passes over—the clouds vanish, and then all hearts are filled with gratitude and love—

" ————— Convinced

That Heaven but tries their virtue by affliction;
That oft the clouds which wrap the present hour,
Serve but to brighten all their future days."

We have thus recounted some of the important benefits resulting from National Adversity. However anomalous, at first blush, they may appear to be, yet, in reality, there is nothing in them peculiar or strange. They are governed by laws bearing direct analogy to many others, whose operations are exhibited through the whole face of nature. The waters of the swollen stream are turbid; if diminished, they become pure and pellucid. The excision of redundant limbs, though for awhile it may mar the beauty of the tree, gives strength and vigor to the remaining boughs; and so of other exhibitions profusely scattered throughout creation, and "known and read of all men."

It was a remark of Vicesimus Knox, that "there was undoubtedly a certain degree of magnitude, at which, when a state was arrived, it must of necessity undergo the alternative of being purged of its peccant humors, or falling into a nerveless languor and decline." And pursuing a train of thought suggested by the same author, but altered to suit our own nation and time, we add, that perhaps our own country has already reached that degree of magnitude, and is now, under the operation of Divine Providence, suffering the amputation of its morbid excrescences, for the salvation of its health and existence. It may lose some of its apparent wealth and alluring splendor, but it will save and meliorate its morals and its liberty. Many who have made haste to be rich, may find themselves suddenly poor;—property may be reduced from a high and extravagant estimate, to something like a reasonable value, and many things, which we are wont to think of the utmost importance, may be swept away; but let them all go; for, freedom and virtue, and industry, and our precious, inestimable constitution, with all else that is excellent, shall survive the wreck, and emerge, like silver and gold, when tried by the fire, with new value and additional lustre.

A CITIZEN OF OHIO.

Chillicothe, Ohio, Oct. 6th, 1842.

LAFAYETTE.

The following letter was addressed by Lafayette to the Midshipmen of the United States Frigate *Brandywine*, who presented him with an urn on his arrival at Havre in that ship in 1825.—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

La Grange, Dec. 25.

GENTLEMEN:—Having lately, with affectionate delight, received the beautiful token of your friendship, I am eager to have my acknowledgments com-

veyed, not only to the kind signers of your most gratifying address, but to every one of you, my dear young friends, on whatever part of the globe, the honor of the Navy and due protection to your fellow citizens may have dispersed you. While the admirable execution of the fine urn and of the heart-chosen ornaments will be certified by my respectful friend Mr. Brown, he is pleased to transmit this inadequate but cordial exposition of my gratitude.

In the course of a voyage, most endeared, on every account, to my recollection, I have been happy, with patriotic pride and paternal feelings, to find in you, the worthy perpetuators of Naval glory, of republican devotion, and, amidst enjoyments highly cheering to an American veteran, to love you also for your share in the exquisite attentions so very affectionately bestowed upon me. Let me hope that whenever distance or duty will allow you to visit the congenial mansion of La Grange, we shall here meet again under the proudly displayed and fondly cherished flag of the *Brandywine*.

I beg you, gentlemen, to accept the warmest thanks, best wishes, and affectionate blessings of
Your old grateful friend.

LAFAYETTE.

THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.

BY CHARLES MINNIGERODE,

Professor of Humanity in the College of William & Mary, Va.

Æschylus had the misfortune to be overcome in a dramatic contest by a young competitor, who had given a new turn to the theatrical machinery, and had been declared victor by Cimon—the leader of the younger generation of that time. This rival was Sophocles.

Individuality, character and its delineation, as opposed to the development of mere fact, form the striking peculiarities of the genius of Sophocles. It distinguishes him equally from Æschylus, as from Euripides, who is all passion. Sophocles was about a generation younger than Æschylus—and on the day, when Æschylus and his brother Ameinias wreathed their brows with laurels gathered in the naval battle of Salamis, Sophocles as the handsomest youth, led the Chorus round the trophy erected in honor of that victory. The self same day, too, witnessed the birth of Euripides, who was born in Salamis.

Sophocles also bears the impress of the mighty events which illustrated his time. The great deed had been done. Millions of Persian mercenaries had been slain; and the Persian monarch, attacked in his own country by the Greeks, sought an humiliating peace, and Greece was free. The distinction of national and individual character had been repressed by a sense of common danger, and the

great business of all had swallowed up every lesser aspiration. But now they broke forth again, and the age of the *single* distinguished characters commences. Aristides, Cimon, Thucydides, and above all that beau-ideal of a Grecian, the representative of the whole nation, Pericles Olympios, arose, and the history is changed from the history of a nation to that of individuals. The same change we observe in our tragic poet. His motto is character and its development—that character, reared and formed upon the lofty reminiscences of the battles of Marathon, Salamis and Plataea, was a noble one, and Sophocles is a noble poet.

The development and exhibition of character necessarily induced a more artificial composition of the drama. The parts of the scenic players became more important, and were indeed the principal parts of the play, the plot was rendered more complicated; and as it unfolded, introduced the catastrophe, oftentimes skilfully, and with wonderful theatrical effect. But the beauteous soul of Sophocles, whom I might call the Polycletus of his art, never allows theatrical effect or passionate feeling to disturb the harmony of the whole—his works stand on their high Cothurnus like a faultless statue of Parian marble—all the graces hover around, and the very garments are decently composed.

He is particularly powerful in representing female characters; his heroines are characterized by tender hearts, yet stern, decisive wills. In two of his pieces, which have come down to our time, he introduces two opposite female characters: the lovely but timid Ismene, in contrast with his favorite character, Antigone, who braves the King even unto death in the fulfilment of her sisterly duties; and the weak and yielding Chrysothemis, in contrast with the daring Electra—the faithful daughter, the avenger of her foully murdered father. The death of Clytemnestra by the hand of her son, has been chosen as the subject of a drama by the three poets. Let us consider for a moment their different compositions.

In the *Coëphoræ* of Æschylus, the command of the god urges Orestes to the murder. He is the only acting person, and is acting alone under the command of the god; nay, even when at the sight of his mother his pity is roused, his silent companion, Pylades, gives up the part of a person mute; and, as if the watcher over the command of the god, makes him execute the sentence. His sister, Electra, is a lovely, timid creature, in the house of her mother, whom we pity in her sad distress, and who flies “a stricken deer” to the bosom of her brother, her natural defender. There is neither an introduction, nor a conclusion, but it is only the second piece of the trilogy *Orestiad*—a short sketch of which we have given above. It would be less fair to give an exact comparison between the *Choëphoræ* and Sophocles’ *Electra*, as the *Choë-*

phoræ is but the middle-piece, which, as standing between the exposition of the whole drama (in the 1st part) and the catastrophe (the 3d), is naturally less fit to carry away the hearer.* And yet how powerful is this play!

Clytemnestra, frightened by a dream, in which a dragon appeared to her lying in her arms and drawing milk from her breast, mixed with clotted blood, sends out her maids, to bear offerings to Agamemnon's tomb. These are met by Orestes and Pylades: and, a recognition having taken place, the two deserted children pray at the tomb of their father—to favor the beginnings of Orestes, to avenge his father as the god commanded. Ægisthus dies first. Clytemnestra is called on the stage by the servant, who tells her, "they that were rumored dead, have slain the living"—upon which Clytemnestra exclaims,

Ah me, I understand thee, though thy words
Are dark; and we shall perish in the toils,
Even as we spread them. Give me instantly
The slaughtering axe; it shall be seen, if yet
We know the way to conquer or are conquered.†

But Orestes appears on the stage:

Thee too I seek. He has his righteous meed.

Clytemn. Ah me, my dear Ægisthus, art thou dead!

Orestes. And dost thou love the man? In the same tomb
Shalt thou be laid, nor e'en in death forsake him.

Clytemn. Ah, stay thy hand, my son: my child, my child,
Revere this breast, on which thou oft hast slept,
And oft thy infant lips have pressed its milk!

The son, who had already raised his arm against his mother, is startled at this imprecation, and hesitates:

What shall I do, my Pylades? Restrained
By filial reverence, dread to kill my mother?

But this, as guardian of the god's commands, interferes:

Pylades. Where then the other oracles of Phœbus,
Given from the Pythian shrine? The faithful vows,
The solemn adjurations, whither vanished?
Deem all the world thy foes, save the just gods.

Orestes. Thou hast convinced me; thy reproofs are just.
Follow him: on his body will I slay thee.

Alive thou heldst him dearer than my father;
Then sleep with him in death, since thou couldst love
him,

And hate the man who most deserved thy love.

Clytemn. I nursed thy youth, and wish to tend thy age.

Orestes. What, shall my father's murderer dwell with me?

Clytemn. The fates, my son, the fates decreed his death.

Orestes. And the same fates decree that thou shalt die.

Clytemn. Dost thou not dread a mother's curse, my son?

Orestes. That mother cast me out to want and misery.‡

Clytemn. My son, my son! thou wilt not kill thy mother?

Orestes. Thy hand, not mine is guilty of thy death.

Clytemn. Take heed; avoid a mother's angry furies.

* It is very likely, that all the other pieces of Æschylus (Prom., Sept. av. Th., Persæ, Supplices) are middle pieces. See Weleker, *Æschylische Trilogie* and Droysen, in the preface to his translation of Æschylus. The action stands still, and is more changed into one grand tableau.

† Æsch. Choë. v. 884-886.

‡ Iliad v. 890-911.

Orestes. Relaxing here, how shall I 'scape my father's!

Clytemn. Methinks while yet alive, before my tomb

I pour the funeral strain, that naught avails me.

Orestes. Naught, for my father's fate ordains thy death.

Clytemn. Ah me! I gave this dragon birth; I nursed him:

These terrors of the night were more than phantoms!

Orestes. Foul and unnatural was thy murder's deed,

Foul and unnatural be thy punishment.*

And it was unnatural. From the orchestra rise the angry goddesses, when Orestes appears again on the stage—his hands dripping with his mother's blood, and begin their persecuting course:

Orestes. Hah! look ye female captives [the Chorus], what are these,

Vested in sable states, of Gorgon aspect,

Their starting locks tangled with knots of vipers?

I fly, I fly, I cannot bear the sight.

Chorus. What phantoms—what unreal shadows thus

Distract thee? Victor in thy father's cause,

To him most dear, start not at fancied terrors.

Orestes. These are no phantoms—no unreal shadows;

I know them now; my mother's angry furies!

Chorus. The blood as yet is fresh upon thy hands,

And thence these terrors sink into thy soul.

Orestes. Royal Apollo! How their numbers swell!

And the foul gore drops from their hideous eyes.

Chorus. Within are lavens. Soon as thou shalt reach

His shrine, Phœbus will free thee from these ills.

Orestes. And see you nothing there? Look, look! I see them.

Distraction 's in the sight: I fly, I fly.†

With deranged mind he flies from the stage. Thus ends the piece.

Sophocles pursues quite another plan. In his Electra, the whole depends on her character. The bold Electra, deeply afflicted by her grief over her never-forgotten father, the great leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, enraged at the shameless life which Clytemnestra leads with Ægisthus, brought to despair by the cruel treatment she suffers in her paternal home from a frivolous mother, who hates the sight of her, as always reminding her of her crime, and as the disturber of her licentious pleasures,—she is every thing—she forms the plan—she puts it in motion—assists in executing it. Every thing that occurs in the play, has regard to her, and serves only to display her individuality. The command of the god, which also here leads the son to the unnatural deed, is scarcely observed, and recedes before her presence. The dramatic effect of it is admirable. Orestes, Pylades and their Governor, appear first, and inform us of their plan, how to execute the command of Apollo, to punish the murderers. As they hear

* Æsch. Choë. v. 920-928.

† Æsch. Choë. 1046-1060. It seems that the furies really started up out of the floor of the orchestra, and threatened Orestes in the same attire, in which they appear in the Eumenides, couched before the temple of Apollo, and watching their victim: like Banquo's ghost appears on the stage, visible only to Macbeth, or Hamlet's father invisible to the queen. Æschylus would thus have prepared already in this piece their appearance in the following, as he mostly does. Compare what has been said above, of Jo in Prom. Vinct.—Sou. Lit. Mess., Sept. No., pg. 609.

a voice they withdraw, and Orestes proceeds to his father's tomb, there to pray to him, to adorn it with libations, and to sacrifice his hair upon it, according to the command of the god. Electra enters, in coarse garments, and without the usual head-dress of the royal daughters. She pours forth her grief in lamentations—first alone, then to the Chorus, who consist of the principal ladies of Mycenæ, disheartened that her brother remains away so long, whom she had saved, while yet a child, at the death of his father and sent to Phocis, and from whom she expects now deliverance and vengeance. Her loud complaints induce her timid sister, Chrysothemis, to come and warn her, no longer through her persevering obstinacy, to excite the hate of her mother and Ægisthus, lest she should experience yet more cruel treatment. Reproachful and scornful is the answer of Electra, who sees in her only the faithless daughter. Chrysothemis, yielding to her and the Chorus is persuaded not to fulfil the command of her mother, who, frightened by a dream, had sent her out to bear sacred offerings to the tomb of Agamemnon;—but to go and pray there for Orestes and his return. She is gone, and the Chorus from the ominous dream of Clytemnestra, in which Agamemnon had appeared to her, and planted his staff in the earth, out of which a tree grew, whose leaves and boughs spread over all Mycenæ, derives the suspicion, that deliverance is near for the race of Agamemnon, and that heavenly vengeance threatens the murderers. When the song is over, Clytemnestra comes, and reproaches her daughter with her perpetual grief. The confession of her crime, which she boldly avows, follows; but she is rebuked, through all her excuses and apologies, by Electra, who answers in noble, though unfilial anger. Clytemnestra is just performing the sacrifice, for which she had come outside of the house, where stood the altar of Apollo Agyieus, when the Governor appears with the false report of Orestes' death. The scene which follows is one of the best in the whole of dramatic literature. The utter dejection of poor Electra, the ill-disguised joy and exultation of the unnatural mother, exercise a magic sway over our feelings. The Governor is introduced as a welcome guest into the house by the Queen herself; she leaves her despairing daughter with triumphant scorn. Her grief is represented with the greatest truth, and in the most affecting colors. In contrast with this comes Chrysothemis elated with joy, and imparts her suspicion that Orestes is near. She had found the locks which he had cut and laid on the tomb of his father, and had conceived the hope of his return. But how sorely is she disappointed by the news of his death! Now her soul, which seemed to rise in joy to a higher degree of courage, subsides again; and she flees from the desperate proposition of Electra, that, since Orestes, their last hope, was dead, she should join her in the

bold design of destroying Ægisthus. In vain are her appeals. Electra sends her angrily away, herself remaining on the stage, a mourning statue. The Chorus now begin their dance and gloomy song, but in praise of Electra:

The poor Electra now alone,
Making her fruitless, solitary moan,
Like Philomela weeps her father's fate.
Fearless of death and every human ill,
Resolved her steady vengeance to fulfil;
Was ever child so good, or charity so great?*

The plot draws near its end. Orestes comes with the urn, which it was pretended contained his own ashes. That celebrated scene follows, in which Electra mourns over the urn, and which well might move an audience to tears. Having at last recognized her brother, her joy knows no bounds; and relapsing, since she has a protector, upon whom she entirely relies, into the woman, she has to be recalled to reason by Orestes.

Orestes. I would not damp thy joys, and yet I fear,
Lest they should carry thee too far.

Electra. Oh no!
But after so long absence, thus returned,
To thy afflicted sister, sure thou wouldst not—

Orestes. Do what?
Electra. Thou wouldst not grudge me the dear pleasure
Of looking on thee?

Orestes. No, nor suffer any,
To rob thee of it.

Electra. Shall I then?

Orestes. No doubt!
Electra. I hear that voice, my friends, I never thought
To hear again! Ye know, when I received
The dreadful news, I kept my grief within,
Silent and sad; but now I have thee here,
Now I behold thee, now I fix my eyes
On that dear form which never was forgotten.†

But time presses, the deed must be done, and Orestes disappears within the house. Electra remains on the stage, and, like Lady Macbeth, listens breathlessly. The voice of Clytemnestra is heard—"O, I am wounded!" "Another stroke, another if thou canst," stern Electra cries. We shudder at the boldness and fierceness of her character. Then, when the door opens, and Orestes and Pylades appear:

Electra. Behold them here; their hands
Dropping with gore.—A pious sacrifice
To the great god of war! How is 't, Orestes?

Orestes. 'Tis very well, all's well, if there be truth
In great Apollo's oracles!‡

After this, it was very difficult to bestow upon the murder of Ægisthus, which followed, due importance, and to prevent the tone of the drama from sinking from its tragic height. The poet avoids this beautifully. Ægisthus, who was not in the palace, had been sent for, to receive the news of the death of Orestes. He comes full of joy, and demands to see the dead. A corpse is discovered enshrouded in a veil. Ægisthus, who believes it is that of Orestes, exclaims—

* Soph. El. v. 1074-81. † Ib. 1271-87. ‡ Ib. 1422-25.

What a sight is here !
O, Deity Supreme ! this could not be
But by Thy will ;—and whether Nemesis
Shall still o'ertake me for my crime, I know not.
Take off the veil, that I may view him well ;
He was by blood allied, and therefore claims
Our decent sorrows.

Orestes. Take it off thyself ;
'T is not my office ; thee it best befits
To see and to lament.

Ægisthus. And so it does,
And I will do it. Send Clytemnestra hither.

Orestes. She is before thee !*

Ægisthus has taken off the veil, and sees the corpse of Clytemnestra. Now the reward awaits him. Orestes pursues him within the house and kills him at the same spot where Agamemnon had been murdered, whilst the Chorus ends the whole with the hope, that now the house of Atreus "was by one adventurous deed to freedom and to happiness restored."—Of the other tragedies of Sophocles, which we still possess, *Antigone* is of surpassing beauty. I will insert here the sketch, which Professor Woolsey gives of it in the preface to this play :

"The subject of this noble drama is a contest between divine and human law, or the higher and the lower principles of justice ; and the motives of the contest are a sister's love, and sense of religious obligation on the one hand, and resentment for violated authority on the other. Creon, King of Thebes, ordains that the body of Polynices, who had fought against his country, in order to recover a sceptre unjustly withheld from him by his brother, shall lie unburied, a prey to birds and beasts ; and the penalty for violating the edict is death. This edict was justifiable as a piece of state-policy, but unhallowed as disregarding the rights of the dead and of the powers below. *Antigone*, one of the sisters of the deceased, resolves to bury him at all hazards, notwithstanding the dissuasions of her more timid and cooler sister *Ismene*. She is detected, and, though betrothed to the son of Creon, is sentenced to be buried alive. Here divine justice shows its might by bringing down upon the King the mischiefs, that grew out of his pride and passion. For, his son *Hæmon*, after a vain attempt to bend his father's purpose, dies by his own hand in the tomb, where *Antigone* had closed her life by hanging ; and his wife, *Eurydice*, stabs herself in the violence of her grief. Thus the self-witted man stands crushed by the double stroke of the avengers, like a victim brought to the altar of divine wrath. If human law had been honored by the virgin's death, divine law moves onward with traces of a more dreadful devastation, and triumphs at the close.

"The character of *Antigone* is that of one, who has laid aside all ordinary feeling, and is absorbed by the sole purpose of burying her brother. Her purpose, through indignation at the edict of Creon,

*Soph. El. v. 1466-74.

has gained such strength, that she rejects her sister's dissuaves with harshness, treats Creon with scorn, and seems to have forgotten her espousals to *Hæmon*. In this way the poet makes her stand quite alone in the sublime attitude of a secluded virgin, enabled, by the power of affection, to oppose the whole power of law and punishment. Whatever of harsh or masculine appears in her conduct, is owing to her highly excited feelings ; for her native disposition was conceived of as exquisitely tender and feminine, if we may judge from the subdued tone of her last song before her death, and from that beautiful line

οὐ τοι συνέχουσιν, ἀλλὰ σπυράλεις ἴφρον.

and if we may suppose the *Antigone* of the *Cædipus Colonus*, and the *Antigone* of this play to be one and the same in the groundwork of their characters "

It will be interesting to readers to learn, that the *Antigone* has been brought out again on the stage in Berlin and Leipsic, under the management of Ludwig Tieck, with the music of Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Philoctetes and the *Trachiniae* are very interesting, as they elevate even the severest bodily pain to a proper subject for theatrical representation with that same ingenuity, with which the artist of the *Laocoon* has done it in sculpture. His *Ajax* might serve to rebuke the French critics with their unity of place,—and as to the *Æsthetical* question, whether the poet ought to have omitted the end or not—it appears to be rather of the same stamp with the opinion of those philologists, who are sorry that the *Iliad* does not end with the eighteenth book, from the important consideration, that *Achilles'* anger, which in the prooecium is professed as the subject of the poem, has there ceased. The character of *Ajax* himself, is very well drawn, and quite Homeric. His noble grief at his misdeed, his firm resolution not to survive his disgrace, his fondness for his child, combine to excite all our feelings for him. The two *Cædipus*, *Cædipus Tyrannus* and *Cædipus in Colono*, are his most celebrated pieces. The plot of the first is wonderful, and indeed may be esteemed perfect. We cannot sufficiently admire the depth of the poet's genius, when the very step, which the sceptic queen makes to prove the futility of the oracles of the gods, forms the foundation to the following discovery of the horrible confusion. But the end, the last appearance of the unfortunate *Cædipus* is almost too horrid, and exceeds perhaps the limits of beauty. So much the softer and more reconciling is the spirit, which reigns in the *Cædipus Colonus*, which we shall notice hereafter.

I have already called Sophocles the *Polycletus* of his art. In his beauteous soul every thing is round and smooth, and the graces spread their charms over his works. He is the "Attic bee," a Syren, whose

emblem his citizens placed upon his tomb. If I, with many others, still prefer Æschylus to him, it is for the same reason, that we place Phidias above Polyclethus, and because it is a pleasanter sight, to see man yet striving for the highest, with the near prospect of reaching it, than to see him standing on the highest summit, and being there admonished of the sad truth, that now his course must be downwards. The tragic muse descends from her exalted height with the appearance of Euripides.

As to the *Electra* of this poet, we have not thought it proper to examine it; it is perhaps the most unhappy of all his compositions, and—as only his great faults, scarcely any of his virtues, could be shown in it—we should wrong him by bringing it here extensively before the public. To do him justice, we must first cast a glance at the changes, which the state, in the short time of perhaps twenty years, had undergone. If we fix the year 450 as the zenith of the glory of Athens, the succeeding years show a downward course. The city of Minerva tumbles from its base, and retains nothing but its splendor, and a restless democracy, which from year to year, changes more and more into mobocracy. Its foreign enemies were vanquished, even in their own countries, and an honorable peace had taken place. But no rest followed for Greece. The immense treasures, which, by the capture of the Persian camps, had fallen into the hands of the Greeks, had changed their former manners. Their lively spirit soon indulged in luxury of all kinds,—riches became desirable, and in their train followed selfishness and discord. The perpetual quarrels between the two rival states of Sparta and Athens, became soon the principal means by which individuals or factions pursued their selfish purposes; and of true Greek patriotism, only the remembrance existed—The feeling itself was gone. Pericles ruled the unquiet people with wonderful skill; and under his admirable government, which existed in fact, though not in name, the corruption which seized on the state, was less perceptible;—but even Pericles contributed to accelerate it by being the first, who, through the adoption of the old revolutionary measures, shook the venerable frame of the old Constitution. He found but too many imitators—scarcely any of them had his honesty and moderation,—and those few, who had it, wanted his skill and influence to guide the multitude! He died of the plague in 429, just as he had begun the Peloponnesian war, which no one but he was able to carry to a prosperous end. He left Athens without a head,* and as if with him all restraint was at

an end, all the evils, which had already been working secretly, break out. Sensuality and passion, insatiableness in pleasures, greediness of momentary enjoyment, an unruly will, and puerile inconstancy, are the principal features in the political life of this period; whilst in the place of the devotion and piety of their ancestors, a kind of illumination had taken place, which, in its shallow sophistry, led only to the contempt of every thing that was holy, but had nothing in it to supply the void, left after the abolition of the inherited creed. Unruly passion on the one hand, and a self-conceited, talkative, sophistical philosophy on the other, form the character of the educated Athenians at that time, and the traces of it are but too visible in the favorite poet of the people of this age—Euripides.

Euripides, born 480 b. Christ, had received an excellent education; he was first destined for an athletic career; but his genius led him to the study of poetry and philosophy. He had certainly an ardent and highly gifted mind; an often brilliant imagination is displayed in his writings, and many of his pieces, and a great many single passages throughout his works, have an enduring worth. But he wants the high ideas and noble thoughts as well as the intuitive genius of Æschylus—and possesses scarcely a trace of the beauteous harmony and reflecting clearness of Sophocles. The want of the one caused him to treat the gods and heroes not as such, but as Athenians of his time; he made tragedy descend from its high cothurnus to the soclus of the modern comedy, whose father he is (I speak of the comedies of Menander, Diphilus and Philemon.) We see no longer heroes, but men, weak men, whose only strength consists in fiery passion. He is besides rather a poet of talent, than of what we call genius. In his works there is less of intuition, than of study; and as he possessed not the harmonious moral strength of Sophocles,—with all his talent and art, and in spite of

The difference of the times can also be shown from the different appearance of their two leaders, Pericles and Creon. Pericles, adhering strictly to the ancient customs and rules of decency, was never seen laughing in public, and blamed himself when, at the burial of his last son, who also died of the plague, his grief carried him so far beyond the limits of the then established decency, that he did not conceal his tears from the attending multitude. He never courted the people, but showed himself only in public to keep them in order. Yet he had such a high idea of his native city, that he never went to the Pnyx without reminding himself of it, that he was going to speak “before Athenians.” He was the most powerful speaker: so that he was called Pericles Olympios, and said to carry a thunderbolt on his tongue; but he spoke in the same quiet and decent style, which he was anxious to maintain everywhere. What a different picture is left to us of his successor, Creon! His bragging, flattering the lower classes; his impudence in praising himself, and slandering others; his coarse appearance; his exciting manners on the rostrum; jerking with the hands; tearing his garments, etc., [vid. Plutarch, Nic. c. 8.,] bear the stamp of a new age. Comp., Ottfr., Muller, *Handbuch des Archæologic*, pg. 78.

* How true this is, we can presume from the fact, that when, in 430, some Demagogues roused the people, who had become desperate by the miseries the occupation of the Attic territory by the Spartans had brought on them, against him, and caused him to resign; the people after less than six months returned to him, and requested him humbly to take again the reins of the government into his hands.

the theatrical effect of his passionate characters, nearly the whole of his pieces want that first of all requirements in any production of art—unity.

I am aware, how great a favorite Euripides is with most of the readers of classical literature. I too admire him, and when I had first written these lectures, not having read of late many of his tragedies, I bore in mind only the delight I had so often taken in reading them, and remembered those admirable Chorusses of the Phœnician Virgins, Iphigenia in Aulis, Ion, the Bacchæ, &c., and thought of the mighty magic of his passions,—but a new perusal of his tragedies destroyed this fancy, and I am compelled to state, as my opinion, that the faults before adverted to, are undeniable in this poet. His prologues have so often been noticed, that I will not delay you with them. I remark only, that besides placing the audience *au fait*, as to the complicated intrigue of the play, in which he often deviated from the established narrations, they are not unfrequently the medium, by which he binds different actions in his dramas together. For instance, his Hecuba, certainly in many respects one of his best tragedies, consists of two altogether incoherent pieces, but which are kept together through the prologue of the ghost of Polydorus.

We find, of course, a greater complication in his dramas, than in those of his predecessors; but the gradual, and naturally necessary development and explication of them, is wanted. Yet in a great part of them he must take his refuge in a “*Deus ex machina*,” only to solve the plot, or to do justice to the injured heroes of the play. So we find it in his Orestes, Hippolytus, Suppliants, Iphigenia in Tauris, Bacchæ, Helena, Electra.

The principal fault in his complications is, that they are not necessary and sufficiently natural, but too accidental and artificial. He was often led to them by the desire to bring out something new, in a form, in which it had not yet been composed by his rivals. For, the subjects of the drama, being chosen from the stock of the Greek mythology, were naturally enough exhausted by the fecundity of the dramatic poets, as, for instance, we find the story of Œdipus, of Agamemnon, Orestes and others, treated by all three of them. A truly intuitive and original genius would not have required this means, which besides is often rather awkwardly made use of.

His mind is, notwithstanding those many declamations on morality, which we find in his dramas, not so pure and noble, as those of Æschylus and Sophocles. His dear self appears often in the mouths of his actors, and in a manner which does him little honor. His rancorous utterances against his great rival, Æschylus, (for the pieces of the latter were against the custom, but by a special law of the Athenian people, still performed after his death,) are very unbecoming in tragedy, and show a little mind.

As in trifling, so also in the most important points, he degraded and demoralized the Attic stage. His dramas could not but diffuse contempt of the gods. Euripides has often been praised for his ridiculing them. He has been called philosophical and great in his morals by short-sighted zealots, and men deceived by the beauty of the single lines.—To me, he appears to belong to those shallow minds—a great number of which we might find also in our days, who, having tasted little of philosophical doctrines, are so much delighted with their wisdom, that the creed of their ancestors, that religion which inspired them, that devotion which made them great, appears to them quite ridiculous;—their splendid understanding overlooks its claims entirely, and smiles with contempt or pity on those who confide in it. But the high thoughts, the great truths, which, though often mixed with errors, form always the foundation of sincere devotion, are inaccessible to what is called their enlightened spirit. Such narrow-minded, sophistical persons, will find a good teacher in “the great Euripides,” who, in his wisdom, is so blind that he cannot see the grandeur of a religious idea, because his little mind clings only to some trifling circumstances, by which it is accompanied. He undermined the religious devotion of the people, and this influence of his works was demoralizing; for truly, religious feelings, even though they be filled with errors, form always the great foundation of moral strength in a people; and when they are gone, the people become degenerate. These are the faults of his time, and his own. For them he was hated and scorned by Aristophanes.*

* Not to be too hastily criticised! I think it needful here to observe, that the article on Euripides does not yet close here.

THE POETRY OF THE MESSENGER.

[We thank our able and experienced correspondent most sincerely for the excellent advice he gives us in the subjoined communication, and we promise him, if possible, to profit by it. The comparative indolence or indifference of the Southern Muse, has long been a subject of surprise;—for, that the *matériel* exists among us, and exists in abundance, no one can reasonably doubt. From various causes, the ardent spirits of the South have been allured by other objects, and into other paths of literary composition—but we hope ere long to have our pages embellished by some of the richest effusions of poetical genius. Adopting the hint of our correspondent, we hereby offer an honorary premium of a silver medal or cup, valued at ten dollars, for the best Poem containing not less than 75 nor more than 150 lines, which shall be transmitted to us on or before the 1st day of February next; and, in order to insure the utmost impartiality, we do hereby constitute and appoint the following gentlemen, to wit: THOMAS RITCHIE, DR. HENRY MYERS, DR. AUGUSTUS L. WARNER, WM. B. CHITTENDEN, and JAMES E. HEATH, Esqrs.; a majority of whom shall have

authority to award the premium. We shall, of course, reserve the privilege of publishing in the Messenger, any or all of the rejected poems, with or without the names of the authors, as they shall think proper to direct.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

To the Editor of the *Sou. Lit. Messenger*:

SIR,—You will require no professions from me, I am perfectly satisfied, of my regard for yourself, or of my interest in the fate of your Messenger. But how could I better show my friendship, than in telling you a truth, which, though a little bitter in itself, is well calculated to draw your attention to one of the defects of the Messenger, and to contribute to its improvement?

In my humble judgment, Sir, the Poetry of the Messenger is very inferior to its Prose. Cannot you raise its standard, and improve its character? I cannot doubt, that a man, whose untiring perseverance and happy appliances have succeeded in *getting up*, and what is more difficult still, in *keeping up*, a powerful Periodical, like the Messenger, is able to accomplish this essential object. Poor as I am in means, and destitute as I am in the qualifications of a Poet, I am confident that I could attain it in a great degree. And if you *have* the power, you ought to *exert* it. It is all that the Messenger wants to make it a capital Literary Production. Stretch forth, then, the Magician's wand, and wake up the Ariels and Fairies of our native land.

Tell me not, Sir, that they are nowhere to be found. Tell me not, that there is no Muse among us to wake the harmonious Lyre. Where ought the spirit of Poetry to flourish more freely than in our own country? Where ought the soaring *mind*, and the *motives* to excite it, and the *themes* to employ it,—where, in fact, may all the elements of poetic inspiration, exist in equal profusion? The very genius of our Republic inspires us with bold and generous thoughts. Liberty is the fast friend, if not the legitimate parent, of lofty Poetry. Where man feels his own value—and his bosom swells with conscious pride, and his mind teems and dilates with high and noble conceptions, there ought to be Muses enough at hand to transcribe the glowing thought to the swelling verse. The local genius of our country too contributes to the expansion of the imagination, and furnishes the highest themes of itself, for poetic description. Here, the external universe harmonizes with the inward man. In this great country, Nature herself is every where on a grand scale (as Lord Morpeth observed)—our mountains are magnificent, our rivers roll in mighty volumes; and every landscape is rich enough to breathe inspiration. Nor are the sources of association wanting to us. Our fields were once trod by the strange men of the Indian race. The memory of Smith and the genius of Raleigh are stamped upon our history—and many a field is consecrated by the recollection of high and daring military

achievements. The very seasons we enjoy, are full of phenomena, which differ essentially from those, which have been so often described by the bards of the ancient world.

I know, that our continent is comparatively young in its Anglo-Saxon population. I know too, that the conveniences must precede most of the elegances of life—that the wants of a young society must first be supplied, before the finest arts are generally cultivated—and that the finest Poetry is among the highest luxuries of society. But are we not rapidly ripening in the progress of elegance, and even luxury itself? Is not our Atlantic seaboard strewn already with populous and splendid cities? Does not the West also abound with large and beautiful towns? Have we not already produced authors, who would reflect honor upon the oldest nations of Europe? May we not boast of an Irving in elegant prose, and of a Bryant in captivating verse?—And must I remind you, that the immortal Homer appeared in the earliest days of Greece—and unless Macpherson be all a cheat, was not Ossian rocked in the very cradle of his country's existence!—All that we have to do in our own dear country, is to turn the mind of our people in this direction—and not our whole mind, nor a large portion of our time. All that we have to ask is, that the impulse be given; and the leisure moments of our gifted sons be directed to short excursions in the land of Poesie.

Bestir yourself, then, friend White. Rouse up yourself, and then rouse up others. Wake up even the unknown Poets of our glorious country—who may not themselves suspect the existence of the generous spark, which lies latent within their own bosoms. Where is our friend St. Leger L. Carter, whose harp ought never to sleep? Advise with your friends, upon the best mode of awakening the slumbering genius of our country's Muse. And the very first theme, on which you should stir up some gifted Poet to write, should be the present state of our Poetry, and the necessity of improving it. Let this poetic strain be *addressed to all the known or unknown* Bards of Virginia, and of the South. The lyre, struck on this subject by a master's hand, might call up many a spirit from “the vasty deep.”

Among other means, why cannot you offer a small, honorary prize—not burthensome to your own purse, but complimentary to the writer—for the best poem which may be sent to you by a certain time? Its merits might be submitted to a select committee of gentlemen in Richmond, whose names should be advertised as the best securities for their taste and their impartiality? You might stipulate, at the same time, that you should have the privilege of using all the “*Rejected Addresses*,” to embellish the future pages of the Messenger!—At all events, do something.—Do all you can. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will forever pray.

Yours, truly,

R.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

I will not praise thy many virtues, Mary,
Nor all that sparkles in thy fair young face,—
Of themes like these a poet should be wary
Who lacks the skill to give such themes a grace.

But I will wish thee to be like thy mother,
Like her to sail life's calm or ruffled sea,
She loves thee, Mary, and there breathes no other
With purer heart, more closely bound to thee.

Through every scene, a mother's holy blessing,
Unchanged, still lingers, though the world assail,—
Without that boon, life were not worth possessing,—
Trust that friend, Mary, though all else should fail.



Notices of New Works.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, including the most recent discoveries and applications of the science to medicine and pharmacy, and to the arts. By Robert Kane, M. D., M. R. I. A., Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society; Professor of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland; Member of the Society of Pharmacy of Paris, and of the German Pharmaceutical Society, etc. etc. etc. An American edition, with additions and corrections, and arranged for the use of the universities, colleges, academies, and medical schools of the United States, by John William Draper, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New-York, formerly Professor of Physical Science and Physiology in Hampden Sydney College, Virginia; Member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York, etc. etc. etc. New-York: published by Harper & Brothers, No. 82, Cliff Street; 1842.

Dr. Kane is a man of science, and his work is held in high repute on the other side of the water. It is one of the best text-books, on the science of which it treats, that our catalogues afford;—the American editor and publishers deserve high commendations for the introduction among our elementary works, of so valuable a book. It treats of chemistry, and of its practical and useful application to the purposes of life. As a text-book, it is one of the best to be found in any language; and as such, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the attention of teachers and students. It is for sale at the bookstore of Messrs. Smith, Drinker & Morris.

ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH, OR SKETCHES OF LIFE FROM THE BY-WAYS OF HISTORY. By the Benedictine Brethren of Glendalough. Two volumes: 12 mo.—Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

This is an interesting book, edited by William Cook Taylor, author of the *Natural History of Society*, &c., containing spirited sketches of the lives and character of Dudley Earl of Leicester, La Mothe Fenelon, Ignatius Loyola, Calvin, Pope Sixtus 5th, and others, in which the author proposes to "get rid of Idealities, and in his historical views to substitute Daguerrotypes for Fancy Portraits." We are unable to say how far he has succeeded; but certainly, if his views be correct, we must admit that our ideas concerning some of these persons have been fanciful indeed. We were not a little startled to hear Sir Walter Raleigh spoken of as "an unprincipled adventurer, whom it is the fashion to treat as a hero;" and the Jesuits designated as "Blunderers who have thrown the

world into confusion by exciting alarms of which they were themselves the victims." We shall see, however, that these opinions are advanced hastily and without reflection, when, a few pages further, we find that, "Although the establishment of the Jesuits was vigorously resisted in France, Spain and Flanders, so great were the perseverance of Ignatius, and the influence of the Popes, that in about 20 years after its foundation, the order counted twelve provinces, more than a hundred colleges and a still larger number of preceptories and religious houses subject to its rule"—and again, "The activity of the Jesuits was thus extended from the Alps to the Andes, from the snows of Scandinavia to the spicy groves of Ceylon; it was animated and directed by one central spirit, whose vivacity and intensity was perhaps most keenly felt at the remotest extremities." Now, such an epithet as Blunderer cannot reasonably be applied to Loyola, Xavier or La Sale. There is a *mauvais plaisanterie* in the style too, which is not agreeable in Biography, and a continual play upon words in which the taste is bad and the wit worse: e. g. the Biography is termed Romantic, because "Rome, in the age succeeding the Reformation, was not only 'antic herself, but the cause of most of the antics played in Europe." The Wars of Ferdinand and Isabella are called "Sporting on the Moors," (that's rather good,) but the next is awful. "During his confinement, Loyola amused himself by reading or listening to the Lives of the Saints. His biographers are not agreed as to whether he could read at this period; it is probable, however, that he could spell, and that the tediousness of this operation enabled the subjects of his study to cast a spell over him." However, we don't wish to abuse the book, for we found it very interesting and agreeable. Much is told that we cannot find in the published histories of the period, and in a manner fascinating to the mind of youth, attracting it to the attainment of a knowledge at once ornamental and useful.

The work is neatly got up, and reflects credit upon the publishers.

REMAINS OF REV. JOSHUA WELLS DOWNING, A. M., late of the New-England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a Brief Memoir. Edited by Elijah H. Downing, A. M. New-York: published by G. Lane & P. P. Sanford, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference office, 200 Mulberry Street. J. Collord, printer; 1842.

The Rev. Joshua W. Downing was a young divine of much promise and high standing in the Methodist Church. This work contains a number of sermons, notes and letters, written and preached by him during his short ministration. They breathe a christian spirit, and will repay perusal.

THE INDICATOR: A Miscellany of Self-Improvement.—Nos. I. and II. August and September, 1842: New-York.

This is a new monthly, just started up. Its object is the advancement of the moral and intellectual culture of the youth of our wide-spread land. It is particularly designed to assist in the formation of character, the acquisition of knowledge, and the right disciplining of the mind. It is under the superintendence of Mr. Lockwood—and so far gives promise of a career of usefulness. We wish it success. Price \$1 per annum.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, for the year 1843. Boston: published by David H. Williams.

This valuable work has been placed upon our table. It comprises 332 pages 12mo. of the most important information, concerning the General and State Governments, together with much other useful matter. It can be had at the bookstore of J. W. Randolph.

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